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DEFEAT.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

DEFEAT should never mean despair,
Fate leads us here and leads us there,

Through checkered paths, through shade
and sun,
Our earthly pilgrimages run.

In climbing to the mountain's crown
Full oft the road seems winding down.

In search of goals, we find a wall;
But God's large wisdom rules us all.

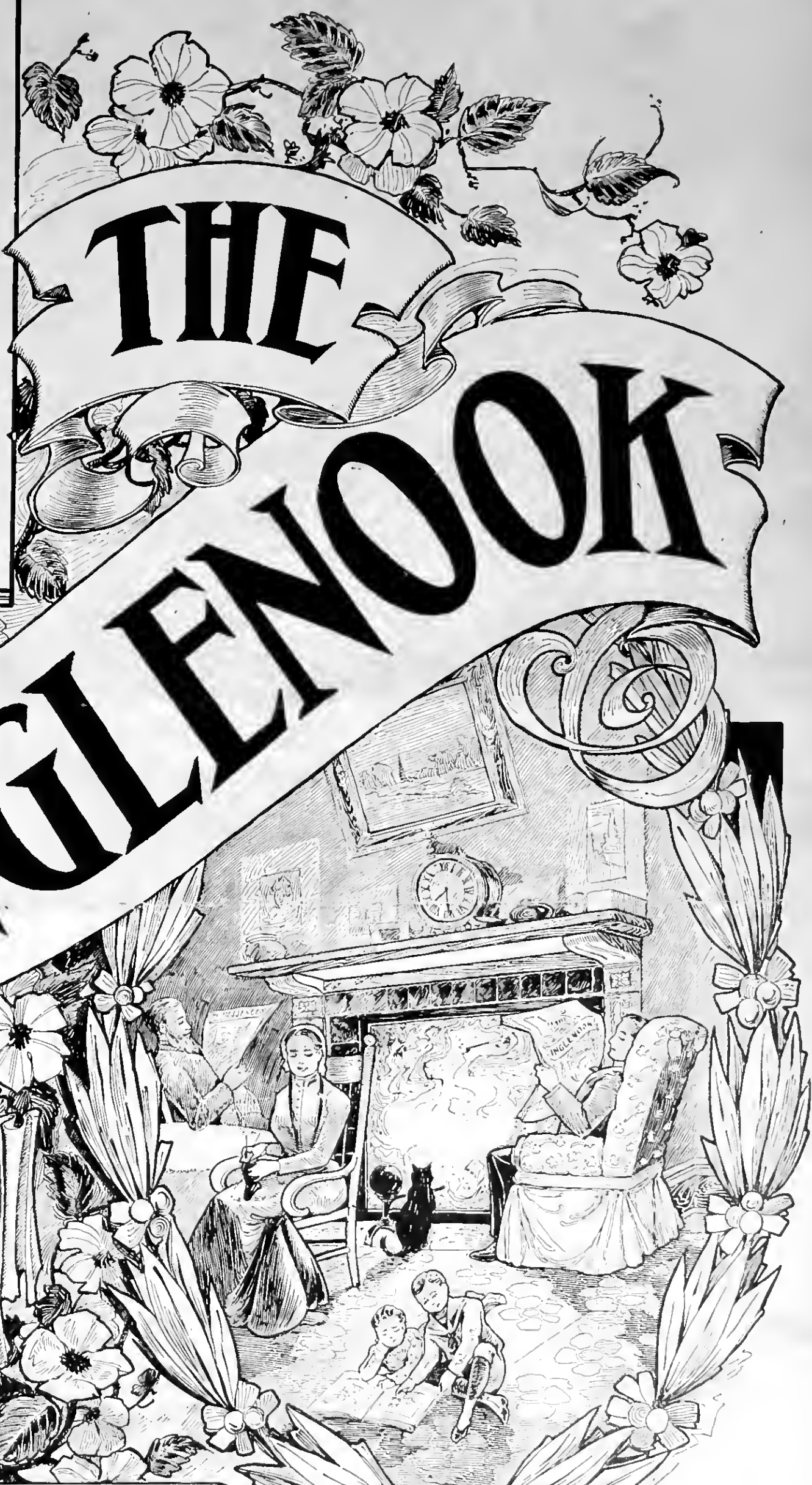
Fate's cruelest hindrance and delay
Is but to guide a better way.

Who strives his noblest tow'rd an end
And fails, may call defeat his friend,

And know behind his loss must be
Some hidden good he cannot see.

In life's experience book I read
This motto for each soul to heed,

Emblazoned there in lines of light,
The unavoidable is right!



THE INGLENOOK

The Inglenook,
Elgin, Ill.



VOL. III.

Jan. 5, 1901.

No. 1.



May this Year Be a
Happy one for You.

ELGIN, ILL.



THE INGLENOOK.

A Live Paper for Live People.

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Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the INGLENOOK this year. The like of it was never undertaken in the church before. Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list knows what they are talking about.

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life.

T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made.

JAS. A. SELL: The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove.

W. I. T. HOOVER: The Climate of the Pacific Coast.

C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance.

MRS. GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder Social Preferment?

NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last Twenty-five Years?

S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through College.

ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading Circle.

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

DAN'L HAYS: Best Reading for Ministers.

N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music.

ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota.

W. R. DEETER: St. Paul.

WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews.

J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades?

P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church.

H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable?

C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality.

JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay?

H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions.

I. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism.

S. F. SANGER: The Moravians.

QUINCY LECKRONE: Best Argument for Trine Immersion.

I. J. ROSENBERGER: Divorce Among the Jews.

D. L. MILLER: The Cost of a Trip to Europe.

CHAS. YEAROUT: The Money Side of an Evangelist's Life.

L. W. TEETER: How a Commentary is Made.

D. L. MOHLER: Which Pays Better, City or Country Missions?

NANCY UNDERHILL: What to Do with Ex-convicts.

M. J. McCLURE: Mistaken Ideas About Magnetic Healing.

L. A. PLATE: Recollections of Switzerland.

GALEN B. ROYER: World-wide Missions.

GRANT MAHAN: Home Life in Germany.

J. H. MOORE: The Pleasant Side of an Editor's Life.

E. S. YOUNG: Best Means of Bible Study.

And there are Others. You Can't Afford to Miss all This.

Strange occupations will be described, and foreign lands visited, and now hear the conclusion of the whole matter,—YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS HAVING THE INGLENOOK, and you will do well to write us, enclosing your subscription to-day.

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...FOR...

...1901...

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✻ ✻ ✻

Adapted from "The Christian Commentary"

...BY...

I. Bennett Trout.

✻ ✻ ✻

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Colored maps and good illustrations are found throughout the book, and at the close a Complete Dictionary of Scriptural and Proper Names is given, with their pronunciations and meanings.

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The acts and incidents of Brother Kline's life are so rich and full of influence that his biography should be in every home in our Brotherhood.—S. Z. Sharp, Washington, Mo.

I regard the book a most excellent work and worthy a place in every home.—L. T. Holsinger, Pyrmont, Ind.

A most remarkable book, setting forth the life and labors of one of the most remarkable men of the Brethren church.—A. H. Paterbaugh, Elkhart, Ind.

This is a book that no one need to be afraid to purchase.—J. H. Moore, Elgin, Ill.

Active agents wanted for this work. Address us at once, giving choice of territory.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., JAN. 5, 1901.

No. 1.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many spools and thimbles has she missed?
How many burns on each fat little fist?
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother's heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many joys from her mother-love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many prayers by each little white bed?
How many tears for her babes has she shed?
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.

—Mary Morrison.

IN A SHOT TOWER.

PEOPLE who do not know that it is a shot-tower wonder why such an enormous chimney should give out so little smoke. Watch it as long as they may, morning, noon and evening, the only evidence of fire they see is a little curl of pale vapor which floats lazily away from the stack. It reminds the spectator of a tall, fat man puffing a small, thin cigarette.

The windows in the top of the tower, however, tell the looker-up that men are at work in the very top of the supposed chimney, and occasionally one will appear walking within the iron railing which crowns the tower.

The question is frequently asked by passengers on the Lake Street elevated trains or the Milwaukee avenue grip cars, "Why is it necessary to build a high tower in order to make shot?" It is not necessary, but the shot that would be made by simply dropping lead into the water from the height of a few feet would be flat, soft, elongated and lopsided and would scatter away from the muzzle of a choke-bore shotgun in erratic curves and boomerang parabolas. Shot was originally made that way, but the elevation from which the melted lead was dropped was gradually increased until shot-towers 275 feet high were built.

The shot-making trade has a legend which relates that back in the days when guns were shot off by lighted matches and were swiveled to supports because they were too big and clumsy to be lifted to the shoulder, and when all shot was molded as bullets are to-day, some workmen were fastening an iron grating to the wall of a castle. They had cut out the hole in the stone, and, after placing the iron in the hole, poured some lead in to hold the iron in place, just as they do to-day. Some of the lead escaped and ran over the edge of the wall into the moat below. Soon afterward the attention of the soldiers was attracted to the lead in the clear water, and dipping it out they found that the metal in falling from the height had become globules. After that those soldiers made their bullets by sprinkling melted lead over the castle wall into the waters of the moat.

But pure lead will not always assume the globular form when melted and thrown from a height into water, so shotmakers mix with it metallic arsenic, which not only makes the lead form into spherical pellets, but adds hardness to it.

The melting is done in the top of the tower, where a large melting kettle stands over the coal fire. In the center of the floor is fixed a colander, with holes varying from 1-50th to 1-360th of an inch. Directly under the colander, 200 feet below, is a well of water, and all day long a shower of molten lead is falling into the water from the colander. The lead ingots are taken to the top of the tower in elevators, and the arsenic is mixed with it in the melting kettle. One man attends to the kettle and another keeps the colander supplied with the molten metal. A pipe leads from the kettle to the colander and the supply is regulated by a valve. The man at the colander continually skims the "cream" or scum of oxide from the top of the

lead and sees that the lead passes through the holes freely. Near at hand is the "telltale" which shows him how the shot is running. It is a cup fixed to an endless wire which leads into the water. He sends the cup down by turning a handle and it dips into the shot lying in the water and brings up a sample of the run. The shot is always larger than the holes in the colander, for it swells while becoming globular in passing through the air. The shot is formed in its downward flight, and the water serves not only to cool it quickly but acts as a soft cushion so that the shot is not flattened when it strikes the bottom. The shower of shot patters into the water, churning it to foam, and the small pellets resemble a small section of a heavy down-pour of rain.

As there is more metal in the larger sizes of shot the lead for them is dropped from a greater height than for the smaller sizes. The various altitudes are carefully proportioned to the various sizes. Buckshot are too large to be made by the dropping process and they are cast in molds which turn out several hundreds at a time. A system of bucket conveyors takes the shot from the well as fast as it is made so that no great amount is in the water at a time.

As the shot comes out of the well it is dumped automatically upon an endless belt which carries it to the separating machine. This device is made on the principle that an imperfect globule will wobble in running down a slanting board which has a perfectly even face, while a perfect sphere will roll down straight. The machine is made up of a number of boards which form inclined planes. The good, bad and indifferent shot are sent rolling down the boards just as they come from the well, and the perfect shot tumble down the middle of the board and neatly jump a little hurdle or obstruction at the bottom. The imperfect shot wobble undecidedly to one side or the other and thus roll themselves out of the way, and if they do roll down straight they will not take the hurdle, but will roll to their proper place inside of it. In this simple manner the perfect and imperfect shot are separated. The imperfect shot are taken to the top of the tower, melted down and given another chance, while the perfect shot are taken to the sieves, where the different sizes are separated.

This sorting machine has a number of sieves, one for each size. The smallest shot go through first and the largest last, until at the end the shot are nicely sorted into their various numbers. When the sorting is completed each size is polished separately by being placed in a revolving barrel with plumbago, which gives shot the well-known lustre, while at the same time the pellets, rolling and tumbling in the barrel, round themselves to a perfect finish. Automatic weighing machines put the shot up in twenty-five pound lots, and they are then placed in canvas bags, which have their open ends sewed together by a sewing machine which works sidewise instead of up and down.

THREE BEAUTIFUL PELTS.

A BULKY bundle weighing less than ten pounds has just passed the custom-house from Canada, upon which the owner paid \$360 in duties. When Clarke, the deputy collector, untied the heavy paper wrapping and shook out the contents three silver-gray fox skins slipped along the broad table, shining like silver by moonlight.

"You needn't lift them or feel the fur to get the value," said Le Duc, the owner of the package. "The lot cost me \$1,800 in Bathurst, N. B. An agent of the Hudson Bay Company offered me \$900 for that biggest pelt. I paid \$700 for it, and I hope it will bring me \$1,000 in New York. It is the best skin that a fox ever wore on his back. The Frenchman who shot it chased it for more than six months. He saw it scores of times, always just beyond gunshot. Once he came upon the fox asleep on a sunny knoll, and didn't dare to shoot. He

would have spoiled the skin, he was so near. As he was backing away to get aim the fox slipped over a hillock and was away in no time. The hunter went in debt for a rifle and chased the fox two weeks without taking any rest to speak of, until he had a chance to shoot. The bullet went in here under the ear and bored a hole out at the left eye—a beautiful shot. The hunter spent seven days in skinning the fox and dressing the pelt. Then he had a fever, which kept him in bed for six weeks. He needed the money badly, so I secured the skin at a great bargain.

"The other two skins," continued the buyer of furs, "are culled from a score or more of silver grays. One of the foxes was caught in a trap by an Indian, who swapped the pelt for two gallons of rum. I paid the dealer \$500 for it, just about what it is worth. The third pelt cost me \$600. A farmer who lives near Miramachi found the fox in his hen pen one morning and kicked it to death with his heavy boots. The fox had climbed to the roof of the pen and dropped to the floor. I think the fox saw the moonlight streaming in through the windows of the pen, and, mistaking the glass for openings, he had found himself where he couldn't get back. The windows were barred across with wooden slats or the fox would have broken a pane and escaped. He had nearly eaten one slat in two when an outcry among the hens awoke the farmer, who came out and killed Reynard the way he would kill a skunk. The farmer received \$350 for the pelt, which is a pretty good sum for a man to earn before breakfast."

EARLY-DAY POSTAGE.

THE rates of postage were very high at the beginning of the present century, and were not computed by weight, but by the number of sheets and by distance.

Envelopes had not been invented, and in writing a letter one had to leave a page blank upon which to write the address, after folding the letter. It was then sealed with a wafer or with sealing wax.

Below is given the rates of postage on one sheet of paper—the rate was double for two sheets, triple for three, and so on: Not exceeding 30 miles .06, over 30 and not exceeding 80 miles .10, over 80 and not exceeding 150 miles .12½, over 150 and not exceeding 400 miles .18¾, over 400 miles .25.

Prepayment was optional, and, of course, vast numbers of letters were never claimed, notably those that were supposed to be duns. It will be noticed that congress had fixed the rate in one case at 12½ cents and another at 18¾ cents. This needs explanation.

The dime and the half dime of United States coinage were in circulation, but Spanish and Mexican pieces were much more common. The Spanish real had a value of 12½ cents, and while in New York it was called a shilling (eight to the dollar), in Boston it was called ninepence, and the half-size coin "four-pence ha' penny." Later on, by congressional action, the foreign coins were shut out.

This system was a source of universal complaint among our business men, and many were the devices used by merchants and others to dodge the very onerous tax, the one most used being that of sending letters by private hand, as traders watched their expense account much more intently than is done at present and economized in various ways not now thought of.

In Korea visiting cards are a foot square. The savages of Dahomey announce their visits to each other by a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. This is sent on in advance, and the visitor on taking his leave pockets his card, which probably serves him for many years. The natives of Sumatra also have a visiting card consisting of a piece of wood about a foot long and decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife,

Correspondence

CROSSING THE SISKIYOU.

BY M. M. ESHELMAN.

AT Astoria, Oregon, the Columbia river bisects the Coast mountains, and at the Dalles the same river parts the Cascade range. Both of these mountain ranges extend southward through Oregon, and at the south end of the State, are joined by the Siskiyou. Hence as a bird in the air would see western Oregon, it would look like a letter U—the open part at Portland and the curve at the California and Oregon line—the great Willamette valley and smaller ones, enclosed by little mountains being between the stems, or mountain ranges.

The Siskiyou is the Gibraltar between two great commonwealths—Oregon and California. After leaving Ashland, a pretty little town on the western slope of an eye-trough valley at the northern base of the Siskiyou, the train of nine well-filled coaches, pulled by two engines and pushed by a third one go on up, puffing, groaning—their sides, top, and bottom thumping as for breath. 'Tis inspiring.

Now we pass heaps of rocks on knolls and hills, pyramids made by the Indians over their dead. When one of their number was killed by a grizzly bear, the corpse was burned on the spot, and all who passed that way in after-years placed a stone on the spot. These "first settlers" are gone. All that remains are these mounds of rock, some shells, a few arrowheads, and a remnant of degenerates.

On up we go. Now on a high and curved trestle that it seems the engineer and rear brakeman might easily "halloo" to each other. Then the curve is taken out and we speed along the mountain side four or five miles, with here and there a rift in the majestic firs, permitting a grand view below. Plunging into a tunnel we emerge to describe a circle around a pointed hill and enter a second tunnel to come out over the first one. Here we halt and take an unobstructed view 4,000 feet above the sea. O for words to express the emotions—the awakened pleasurable within energies! We grope around for the word "ecstasy" and find it tells of out-of-mindedness,—partly true, because of the sudden fascination and the unexpected. Then we look for the word "transport" to describe the awakened grandeur, and find it nearly fits the condition of being carried beyond one's self. Lastly we gather around the word "rapture," because it announces the joyful powers set in motion. All the inner delights seem to have been set in hilarious activity by the sublime grandeur of the serpentine track over which we came, the enchantment of distant hills, vales, trees and green pastures, the rippling brooks and the animations of nature in her best effort. We wanted wings to go down and up with.

Another short effort by our trio of pullers and pusher, and the train plunged into a long tunnel and emerged on the south side of the mountain, giving us an unobstructed view of Mt. Shasta, one hundred or more miles away. Old Shasta's summit is 14,400 feet above sea level, and is covered with snow from the apex to the base.

Descending from the Siskiyou was about as enrapturing as the ascent. The low shrubs, and the scattered feathery firs enabled us to obtain a fine view of the valley below and of the great mountains of northern California. At the base of Siskiyou we entered California and experienced no mischievous changes.

"Grand, peerless Shasta!" Now one thinks the train will dash right through you; then you are seen to the right, next on the left—never above, never below. The Indians said of thee: "The Great Spirit made you. He pushed snow and ice down through a hole in the sky; then he stepped out of the golden clouds onto the mountain top and planted trees by putting his finger on the ground. The sun melted the snow and made rivers. The fish he made out of the small end of his staff, and the birds were formed by blowing on some leaves. The beasts were made out of the remainder of his stick, the grizzly bear was made out of the big end of his staff." Poor Lo! that was the best he could do then. His guess was as good as any white man's guess about the creation.

Now you are so near. One thinks he could

shoot a quail on your side of the car. Not so; you are miles away. Then here appear close also Mt. Eddy and Black Buttes,—sort of social attendants on you—Mt. Shasta. All around are lovely woods and crags and crannies and waterfalls. The hand of man has helped to make Crag View, Sweet Brier Camp, and Shasta Retreat among the maiden ferns, hair-mosses, shady cañons, graceful columbines, tawny azaleas, sugar pines and feathery firs. Shasta! thou has a new race—a progressive, upward, onworking people now.

Shasta Springs! Where are the words to tell others of thee! Puny vehicles, how can they tell of thee! The Sacramento river, hurrying, skurrying over rocks, splashing, dashing, tumbling and foaming in its rush to reach tidewater. On the hillside, spouting high in the air, then dashing over the rocks and falling from a precipice are the soda springs. You alight from the car, go to the fountain, drink free soda, fill your bottle or mug, and then gaze on the grandeur all around you. One feels as if he was only a speck in it all—a sort of nothing in the presence of everything. And one is!

DOONING AMONG THE MOHAMMEDANS.

BY WILBUR STOVER.

NOT many INGLENOOKERS have seen a "dooning." The one I described in the 'Nook a few months ago was by one woman, a Hindoo. Mohammedans can generally outdo Hindoos. The Hindoo woman had more rhythm, and jingle, and tune, and time to hers, but if it's dooning is wanted, the Mohammedans take the lead.

There were thirteen women and two men at it the Thursday evening we were there. About thirteen other women sat looking on, so near and so solemn, they seemed as if they might get it any time.

It was all in a Mohammedan graveyard, around about three special Mohammedan tombs, one more special than the other two. They spread out a large cloth near the tomb and sat on it in silence for a while. Then when they got the feeling, they began to wail and to twist their bodies around, to bob their heads up and down, and to do generally what the spirit which had control of them impelled them to do. They explained that a spirit got hold of them, and then whatever they did or said was the spirit's doing, not theirs. Each one went at it for himself, regardless of the others. One young woman seemed to be a professional. Those standing around, other Mohammedans, said she was acting the hypocrite. She laughed sometimes heartily, and said what came to her to say. A woman near her had got it more than the others, for she sat trembling and in a half-stupefied state. I think she had practically become mesmerized, but this other woman shouted frequently at the top of her shrill voice. "See, brothers, she's got it properly. See, sisters, that's the way to get it. Take off her glass bangles, she'll break 'em," laughing all the while.

They took off the bangles of the one who had "got it properly," and she became the center of attraction for the moment. Everyone was an eager listener to hear anything she might speak, for what she would say now would be the voice of the spirit. Hindoos say "the voice of the god," but Mohammedans don't accept any idols, so it is with them "the voice of a spirit." But the woman said nothing intelligible.

Somehow I got the idea that a certain gambler, a Mohammedan man who sat near at the moment, was the woman's husband. We watched her closely and took charge of her bangles. As I was acquainted with him, when I caught his eye, I motioned to him asking him if the woman was his wife. I think he misunderstood my motions, though he nodded yes and smiled emphatically. I think he thought I asked him why he did not get it. Be that as it may, a moment later he began to roll his eyes around and look *scared*; perhaps he would rearrange the letters of that word and spell it "sacred." But I wouldn't.

And then he got it. Sitting on the ground close to the tomb, he bobbed his poor head up and down a distance of one foot, faster perhaps than any INGLENOOKER can move his hand up and down a distance of two feet. We almost thought his neck would break. Elocution classes inhale long breaths and then suddenly expel the breath with the "ha" ejaculation. But he could beat a whole elocution class. In a short time he got through, and sitting

upright, "clothed and in his right mind," he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow with his index finger.

The woman "acting the hypocrite" added force to her sayings when the gambler got it. She shouted "brother, you're a good one. We women ain't anywhere. Shame on you women over there. O, look at him, look at him. How good he's come among us. He's come. He's got it right. Look at him. Ha ha ha."

One woman got to rolling. And then Sisters Ebey, Miller and Stover thought it was better to go over and sit on the side of a little hill some distance away, but Bro. Ebey and I stood our ground. The woman rolled about forty feet. She rolled onto a lot of Mohammedan shoes, then she stopped, sat up, and sent the shoes in all directions like a western cyclone. Then she stretched herself out on the ground and proceeded to roll, all the time shouting inarticulately. As she was rolling once she ripped her clothes, and then an old mother in Ishmael gave her a good scolding, whereupon she arose and walked quietly back and sat down beside the tomb. As she had only little clothing on, we thought the old woman did wisely. The clothing, however, was not such as our people wear at home, but such as Mohammedan women commonly wear in Bulsar, without much other clothing.

One shouted, "O come now and let me go. Come just now. I can't wait any longer. O come and set me free. Why do you keep me bound here?" etc. We are to understand this was the spirit in her crying out for its freedom. They say if water is passed seven times round the grave in a cup and then drank the spirit will be free to go.

After coming home, we exchanged opinions about the dooning. We agreed some were acting the hypocrite, and some were acting under religious frenzy, highly ignorant, clouded, and misguided. We felt more than ever assured that feelings are a poor basis for religion.

Many Mohammedans stood by laughing and talking while the performance was going on, and on inquiry I found they too regarded the thing as all a humbug. Thursday is regarded as the most auspicious day, and though it goes on every day for the present, on Thursdays they say the spirits work better. At least, I should say there are more people there.

IN THE GREAT NORTH WOODS.

BY MARY P. ELLENBERGER.

In the grand pine woods of upper Michigan are logging camps, where fifty to one hundred men, under the direct supervision of a foreman, are employed in cutting the pines into convenient lengths and floating them down the water courses.

The camp consists of three or more buildings made of logs of one and one-half to two feet in diameter.

The main building affords sleeping quarters, and is about sixty-five or seventy-five feet long by twenty feet wide. The bark is left on the logs, but they are notched at either end and joined neatly—closely chinked and "pointed" and with a good floor and shingled roof make a comfortable shelter. The walls are lined with two and three tiers of single "bunks," which are furnished with straw beds, or mattresses and blankets.

There is a keeper whose sole duty consists in keeping this place clean and warm.

The cook shanty stands about twenty feet from the main building and is built in the same fashion but is divided into three compartments. The cook room, store room, and eating room set with long tables where a bountiful supply of nourishing food is placed before the hungry men by the cook and his assistant.

The log barn is built with a loft for hay, and is made tight and warm. There is a large door at either end; the average size of the barn is about sixty or seventy feet by twenty-five.

The horses receive the best of food and care, and are generally of the Norman, Percheron or Clydesdale breeds.

Years ago oxen were much used, but have long since given place to horses. Mules are never used as they cannot endure the extreme cold of the long winters.

The pine land is practically useless after the trees are cut, consisting as it does of almost pure sand. The trees grow very large, many being five and six feet in diameter, and are cut with large saws.

Nature Study

PLUMES FROM THE OSTRICH.

FROM the bird to the bonnet, the ostrich feather passes through many hands, and is transformed from a dirty, draggled tuft, devoid of grace or beauty, to the airy, fairy trifle, fit for my lady's morning.

In our grandmother's day, that animated feather-country, the ostrich, had not emigrated from his native veldt, and feathers were imported at great cost, being brought all the way from Cape Colony. But some genius—he must have been a Yankee—conceived the idea that the winterless clime west of the Rockies was well adapted to ostrich raising, and he proceeded forthwith to put his theory into practice. Doubtless he had heard that oft-repeated saying: "In California anything may be 'farmed' from onions to ostriches." So our Yankee genius made a voyage to the cape, on ostrich getting bent; and on his return fifty fine birds formed the cargo of the ship which he had chartered to carry them to Galveston, Tex., the importer paying \$500 for each bird and \$150 for every egg carried out of the country. In the ship's hold twenty-six padded pens had been built, in two rows, with a passageway between the rows and 400 tons of gravel were spread on the floor of the pens. A large supply of food was laid in, consisting mainly of turnips, sweet potatoes, sugar cane and the leaves of the prickly pear. The voyage was made in sixty-six days, and four days from the time the flock—less eight birds that had perished *en route*—was landed in California.

As is generally the case with every experimental undertaking, the first attempt was not altogether successful, but subsequent ventures proved not only that ostriches can be acclimated, but that they thrive and multiply in captivity.

Less than twenty years ago the only ostriches to be found on American soil were in the tents of showmen, and ostrich farming had not been thought of outside the Transvaal. Even now the ostrich farm is commonly regarded as a sort of side show, its main revenue the gate fees gathered from the infrequent tourist. Localities favored with a mild and equable climate are particularly adapted to the rearing of the birds.

They are confined in pens and fed on alfalfa, from three to five pounds being given each bird daily. Sometimes a dessert of corn or chopped beets is added to the bill of fare. Unmated birds roam the fields in large flocks.

The paired birds are placed two in a pen and those at all vicious or hard to handle are kept in solitary confinement. Between the pens runs a lane six feet in width. Mrs. Ostrich, thus relieved of family cares, continues to lay eggs without troubling herself to keep strict account of the number.

An ostrich egg weighs three pounds and the chick that emerges therefrom measures twelve inches or thereabouts from the tip of its stubby bill to its stubby two-toed feet. When three days old the chicks begin to pick a living and are fed on green alfalfa. They are very observing and will pick critically at any shining object—a ring upon the hand held out to them, a cuff button or anything that strikes their fancy. At this stage their shaggy coats bear no semblance to the future feather crop, but look like bunches of excelsior. Their growth is rapid for the first six months, averaging one foot a month.

When full grown an ostrich stands eight feet high and weighs 200 pounds or more.

They sometimes live to a great age. One in the possession of a Southern California rancher has passed its fiftieth birthday and shows no signs of advancing age. On the contrary, he is quite able to stand his ground with the lustiest of his grandsons and vigorously defends his share of the daily mess.

When four years of age the female ostrich breeds. She lays from twelve to fifteen eggs, scooping an untidy nest in the sand and dropping the eggs about in a heedless, slatternly fashion. Then begins the setting period, which is of forty days' duration, the mother hovering over the eggs during the day and the male bird attending to that duty at night.

A more devoted couple than Mr. and Mrs. Ostrich would be hard to find, and, moreover, these

birds mate for life. That the instinctive love of freedom does not assert itself with these free-born roamers of the veldt is a matter of wonder, and what is there between them and liberty? A slightly-built fence from four to five rails high: and to look at the birds one would imagine that it would be a comparatively easy matter for them to jump the frail barrier. Doubtless they do not know of the possibilities as yet undeveloped in their stilt-like legs.

Their wings are comparatively weak and powerless and seem to have been designed for any use rather than the one generally ascribed to that portion of a bird's anatomy.

The male ostrich is black, and it is from him that the finest feathers are obtained, the glossy black plumes, twenty-four in number, that are found on each wing and the long tail feathers being the most desirable. The female is of a color best described as "goose brindle," but handsome feathers of a pure white, half hidden from view by the draggled plumage, are taken from her wings.

The shearing of the ostrich is accomplished without pain or inconvenience to the bird, and there is nothing to be said against the appropriation of his plumes for the adorning of fair women. The body feathers of the ostrich are gathered from the corals as they are shed, for even these have a selling price. At the plucking the feathers of the male and female birds are placed in separate bags and the tail and wing feathers are also kept apart. This is done to save time during the sorting and grading that follows the gathering of the feather crop.

The price of "raw" feathers ranges from \$5 to \$300 per pound, but it is not home production that has lowered the price. Previous to the era of ostrich farming in America feathers were imported at a cost of \$300 per pound. Now a valuable discovery has been made, and by a process unknown to the uninitiated the inferior gray and brown feathers are easily bleached to a pure white, when they are colored any shade desired. A feather in the raw state is noticeably unhandsome; it is of a dull brown or gray and as stiff and awkward as a turkey quill.

COAL ALL OVER THE WORLD.

CHINA, Japan, Corea and Formosa are full of coal; Australia and New Zealand can immensely increase their output; the Andes range is coal-bearing throughout its entire explored length, and running through Peru and Chili, near the sea, are seams of the finest coal known, including true anthracite with only one per cent of ash. There is much coal in parts of Africa. British North America is well supplied and for many years to come England will draw largely from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Coal is also found in India. In a word, coal is well distributed over the earth's surface and when a serious search for it begins more will be found than can be developed for centuries to come.

THE DEAD HOUSE.

BY LIZZIE HILARY.

I wish to tell the 'Nook readers how it is arranged to care for the dead in the winter time here in Montreal.

After the ground is frozen no dead bodies are put in the ground until after the first of May. A large vault is built in the cemetery to receive the dead. When the body is placed in the vault it is checked and you hold your check just the same as you would for your baggage. You have to pay one dollar a month until the body is removed.

When it is time to bury your dead you are notified and then you have to pay five dollars to have the grave dug. Now many of the poor class of people are not able to pay all these charges and therefore when they are notified they do not respond to the call, and many of the bodies are unclaimed. All such bodies are dumped together in one place. You may wish to have some idea how many bodies are placed in the vault during the winter. I have been told that one thousand would not cover the number.

In the Protestant cemetery there are fifty thousand graves and in the Catholic there are one hundred and fifty thousand, a vast army in the city of the dead.

Montreal, Canada.

MEDICINAL VALUE OF SALT.

SALT is such a common article in the household that many of us do not sufficiently appreciate it as being of high medicinal value. Many and various are the remedial uses to which it may be put, and the free use of salt goes far to preserving health in the home. As a dentifrice common salt may be relied on. By its judicious use the teeth are kept white, the gums hard, and the breath sweet. When the gums are spongy the mouth should be washed out twice a day with salt and water. Warm salt and water, held in the mouth, will sometimes banish toothache and at least make the affliction lighter, while it is both safe and easy to try.

Again, equal parts of alum and salt, or even salt alone, placed on a piece of cotton wool and inserted in the hollow of an aching tooth will often give relief when other means have failed. To allay neuralgic pains in the head and face take a small bag of flannel, fill with salt, heat thoroughly and apply to the affected part. A bag of salt placed hot to the feet or any portion of the body is better for giving and keeping warmth than is the conventional brick or hot water bottle. Salt placed on the gum when a tooth has been extracted will prevent profuse bleeding at such a time. An excellent gargle for the throat is simple salt and water. Many serious cases of throat affection might be cured by the use of this alone, if only taken in time, gargling every hour or half hour, as the need warrants. A flannel cloth, wrung out of salt water, is also an excellent remedy for simple sore throat. Salt in tepid water is a handy emetic; as an antidote for the poison silver nitrate or lunar caustic give salt and water freely. For poisoning by alcohol an emetic of warm salt and water should be given and repeated often.

CAT BRINGS UP AN OWL.

AN owl and a cat are queer companions, but a story, vouched for as strictly true, is of a baby owl, a gray, fluffy little fellow, which fell into the hands of a plumber, and was turned over by its captor to the care of a cat.

This cat the year before had accepted a young squirrel in the place of her dead kitten. She stroked the forlorn owlet with her tongue after considering him awhile, and he, being frightened, flattened his feathers close to his body, so that he covered up his eyes and beak and took on a resemblance to a gray kitten, at the same time uttering a strange sound which the cat, perhaps, misconstrued into a purr.

At any rate, she took him to her heart, adopted him, encouraged him to eat, and brought him mice and ground moles, for which he had as great a fancy as if he had been a cat. When last heard from, the pair were living together in happy fellowship.

THE HEDGEHOG.

BY A. B. UPTON.

THE hedgehog is found in Canada, the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan and probably other States. It is also known as the porcupine, which is its proper name. It is thought to be able to throw its quills, but this is a mistaken idea, except, as it erects them on its body as a means of defense. It should not be confounded with the groundhog or woodchuck. They are very unlike. The quills of the hedgehog are of a dark blue color about two inches long on the mature animal, are as sharp as needles and are used by the Indians as ornaments. The meat is not good to eat. The hide is of no value. Its track is often mistaken for the track of the raccoon by the inexperienced hunter.

Elgin, Ill.

A FAMOUS Belgian surgeon stated yesterday that he thought suffering could not pass a certain limit, and that most of us had reached that limit when having a tooth drawn. "I have been forced to the conclusion," he said, "that after a certain point a sort of stupefying insensibility to pain is produced in the patient and he suffers no more; his nerves refuse to transmit any more acute sensations. Therefore, the horrifying stories of agony which have been written are purely efforts of the imagination."

THE INGLENOOK.

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THE NEW YEAR.

THE new year is on us. The old one is history, the coming one is to be lived in some way, here or over there. It is well to enter on it joyfully and hopefully. There will be bridges to cross and funerals to attend, but we need not go to them until the appointed time. Most of us have started out with good resolutions, some of which will be maintained, and others broken. But the trial will be made, and heaven help us to success.

Now let us look at this matter cheerfully. In the coming year some of us will pass over to the other side. It is not a dismal prospect. It is not a matter for regret. When the time comes we might as well accept it with a calm composure and take what the good God has in store for us. And here is the point that the 'Nook wants to impress on its readers. What befalls us in the next room of existence will depend on what we have fitted ourselves for while here. It is nowhere said in the Bible that we shall be punished in full for our misdeeds. There are numerous promises that we shall get more than is our due, but in no place is it said that God will be vindictive and exact the last dues as men compel restitution in full. If this is true, and it is, then every reader should so shape himself in the coming year that he lays up treasures in the hereafter. It is easily done.

We may give gold, if not, then silver, and if we have none, then pennies, and that lacking, a red apple. Wanting that there is no reader so poor that he can not give helpful and kind words. Here is a thought to remember—it is what we give away that we take with us. What we have kept is what we leave behind us. The story of the mite the widow cast into the collection verifies this view. We are apt to withhold our praise till the ones who would be benefited by it are past the hearing of words that might have been helpful and strengthening. Then let us resolve that the year on which we enter shall be a marked one in our life history. Let us see whether we can not get through with less friction and contention. Instead of meeting opposition let us go around it. That was Christ's method. Let us imitate it.

There is a world of meaning in the word and the sense of "inasmuch" as it is found in the Bible. In the balancing of the account all that will be to our credit will be the little helping things that we did to others. It is not given, nor is it intended that we should win our way into the kingdom by great things. They do not lie next to us, and so are not for us to do. Our duty is in doing the next and the nearest good that presents itself to us.

Therefore let us strive to forget self more in the coming year and think more of the help we may be to others. Then when we are called, and some of us will be, it is with the certainty that with all our shortcomings and our many failures, the welcome "inasmuch" may greet us, and we will be with the redeemed forever.

HYPNOTISM.

HYPNOTISM is a thing few people understand. As a rule there is a great deal of misconception about it. It is simply another word for suggestion. The subject of it allows his mind to lapse into a condition of receptiveness and the operator suggests things that are done while the patient is in the hypnotic condition which he would not do otherwise and at another time. There are times when it is of great value, and there are oftener times when a great deal of harm may be wrought, not only to the subject, physically and mentally, but to third parties.

There are several things to remember in connection with it. One is that nobody can be hypnotized against his will, and the other is that anybody can be hypnotized who will allow himself to be prac-

ticed on. These rules are believed to be perfectly general and universally true. It is not understood at all. There are theories, but the deep down reasons why have not been discovered. It is all folly for a person to say he was hypnotized by a practitioner. He may have all the symptoms and results, but he brought it on himself by being a willing victim. He could not have been touched had he not dallied with the thing in the first place. The way to avoid it is a ready one, and it is not to have anything to do with it at the hands of irresponsible people. There may be a few remote and rare instances in which its practice at the hands of intelligent and honorable medical men may be allowed, but it is the height of folly for young persons to go into it in a spirit of adventure, and we hope no reader will have to do with the thing in any way.

HARD WATER.

THERE are a good many places in the United States, or, for that matter, all over the world, where water exposed to the air gets hard on top. And there are other places in the world where it always remains the same the year around. But no matter in what part of the world we locate our field of inquiry ice is a welcome thing. Does the 'NOOKER who reads know which is the more valuable, the find of gold in the United States, or the ice crop of each year? A foolish question, you will say. But let us consider a moment. Statistics are hard things to run up against. In '98 the gold and silver produced in this country were worth \$96,581,000, while the ice crop netted a little over a hundred million dollars, and there you are.

Ice may be a luxury in a good many places, a thing that might be done away with without much discomfort, but in the complex affairs of business, the butcher, the beer makers and the sellers thereof, and a hundred other callings, must have ice at all hazards as a necessity. This has led to the introduction of ice-making machinery, with the result that the manufactured product surpasses the natural in every desirable element. It is believed that the time is not far distant when private houses are to have their ice plants, manufacturing it as they need it, without a too great expense. Have you any idea how much ice a city like Chicago takes to keep itself cool? It takes about seventy-five hundred tons each day of the year to go around. That is only one city, a big one it is true, out of many. Think of the totals!

When ice is housed as a business it is done, and must be done, in the vicinity of the stream where it is cut, in order that the business shall be profitable. Then it is loaded on the cars, or in boats, and taken to the markets. An ice barge is sometimes fitted up with one or more windmills, the kind you see on the farms, only larger and they are a matter of wonderment to the stranger. Their use is to pump the water out of the hold of the vessel as the ice melts. If the wind does not blow the work must be done by hand. The uses of ice in the arts would make an interesting chapter, for they cover unexpected fields, not the least of which is that of furnishing an unequalled pastime for the small boy and girl, and their larger brothers and sisters to skate upon.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes, But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes; Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese, Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese; You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice, But the plural of house is houses, not hices; If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine, But a cow, if repeated, is never called kine, And the plural of vow is vows, not vine, And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singular's this and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese? Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in a plural would never be hose, And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother and also of brethren,

But though we say mother we never say methren; Then masculine pronouns are he, his, and him, But imagine the feminine, she, shis, and shim. So the English, I think, you will all agree, Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Do you print all the communications you receive for the 'NOOK.

Indeed that we do not.

Do all colleges have secret societies?

Not all of them. Most of the college fraternities are so much foolishness.

What is a "printer's devil"?

An apprentice, or the youngest workman about the office. See your dictionary.

Can I learn shorthand at home?

Possibly, if you are smart, but it is not well for you to try it without a teacher.

Would a new color be of any commercial value?

If you have a new color, easily had and not known or not used, it is worth a fortune to you.

What do you think of athletics? Would you engage in a base ball game?

Properly conducted there is nothing wrong with athletics. We don't think we would engage in a game of base ball,—hardly.

I saw an advertisement offering to teach editing a paper by correspondence. Is there anything in this?

Stuff and nonsense! A day in a real Editor's office would show you that it can not be learned by mail.

Does the advertisement of the book presses of the Publishing House mean to say that 40,000 books can be turned out in a day?

No. It means that many impressions can be taken, say of one-half the *Messenger* or the *INGLENOOK*.

What is a department store?

A big store in which about everything is sold. It is practically a collection of stores under one roof and one management. It has its advantages to the public, but it is death to the small dealer around the corner.

Is it true that there is snow in the tropics?

Yes, there is snow everywhere on the earth's surface if there are mountains beyond a certain elevation. At Vera Cruz it is red hot, almost, yet within sight and within a few hours' ride by rail there are eternal snow fields.

How can I become a reporter for a city paper?

Go into your home weekly and write up locals till you know the business. Then go to the city and get a place,—if you can. It is not easy. There is a genius and spirit to the work of newspapers that you would have to get hold of before you succeeded.

You do not seem to want long letters of explanation with contributed articles. Why?

For the reason that, as Editor of the paper, we know or think we know an article for publication from a deed to a house and lot or an insurance policy, and do not need telling what such a thing is. Write your article, sign it, and send it in without explanation, unless it is absolutely essential to understanding the communication.

If I know a different and as I think a better recipe than one printed in the 'Nook cooking school may I send it on?

It is entirely possible that such is the case, and you are cordially invited to contribute it. Everybody is invited to contribute, that is, all sisters. One of the most toothsome things was sent in by a little girl, and one of the best recipes was from a sister sixty-eight years old. Watch the 'NOOK, and do your part to it.

"JACKY" AT CHURCH.

FEW people ever associate the ordinary "Jacky" of the Navy with matters religious, on account of his traditional ungodliness and his general tendency to carelessness of habits. Nevertheless, there are in the United States Navy to-day many enlisted men who have religious proclivities, and still others who are consistent followers of the divine teachings.

To aid "Jacky" in his devotions, the Government has provided a corps of chaplains, or "sky pilots," as they are known in the vernacular of the followers of the deep, consisting of twenty-five divines, representing the various religious denominations. These are assigned to duty, principally, at the navy yards, on flagships, or on the training-ships. Their duties, as prescribed by the Naval regulations, are to perform divine service and offer prayers on board ship at such time as the captain may direct; to form voluntary classes for religious instruction; to visit the sick and supervise the instruction of boys who may need to be taught the elementary principles of reading, writing, arithmetic and geography.

The salaries paid chaplains are far above the average remuneration of ministers on shore. When first appointed they receive \$2,500 at sea and \$2,000 on shore duty. After five years' service they are paid \$2,800 at sea and \$2,300 on shore duty. Taking into consideration the fact that these officers can be retired on three-quarters of their sea pay at the age of sixty-two, a naval chaplaincy is not to be despised from a financial point of view.

In addition to their regular duties, chaplains frequently give courses of lectures on American history, or on other subjects which may interest the sailor mind. Some chaplains of athletic tendencies organize various games and encourage the men to take part in them. The personality of the chaplain has much to do with the degree of his popularity among the men. Some are cordially despised, while others are held in high esteem. The best test of the chaplain's personal popularity among the enlisted men is the attendance at Sunday morning services. Such attendance is entirely voluntary, except in the case of naval apprentices; and, whereas many chaplains have large audiences, others in the service can scarcely muster a corporal's guard.

These services are at times very impressive, especially at sea. Immediately after the usual Sunday morning muster the word is passed by the officer of the deck to "spread church gear." In a very short space of time there will appear, on the port side of the quarterdeck, rows of mess benches, a portable pulpit, and chairs for the officers. In rough weather the pulpit is lashed to the deck, usually in or near one of the gun sponsons. The benches for the men are usually forward of the pulpit, and the officers' chairs aft.

Silence is ordered throughout the ship, and the church flag is hoisted above the national ensign, this being the only flag that can be given that position. Usually, on a flagship, a string orchestra is selected from the members of the ship's band to play accompaniments to the hymns. All join, with fine effect, in the singing. The absence of female voices is scarcely noticeable, as the deep basses of the seamen are mellowed by the soprano voices of many of the apprentice boys. To hear a chorus of two or three hundred men and boys singing, Onward, Christian Soldiers, or a like stirring hymn, out at sea, hundreds of miles from any land, where the only other sounds are the dull reverberations from the engine-room and the splashing of the billows against the sides of the ship; to watch the earnest singers as they stand "togged out" in their best uniforms and swaying from side to side with the heaving of the great vessel; to observe the serious looks on their faces, and to realize, in common with them, what an insignificant speck the ship really is, on the vast expanse of the ocean, all form an experience which must be undergone to be appreciated.

Preaching under such circumstances is far different from this exercise on shore. The chaplain, standing at the pulpit, must brace himself and hold on with one hand, while he gesticulates with the other. Occasionally an unlooked-for baptism breaks in on the service as an unusually high wave, striking the side of the vessel, throws spray over the assemblage. During the sermon "Jacky" hangs on to a bench, and usually pays strict attention to what

is being said. The poor little apprentices, whose attendance is compulsory, are put in the front rows, where they are under the constant surveillance of the officer of the deck. Like all other boys, they look upon the proceedings as a kind of bore, with the exception of the singing, into which they enter with great vim and evident enjoyment. The fact that no "collection" is taken up is also pleasing to them. During the time that divine services are being held the utmost order reigns throughout the ship, as the Navy regulations provide very severe punishment for any disturbance. Smoking is not allowed in any part of the ship while services are going on.—*Saturday Post.*

FACTS ABOUT APPENDICITIS.

TEN years ago the word "appendicitis" was practically unknown even to the majority of physicians. When the first sheets of the Century dictionary were issued, about fifteen years ago, a reward was offered to any one who would point out a word that had been omitted. The word "appendicitis" was not in the original sheets, yet no one claimed the reward. And no wonder, for it was not until 1888 that Dr. Reginald Fitz, of Boston, applied the name "appendicitis" to a series of conditions that had often been noted before, but had never been properly understood.

Now "appendicitis" is one of the most familiar of household words. It seems paradoxical, then, to say that appendicitis is not more frequent than it used to be, yet this is absolutely true. A new and more exact name has come into vogue, but not a new disease. Twenty years ago two causes of death were very prevalent that are scarcely heard of now. They were inflammation of the bowels and peritonitis. We heard of a friend's indiscretion in diet being followed by colic, then inflammation of the bowels set in and death ensued. Or an acquaintance, traveling at a distance from surgical aid, was stricken with peritonitis, and before relief could be afforded, was dead.

It is surprising that the discovery that these serious abdominal affections practically always begin in the appendix should have been left to an American medical man of our day. All over Europe hundreds of autopsies were made every year in which the role of the appendix as the primary cause of the fatal illness is now manifest.

The key to the mystery of most of the serious abdominal affections lay for years right under the eyes of every maker of many autopsies. It was contained in an organ, however, that was thought to be unimportant. Needless to say it was missed. When American surgeons first insisted that practically all intestinal colic was due to inflammation of the appendix, and that most of the fatal peritonitis originated in this obscure little organ, they were scoffed at by men who said ironic things about the lack of judicial conservatism in their enterprising American colleagues. Now the importance of appendicitis is fully recognized, though due credit is not given to American inventive acumen for the discovery.

It is the custom to think that appendicitis is due to some cause immediately preceding the development of the symptoms. Nothing could well be less true. The condition which causes the appendix to become acutely inflamed usually dates back for many years. What is constantly found in diseased appendixes after their removal is a stricture—that is, a narrowing of the canal of the appendix.

When the canal of the small, lead pencil-like tube of the appendix becomes very narrow at some point it takes but little to shut it up entirely. Some disturbance of digestion, or a cold, or a blow sends more blood than usual to the intestines. This causes the mucous membrane of the intestine and of the appendix, which is part of the intestine, to swell. This swelling closes entirely the narrowed canal of the appendix, and then the trouble begins.

Bacteria are always present in the appendix because of its connection with the intestine, where they swarm. As long as the exit is free these germs are not dangerous. As soon as they are confined their rapid multiplication without chance of escape makes them deadly. They rupture the appendix, and if they do not find some way out of the body death is inevitable.

The strictures of the appendix that are the prime cause of the trouble are not congenital—that is, are not present at birth, but are acquired. Most of

them result from severe intestinal disease in childhood. Some of them follow typhoid fever, or dysentery, or influenza of the intestines. The most important factor is undoubtedly the colitis of childhood, that is, the inflammation of the large intestine so frequent in the early years of life.

Appendicitis has been always with us. It can be unmistakably traced through history. Many a supposed case of poisoning was in reality only a rapidly fatal appendicitis. Chapters of history will have to be rewritten with this in mind. Our generation will not escape its share in the dangers of appendicial evolution.

We can individually lessen our chances of suffering by avoiding all forms of intestinal irritation. Especially does the chronic congestion that accompanies constipation seem to predispose to appendicitis. Constipation precedes an acute appendicitis in ninety per cent of the cases. Not the spasmodic catharsis of drugs, but the regular action of nature is the surest safeguard against appendicitis.

THE DATE OF THE FLOOD.

SOME people have had fun lately over the reported rejection of eight candidates for the African Methodist ministry in the South by the examining bishop because they could not tell the date of the flood.

Nevertheless, the bishop who asked the question knew what he was doing. It may not have been a fair question, but there is a concise answer to it in the Bible, and he no doubt thought that the eight candidates, if they were well versed in the Old Testament, would answer it at once.

The date of the flood was 1656 years after the birth of Adam, in the second month and the seventeenth day. It began then and continued for forty days and nights. This is how it is figured:

The third verse of the fifth chapter of Genesis reads thus: "And Adam lived 130 years and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image; and called his name Seth." Then in the sixth verse it is told that Seth lived 105 years, and begat Enos.

Adam, says the fourth verse, lived 800 years, after the birth of Seth, and the latter after the birth of Enos lived 807 years. So it goes on.

Enos begat Cainan when he was 90; Cainan begat Mahalaleel when he was 75; Mahalaleel begat Jared when he was 65; Jared begat Enoch when he was 162; Methuselah was born to Enoch when the latter was 65, and when Methuselah was 187 he begat Lamech, and Lamech's son, Noah, came into the world when the father was 182.

This brings us down to the birth of Noah, which according to the added ages of the several patriarchs at the time their sons were born, occurred 1656 years after the birth of Adam.

In the seventh chapter of Genesis the eleventh verse reads as follows: "In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up and all the windows of heaven were opened."

This was the flood, and it came to pass in the year 1656 after the birth of Adam.

On a shelf in the library of Dr. Matthew Woods of Philadelphia are three books bound in human skin. The man from whose body the skin was taken was Karl Kaufman, a young German, who had left his home across the water at twenty-four years of age because of a disappointment in love. Coming to America he supported himself by teaching German. Dr. Woods, who was his physician, became one of his pupils and fast friends.

The young man was dying of consumption. He was speaking one night to a friend of his regret in dying so young, because if he had lived he might have produced a book worthy to stand on library shelves along with Homer, or Ovid, or Virgil. Soon after this conversation Dr. J. C. Morton showed this young German a purse made of the skin of a human being. Kaufman made no comment at the time, but after Kaufman died his will requested that a section of his skin be employed to bind several of the books in the doctor's library, so that he might give of himself to form the binding of some of the grand books that he had so loved.

The request was granted. A large section of skin was taken from the young German's body, and after being thoroughly tanned was used to bind the three books that Kaufman had most admired.

Good Reading

MEXICO'S GREAT LAKE OF SALT.

THE greatest wonder of the Colorado Desert is its crystal lake, as white as driven snow; a lake of chloride of sodium extending for miles, in which, with plow and shovel, work the Coahuilla Indians ten hours a day in a temperature of 150 degrees. So level is the region, so singular in all its details, that the irresistible conclusion is that ages ago the entire country was part of the Gulf of California; indeed, the old shore line can be traced, and along the rock the traps of the early fishermen seen.

In the center of a wild valley, 280 feet below the level of the Gulf of California, glistens a sheet of molten silver; no bank of virgin snow is more beautiful. During the day it is dazzling white, a lake of crystal indeed, and as the sun goes down a crimson hue pervades it, and a transformation scene of marvelous beauty is set on this desert stage. The traveler who reaches the region at night might well imagine that a miracle had occurred and that a snowstorm had fallen, as the area of white extends to the horizon, and by the largest building, the mill in Salton, great heaps of seeming snow are piled, gleaming and scintillating in the sun. But the snow is salt. It is not the salt left by the ancient sea, but the deposit of peculiar springs that are ever running down from the distant mountain. The salt is spread over a great area, and is so pure that all that is necessary to do is to collect and dry it. Usually steam-heating appliances are necessary to dry the product of salt mines, but the intense heat of Salton is all that is needed.

The method of obtaining the salt is to plow it up by steam, the plows cutting furrows eight feet wide and six inches deep; the harvest for each plow each day being 700 tons, which is suggestive of the immensity of the deposit. The salt is put on cars, which are run into the salt lake; it is then hauled to the mill and dried, when it is ready for transportation. Thousands of tons of salt are heaped up in small mountains here, presenting a remarkable appearance.

How men can work in such a climate seems one of the mysteries, but the only real difficulty one has at Salton is from the glare of the salt, which makes green glasses a necessity. A temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees in New York for five minutes would fill the hospitals and create a panic, but at Salton a case of sunstroke is unknown. This is due to the fact that the humidity is low here; moisture is almost eliminated from the atmosphere.

This feature has given this part of the desert fame as a health resort, and at Indio, which is an oasis in the desert, a health resort is rapidly growing up, and winter and spring find many consumptives here. The Colorado Desert from Indio to the sea is an interesting region, abounding in mining claims, from copper to coal. Here one may go down, as at Indio, 300 feet below the sea, a literal hole which would be filled and become a deep lake if the sea should break through from the gulf. This was the cause of the Salton Sea some years ago; the Rio Colorado broke its banks and flowed out upon the desert, forming a vast lake, and demoralizing the Indians, who fled to the mountains and watched the filling of the great depression with fear and trembling. Midway between here and the gulf are many mud volcanoes of exceeding interest, suggesting the uncertain character of the crust in the vicinity.

The Arabs of this desert are the Coahuilla Indians, and their thoroughfare is a trail leading from the Coahuilla Valley to Indian Wells, and so on to Yuma. After leaving Torres Mountain there is water but once between there and Indian Wells, and along this highway, where rocks reflect heat like a furnace, death has stalked in many forms. Grub stakers are the easiest victims. It is difficult to get the Indians, who know every nook and corner of the mountains, to venture into them during the summer, and so the miner, a tenderfoot, perchance, essays the trip himself and is found, mayhap, a desiccated mummy months after by some one who does not heed the warning.

"I have seen some terrible sights on this desert," said an old miner. "Once I ran across a team bogged in the sand. It was away off the trail, and I would not have noticed it had it not been for the

canvas top which flapped like a flag in the sun. I rode up to it and saw at a glance that an awful desert tragedy had been enacted. The horses had dropped in the harness, and a mass of dried skin and bones was all that told the story. Beneath the wagon, where they had probably gone to escape the fearful heat, were the remains of the poor human creatures, dried as mummies."

Yet on the desert live many Indians from choice, grouped about the springs, and a few years ago there was a flourishing village at Indian Wells.

During the last two years these Indians have suffered much from drought; their wells have gone dry, their cattle have died, and their numbers have decreased in every village. It is one of the mysteries of the desert, the charm or fascination it has for whites and Mexicans, as in two days these people could reach the seashore, where fish and fowl abound, but the desert is their home, hot and arid though it be, and here they live a life that would be considered a torment to anyone else.

WATCH JEWELS.

If you happen to have a watch in your pocket, of ordinary excellence, it will have in it from seven to twenty-three so-called jewels. They are pretty small affairs and are essential to the time-keeping qualities of your watch. If asked to tell all you know about them it could probably be done in a very short time. So, in the search for the little known, the other day we wandered into one of the two or three concerns in the United States where they make the jewels for a watch. The establishment is right here in Elgin and has no connection with the watch works bearing the name of the town.

The proprietor didn't seem overjoyed to see the writer, and he manifested no disposition to tell all he knew. In fact the usual difficulty was experienced, and after the customary explanations and the exhibition of a copy of the 'Nook, the information came all right enough. The manufacturer is an intelligent gentleman bearing the name of Gustavson. He has been in the business for about a year, and he told us all that it is anybody's business to know.

Now in order to understand the matter let us imagine the wheel of a wheelbarrow taken from the rest of its "works" and this wheel set on end before you. There you have a magnified watch wheel. Now if you set this wheel in a frame, vertically, and wanted it to revolve steadily, day and night, year in and year out, it would naturally make a great deal of difference what the bearings, in which the spindles revolve, were made of. The harder they were the longer your wheel would run steadily and without wear and consequent wobbling. If you found a good-sized cobble stone and bored holes in it, just the size of your spindles, you would have the idea back of the jewels in a watch.

As said in the start of this article, in watches there are from seven to twenty-three of these jewels, and the more there are, all other things considered, the longer your watch will keep good time. The jewels themselves are very small pieces of hard stone set in a small brass disc, and each of the jewels has a perfectly true and smooth hole bored through it. In these holes the pinions of the wheels work. Now as an illustration of the division of labor, at the Elgin establishment they make only the jewels of the balance wheels of watches. In the same building is another establishment, and all this company makes is the staff or posts on which the balance wheel works. And there are not half a dozen places in the whole country where it is specially done.

When we say that they make the jewels it is not a literal fact. They are made in the rough in Switzerland, out of ruby, sapphire and garnet, and they are valuable in the order named. Sometimes they are made of diamond, but this is more a fancy than anything else. A well-jeweled watch will last anyone a lifetime, and be good for his children. The idea of a jewel is that of a very valuable stone, but this is not literally correct. The jewels of a watch are made from the chips, the refuse of stones valuable in themselves, and the waste in cutting stones for rings, brooches, and the like.

As they come from Switzerland they are in little homeopathic vials, about an inch long, and they contain thousands of the stones, and each one has a hole in the rough through it. This hole is not as large as a coal hole in the pavement, as the smaller

ones are about fourteen five-thousandths of an inch in diameter. The largest ones are one hundred five-thousandths of an inch. This hole is made with a small steel drill, moistened with oil and diamond dust, and it is run with a frightful velocity, eating its way right through the stone. It is the rapidity with which it revolves that makes the drilling possible. These small holes are subsequently reamed out with a steel tool, and perfected in the inside. It is done with rapidity, but takes skill and good eyes, though machinery does the work. The size of the holes, when finished, are from sixty-eight to one hundred and sixteen one-thousandths of an inch. Thus it will be seen that there is no post-hole business about it, even when the holes are enlarged.

The sales are all to jobbers, that is, wholesalers of watch works. They are sold all over the United States, and for all the writer knows the watch you have in your pocket may have had its balance wheel jewel made here. It isn't a very big thing at best, as one of the little vials, half a dozen of which you can hold in your hand, can contain ten thousand of the jewels, worth about three hundred dollars in the rough. One could carry a fortune of them in his pockets.

Remember the manufacture we have been describing is only that of the man who may be said to make holes. In the same room is another company making the staffs, or the spindles, of the balance wheels. They are made of steel, and while larger than the jewel, is one of the most important parts of a watch. It is a part that is often broken and hard to repair. Each one goes through twenty-five operations before it is completed. There are half a dozen grades, dependent on the finish and polish, and are sold by the dozen and gross all over the country to jobbers, as are the jewels. When you let your watch fall on the floor and break the balance wheel staff, or the balance wheel jewel, the chances are that when it is replaced the parts come from this Elgin establishment, for there are very few other places, only two in fact, where the staffs are made in the whole country. It is an object lesson in the division of labor and the subdivision of the work of the specialist.

PEANUT VINES IN HOMES.

FEW persons are, perhaps, aware that a thing of beauty is a common peanut plant, growing singly in a six or eight inch pot and grown indoors during the colder months. Kept in a warm room or by the kitchen stove a peanut kernel planted in a pot of loose mellow loam, kept only moderately moist will soon germinate and grow up into a beautiful plant. It is a similar way that the peanut planters test their seeds every year, beginning even early in the winter, and the facility with which the seeds will grow in this way has suggested to many southern flower lovers the possibility of making the useful peanut an ornamental plant for the parlor or sitting-room window.

As the plant increases in size and extends its branches over the sides of the pot in a pendant manner, there are few plants of more intrinsic beauty. The curious habit of the compound leaves of closing together like the leaves of a book on the approach of night or when a shower begins to fall on them, is one of the most interesting habits of plant life. And then, later on, for the peanut is no ephemeral wonder, enduring for a day or two only, the appearance of the tiny yellow flowers and putting forth of the peduncles on which the nuts grow imparts to this floral rarity a striking and unique charm all its own. There is nothing else like it, and florists throughout the country might well add the peanut plant to their list of novel and rare things.

SECRET KEPT FOR CENTURIES.

CHINESE porcelain was common in Europe for 400 years before a German potter succeeded in finding out the process of making it. This Chinese pottery is scattered all over the world, and everywhere valued, but nowhere was the distribution more curious than in western Canada. Early in the century a Chinese junk was cast away on the coast of America just south of Vancouver island, and its cargo of willow pattern plates fell into the hands of the Hudson Bay Company's officers. Still in the remotest trading posts of the fur traders a few specimens remain.

The Circle

OFFICERS.—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Bellefontaine, Ohio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetser, Ind., President; Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Treasurer. Address all communications to OUR MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE, Covington, Ohio.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

BY JOHN R. SNYDER.

So much has been said and written the past few years about the "higher life" that some may have been led to believe that it is a new development of the Christian character, but it is not so. It is as old as Christianity and is a part of every life patterned after the Christ-ideal. But it is time that Christendom was awakening to the fact that it has neglected this crowning virtue of the Christian character. She has been so long groping along and looking at material developments that the "salt" has almost lost its "savour" and the church its power. The Christian world is in need of a revival along this line and we are glad that it has begun.

It has been one of the aims of "Our Missionary Reading Circle" to furnish such literature as would tend to develop this principle of the Christ-life among its members. Care has been taken in the selection of books that none but those of sound Bible doctrine be admitted; for in this case, as in all other good things it has brought erroneous teaching along this line. But the first and last and best book of all from which to grasp this precious gift is the life of our Lord himself. He is the Fountain-head, the Well Spring, the Rock and Fortress, the Great Pattern. If we want to live the "higher life," which is only another name for the Christ-life, we must go to the source. And we would that every member of the Circle would make it a practice to study daily from this Book of books for his every direction.

But we will find great aid in reading from other noble minds of this great factor in the Christian example.

It is a fact that our thoughts direct our lives, unconscious though it may be to us, and our thoughts are directed by whatever becomes fixed in our minds. From this deduction we have the fact that a man's life is largely directed by what he reads or hears. If one is in the habit of reading the light trashy literature with which our land is flooded, his every action is dominated by it, and the lower animal nature is aroused and may get beyond control. On the other hand, if one's reading is along the line of higher living and literature, they are correspondingly dominated by it, and the thoughts received from this reading will show in the every-day processes of life. And again if in our religious reading we take up that which makes prominent this "higher life" or Christ-life ideal it will have its influence on our religious life in proportion as we become interested in it, and prompts us to become more Christ-like. It is not all of the Christ-life to do the ordinances and keep the commandments in a literal manner alone. It means more. It means that we will do in all things as Christ did. It means that we will forgive as he forgave; spurn evil as he spurned it; help the unfortunate as he helped; sacrifice as he sacrificed; bear the cross as he has borne it; and be perfect as he was perfect. This does not mean that we shall withdraw from all contact with the world, no more so than that trio of apostles could always remain on the Mount of Transfiguration. We believe that the Christian has his season of special revealing of Christ, when his soul is filled with the glories of his presence, but it is for a season only, when he must again return to earth and "work the works of him that sent him," the ALL IN ALL.

So we would impress every member of the Circle to strive to cultivate this Christ-model in their life. It does not mean that we become sordid, morose and gloomy; but it does mean that we become happy, joyous, loving and free-hearted, ever keeping in mind that after the cross-bearing below comes the crown-wearing above. There is no true consecrated missionary at home or in foreign land who has not this higher life, and the life of any missionary is sure to inspire along this line. Let us strive for this higher ideal in our lives and labors and see the blessing that is sure to follow.

Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Sunday School

THE time will come when we shall ask ourselves why we ever crushed this infinite substance of our life within these narrow bounds, and centered that which lasts forever on what must pass away. In the perspective of eternity all lives will seem poor, and small, and lost, and self-condemned beside a life for Christ. There will be plenty then to gather round the Cross. But who will do it now? Who will do it now? There are plenty men to die for him, there are plenty to spend eternity with Christ; but where is the man who will *live* for Christ? Death and eternity in their place. Christ wants *lives*. No fear about death being gain if we have lived for Christ. So let it be. "To me to live is Christ." There is but one alternative—the putting on of Christ; Paul's alternative, the discovery of Christ. We have all, in some sense, indeed, already made the discovery of Christ. We may be as near it now as Paul when he left Jerusalem. There was no notice given that he was to change masters. The new Master simply crossed his path one day, and the great change was come. How often has he crossed our path?—*Henry Drummond*.

"STRAIT is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life." So Jesus declared and the statement is as true now as it was when he made it. Yet, judging from the conduct of the multitudes of Christendom we might infer that the way has been greatly widened. The so-called charity of the nineteenth century puts all persons not actual criminals on the road to heaven. Yet Paul, who knew far more about the matter than the moderns do, thought no one would eventually wear the crown of life unless he strove lawfully; that is, in full harmony with Christ in the Gospel.

If you wish to grow in a knowledge of the truth you must read the truth and ponder it well. Do not, like a child, ask to be carried over all the hard places, but compare Scripture with Scripture, and be not hasty in drawing your conclusions. Let the Bible be the test of your opinions, not your opinions the interpreter of the Bible. Most of the New Testament is written in a style simple enough for the capacity of a child, and it is a shame that so many grown people in this so-called Christian land are ignorant of its contents.

It requires spiritual insight to adore the Invisible. Lack of it is the reason why so many people who live in the five senses worship the sect or the parson rather than God. In Christian communities this species of reverence is more fashionable but not the less degrading than that which in heathen lands is paid to "stocks and stones." But Jehovah is Spirit, and they who worship acceptably must worship him in spirit and in truth.

PAUL, who was inspired to know many of the secrets of the unseen world, had no doubt of the existence of evil spirits. He described the Christian warfare as a contest "against the wiles of the devil. For," said he, "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

THE tendency of all organization in the affairs of this world is to absorb the individual into the corporation, and place the power of government in the hands of a very few persons. Christ, in arranging his kingdom, makes each citizen of it personally responsible to the King and forbids all assumption of authority on the part of the subjects.

EVERY true disciple is a servant or minister of Christ. If he is not a minister in the New Testament sense of the word, his faith is dead. The custom of calling a man who for a stipend preaches Sunday sermons the minister of a congregation is unscriptural and foolish.

SENDING money to heathen lands while there are yet heathen at home, is simply giving bread to the starving before you stop to put sugar on for those who have it, but won't eat it without.

A TALK WITH THE JUNKMAN.

"You wouldn't think it," said a veteran junkman, "but my trade is really the best barometer of business. You see, it is this way: When new things, especially new materials, are low priced and of sluggish sale, nobody is going to the trouble and expense of working over old; found that out first after the panic of 1873. I had been making money right along ever since I started ten years before and had about pretty well anything that came to hand, from a worm-eaten calfskin to a rusty village cannon. It was a sort of nomadic business. I went to bigish towns lying along the railroads, stayed in them one month or six, and bought whatever anybody would sell me at the rate of fifty cents a cartload. Then I hired a shed somewhere, sorted my stuff and shipped it. My chance of profit lay in knowing just where to send each sort of it.

"Why, in the matter of scrap iron alone I had fourteen different markets. Castings—pot metal, as we called them—went to the furnace closest at hand, thereby saving freight, since they were not merely heavy, but bulky. Sheet and wrought iron went to the roofers, or rather the galvanizers; chains, big and little, to the makers of iron rods, and iron filings and turnings to the smelters of gold and silver. The smelters, indeed, are bound to have them for some part of their chemical reduction. Just what I don't know. I do know that they would pay for clean bright turnings and filings something more than \$20 a ton. Now and then I struck a factory town that had for years been dumping such filings among its waste. Then I usually also struck a bargain—say, \$5 for the whole lot—dug it out, cleaned and sold it, if not at full rates, high enough to make me feel like I was working a gold mine.

"It was something the same way with old brass, old copper, zinc and lead. Zinc, though, was a rarity. Maybe you don't know it, but zinc hardly ever wears out in the ordinary sense. It volatilizes—that is to say, evaporates, in many sorts of use—so when it is done there is nothing left of it. But the other metals stood me in from one to ten cents a pound, and their average cost to me was less than a quarter of a cent. Rags were nearly as profitable, for wood pulp was then in its infancy, so they were still the most considerable source of white paper stock. Woolen rags, new or partly worn, I sold to the shoddy mills, which ground them up, mixed them with a little new wool, and spun them again. Old carpets went to the felters, old books and papers to the makers of paper board. Hides and bones—I dodged them—unless the dodging was likely to spoil a trade—I sent to a man in the city, who paid freight on them and paid me whatever he chose for the lot. I dare say he made a big profit, but I could well afford to let him have it.

ANIMALS THAT WEEP.

"He cried like a calf," is a remark sometimes heard. It is no disgrace for a calf to cry, and he sheds tears in quantities when his emotions justify them. It is even easier for him to cry than for many other animals, because his lachrymal apparatus is perfect and very productive.

A scientific writer says that the ruminants are the animals which weep most readily. Hunters have long known that a deer at bay cries profusely. The tears will roll down the nose of a bear when he feels that his last hour is approaching. The big, tender eyes of the giraffe fill with tears as he looks at the hunter who has wounded him.

Dogs weep very easily. The dog has tears both in his eyes and voice when his beloved master goes away and leaves him tied up at home. Some varieties of monkeys seem to be particularly addicted to crying, and not a few aquatic mammals also find it easy to weep when the occasion requires it. Seals in particular are often seen to cry.

Elephants weep profusely when wounded or when they see that escape from their enemies is impossible. The animals here mentioned are the chief ones that are known to weep, but there is no doubt that many others also display similar emotion.

Do not blow your own trumpets; nor, which is the same thing, ask other people to blow them. No trumpeter ever rose to be a general.—*Edward Everett Hale*.

AMONG THE BANKERS.

WE do not wish to bring before the reader the ideas of banks where men keep and deal in money. They are banks of another kind that we wish to tell the 'NOOKER about. If you take a map of the eastern coast of the United States, you will notice, opposite the land line of North Carolina, a long, narrow strip of land on which is Cape Hatteras, with Pamlico Sound on the inside, and the pound ing, thumping, swashing Atlantic ocean outside. This strip of land, or rather of sand, is called The Banks and the people Bankers.

In some respects it is a queer place, well worth a visit, though few outsiders ever get there. It is really only a long strip of sand, varying in width from nothing to three miles or so at the widest at the Cape. There are people living there, and the towns, mere scattered hamlets, have such names as Kinnekeet, Smutty Nose, and Kittyhawk. Every last one of the people gets his living out of the sea. He knows how to sail a boat, the Banker does, and usually he has one of his own. He catches fish, dredges for oysters, and when he has a sufficient cargo sails to the towns along the mainland, sells his catch, lays in a supply of corameal and bacon, and goes back happy.

The people seem to be of English ancestry by their names and the accent, and they are a very plain, religious and hospitable lot. Every door is open to the stranger, and he is welcome to what they have, and they have all that is good in the line of sea food, though it isn't prepared along the lines of some of our cooking school people. We know some who can cook fish and oysters many times better than these people who catch them, and who have never been in sight of the ocean.

There are a few churches and nearly everybody is a member of either the Methodist or the Baptist, and they are really a religious people. Those who live in sight and hearing of the sounding sea all their lives, and who brave its dangers and often are swallowed up in its capacious maw naturally come to be thoughtful and religious, and often superstitious. In some places considerable vegetation has got hold of the sand, and there are forests and strange trees and plants. Where the banks are narrower, and there are fewer trees, the wind plays queer pranks with the sand. It blows it steadily in one direction, and covers up everything in its way. At Kinnekeet the graveyard is sixty feet under the hill of advancing sand.

It is an old-time neighborhood, and is well worth a visit with its old-fashioned windmills where grain is ground, its ancient mariners, and its open-hearted ways. The people are innocent enough, but that is no sign that the man you are talking to may not have been around the world. He is a little lost in the ways of the fashionable world, but at sea in a storm he is the man to trust your life to.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEN.

JAMES WATT: Born 1736, died 1819. An Englishman, famous because he invented the modern steam engine.

JEFFERSON: Born 1743 in Virginia, died 1826. He was the third president of the United States. A statesman and author of the Declaration of Independence.

DR. JENNER: Born 1749, died 1823. An English physician who discovered vaccination as a preventive of smallpox.

GOETHE: Born in Frankfurt 1749, died 1832. It is next to impossible, in the limited space at our command, to give as much as an outline of Goethe's accomplishments and solid attainments. He was great in every domain of literature, art, and even science. His fame would probably be said to rest on his literary productions, and *Faust* is conceded to be his greatest effort. He is, without doubt, Germany's greatest poet, and as Homer dealt with the myths of antiquity so Goethe dealt with medieval legendary lore. With the greatest of charm as a writer is combined the profound knowledge of the scholar in all domains of human knowledge. It is difficult to properly place Goethe in the world's galaxy of greatest writers, but it is near to the places occupied by Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. His impress is on the

mind and thought of all the nations of the earth that have produced thinkers and scholars.

JOHN MARSHALL: Born 1768, died 1837. He was a Virginian, a great lawyer, Chief Justice of the United States where he won fame by his writings on the principles of law.

HAMILTON: Born in the British West Indies, 1757, killed in a duel with Aaron Burr 1804. He was a scholar and statesman with a varied public career, always creditable to himself, and marked by far-seeing policy for the public welfare. His final fame rests on the fact that he formulated the Federal Constitution, the instrument that, with some modifications, now unites the Union. His fame in the history of the country, in a political way, is second only to that of Washington. There were then, as now, two great political parties, the Federalist, headed by Hamilton, and the Radical, headed by Madison. Hamilton won out. Burr, a brilliant but unscrupulous man, was defeated by Hamilton for the governorship of New York and Burr challenged him and killed him in a duel. Hamilton's greatness is of a political character, and the great thing he did was drafting the Constitution of the United States.

LORD NELSON: Born 1758, died 1805. He was an English sailor, one of the greatest naval commanders England ever had.

WILLIAM PITT: Born in England 1759, died 1806. A great English statesman noted for his oratorical ability and his impress on the politics of his time.

ROBERT FULTON: Born 1765, died 1815. The inventor of navigation by steam.

ELI WHITNEY: Born 1765, died 1825. The inventor of the cotton gin, a machine for getting the lint of the cotton plant free from the seed.

NAPOLEON: Born 1769, died 1821. A French general, one of the greatest soldiers the world ever saw. Captured and died in exile on the island of St. Helena.

In order to shorten the accounts of the world's famous great men we condense the remainder of the list as follows:

WELLINGTON, a great military man who defeated Napoleon.

BEETHOVEN, one of the world's greatest musical composers.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, a great novelist, author of *Waverly Novels*.

METTERNICH, a great German general.

STEPHENSON, inventor of steam cars.

WEBSTER, a great lawyer, and an orator and statesman.

BYRON, an English poet of enduring fame.

FARRADAY, a man of unusual ability as a discoverer of natural science.

MORSE, the inventor of the telegraph.

MACAULAY, an eminent man of letters and historian.

VON MOLTKE, a great German general.

LINCOLN, President of the United States, and emancipator of the slaves.

DARWIN, English man of science, author of the development theory.

TENNYSON, a great English poet.

GLADSTONE, an English statesman of vast power in his day.

DICKENS, one of the world's greatest writers of English fiction.

BISMARCK, a German general, soldier and statesman.

ALEXANDER II, a famous Russian Czar.

CYRUS W. FIELD, laid the first ocean cable.

U. S. GRANT, president and one of the world's greatest military men.

T. A. EDISON, inventor of a great number of electrical appliances.

(The End.)

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Our Cooking School.

SNITS AND KNEPP.

BY SISTER R. E. ARNOLD.

HERE is a good, old-fashioned "Dutch" dish, as it has been called. Many of the 'Nook readers have never before heard of such a combination of material as given below; in fact I think it will not be found in any of the modern cook-books. It is an unwritten recipe that has been handed down from mother to daughter:

Cook one pound of smoked breakfast bacon, in one piece, two and one-half hours. Put a quart of dried *sweet* apples, with plenty of water, on the back of the stove where they will simmer gently. Sweet apples are usually dried with the skin left on. When the meat has cooked one hour, put the apples in with it and let them cook together another hour.

For the knepp: Take three cups of flour, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, a pinch of salt; break into this two eggs, and use enough sweet milk to make a thick batter. Drop the batter by spoonfuls upon the apples; when apples are covered replace the lid and let cook a few minutes, then drop in more batter and so on until all the batter is used. Boil for twenty or thirty minutes and be sure there is sufficient water in the boiler to keep from burning.

While this is not exactly what one would call a "company" dish, yet it will be found a very appetizing one on a cold winter day.

Elgin, Ill.

GOOD FRIED MUSH.

BY SISTER DANIEL VANIMAN.

PUT lard or suet in a pot kept for this purpose, enough to cover the mush. Have a wire bucket or kettle. Slice your mush, place it in your wire kettle, not too much at a time. Now have the lard very hot; then put mush in. When brown enough lift it and let it drip a moment. Repeat until you have enough for your meal. Be sure to keep your lard hot enough. This is quicker done and much better than to fry in a pan.

McPherson, Kans.

MEAT PIE.

BY SISTER ALLIE MOHLER.

USE any left-over meat, turkey, steak, roast meat, or even some pork would be good. Cut the meat into small pieces and make a rich, plentiful gravy over it. The pie is best made in the dish it is to be served in. Fill the dish half full of meat and gravy and cover with a dough made with flour, salt, baking powder and sweet cream, using one teaspoonful baking powder to one pint flour, or if sour cream is used, use about one-fourth teaspoonful of soda also. Have the paste half an inch thick when rolled out. Everybody says this is good.

Cando, N. Dak.

NEW ENGLAND LAYER CAKE.

BY SISTER ELLA MOORE.

PLACE on the stove where it will not burn, one cup sweet milk. One cup chocolate grated—stir slowly in the milk until it is dissolved—then add one cup sugar, yolk of one egg beaten, then let cool. When the custard is cool add one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in one tablespoonful water, two and one-half cups flour. Bake in moderate oven.

Elgin, Ill.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

BY SISTER MARY E. HALDERMAN.

ONE teacupful of tapioca soaked two hours in one pint of milk. Then add a pinch of salt, sweeten to taste, and one egg beaten to a froth. Then boil till tender. Flavor to taste. It may be served warm or cold with sugar and cream.

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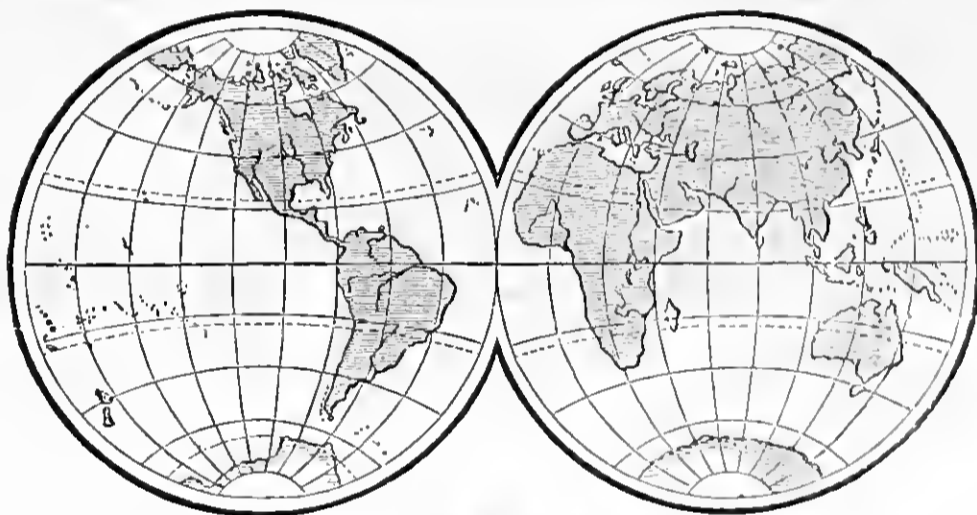
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NEW EVERY MORNING.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days
which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go! since we cannot relive them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own,
'To-day is ours and to-day alone.

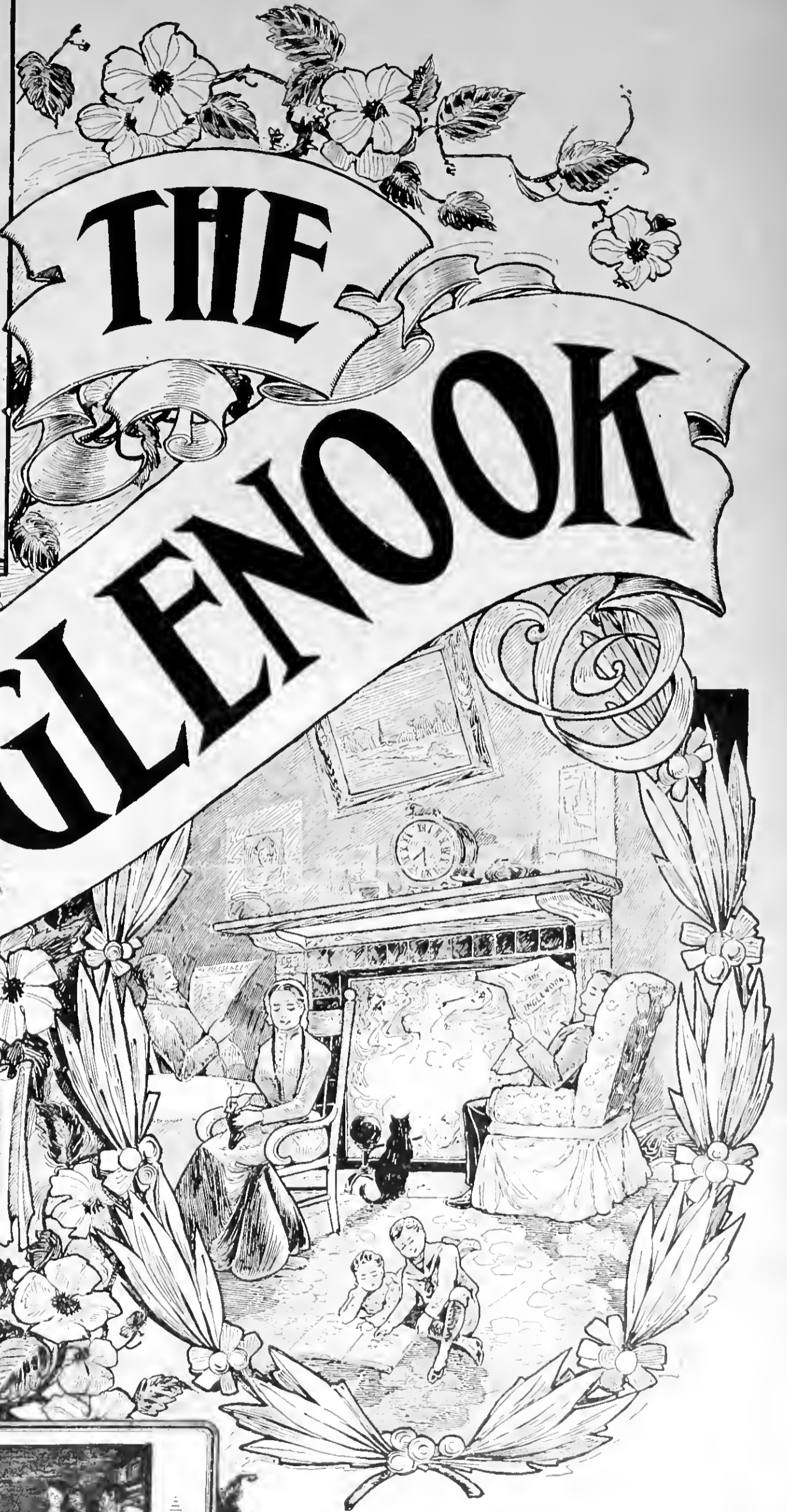
Here are the skies all burnished brightly;
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and shine with the morn
In the chrisp of dew and cool of dawn.

—Susan Coolidge.

THE INGLENOOK

The Inglenook,
Elgin, Ill.

VOL. III.
Jan. 12, 1901.
No. 2.



ELGIN, ILL.



Night
Scene in
Darkest
New York

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MRS. GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder Social Preferment?
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W. R. DEETER: St. Paul.
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., JAN. 12, 1901.

No. 2.

ST. JOHN THE AGED.

I'm growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' head
In days long past, that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed him, my Master, oft,
From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross, and trembled with his groans,
Refused to bear me even through the streets,
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips,
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
My ears are dull; they scarcely bear the sob
Of my dear children, gathered round my couch;
My eyes so dim they cannot see the tears.
God lays his hand upon me—yea, his hand,
Not his rod—the gentle hand that I
Felt those three years, so often pressed in mine,
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word he spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away;
So that I live with him and holy dead
More than with the living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea:
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
And then he came and called me; then I gazed
For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then his words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
Took hold of me, and claimed me for its own;
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

O, what holy walks we had
Through harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes;
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
And so upbore him. Lord! now I am weak,
And old, and feeble. Let me rest on thee!
So put thine arm around me closer still!
How strong thou art! The daylight grows apace;
Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take
The path to Bethany; for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal;
Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to his kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so,
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills,
And touch my Master. O how oft I've seen
The touching of his garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! hear me to my church once more,
There let me tell them of a Savior's love;
For by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now, I think he must be very near—
Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

So raise up my head:
How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
"My little children! God so loved the world
He gave his Son; so love ye one another,
Love God and men. Amen."

Lay me down
Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul at even;
When in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came,
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
As when we mount toward the pearly gates;
I know the way! I trod it once before.
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sung,
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these that crowd
The shining way? Say! joy! 'tis the eleven!
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!

GERTRUDE MAY ESHELMAN.

Aged Nineteen.

THE other day, had you been here, you might
have noticed that there was a quiet about the Pub-
lishing House unusual in its character. The engines
were stopped, the presses were silent, the printers
had left their cases, and in the upper end of town,
in a house marked with a white bow on the door,
the employees of the House were gathered to take
a last look on the face of one who had passed. A
year ago Gertrude May Eshelman worked here at
her case. To-day she rests quietly in mother earth.
The coffin, the flowers thereon, the habiliments of
woe, and the slow moving cortège is not an uncom-
mon sight. One day all who read will play the role
of principal in the tragedy and the victory. There-
fore it is thought meet to write somewhat of the
time.

This thing we call Death has been in the world
ever since there were people. It is the one com-
mon and universal end without exception. But the
world has never got used to it. It never will. From
the time the tawny, coarse-haired maiden, who died
in the remote corner of her parents' cave, and who
was laid to rest in her lonely and forgotten barrow,
down to the present when all that skill, and science,
and care can do for the loved, death has never been
anything but death. We see our loved ones fade
from day to day. We know that the end is not far
away, and we philosophize and fortify ourselves
with the wisdom of the ages, and then when they
come to the shore of the dark flowing river and
silently embark, we are never ready for it. We
have no poppy spell of thought that makes us un-
mindful and dries our tears or stops the moan.

Nobody who has not gone through it knows what
it means. Nobody who has passed into the shadow
can tell his fellow what it is. We tender the poor
almsgiving of impotent condolence, and it is well
that we should, but it does not lift the veil nor give
us back the warm touch of a pink palm on our
check. We sit in the gloaming and think, and the
tears unbidden come, and neither the intoning of the
psalm nor the whisper of comfort lifts the shadow
that has fallen over our pathway. We grow quieter
and walk with more thought on our way to them.
They are gone. That we know. They will never
come back to us, for of all the countless millions
that have passed no audible whisper has ever come
from beyond the veil. Sometimes, yea, often, we
feel them, strangely and unaccountably near at
hand, and then they are gone, gone, gone! But if
they come not to us, we are going to them.

And where has the dead girl gone? To what fair
land has she winged her way and what welcome has
she there? The silence of the ages past and gone
gives no answer. We dream of a beautiful land, the
home of the soul, and we think of it often, especial-
ly as we come nearer and nearer to the setting sun,
but we are not helped when we ask for what lies
beyond. We may find an answer by analogy. In
the springtime when sun and rain work the ever-re-
curring miracle of the seasons we see that on the
hillside, and in the meadow, the tiny bulb and the
flower that died and hid in the soil comes again with
all its sweetness, and the dull chrysalid of the but-
terfly has given birth to joyous fluttering color.
Nothing dies. It passes away, changes its form and
comes again. The bird comes back and nests in
the vine as of old. Shall the life of love and peace
and helpfulness that has passed into the earth be of
less account than the harebell and the bluebird's
coming? Nay, not so!

If the hearse and the grave ended all it would be
sad indeed. Life would be a tragedy and love a
fiction. It cannot be that those we have loved, and
who have loved us, part on the silent shores of the
river of death never to meet again. It is not that

the end has forever come because our poor, frail
bodies crumble to mother earth again. There must
be another existence. All nature teaches it. All
human thought not abnormally constituted voices
it. Where it is and what it is none know. The
surpliced preacher and the man digging in the
ditch know as much one as the other of the actual
facts. We only know that it is only a question of
time till we follow those who have gone before, and
we feel that we shall, somehow, somewhere, meet
them, and that they will be waiting for us. It
would not be worth while where it not for this.
And then we sit down and think. When the Angel
calls we must go, and, as a rule, those who accom-
pany him are ready. But we who are left are never
content. We miss something that can never be
supplied. We sigh and wonder when our time will
come.

Still there is something wonderful to think about.
Ages ago a Roman soldier stood at the foot of the
Cross and looked up at a man dying a cruel death.
He was impressed and uttered what was uppermost
in his mind when he said that surely he was the Son
of God. If God, in his infinite wisdom, has made
the entrance to the land of the Leal turn on the
hinges of human suffering and unspeakable woe, he
has provided a recompense. It may not have been
our way, it is not, but it is certain that it is God's
way; and the world, in all its moods of intelligence,
has accepted the fact that in the beyond it will all
be right. With some it is only a dim hope, with
others it is a glorious reality. To some is given but
a blur of the truth, to others a complete picture of
the redeemed in all their glory. It is a matter of
faith, some having it in full, others in less share.

And I believe it all. It is repellent that this maid
of nineteen should turn less than a score of life's
pages and then pass into the darkness of oblivion.
For her the plumed knight never rode over the hill,
cap in hand. The day dreams that came to her
when she stood where the brook and river meet
were never realized; and Death, the mighty, the un-
relenting, the cruel, struck her down with merciless
blow, stunning all who looked on the dead face of
her who has gone before. But, Death, we laugh at
you! We know a land where you never enter. We
know a place, somewhere beyond the white edge of
the snow cloud, beyond the stars, where you will
never be allowed to enter. Strike us, if you will, as
you certainly will, but remember this,—we shall
triumph. Under the Syrian skies you broke the
heart of him, and he triumphed, and all his children
after him have reached out his pierced hands to
them to whom you have done your worst. We shall
escape you, Death.

There is this lesson to remember. Had we known
the day and the hour when we were to look at the
crumbling remains of the one who passed, we had
been kinder and truer. So it is with those with
whom we are associated now. Their time will come,
and ours will come. Then when they and we lie
low in death no kind words, brave and true, will
avail. Therefore are we to speak them now. Lov-
ing hearts and true, and kind words are the gold
wherewith we pay our way to the grim ferryman
over the fabled Styx, and what we have done to
others in love and kindness lets us in to the re-
deemed who have gone before. There shall we see
the girl who died, and all the other dear ones who
have passed from mortal sight, and are now waiting
us, where Death and winter never come. God gave,
and he has taken. Blessed be his name. When
comes our turn, Dear Lord, forget not us.

If you have ever seen the Lord, if only from
afar—if you have any vaguest suspicion that Jesus
was a better man than other men—one of your first
duties must be to open your ears to his words, and
see whether they commend themselves to you as
true, then, if they do, to obey them with your
whole strength and might.—George Macdonald.

Correspondence

ADOBE HOUSES.

BY GRANVILLE NEVINGER.

ADOBE houses proper are built of unburnt brick dried in the sun, and while they do not present as elegant an appearance as those burnt in the kiln, yet, when properly finished, they make a very comfortable dwelling place. Not many of them are more than one story high and rather low at that, but when covered with a good, projecting roof they will outlast a generation. Most of them are covered with "dobe," as it is called here, that is, inch boards reaching from one side of the building to the other are put on in an arched form and covered with mortar made of adobe soil to a depth of five or six inches. This roofing when dry makes a very warm covering and impervious to the rainfall usual in this country. But last April broke all previous records and soaked them from "turret to foundation stone." Concrete houses, built of sand, gravel and cement are called dobe houses, but that is a misnomer, as no adobe enters into their structure. They are said to be very cool in summer and warm in winter; and if properly cemented on the outside, they make a very nice appearance and will outlast wooden buildings. Another class of dwelling places, especially popular with the Mexican people, and called by the same name as the title of this article, are made of old castoff railroad ties, or small posts of the same length, placed in rows with one end in the ground to form the walls and covered outside, walls and roof, with adobe mortar. The good man of the house furnishing the mud and the willing wife using her hands for a trowel, places the mortar where it will keep out the chilling winds and driving snows. Notwithstanding this drudgery that she undergoes in the erection of her domicile, usually the house inside is very neat and clean and would do credit to some of her more enlightened sisters in more costly houses.

Do not conclude that all the land here is adobe soil or that all the houses are of the above description, as there are some very fine stone, brick and wooden houses here.

La Junta, Colo.

A HUNTING EXPEDITION.

BY W. K. CONNOR.

On a pleasant day in the chilly month of December, I, with Allen Harley, one of my schoolmates, set out for a half day's sport. How happy we were that we could leave our books in the close little schoolroom, and roam about in the great, delightful one of nature, where the lessons were so agreeable that it seemed but a long continued recess.

We were armed with the guns that delight the heart of the hunting boy; Allen having a double-barrel and I a single-barrel, breech-loading gun. Allen, girdled with his new belt filled with loaded shells, and I, wearing my new hunting coat with its many and various pockets, also well supplied with ammunition, felt that as hunters we were most remarkably equipped.

Thus we sallied forth, our spirits free and hopeful; our bodies strong and active; and our eyes keen and piercing, for we were seeking the wild turkey, that shy, stately bird, the largest game in the forests of Eastern Virginia. Onward we went across fences, over brush heaps, through briars and gullies, and now and then scaring a rabbit from his noonday bed. But how insignificant he seemed to us as we compared his vanishing form with that of a turkey. We felt as though he wasn't worth a load of powder and shot, and especially so if we shot at him and still he continued on his way.

We turned our faces towards a small stream in order to see whether the turkeys had been there that day or not. Arriving there and finding no signs of them we pushed on to a "red hill," a small bare place in the woods that has been made so by washing, and here we found some footprints that had been made within the last twenty-four hours. How our young hearts were thrilled! Then into the woods we glided as cautiously as possible, our eyes closely scrutinizing every form, and our ears set to catch every sound. Thus for quite a while an observer would have seen us passing through the

forest. But finding no game we proceeded more and more carelessly.

We continued going all the afternoon and even after night overtook us, for when the turkeys were on the roost we were more likely to find them than during the day. We passed through the woods about one hundred yards apart, each making as much noise as possible in order that we might scare them off the roost.

Just before we reached the edge of the woods, Allen was crawling over or through a brush heap and thus made about as much noise as a boy can usually make. It was too much for the turkeys, for above all the racket I heard the wings of several beating the air. What a pleasing sound it was. How my heart beat,—almost in unison with the flapping of turkey wings. And Allen shouted, "Ah! we've found them at last."

We immediately went home and after eating supper made all necessary preparation for an early start in the morning, after the birds. We then retired and dreamed the hunter's happy dreams. Long before daylight we were up and ready to go. Neither of us having ever practiced turkey calling much, I went to father's turkey roost and got a young hen and took it along to do the calling. We tied the turkey to a tree at the place where we had "flushed" the turkeys; then each made a blind for himself and in these we waited for daylight, and for our turkey to call the wild ones to us. Soon after daybreak the tame turkey called a little, and received a faint response from a wild one. All was quiet for awhile. Then I saw one fly on the fence about thirty yards from me. I could hardly see it because of the dense brush. Too much excited to reason well, I thought I could kill him. So I took aim, fired; but alas the turkey did not fall, but my spirits did. This ended our sport and home we went with no turkey but the one we took with us.

Bridgewater, Va.

NEW USE FOR OLD PEOPLE.

THE pleasant and economical custom of eating old and infirm relatives is still common among many native tribes of South America. The Mayorunas do not stick even at eating their own parents and children. Indeed, they look upon this disposal of the unfit as a sort of pious duty.

The traveler Osculati speaks of finding a baptized member of this tribe very sick and weeping bitterly. When asked the reason of his grief the Indian replied that in a little while he would be food for worms, whereas if he had not been baptized his nearest relatives would have eaten him. Clearly he preferred this method of sepulture.

The Yamas of the upper Amazon suck the marrow from the bones of their dead and thereby, according to their belief, transfer the souls of the departed to their own bodies.

The Kashibos on the Pachitea river apparently combine a religious rite with their eating of the old. When an old man is told that his last day is at hand he exhibits signs of great satisfaction, saying that he will soon see his old friends once more. Then preparations are made for a big feast and the old man is knocked on the head with a club and devoured body and bones, for even the bones are crushed to powder, stewed into a broth and swallowed. No waste is allowed in the Kashibos' kitchen.

These gentle savages never eat the flesh of women, as they consider it poisonous, and also attribute to it the property of making its eater effeminate and cowardly.

Among the Botokudos mothers, moved by pure maternal affection, eat their children who have died natural deaths.

When a father has become old and unable to follow the tribe in its wanderings he entreats his son to kill him. The son obeys and the body is roasted and eaten by the whole family to the accompaniment of loud howls and shrieks of grief.

Herberg says of the wild tribes of Cauca, in Colombia, that the husband eats his wife, the son his father and the brother his brother or sister.

The view that cannibalism is prompted by a real liking for human flesh has been generally abandoned. Cannibalism is most rampant in tropical regions, where there is an abundance of animal food. Revenge and religious and other psychological motives have much to do with South American canni-

balism. The deadly hatred which exists between different tribes often impels them to devour their captives as a token of vengeance. This custom is said to have been introduced among the Tupi, who at one time were not cannibals, by the example of a woman who threw herself on the murderer of her son and bit a piece out of his shoulder. The Parentintins attack living captives with their teeth in the same horrible fashion.

Similar cases of cannibalism, prompted by revenge, occur among most of the South American tribes. The Kashibos of the upper Amazon are the worst of all. They invariably eat their captives, and for this reason they are especially detested by the neighboring tribes.

IN CHINA.

OLD maids and bachelors are conspicuous only by their absence.

People provide themselves with coffins years before they die.

Not marriage, but motherhood, changes a woman's title from Miss to Mrs.

A newly wedded pair invariably take up their residence with the parents of the groom.

No gentleman could be induced to ride in the same carriage with his wife, as it would irretrievably ruin his reputation to do so.

If a widow should remarry they do not say, "Widow Wang has married again," but, "Widow Wang has taken a step in advance."

A foreigner's whiskers are an object of the greatest admiration, as no amount of coaxing ever yet enabled a Chinaman to grow more than a most scanty beard or mustache.

It is related that the first Chinese Minister to this country was once invited to a reception in Washington where dancing was the principal feature of the evening's entertainment. After watching the flushed and heated dancers for awhile in undisguised amazement, and contrasting their violent exercise with their elegant and manifestly expensive costumes, he turned to a friend and inquired: "Why do they do that hard work? Can they not afford to hire some one to do it for them?"

HOW THE PERSIANS DINE.

HERE is a description of a Persian dinner. The feast is preceded by pipes, while tea and sweets are handed about. Then the servants of the house appear, bringing in a long leather sheet, which they spread in the middle of the floor. The guests squat around this, tailor fashion. When all are seated, a flat loaf of bread is placed before everyone, and the music begins to play. The various dishes are brought in on trays and arranged round the leather sheet at intervals. The covers are then removed, the host says "Bis Millah" (in the name of God), and without another word they all fall to.

AN AMERICAN MOTTO.

THE American soldiers in the Philippines see some strange sights. Lately a crowd of them attended a church service in their honor. There was much praying and singing. The image of an old saint drew their attention. Above the image was the picture of an eagle. On the banner which streamed from the eagle's bill was the following legend: "The Old Reliable Condensed Milk." The artist had copied the eagle from a milk can. The padre explained that he thought it was an American motto.

FREE FROM CYCLONES.

SUNSTROKE in the arid region is practically unknown. The rainless air that sweeps over it is necessarily dry, and neither breeds diseases nor carries their germs. Further than this, the lack of moisture, combined with the configuration, forbids the presence of tornadoes, and it is claimed that the weather bureau has absolutely no record of a cyclone or tornado west of the ninety-seventh meridian.

CANADA only lacks 237 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe. It is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 300,000 square miles larger than the United States.

Nature Study

BABY ALLIGATORS.

Up in the reptile-house of the Bronx zoo something unique in the way of a hatching of young alligators was on exhibition yesterday, and will be today just as long as the supply of saurian eggs holds out.

The young 'gators were being turned out in jobs in a large, glass-enclosed, steam-heated cage in the northwest corner of the main reptile-room. The floor is covered with warm sand, in which several dozens of alligator eggs are cuddled. The eggs are about seven inches long, oblong in shape, and of a dingy leathery white color.

About the center of the cage is a large shallow pan full of water, sunk to the level of the floor. In and about the pan are several dozen young alligators, from six inches up to ten in length, scrambling about, climbing all over each other, splashing about in the water, and seemingly happy and contented. The baby 'gators are bright blue-green, and black spotted in color. In general color and appearance they look more like lizards than anything else.

The hatching process is quite interesting. Every now and then an egg will begin to squirm and roll about. One end works more actively than the other and swells up like a mushroom head. Then it cracks and spreads out from the slit, through which a little long-pointed muzzle begins to work out. A lot of energetic wriggling, which flops the egg about in all directions, sets the youngster free. Out he pops, and after a shake or two, by some wonderful instinct of nature, away scuttles the infant to the pan of water, into which it plunges without any fear.

Alligator, Jr., splashes about a while, and then joins his brothers and sisters, following the universal alligator habit of crawling on top of as many of his relations as he can and resting his head on the nearest back.

Mrs. Alligator was not present at the hatching. Alligator experts say that after she has laid the eggs her part of the manufacture of young 'gators is finished. She pays no more attention then to them, and confines herself, in the South, to lying low in the swamps, waiting for dogs, pigs, or tender young colored infants to wander her way. As to Alligator *père*, those same experts assert that if there is one thing he likes better than another it is young alligators fresh from the shell, without any dressing. He is said to swallow them up by the dozen, and then complain because there are no more.

The Bronx zoo is well supplied with grown-up alligators. They have some very large ones in the reptile-house ponds, which seem to do nothing but lie on the pond platforms motionless.

What the zoo people intend to do with the baby alligator output has not been decided. They are not considered a very valuable asset. Possibly any responsible parties anxious to bring up a few young alligators as pets, on guaranteeing kind treatment, proper school facilities, and sound home training, may be accommodated and given their pick of the bunch.

HOW SOME ANIMALS GROW.

It is not generally known that the human baby is smaller at birth in proportion to the size it ultimately attains than most other animals.

The size of the young of any animal varies in proportion to the size of the brain, and is significant in many ways. The average height of a baby at birth is about twelve inches, and as the average height of a man is generally put down as 5 feet 10 inches, the proportion is as 1 to 5.83.

The young rhinoceros is two feet long when he is born, but when he grows up he is seven feet in length. Thus the proportion is 1 to 3.5. The very same measurements apply to young master elephant, though the pachyderm in question is always measured by the height of his back from the ground. However, the young one is about two feet high, and the average height of a mature elephant is seven feet, so the proportions remain the same. The same relative measurements hold good in the case of the young hippopotamus.

In case of the deer we find that the young are 2½ feet in height, while the full-grown deer is no more than 4½ feet, or a proportion of 1 to 1.8. The gi-

raffe's proportions are those of 1 to 3.3, for it is 1½ feet tall at birth, and 6 feet when full grown.

A lion's cub at birth is about 8 inches long, while the grown-up Leo measures about 5 feet, or the enormous proportion of 1 to 7.5. The tiger's measurements are about the same, and so are those of Br'er Bear. The rapidity of growth of animals also varies greatly.

In general, the larger the animal at maturity the slower its growth. A man is not fully grown until he is twenty-five years old, though he attains his height sooner. So with animals. A colt or calf gets his height at three years, but thereafter slowly gains in power until his fifth year—the man's development being five times as slow. An elephant matures slowly, and lives as long as a man. There are fables telling of the extremely long life of crows and eagles, but in few cases have these been fully verified.

A FISH THAT FISHES.

Most remarkable of strange fishes is the angler fish, whose very name seems a paradox. The fishing fish is nevertheless a reality, and a stern one to all that approach those awful jaws of his. With a body the color of mud he generally lies in the shadow of some rock on the bottom of the sea, waiting motionless for the approach of his prey. He is provided with an odd kind of fin just over the mouth, and this is held out in front of him to give warning of the coming of something to be swallowed. One taken alive was experimented on, and it was found that if this projecting fin was touched with a stick, even though the stick did not come near the mouth, the jaws closed convulsively. This shows that the fin, by some provision of nature, closes the jaws as soon as it is touched.

The mouth is tremendous, growing to the width of a foot when the whole fish is only three feet long. One of these anglers was caught not long since, and, although it was only twenty-five inches long, a fish fifteen inches long was found sticking in its throat. The angler is provided with peculiar teeth set in double or treble rows along the jaws and at the entrance of the throat. Some of these teeth are a foot long. He is not a pretty fish to look at, but he attends strictly to business, and will swallow anything that touches his warning fin, whether it be meant for food or not. All kinds of things have been found in the stomach of anglers, from bits of lead and stone to fish almost as large as the angler itself. This is without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting fish in the whole ocean.

DOBBIN'S BACK HAIR.

"THERE is a vast amount of horsehair annually used in the United States for making and repairing violin, violoncello and bass viol bows," said a wholesale dealer in such materials in New York to a Washington *Star* reporter recently. "All of the hair comes from Germany and Russia, in which countries the tails of horses are generally allowed to grow much longer than here. The foreign hair is also coarser in texture and tougher than that which grows on the American horse, and these qualities make the imported article more valuable than the domestic product is for the purpose.

"There are only two kinds of horsehair suitable for making bows, and they are of the white and black varieties. The former is used for violin bows, and the latter, which is heavier and stronger, is the best material for making bows for cello and bass viols, because it bites the larger strings better. The imported hair is put up in hanks thirty-six inches long, which is five or six inches longer than the standard violin bow. A hank is sufficient for one violin bow, while two hanks are required to hair a cello or bass viol bow. There are about one and one-half ounces of hair in a hank, which is worth from twenty to thirty cents, according to the quality of the hair."

WONDERS OF SNAIL'S MOUTH.

"It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant looking snail's mouth, for that animal could outdevour anything that lives.

"The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle that few

amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation.

"Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has.

"The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue.

"They are exceedingly sharp and only a few of them are used at a time—not exactly only a few of them, but a few of them comparatively, for the snail will probably have 4,000 or 5,000 of them in use at once. He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone.

"He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight.

"By use the teeth wear off or become dulled. When the snail finds that this tool is becoming blunted he uncoils another section and works that out until he has come to the end of the coil.

"Then he coils the tongue up again and is ready to start in new, for while he has been using the latter portions of the ribbon the teeth have grown in again in the idle portions—the saw has been filed and reset, so to speak—and while he is using them the teeth in the back part of the coil are renewed.

"So I think I am right in saying that if any large beast of prey was fitted up with such a devouring apparatus as the snail has it would go hard with the rest of the animal kingdom."

WHERE SUNFLOWERS PAY.

THE sunflower crop is one of the best paying in Russia. A good crop is worth, as it stands in the field, \$25 an acre. The seeds are sold by the farmer for some \$1 to \$1.50 a pound. Then the merchants salt them and retail them for \$3 a pound and at every street crossing in Russian provincial cities are stands and peddlers with large baskets, selling to the passers-by the salted product of the big sunflower, which is eaten.

GOVERNMENT CARRIER PIGEON SERVICE.

THE government of New Zealand now sends communications by carrier pigeons between Auckland and Great Britain island, a distance across the water of thirty miles. The service is controlled by the post office department. The fee for a single message is one shilling and a stamp for this amount has to be bought at the post office.

LAROE INDUSTRY IN WATCH DISCS.

IN the production of common watch glasses the glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient material being taken to give the desired thickness, as the case may be. Discs are then cut out from the sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disc after it has been cut. A good workman will, it is said, cut 6,000 glasses in a day.

NOWHERE in the world is the art of fishing so highly developed as in China. Rivers, creeks, stagnant pools, the great ocean and the little tank, lakes and garden ponds, all furnish their quota to the sustenance of man. Even rice grounds are turned into fish ponds in winter. The inhabitants of the waters are killed with the spear, caught with the hook, scraped up by the dredge and captured by nets. They are even dived for by birds trained for the purpose. Eels are fed in tubs and jars until consumers carry them off.

God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.—*Isaac Walton.*

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address.

BROTHERS PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

GOOD CHEER.

HAVE you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

'Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on.

BOB AND HIS UNCLE.

Bob is a bright youngster, and his Uncle is gray-haired and not disposed to run around as much as he did years ago. The two are great friends. They often sit by the fireside and talk about Bible matters, and while his Uncle does most of the talking, yet an intelligent remark now and then shows that the boy is appreciative. There is an older sister, who very much resembles our old friend, Katie, the one who died, you remember. They ask questions and the older man answers. Last Saturday night the 'Nook man was listening and this is something like what was being said.

Bob had been asking what the word gospel meant, and the man told him that the literal meaning of the term was "good news." If there is any story that is good to hear it is that after this life there is a better land than this, and if we hear the good news, that is, the gospel, and work our lives up to its standards, we shall go there. Then Helen, that's the girl, remember, asked if it was a fact that we should know our friends over there. The man hesitated a moment, not because he was in doubt, but that he might frame an apt answer. Then he said that it was not at all likely that in that coming life we would know less than we do now. He felt that we would know one another over there, though, of course, there could be no going into details. The Uncle muttered something to himself that sounded like "seeing through a glass darkly," and so on. Bob asked whether there would be any Bibles there. The Uncle thought not, as there would be no need of a guide to a country we already possessed. Then he said that he would see, in common with the other redeemed, Paul, and Peter, Christ and Mary. And Katie, too, said Helen. Yes, said the Uncle, and Katie, too. Most people, he continued, have heaven an unreal place, when, in all probability, it will seem very natural, and what a wondrous thought, they could take Christ by the hand and walk with him, and talk to him. They could tell him of their troubles while prisoned in the flesh, how they struggled, and how He had helped them, and it will all be as a trusting child tells its woes to a smiling, loving parent.

The firelight danced in the open grate and it lit up the man's gray hair, and Bob's brow shone in the flickering, leaping flame, and Helen, with her hands folded in her lap, watched the fire burn, and as is said in the Bible, mused. It was snowing outside on this particular January night, and every now and then there could be heard in the quiet the tinkle of the snow on the pane. After a moment's silence Bob laid his hand on his Uncle's knee and asked quietly, and earnestly, whether he thought those who had gone before knew what was doing in the life they had left, and whether there was ever any manifestation of their presence. The man rocked back and forth for a moment, drumming with his fingers on the arm of the chair, a habit he had when he was thinking, and then he said simply that he did not know, that is he could prove nothing, but that he had an idea that sometimes people were pretty near to the kingdom, and of course, to those who dwelt therein. There seemed moments when heaven was right around us. Then something would happen and we were of the earth earthy again. He said that in the home, such as they had and were having, where peace and love had come to take up their abode, it was as near the Kingdom as it is ever given to be here.

Helen remarked that most people thought only of meeting the friends they had here on the earth and its life, forgetting that there were others in whom we would have an abiding interest. Bob asked what she meant. Then she went on to tell of the women of the Bible she would meet over there. Mary, and Martha, and all of them, but Christ would be the central figure. She went on to enumerate a long list of women she had read about in the Bible, and she said that divested of all dross of humanity perfect love would be there. Yes, the man said, and there will be rest, blessed rest, forevermore. The man said, further, that they, being young yet, did not know with what force this rest idea took possession of those who were going down hill toward the setting sun. There would be peace, and love, and happiness, and there would be rest, a resting from labor and a lack of fear and foreboding.

Then there was a silence for a moment, and Bobbie spoke up and said he proposed that they think of these things, and next Saturday night they would allow nothing to separate them, and that the three would meet again by the fireside, and talk of what had come to them during the week. And the 'Nook man said to himself that he, too, would be there again in the shadow and what was said might be helpful to his readers. Then they said good night and separated to meet again next Saturday when the gloaming is on, and the night comes apace. And we will be there too.

THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

THE preparation of a new English Bible was decided upon at a conference held at Hampton court, Jan. 16 and 18, 1604. In that year King James I. issued a commission to fifty-four eminent divines to undertake the work. It was not begun, however, until 1607, when seven of the original number died. The forty-seven survivors were divided into six committees, two sitting at Oxford, two at Cambridge and two at Westminster. In 1610 their work was completed and then revised by a committee of six. Although universally known as the "authorized version," no record either ecclesiastical or civil has ever been found for such authorization. The first edition was printed by Robert Barker in 1611.

KEEP in close touch with the Bob and His Uncle articles. Unless we are mistaken you will be interested in them. They will touch on things you have been thinking about all your life, and things, too, that you don't talk much about. Would you like to suggest a conversation for the three? The way to do it is to write the Editor a confidential letter.

WHEN I subscribed for the INGLENOOK last September, for one quarter, I thought I would be satisfied without it at the end of the time. But since I know it better I find it so interesting and instructive that I wish every family would get it. I send one more name.—*Lucy Beckner, Argos, Ind.*

"I CONGRATULATE you in filling a long felt want in our Brotherhood, in fact in American literature. It is an intellectual feast for both old and young."—*Eld. G. Nevinger, Colorado.*

"I TAKE much interest in the 'NOOK, as it is a sound and safe paper to put in the hands of our young, and they read it with a relish."—*Eld. John M. Mohler, Missouri.*

MRS. N. E. LILLIGH, Mulberry Grove, Ill., desires to buy INGLENOOK numbers 21 and 51, they not having reached her.

"I WISH that I could have had such a paper as the 'NOOK fifty years ago."—*A. H. Snowberger, Huntington, Ind.*

"You are furnishing a good, readable paper for the class it aims to meet."—*W. I. T. Hoover, California.*

EVERY small speculator knows how to make millions. The pity is he never profits by his knowledge.

HAPPINESS does not depend on money, but it certainly prospers on it.

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Is it likely that all nations will eventually recognize Christ? It is a long time distant.

Is it true that wheat buried with a mummy 3,000 years will germinate?

We do not believe it true.

A friend and myself have differed as to what paper is made of. He says rags, and I say wood. Which is right?

Both. As a rule news paper is made of wood, and writing paper of rags.

Is there anything in the matrimonial advertisements in the daily papers?

There'll be a fool at your end of the line if you have anything to do with them.

Is the war in the Philippines at an end?

No, and it will not be for many a weary day. The 'Nook predicts trouble there for a long time.

Where do the swallows spend the winter?

Bird men are not agreed about it. The consensus of opinion is that they go to Central America.

In your famous men articles Oliver Cromwell is beheaded. Is that correct?

No, it is an error. Thomas Cromwell was beheaded, not Oliver. Thanks for calling our attention to it.

What will it cost me to have a chemical analysis made?

It all depends on what you want analyzed. From fifty cents to a hundred dollars, or even higher, is the range.

What does a good microscope cost?

From ten dollars to a thousand. It depends on what you wish to use it for. A cheap one would probably suit you as well as a high-priced article.

I have an article on a little known subject of intense interest. Can I get anything for it?

If it is what you say, of intense interest, you can sell it. Try some Sunday newspaper or magazine, and do not be disheartened if it comes back half a dozen times.

What is a tortoise shell cat?

A cat marked in colors like a fine piece of tortoise shell. They are very expensive, if prettily marked, and as it is more or less of a happening, they cannot be bred at will.

What is the meaning of "A la carte?"

It means according to the card or bill of fare. You order from this and so are said to dine a la carte. Where all is on the table before you it is called "table d'hote,"—tab-bul dote.

How can I get a fancy price for my butter, such as I sometimes read about?

It is done by first making a fancy butter, alike at all seasons, and then hunting up city people who are willing to pay a high price for an excellent article, the same the year around. We know people who get a dollar a pound the year round for their butter. There is a wonderful difference in butter, and it is not all an opinion, either.

Are cheap thermometers reliable?

No. The small hole in the center varies in diameter and only by comparison with a standard government instrument will any thermometer be accurate. The variation sometimes equals ten degrees. In practice one is taken as a standard and by putting the new one by it and noting on an accompanying card the variation, accuracy is secured. Thus your cheap instrument would read 20 below when by consulting your card you might see that 20 below should be read 15 below, and so on.

A YOUNG man, Virginian, married, with some capital, expecting to change location, would like to hear from some brother who has a place for him as worker at fair compensation. Can give good references. Address, A. C. F., INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WHERE GOLD IS MELTED.

"HERE'S a tiny vessel that has held more gold than you or I have ever seen or are likely to possess."

The jeweler held up in one hand a flared, vase-shaped object, apparently of stone, and charred and eaten about its upper edges by fire.

"That," he explained to the *Globe* man, "is a crucible for melting fine metals, and it has been in service for over ten years."

"In that period, I doubt not I am safe in saying, gold enough to make a snug fortune has been melted and refined."

"Yet, despite the great amount of valuable metals, not only of gold and silver, but also of platinum or alloys, that have been contained in this little crucible, its origin is of the most humble and its cost, with two others in a 'nest' of 'three,' as we term them, is less than eight cents, wholesale."

"For years gold beaters, smelters, manufacturing jewelers and others using the precious metals, have depended upon the output of one little town in Hesse, Germany, for their crucibles, and these, known as 'Hessian sand crucibles,' were sent to all parts of the civilized world, jewelers depending upon them pretty much in the same manner as the lithographer does for his 'litho stones,' or the pipe maker for his 'meerschaum.'

"But notwithstanding that they sell for a song, the American has determined that he will not look to the foreigner for a thing he can manufacture for himself and make a penny of profit."

"For a long time back the makers of crucibles for melting glass or the common metals have been searching for a sand like that found in Hesse, in parts of this country, which will serve to make a crucible capable of withstanding the terrific heat needed to melt the precious metals and yet be free from the clinging properties of clay and black lead from which crucibles for other purposes are made."

"This sand they have found in parts of West Virginia and the desert section of southwestern Arizona."

"On one of the little thoroughfares leading off from Dock square there is a shop where they are now manufactured."

"The sand mixed with a peculiar class of clay in a very small quantity, is kneaded up in a trough very much in the same manner as a baker would handle his dough."

"The crucible maker takes this and rolls it in and out between thick stone rollers; back and forth it goes until it has arrived at the proper toughness, when it is broken off in chunks and pressed firmly into a flared triangular-shaped mold and then baked in a hot oven."

"When finished and ready for use it will stand any degree of heat necessary in melting the precious metals, and they will 'pour out' like quicksilver without the slightest particle of metal adhering to their sides."

MARRIED IN SMOCKS.

A KANSAS City lawyer, searching through some musty old records, came across an official registration of a "smock" marriage. His curiosity was aroused and he extended his research farther, the information which he arrived at being about as follows:

A century or more ago there prevailed in England and some of the American colonies a custom of brides appearing at the marriage ceremony clad only in a sheet or chemise—whence the name "smock marriage." The reason for this attire was the belief that if a man married a woman who was in debt he could be held liable for her debts if he received her with any of her property; and also if a woman married a man who was in debt, his creditors could not take her property to satisfy their claims if he had received nothing from her at marriage.

In order to carry out the idea logically not even so much as a sheet should have gone with the bride, and indeed one case is reported where the lady presented herself in *puris naturalibus* at the great church in Birmingham. The minister was at first reluctant to perform the ceremony under such conditions, but finding nothing in the rubric that would excuse him, finally united the couple.

However, modesty forbade such a literal construction of the law in most cases, and resort was

had to various expedients to obviate that necessity. Sometimes the bride stood in a closet or behind a cloth screen and put out her hand; sometimes she wore a sheet or smock furnished by the bridegroom, and eventually it became the custom for the groom to furnish clothing for the bride, reserving title thereto in himself.

"Smock marriages" seem not to have been uncommon in Maine during the reign of George III. The following is a true copy of the record of such a marriage which occurred at Bradford, Me., in 1773:

"BRADFORD, December ye 24, 1773.

"This may certify whomsoever it may concern that James Bailey, of Bradford, who was married to the widow, Mary Bacon, November 22 last past by me ye subscriber then declared that he took the said person without anything of estate and that Lydia the wife of Eliazer Burbank and Mary the wife of Thomas Stickney and Margaret the wife of Caleb Burbank all of Bradford were witnesses that the clothes she had on were of his providing and bestowing upon her. William Balch, Minister of ye Gospel."

SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Nor the least interesting feature of the appointment of Mr. Shee, Q. C., as presiding judge at the trial of the officials of the Dumbell bank in the Isle of Man was the peculiar ceremony that preceded the performance of his judicial duties. He was required to swear that he would administer justice as impartially "as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish." This oath equals in quaintness the ceremony of swearing through which the Norwegian witness has to pass. Before he gives his testimony he raises his thumb, his forefinger and the middle finger of his right hand. These signify the trinity, while the larger of the uplifted fingers is supposed to represent the soul of the witness and the smaller to indicate his body. "If I swear falsely," he exclaims, "may all I have and own be cursed; cursed be my land, field and meadow, so that I may never enjoy any fruit or yield from them; cursed be my cattle, my beasts, my sheep, so that after this day they may never thrive or benefit me; yea, cursed may I be and everything I possess."

This is certainly a good "mouth-filling oath," but its comprehensiveness does not exceed that of the oath taken by the Burmese witness. He is not content that the consequences of his perjury should fall upon himself; he is even ready that his relatives should suffer with him. "Let us be subject," he prays, "to all the calamities that are within the body and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, deafness, leprosy and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunderbolts and lightning and come to sudden death." Even more conscientious, perhaps, was the first witness in the days of the Brehons, who took three separate oaths before he gave his evidence, the first standing, the second sitting, the third lying, as these were the positions in which his life was spent. The nation that has shown itself to be the most ingenious in the making of oaths is the Chinese. Slicing of a fowl's head, breaking a saucer and extinguishing a lighted candle are among the picturesque ceremonies that precede the giving of evidence in a Chinese court of justice. The beheading of the fowl is supposed to indicate the fate of the liar, and the cracking of the saucer and the extinguishing of the candle flame are intended to indicate what will happen to the soul of the witness who does not tell the truth.

WHY HE PAINTS HIS FACE.

EVERY paint mark on the Indian's face is a sign with a definite meaning which other Indians may read. When an Indian puts on his full war paint he decks himself not only with his own individual honors and distinctions won by his own bravery, but also with the special honors of his family or tribe. He may possess one mark of distinction only or many; in fact, he may be so well off in this respect that, like some English noblemen, he is able to don a new distinction for every occasion. Sometimes he will wear all his honors at one time.

Among the Indian tribes is one designated by the symbol of the dogfish, painted in red on the face. The various parts of the fish are scattered heterogeneously on the surface of the face; the peculiarly long snout is painted on the forehead, the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two and hanging

from either nostril. When only one or two parts of an animal are painted on a man's face it is an indication of inferiority; when the whole animal appears, even though in many oddly assorted parts, the sign is one of great value and indicates a high rank.

Very peculiar are some of the honorable symbols painted on the Indians' faces. There are fish, flesh and fowl of all kinds—dog-salmon, devilfish, starfish, woodpeckers, eagles, ravens, wolves, bears, sealions and sea monsters, mosquitoes, frogs, mountain goats, and all manner of foot, claw or beak marks—each with a special meaning of its own.

OUR ALPHABETICAL CRUDITIES.

THE high-class Chinaman, speaking through his interpreter, was giving the eminent American visitor his impressions of the English language.

"I cannot understand," he said, "how anybody ever finds time to learn it. Take that singularly formed letter in your alphabet, for instance, the letter 'g.' What an awkward and ill-shaped character it is! What is the significance of that little curling projection at the upper end of it? I have never seen anybody who could tell me. Then, again, when the learner has familiarized himself with that letter and can recognize it at sight, he learns it is only a part of a word, and that it enters into the composition of thousands of words. It has different pronunciations, and sometimes is not pronounced at all, being entirely silent. Now, when you see one of our Chinese characters you know at once what it is. It is a wonder to me that your people do not discard the cumbersome forms of your written language and learn our simpler and more easily understood system."

The eminent American could only bow his head in humiliation and promise to bring the matter before the educational authorities of his native land.

DEMAND FOR FAMILY BIBLES.

PEOPLE who deal in Bibles say that the demand for family Bibles, having the family records between the two Testaments, has almost wholly ceased. They do not know whether this is because family prayers have almost ceased, or are said to have done so, or whether their place is being taken by teachers' Bibles, the sales of which are rapidly increasing.

Some years since Bibles bore the Oxford imprint. Now almost all of the best Bibles are manufactured in this country. Some plates are brought from England, but for the most part these are reserved to print the cheaper Bibles for the use of the Bible societies.

One can buy Bibles at \$400 a copy, but the Bible trade says the average price paid nowadays for Bibles is about \$1. Apart from the American Bible Society and its auxiliaries, the public absorbs about 2,000,000 copies a year. Hence the general public of the United States spends \$2,000,000 a year for Bibles at this end of the century.

It is not so great a sum as it spends for tobacco or some other things, but Bible sellers say it is a greater amount than ever before, and one that is steadily increasing.

STRONG EYES OF THE BOERS.

AN Englishman who has been a long time in Africa says the superiority of Boer marksmanship is traceable to the fact that their eyesight is kept in splendid training by constant use of the rifle. The same authority says: "The savage does not use spectacles and, therefore, there is a constant effort of his eye to retain its focus. This effort results in what it seeks. A man whose eyes have changed so that he cannot see the sights of his gun can by a few weeks' practice in 'sighting' it regain what he has lost. It is the law of atrophy, which, if it have not progressed too far, may be reversed. The first pair of spectacles might have been long deferred, but once worn they become a necessity, because the eye no longer resists the change."

OVERCOMING the world implies overcoming a state of worldly anxiety. Worldly men are almost incessantly in a fever of anxiety lest their worldly schemes should fail. But the man who gets above the world gets above this state of ceaseless and corroding anxiety.—*Chas. G. Finney.*

Good Reading

HOW A BIG RESTAURANT IS MANAGED.

MINE host of a popular restaurant leaned against the cashier's desk one morning, talking to a friend.

"I'd like to be a restaurant keeper," sighed the friend in a moment of discontent.

The proprietor laughed. "You would? You think it is all play, I suppose; all talking to people and writing checks? You think all you would have to do if you owned a restaurant would be to look pleasant and get fat." Mine host looked down at his ample vest.

"I know I do both well," he said. "But I want to advise you, my dear friend, that I have a few other things to do, just to fill in the time, let us say. I don't stand here all day to see that the waiters work."

Here he turned to advise with the head waiter as to the seating of some guests. When he was free to talk again there was a line of people waiting to address him. A wholesale grocery man had some advice to give in regard to certain purchases under consideration. A butcher wanted to know when he would be buying again. A coal agent had a bill to present. Six men wanted work as waiters and one woman was looking for a place as dish washer. When the landlord saw the line he smiled at his friend.

"Just a few," he said. A half hour later three of the waiters were in the kitchen and the others had taken themselves away.

"My butcher has been waiting for me these two hours. Won't you come down and see the works?" he asked his friend, adding, "I suppose you think the dining-room is all there is of a restaurant."

He led the way down the long line of tables with their white cloths and their breakfast parties and marched the length of the familiar horseshoe lunch counter in an adjoining room and opened a swinging door at the farther end. The friend slipped eagerly between the already closing doors—he was sincerely interested in the restaurant business. It seemed such an easy business to him.

It was a long, narrow room the proprietor led him into. A counter like that used in any grocery ran the length of the room. Behind it were the copper heaters and the flat gas stoves one often sees behind a lunch counter.

"This is where we do little things," said the landlord, seeing everything at a glance. The girl behind the counter was spreading sandwiches with a jar of butter standing in a hot water pan and bread in slices piled above her head. The gas table behind her was covered with bread toasting and now and again she turned to change the slices. At the farther end of the counter a boy in a white cap was cleaning.

"Open your ice box, Anton," and the three-decker mirror at the end of the room opened to reveal row after row of racks on which were plates neatly piled with vegetables—lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, radishes—ready for the table.

"You see," he said, "we are all ready for lunch." The friend looked in surprise. "But it is only nine o'clock," he ventured. "And it is only three hours until our lunch will be in full tilt," was the laughing reply. "Meanwhile we have a little time and we are getting ready. You didn't think we made all those salads and all those sandwiches you eat while you wait? You didn't think we could make a sandwich for everyone on the lunch counter stools, not to count the people at the tables, while they wait? You count three and you have your sandwich; that's what a lunch counter is for."

"But this room has other duties. It is the oyster-room and the lobster-room and the salad-room. We have a man here during lunch and dinner hours who does nothing but open oysters. And we keep him busy too. Here are the pots we make oyster stews in." Just inside the counter was a hot water heater set with a row of white enamel pans the size and shape of an oyster-stew bowl.

"We can make stews for all Chicago in those little pans," said the proprietor, looking it over with satisfaction. "And this," he continued, turning to a funny little contrivance, "this is an egg boiler. Mattie, boil us an order of eggs."

The egg boiler was made up of a narrow, rather deep pan of hot water set into the counter and connected with the boiler in the engine-room, as were

all the small cooking contrivances in the restaurant. Four metal arms standing upright from the pan had clocklike attachments to which were fastened four tin cups with perforated bottoms, about the size of teacups. Mattie put three eggs into one of these cups and set the clocklike attachment at the third notch on the upright arm; that was for a three-minute boil. With the turning of a lever the pan dipped down into the water, setting the eggs boiling at once.

For exactly three minutes the meter ticked off the seconds, then the pan slowly rose, lifting the eggs clear of the water, so that they might cool and drain. There is very little mechanism to such an egg boiler, but it is most efficient and will boil eggs for an army.

Inside the counter again a patent stove for frying and draining oysters was set beside a number of copper heaters. Beyond the oyster-room doors opened into a room for dish washing, and there again a patent washer and drier was making quick and thorough work with the dishes.

"The dishes are boiled and steamed and dried thoroughly dry; we never could do it by hand; this little machine has revolutionized the washing of dishes for restaurants," said mine host, going over the work. "We have only to put the dishes in the racks and set them inside the washer—a woman invented it."

Beyond the dishroom the cooks, in white caps and jackets, were bending over their pots and kettles. The range filled the entire end of the kitchen and was as square as a great black box with a hood hung low over it, making it into a room of itself.

"It's too busy a place to wait," and he turned into a short hall and directly downstairs.

At the bottom of the stairs the proprietor turned an electric light button and instead of a cellar the friend saw a big storehouse. The boiler-room stood in one corner with its lard kettles and smoke ovens, for this restaurant prepares its own meats. A line of refrigerators ran the length of the big room and through these boxes, although each was a room of itself, the visitor made his way. First was the ageing room, then came the box for game with its last year's prairie chicken frozen stiff side by side with the chickens of this year.

The butter, milk and cheese room came next; after that the vegetable box, holding barrels of watercress a week old, as fresh as it was when it came from the garden; radishes from the midradish season, celery whitened by the cold and boxes of green things without number. The last of the boxes stored the cut meats, pile after pile of chops, tenderloin steaks, roasts, ready for the cook. The box was filled with these already prepared meats and the butcher was still busy in his tiny shop cutting and sawing for the day's steak demand.

"You see, this is a beefhouse," was explained, "and don't think the cooks work from that box; it is only the supply box for their box upstairs."

And while the bewildered visitor tried to remember all this the restaurant man led the way to the bakery, which was at the farther end of the big room. The bakers had finished their work at daylight and had gone home, leaving their harvest of bread and pies to cool in the long racks. The bread was baked in what the restaurant men call jumbo loaves, and mine host informed his friend quietly that it took 175 of them to supply his customers with bread. The loaves seemed at least a yard long and they filled the racks full to the ceiling, leaving the pies to stand on the portable racks about the room.

"Do you bake as many pies?" asked the friend, filled with awe at the quantities of food.

"We bake 200 pies," was the reply, "and every day we bake twenty-five hens into potpies. Besides, we have a dozen hens extra every other day for chicken salad."

The grocery store—for, of course, there was one in such an establishment—stood at the opposite end of the basement, partitioned from the rest by a heavy green wire screen. Mine host led the way through a tiny screen door to the grocer's desk. Like any other grocery, it had its shelves piled with canned goods; barrels of flour, dishes, sugar, everything, stood in orderly rows against the wall. The grocer was looking over the orders from the various departments.

"Granulated sugar for to-day seventy-five pounds," he read aloud; "twelve cans of milk and

four cans, that is, thirty-two gallons, of cream. Then we have two cases of eggs, thirty dozens in a case, and 200 pounds of fish.

"How much flour do you use?" questioned the visitor, thinking of the bread. The grocer thought a moment. "Well, for the restaurant—that is; for the cook upstairs—we allow a barrel every three days for odds and ends. We use ninety pounds of butter every day—that is, a firkin and a half. And when it comes to meats there are twelve ribs of beef of thirty pounds each and nine beef loins of sixty pounds each. That is for one day, of course. And we also use 100 pounds of pork loin and a half a dozen lambs."

"Not whole lambs?" questioned the visitor.

The grocer laughed. "Why, yes, whole lambs." As the visitor made his way past the little ice plant, with its white arms stretching out in every direction; past the boiler, with its steam pipes running in as many directions, and up the stairs into the kitchen once more he audibly decided that the restaurant business was great—too great for him.

"How many people do you feed?" he asked the restaurant-keeper as he looked out into the dining-rooms.

And mine host looked out also at the clean floors and the white tablecloths and the neat waiters, and he sighed contentedly as he said: "Well, we average about 3,000."

SUNNED THEIR TRESSES.

It is said that frequent sunbaths are the best-known tonics for a woman's hair. The Greek maidens of old who sat on the walls of the city and combed their hair owed the beauty of their tresses to the sun's rays. When the hair is washed sit beside a lowered window, as the sun shines stronger through glass, and allow the hair to dry as it is being brushed. No bleach has been found so successful as the sun, which strengthens and beautifies generally.

When the hair shows a tendency to fall out the very best thing to stop its coming out and promote its growth is the abundant use of genuine olive oil. Saturate the hair thoroughly and keep it saturated for a week until the dry scalp has absorbed all it will, then wash with pure soap and water. If this operation is repeated every two or three months the effect is said to be marvelous.

WHY DO BIRDS MIGRATE?

No one has given a really satisfactory reason for the migration of birds. Some say it is a matter of instinct; others that it is a matter of example—the younger learning from the older; still others that it is largely a matter of search for food. The last-named reason will hardly hold, in view of the fact that, often, birds disappear when food conditions are seemingly perfect. Notwithstanding naturalists have studied and written much on the subject, the real reason remains a mystery. Some extraordinary stories are told of migratory birds. It is said that the Virginia Plover flies to the height of two miles and at a speed of two hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. It is reported that a Black-cap Warbler arrived at a certain bush in the north in three successive years at half-past three o'clock of the afternoon of the same day.

ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

THE man Grace Estelle is soon to marry is unquestionably one of the ugliest men in town. That, however, is not a matter of any importance whatever, for he is good and kind and wealthy, and as he isn't a woman, nobody holds his lack of personal pulchritude against him. Grace Estelle loves him just as dearly as if he were Antonius or Apollo, or a matinee hero, but as she says herself there is no call for people to say such hateful things as Isabel said when she heard of the engagement, and she will never speak to Isabel again as long as she lives. They met at luncheon, and Grace Estelle tided her back hair with her left hand till Isabel saw the new ring glittering on it and made inquiries. Grace Estelle blushed.

"Yes," she said, "I am going to be married." "Who to?" asked Isabel—nobody outside of Boston or a book ever said, "To whom?" "To Mr. Ellmore," answered Grace Estelle, proudly.

"Mr. Ellmore," echoed Isabel. "Mr. Ellmore. Why, is it an election bet?"

o o o The o Circle o o o

OFFICERS.—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, Ind., President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Ohio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetser, Ind., President; Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Treasurer. Address all communications to OUR MISSIONARY READING ROOM, Corington, Ohio.

LUTHER AND THE SOLDIER.

We are natural cowards, some of us at least. We shrink from testifying for Jesus, some of us are timid to speak in a Circle meeting, we ought to look to God for strength.

As Luther drew near the door which was to admit him into the presence of his judges in the Diet Worms, he met the celebrated George of Saxe-Wurtemberg, who, four years later, at the head of German lansquenets, bent the knee with his soldiers on the field of Pavia, and then, charging to the left of the French army drove it into the Ticino and in a great measure decided the captivity of the king of France. The old general seeing Luther passed tapped him on the shoulder, and shaking his head blanched in many battles, said kindly, "Poor monk, poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captains have ever made in the bloodiest of our battles. But if thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee." Surely a tribute of respect paid by the courage of the sword to the courage of the mind. You can find a thousand men to follow the knight in battle, where you can find one to follow Luther confessing their convictions where they will be ridiculed or opposed. "Quit you like men, and be strong."

ENVIRONMENT.

We are all interested in China, and wonder what the outcome of these disturbances will be. We sympathize with the native Christians who have been worshipping with the missionaries and serving Jesus. In places where the missionaries are killed, driven away, leaving these poor Chinese Christians to stand alone surrounded by their heathen neighbors, it will require true heroism for them to be faithful to the end. Environment plays an important part in our destiny.

Said a soldier boy just home from the Philippines, "The drink traffic is a stumbling-block in the way of redemption." Mr. Peyton, who is Army secretary of the St. Andrew society, reported to Bishop Potter that it was useless to introduce American missionaries in Manila with four hundred and thirty American saloons discrediting American Christianity. What an environment for the new converts in our islands! Every Circle member should be a temperance worker. God speed the day when the land shall be rid of the drink curse.

LIFE BECOMING BARREN.

WHEN Livingstone visited Lake Ngami in 1849 he found that its water was slowly disappearing and that its banks were being covered with a rank vegetation. To-day there is no water in the lake, the place being occupied by a great morass. The river which flowed into it is also dry, it was choked by thousands of small boats or rafts used by the natives, the region surrounding it is black and barren.

Have you ever seen a human being so transformed? A man receiving into his heart the river of life abounds in all the graces of God's Spirit. But if the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches like so many rafts and boats clog the stream, there can be no communion between God and his heart, and it is not long until life becomes a bleak and barren plain of worldliness.

FOURTEEN HUNDRED MEMBERS.—Our Circle now numbers fourteen hundred members. New names have been coming in steadily these past few months, and we feel greatly encouraged. The coming winter means opportunity in all our Circles. So much may be done, much good should be done for them.

"He who does no good, gets none. He who cares not for others will soon find that others will care for him."

"To neglect anyone who needs our help is to neglect Christ himself."

Sunday School

DOING MORE THAN ONE'S DUTY.

THERE are certain people who always do their duty. They meet their engagements to the minute. They meet their obligations to the cent. They may be counted upon to do just what they say they will do. They are an admirable people. May their tribe increase!

"Yet show I unto you a more excellent way." That is to do more than your duty. "If ye salute your brethren only," said Christ, "what do ye more than others?" The law forbade gleaning by the reapers. Boaz did better than that. He said to his young men, "Let fall a few handfuls of purpose." No man deserves credit for doing his simple duty. "This ought ye to have done." It is in the work of supererogation that the aroma lies. "Let scientific charity look after the worthy poor," the late A. J. Gordon used to say, "my mission is to the unworthy."

It is the doing of the things that we don't have to do that often counts for most. I had an illustration of that the other day. I had been to see one of my church members in the country. It was a cold and disagreeable day, but I turned out of my way to call on another man who was ill, but not a member of my church. A few days afterward I had a note from him, in which he said, "Your little visit touched my heart." I had my reward.

If we want to touch hearts for Jesus, we must be willing to go out of our way to do it. There lies the power of the Cross.

If all of us who profess to belong to Christ were actuated by no other desire than to serve him, how little need there would be for learned arguments on apologetics and answers to infidelity. For on every hand, infidels would be presented with overwhelming proof of a supernatural power working upon the hearts of men.

"Many lights may be kindled from one glowing torch; and many souls can be saved through one living, loving Christian's efforts. Let us cease to talk of the coldness of others, and get on fire ourselves. Let us talk with Jesus by the way, till our hearts burn within us as he opens unto us the Scriptures; and then other hearts will burn as we tell to them the things that are freely given to us of God."

THERE is a lesson of entire consecration. The branch has but one object for which it exists, one purpose to which it is entirely given up. That is to bear fruit the vine wishes to bring forth. And so the believer has but one reason for his being a branch, but one reason for his existence on earth—that the heavenly Vine may through him bring forth his fruit. Happy the soul that knows this, that has consecrated to it, and that says, I have been redeemed and I live for one thing.

THERE should be a regular course of reading in the Bible, especially in the New Testament, so that the entire work should be gone through in a year. The plan of selecting portions of Scripture to illustrate topics or enforce duties is not the best for general use. It does not aid the memory so well as consecutive reading of the whole Bible. If we would retain much of its contents in our minds, we must read from Genesis to Revelation repeatedly.

SORROWS may crush you if you let them fall on you wrongly, but if you bend a little they fall on the earth and pack the soil more firmly about your roots, give you a better hold on earth and a firmer lifting of being toward the upper heavens. If a branch is lopped off perhaps it will help you grow more symmetrical. Pruning and thinning of fruit make the rest of the yield larger and more luscious.

"LET not your heart be troubled," then he said, "My Father's house has mansions large and fair; I go before you to prepare your place; I will return to take you with me there." And since that hour, the awful foe is charmed, And life and death are glorified and fair; Whither he went, we know—the way we know And with firm steps press on to meet him there."

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

BOY WORKERS IN THE CITY.

Boys are an important factor in the mercantile, professional and industrial life of Chicago. It is an erroneous impression that country boys work harder than city boys. The average farm boy may work longer hours doing chores, but he has the advantage of outdoor life. When the city boy begins to toil he becomes an integral factor in the city's busy workshop and the drafts on his immature physique are heavier than on that of the country boy.

The strenuous life of the city of Chicago is an enticement to ambitious boys. They are impatient for work, even in their school days. Many of them begin to be breadwinners long before their normal schooling periods are ended. In this they are too often encouraged by sordid parents, although there is a proportion of cases where the boy or boys of a family are compelled by stern necessity to supplement the family income.

The school statistics show that by far the majority of Chicago boys leave their books forever at the close of the grammar school grades, if not before. A mere fraction of them enter high schools or academies to gain a more complete education. Of the boys that give up school for some form of work in a city like Chicago the average age is perhaps thirteen.

Many boys younger than this are in the working ranks. A large proportion begin work at fourteen or fifteen years of age. In the better class of working places the ages of the boys run higher than in factories or retail stores. The street boys—under which denomination come newsboys and peddlers—are of all ages from young manhood nearly down to infancy. The various boys' homes and corrective institutions are largely recruited from the class of boys who are thrown on their own resources at a very early age.

Scores of thousands of Chicago boys work steadily all the year round. The classes of employment are as varied as the rate of pay. Boys' wages in mercantile and industrial employment range from \$2 to \$10 a week, the probable average being \$5 or \$6. Office positions range among the highest in general desirability. There is not a large office building in Chicago without its scores of office boys. They are in the offices of lawyers, doctors, dentists and other professional men.

Their duties are multifarious, from running messages to "keeping office" when the head of the establishment is out. The same applies to boys in the offices of corporations in the large buildings, of whom there are thousands in the city. These office boys do all the messenger service, copy letters and make themselves generally useful.

Wholesale mercantile houses employ a good many boys for messenger service and the odds and ends of office work. The retail mercantile places employ thousands. Except in some of the larger department stores, where cash girls are employed, the uniform custom is to employ boys of from ten to fourteen for running "cash."

These cash boys pick up some rudimentary business knowledge as a rule. Not infrequently they are graduated into clerks or office help. The smaller retail stores employ a good many boys for delivery purposes and the running of errands.

Recently a new field of employment for boys has been opened up by the United States government. The special delivery service of the Chicago post office is wholly performed by boys. Their ages run from fifteen to eighteen, and, being compelled to pass a competitive examination before employment, they are a superior class. The government service is very attractive to some boys and there is always a long waiting list in the special delivery bureau.

Another field of employment that attracts a good many boys is the service of the messenger companies and the telegraph companies. The Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies and the allied district messenger service combine in maintaining a sort of civil service that is specially attractive to ambitious boys. Promotions for merit are methodical. They are also uniformed services, a very important consideration to the boy with a liking for brass buttons and a distinctive badge of office.

THE way of the world is to praise dead saints and persecute living ones.

CHARM strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul.

A GYPSY MARRIAGE.

LEADING the procession were a youth and a maiden fair to look upon. She was dressed in gaudy attire, with bangles and tiny bells jingling from her wrists. A Roman scarf of bright colors was thrown over one shoulder. The remainder of the swarthy company was made up of at least twenty men and women, all gypsies. It was evidently the girl's party, for she took the reins. In the purest English she said: "We wish a marriage license—Charlie and I."

She gave her name as Marie Arbar, aged seventeen, and the youth his as Charlie Stanley, aged nineteen years. When the time came for the affixing of the signature the girl called a halt.

"I have an agreement here," she said, "that must be signed before we take out the license." She drew a piece of paper from her pocket and handed it to the deputy.

"Read it out loud," she commanded, "so all can hear."

It read as follows:

"The girl has three horses, one wagon, a tent, and a little money that they need to start on, but the boy has nothing but what he has on, and she agrees to marry on these conditions: He has a father, mother, and two brothers, and in our rule we have to buy women, and then the boy and girl has to work for the boy's mother and father until they pay the amount back, whatever it may be. Now this girl has an aged mother and her mother doesn't want any money for her, but she wants some one to marry her daughter and care for her until death. And as now she has found this boy, and his parents have no money to pay for this girl, for our women run up to \$500, \$600 and \$700, this boy's parents and brothers agree to let this boy marry this girl, and they say they will not have anything to do with the boy afterward. For the girl says she will not marry him under any consideration and be with his parents. She desires to be with her mother. He and his parents and brothers agree to this, and if not there will be no marriage, and if they marry, and after this the parents and he vary from the agreement he shall be imprisoned wherever he may be in the United States, for she don't want any foolishness in her marrying. She means to marry for a lifetime journey."

The gypsies came from Topeka. They are camped at Thirty-first street and Southwest boulevard, and say they expect to winter here. The couple will be married by a Catholic priest.

WHY SOME MEN GROW TALL.

THE biggest living man is Lewis Wilkins, who is now arousing great interest in the scientific circles of Europe. Wilkins was born on a farm near St. Paul, Minn., in 1874. When he was but ten years old he measured six feet in height and now has grown to the tremendous height of 107¼ inches—just three-quarters of an inch less than nine feet—and weighs 364 pounds.

There have been other tall men and women before Wilkins, and scientists have striven in vain to account for these freaks of nature. Only lately a plausible story has been put forward by a French physician, Dr. Marie, who says that giantism is nothing more or less than a disease. This disease generally occurs in patients between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, and is first called acromegaly—from two Greek words meaning "enlargement of the extremities." If the patient is not attacked until after he is eighteen the ends of the bones in the arms and legs are enlarged and prolonged slightly, but if this disease has attacked a child at or soon after birth giantism is the result. The bones are prolonged all along their length, grow unnaturally, and the result is a giant.

When you see a big man it is, therefore, a question whether he is unusually strong or whether he is a sufferer from acromegaly. All giants have not been acromegalic, according to Dr. Marie. He mentions two giants in the French army who did not belong to this class. One was Charles Freut, a cavalry soldier, who was six feet eleven inches, and another was Marnat, a drum major in the Nineteenth regiment of infantry, who measured six feet nine inches.

Perhaps the greatest giant who ever lived before Wilkins was Charles Byrne, an Irishman. He

measured nine feet two inches. His skeleton is still preserved, proving beyond question his enormous size. He was probably acromegalic.

Other giants were Constantine, born at Zurich, Switzerland, eight feet one inch; Herold, born at Leipsic, seven feet five inches, and Lady Emma, eight feet one inch.

HOW SOUNDINGS ARE MADE.

DEEP sea soundings are made with a fine piano wire to which is fixed a ball of iron, weighing from thirty to seventy-five pounds. These balls detach themselves automatically when the bottom is reached, as it would be practically impossible to draw them up from such a depth. If too much wire is let out it would kink and break, so there is no possibility of a mistake being made in the sounding.

The composition of the ocean's bottom has a curious interest. You do not get far out to sea before all deposits from rivers and outer continental sources disappear. In the Atlantic on the bottom down to a certain limit substances dropped from melting icebergs are found. One may expect to find on bottoms down to a depth of 2,000 and even 3,000 fathoms deposits of stone, various calcareous substances, such as the bones of fish, shell and carboniferous substances which enter into the skeletons of the little deep sea animals, and blue and gray and green muds or clays and various substances classified as ooze. Below 3,000 or 4,000 fathoms little is found but red clay. This when brought to the surface is soft, plastic and greasy, but when exposed to the upper atmosphere it becomes in a few days so hard that to break it one has to use a hammer. It is capable of sustaining a high degree of polish.

The theory that has been advanced in explanation of the fact that no bones or calcareous substances are found at great depths is that the dense waters at these depths hold the sinking bodies suspended for so long a time that they are completely disintegrated before reaching the bottom.

STEEL WOOL IN THE ARTS.

"ALTHOUGH steel wool has only been used as a substitute for sandpaper during the last six years, it is now very extensively utilized for polishing purposes by metal workers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, house painters, sign painters and grainers throughout the United States," said a wholesale dealer in the material to the writer recently. "Steel wool is an article of regular manufacture and it is put up in one-pound packages very much resembling rolls of cotton batting. It is composed of sharp-edged threads of steel, which curl up like wool or the familiar wood fiber known as excelsior, but it is much finer in texture than the latter material, the finest quality being not much coarser than the coarsest of natural wools.

"The superiority of steel wool over the ordinary sandpaper consists in its great pliability, which enables a worker to polish or smooth down irregular parts of moldings or ornamental woodwork. Such work can be done with steel wool far better and much more expeditiously than with sandpaper. The latter clogs in use, but steel wool always retains a more perfect polishing edge or surface. The wool is made in various degrees of coarseness, the coarser grade being best adapted for taking off old paint or varnish and for smoothing and cleaning floors like those of bowling alleys. The wool is generally used with gloves to keep the sharp ends from sticking into the workman's fingers."

HENS AND EGGS.

A WELL-KNOWN member of the produce exchange, who is something of a statistician, was talking about the production of eggs yesterday morning.

"It has been estimated," he said, "that there are about 350,000,000 chickens in the United States. During the year 1900 they will have produced approximately 14,000,000,000 eggs, which represent in the neighborhood of \$175,000,000. That seems a lot of money, but just wait a minute." He figured on a slip of paper with a pencil. "The living value of hens at thirty cents apiece," he continued, "is not far from \$100,000,000, besides which about \$130,000,000 worth of poultry is eaten in this country in the course of a year. So you see the hen, while an humble bird, cuts quite a figure in the financial world."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Our Cooking School.

FRESH PORK PIE.

BY SISTER J. G. ROYER.

BOIL fresh pork and potatoes until quite tender. Bone the pork; make crust not as short as usual pie dough. Put in large pan or earthen dish, fill in with meat and potatoes, pepper and salt to taste, cover with pie dough. Bake in quick oven.

Since we find so many people who make tough pie dough, I want to add that a little baking powder and sweet milk added to shortening and flour make the crust crisp and brown.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

BAKED BEANS.

BY SISTER VIOLA MOHLER.

THREE pints dry Lima beans soaked in plenty of fresh water over night. In the morning drain the water off and put the beans on to cook in cold water. Boil until tender, then drain again and set them aside. In the meantime boil a three or four pound piece of beef until done, then remove the beef from the broth and add to the broth one teaspoonful prepared mustard, four tablespoonfuls tomato catsup or chili sauce, one tablespoonful of salt, a third of a teaspoonful pepper. Strain this mixture over the beans in a baking pan and then lay half dozen thin strips of bacon over the top and then place the pan with contents in a hot oven. Bake until thoroughly done and the top nicely browned over.

Warrensburg, Mo.

APPLE SALAD.

BY SISTER W. R. MILLER.

TAKE four medium sized apples, pare, core and chop not too fine. Of chopped celery half the bulk of the apples. One cup of fresh English walnut kernels, broken in pieces, not cut. Mix all together. For dressing take two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and a teaspoonful each of flour, mustard and salt. Mix this with one well-beaten egg. Turn on this a cup of boiling milk. Stir briskly and add one-half cup of vinegar. Make the dressing several hours ahead of using so that it will be cool, and do not chop the apples long before using or they will discolor.

Chicago, Ill.

ORANGE PUDDING.

BY SISTER MARY A. ROSENBERGER.

PEEL and cut in small squares six oranges, sprinkle with sugar. Let stand about two hours. Boil one pint of milk, beat the yolks of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a heaping tablespoon of cornstarch. Stir into the milk while boiling. Cook until thick, or till it is done. When nearly cold pour over the oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff with one-half cup of sugar. Spread over the pudding. Set in the oven in a pan of cold water and let it brown lightly. The reason for putting it in a pan of water is to keep the oranges from cooking.

Covington, Ohio.

LEMON HEARTS.

BY SISTER KATE H. ZUG.

ONE of the most delicious cakes, and at this time of the year as seasonable as any is the following which I successfully bake frequently:

I take one-half cup of butter, cream it, and mix gradually one cup of granulated sugar, add two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Mix a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder in with the former preparation, add very thin, sprinkle granulated sugar on top, cut with a heart-shaped cutter and bake to a brownness desired.

Mastersonville, Pa.

A BIG TOOTH.

BRUCE H. WARK, of Detroit, who just returned from the Klondike, brought with him a very interesting specimen, the tooth of a mammoth, an extinct animal of the elephant species, which inhabited the polar regions perhaps 1,000,000 years ago, when that was a tropical country.

The tooth weighs about eighteen pounds, and according to local authorities, belonged to an animal from sixteen to twenty feet tall and large in proportion. That the mammoth was a large one is said to be denoted by the worn condition of the grinding surfaces of the tooth.

"I am not an authority on this matter," said Mr. Wark, "but I have seen many fossils throughout the various mining camps of Alaska and have no doubt that some of our more enterprising universities will organize expeditions soon to study conditions in this region. I might have had the tusks of this mammoth, whose tooth I brought down, but at the last moment desisted on account of the great weight and the distance from civilization.

The tooth was found at 64 degrees latitude in one of the tributaries of the Sulphur river, a region famous for its gold deposits. The mountains rise very steep on either side and the stream, which is small, is surrounded by golden sands. The tooth was taken from an excavation about forty feet below the surface at a point near the middle of the valley. The geological conditions, as nearly as I recall, were as follows:

"First, we dug through about a foot of moss and surface vegetation, then through about thirty-two feet of muck and sand, and then we struck about three feet of perfectly preserved Arctic vegetation, buried doubtless for thousands of years; and below that for ten feet is the gold sand, which goes down to bed rock, where the gold sinks through the lapse of long time. It was at bed rock that the tooth was found, also fossil bones.

The tooth shows the marks of long usage, being worn down very thin in places. The holes for the arteries are clearly seen in broken parts of the tooth. The grinding surface is very large, as well as the proportion of enamel.

"I might have had the skeleton of the feet, too, but did not care to burden myself with them. They were of the shape of an elephant's foot, and each specimen was about eighteen inches in diameter.

A story is told of a Russian engineer, Benkendorff, who on an expedition on the Lena river of Alaska, in 1871, while on a branch, the Indijir, ran into a sudden upheaval of immense waters, forcing the stream from its bed. The bank began to fall away, and, to the surprise of the party, the head of a mammoth appeared in plain view and danced to and fro as though about to be carried away on the flood.

He was pulled and hauled ashore and a hasty scientific examination made. His body was covered with hairs a foot long, which were of three kinds, one a close-growing wool, showing that the mammoth was well prepared to withstand the bitter cold of that far northern country.

The mammoth was eighteen feet high, fifteen feet long, had tusks eight feet long, and a tail six feet long."



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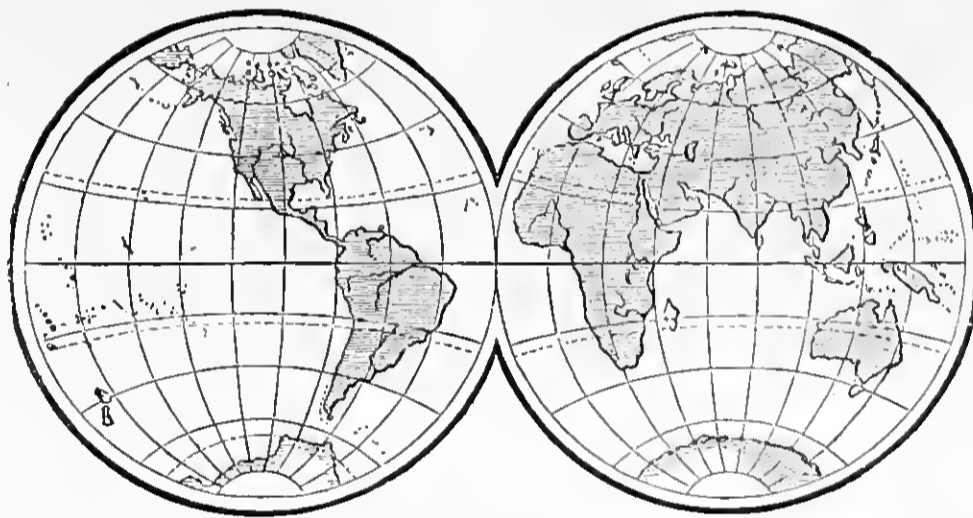
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CHIMNEY SWEEPS.

THERE is no part of the civic code which makes chimney-sweeping a necessary prevention against fire, nor have the insurance companies made an effort to control it, yet it is an acknowledged fact that a clean chimney is the ounce of prevention in many cases of fire. There are a few people in Chicago, notwithstanding their rarity, who have their chimneys swept every spring as a part of their housecleaning. It would probably not be a great task to name over all these people, for the list is not long. That there are professional chimney sweeps everyone who studies the directory may discover, but there are not many of them either—in fact, they, too, could be numbered off on one hand and leave fingers to spare. Last spring two chimney sweeps tramped the streets with a fish horn and made their calling known. They were uniformed in blue and white "ticking" and their top hats had weathered many a London fog. Their tools consisted of a rope with a weight tied to one end and their neat canvas kits were strapped conspicuously across their shoulders. They had swept chimneys before and in less conspicuous garb, but the clothes were unique; they attracted attention and brought many an odd job. A great many people thought they had just arrived from the "old country" and gave them work for the sake of "auld lang syne." They could sweep an eight-inch flue or a four-foot chimney as the occasion demanded, and no matter what the difficulty, they had a faculty for overcoming it. They made their own brushes, of stiff broom corn and wire interwoven and held in place by an iron frame. Thus complete the brush is trimmed to suit the chimney it is intended for—round or square, as the case may be. Then, to complete the contrivance, a weight is fastened to one end of the iron frame and a rope to the other, so that a man at the top of the chimney can do the entire work with ease. If it is a fireplace which is to be cleaned a canvas is spread across its mouth and the grate set to receive the dirt.

When the chimney is too large to be swept after this fashion a pulley is arranged at the chimney top to support a man who is seated in a swing and lets himself up or down as he wishes. With a broad, flat brush he sweeps every corner of the chimney clean, performing the function after the generally accepted fashion of his calling. In this way the big chimney of the Ashland block was recently cleaned, the men removing several wagon loads of dirt in the course of their work. So, sooner or later, all the big chimneys of the city will be cleaned to prevent fire and as a precautionary measure against disease.

Often the chimney sweeps in their work discover wooden joists protruding into the chimney, with only a thin coating of plaster to protect them. Carelessly or cheaply built houses are thus strengthened in the face of danger. It makes no difference what the chimney sweep is called on to perform, he is expected to keep a sharp watch toward the general condition of the flue. It may need cleaning when he has been told merely to put on a top, but he is expected to clean it, to patch the flue should it need patching, to dry it out if it is damp, and whatever else he does, he is expected to make a chimney draw.

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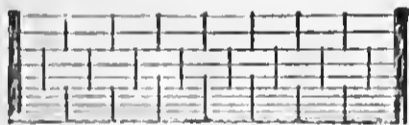
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"The teacher says, to leave this now, 'tis hard
to understand."

What was so hard—I wondered, I opened it
with a smile,
Only to read at the problem's end: "We
learned 'why' after while."
My tears fell thick as the raindrops then, up in
the attic old,
As I thought of the leaves that are "folded
down" till the days of our lives are told.

One was folded there with a tender hand to
the sound of summer rain;
When the dust of years lies thick above, will
we open this page again?
And can we write with steady hand, and on
our lips a smile;
"At last our Teacher told us 'why,' and we
'learned it—after while!'"

—Elizabeth T. Lloyd.

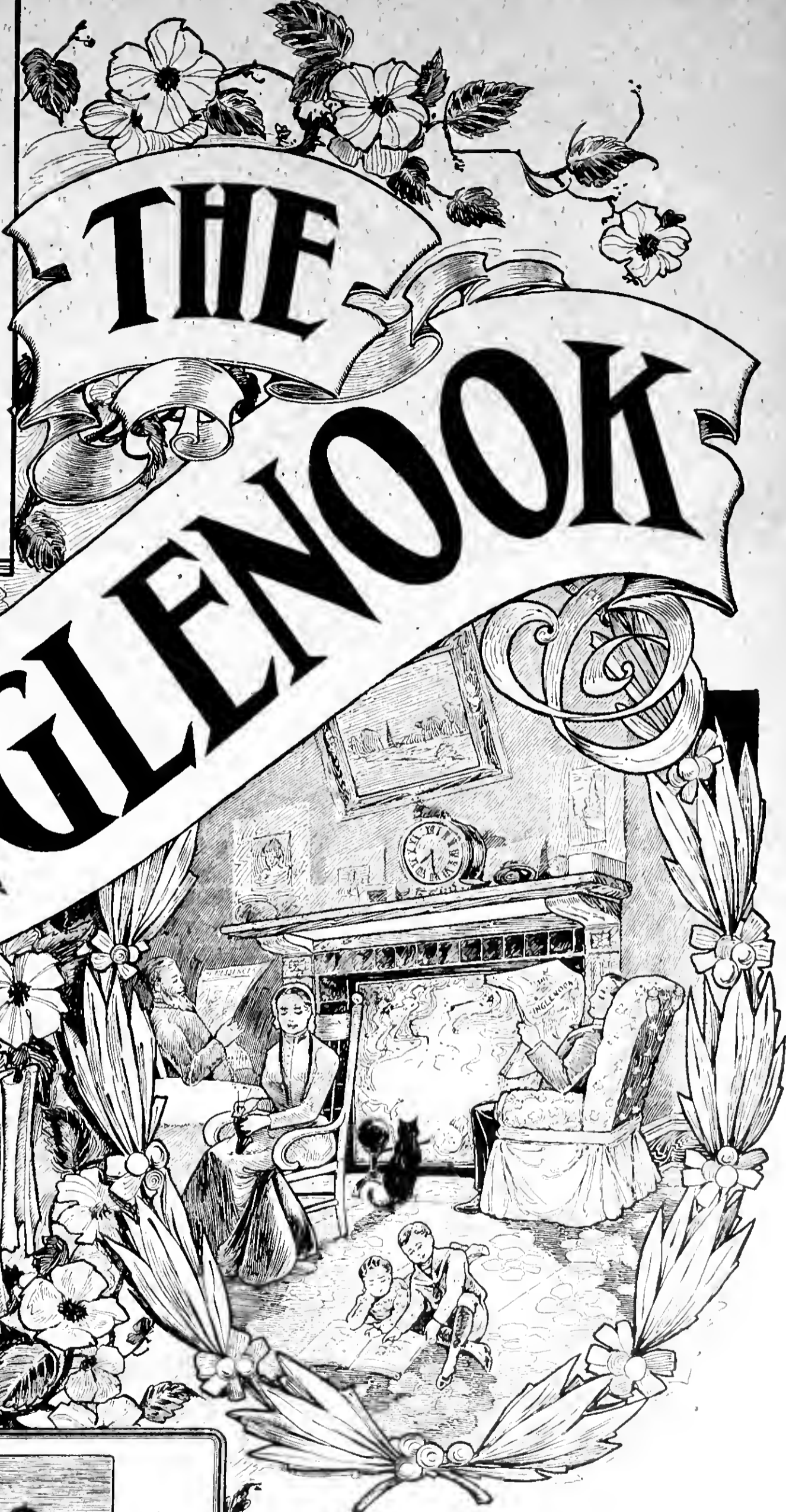
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No. 3.



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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

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No. 3.

THE LITTLE MAID'S SERMON.

A LITTLE maid in a pale blue hood,
In front of a large brick building stood;
As she passed along, her quick eye spied
Some words in a letter box inscribed:
'Twas a box that hung in a vestibule
Outside the door of a charity school.

"Remember the poor!" were the words she spelled,
Then looked at the pence her small hand held;
For chocolate creams were fresh that day
In the store directly across the way;
But gleams of victory shone o'er her face,
As she raised her eyes to the money place.

But her arms were short, and the box so high,
That a gentleman heard, who was passing by;
"Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?"
(For the tiny fingers could almost touch.)
The stranger stopped, and a moment stood
By the sweet-faced child in the pale blue hood.

As he lifted her up, she gently said,
"Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your head?
For you know, I do not want to be,
Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee!"
He humored the little maid, but a smile
Played o'er his face as he stood the while.

"Excuse me, child, but what did you say?"
The gentleman asked in a courteous way,
As he took in his own the wee white hand;
"I believe I did not quite understand."
"Oh, sir, don't you know? Have you never read?"
Said the child, amazed, "what our Savior said?"

"We shouldn't give, like those hypocrite men
Who stood in the market places then,
And gave their alms, just for folks to tell,
Because they loved to be praised so well;
But for Christ's sake give from our little store,
What He only sees, and nobody more.

"Good-bye, kind sir, this is my way home;
I'm sorry you'll have to walk home alone."
The gentleman passed along, and thought,
Of the gifts he gave for the fame it brought,
And he said, "I never again will be
In the market place a Pharisee;
She preached a sermon true and good,
The dear little maid in a pale blue hood."

FALSE LIMBS.

THEY are making artificial limbs so cleverly these days that the people who wear them forget they ever suffered the trifling embarrassment of losing a leg or two or even an arm. They put in such flexible joints and such charming rubber feet that the wearers of these improved legs dance gaily at balls and cotillions without raising a question as to the make-up of their limbs. There is a man in a downtown office wearing an artificial leg and foot—his knee having been amputated four inches below the knee, who jumps six feet forward in a sprightly manner just now to show what he can do when the subject of wooden legs is mentioned. He can pick up a 200-pound man in his arms, hold him easily and dance a jig with his rubber foot and willow limb. He would just as soon have an artificial leg and foot as not. There is one advantage, he says. He never has rheumatism, and he never suffers with corns or chilblains.

"The making of artificial limbs," said one of the makers as he stood with a piece of a willow tree in his hands and looked at it with a critical eye, "is an art. Every Tom, Dick and Harry who hangs out a shingle cannot make artificial limbs properly. If they did some of us would have to go out of business. You see, they go at the business in a blundering way and try to turn out legs as cheaply as possible and the result is they turn out bad ones. Everything lies in the fitting of the stump. The making of the leg itself is almost secondary to its fitting in such a way that it will not bother the man who wears it. The making of bad legs is what keeps the business of us who make good legs going." Here the limbmaker paused a moment to see whether that shot had found a target.

"There are plenty of limbs demanded," he went on, "owing to accidents and amputations for one reason and another, but if all the legs made and sold were fit to wear permanently the business would be pretty slack. The fact is that two-thirds

of the false limbs turned out by some houses are unsatisfactory and their purchasers come here and throw them away when they get new ones. See," and he opened the door of a closet and showed a score of artificial legs of all makes, patents and weights. They were all second-hand, but some of them had evidently been worn only a short time.

"Feel the weight of that," he said, handing out a ponderous thing of leather and wood and metal. It fell to the floor with a clank like that of a bushel of coal.

"What do you think of a man trying to wear a thing like that?" he asked. "Now, in here I'll show you the lightest artificial limb ever made."

He led the way to an inner room, where in a cabinet were half a dozen new limbs, all of the queer pink which is supposed to resemble flesh tints. But they certainly were light. A limb which was intended to be strapped around the hip for an amputation above the knee was as light as a basket of chips. It was made of willow, pared very thin, covered with rawhide and then painted with waterproof enamel. The foot was of rubber, firm but flexible, and the knee and ankle joints worked as well as metal joints can work.

"That is the leg that I got that certificate for," said the limbmaker, pointing to a framed certificate from the World's Fair, which set forth that the artificial limbs made by this manufacturer were the real thing.

"Very few of the old-fashioned wooden stumps are made now," he went on. "Of course, some people who are too poor to get an artificial limb make them themselves. They take a couple of pieces of wood and chop them out some way to support their weight. A good leg, one of the kind I showed you in there, is worth about \$100. Of course, this price keeps many people from getting them, but they are worth it. They must be fitted with a care and skill which comes only from experience, and it is worth money to get the right thing the first time. There has been a great advance made in the making of artificial limbs in the last decade. One improvement has followed another until now it is almost impossible to detect the presence of a first-class artificial limb. They are making feet of rubber and of aluminium and of wood, but I think the rubber feet are the only perfect ones made. They bend and give to the steps of a man walking, which aluminium does not.

"A funny thing about false legs," went on the builder of underpinning, "is the prevalence of the term 'cork leg.' Now, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a cork leg and there never was. Cork would not do for a leg—it would crumble away. It was never used for that purpose and I cannot imagine how that expression originated, but right along you hear people talking about somebody with a 'cork leg.' The legs are made of willow, because it is light and very strong. We get it in blocks, as you see and make every leg to order. It must be much more carefully fitted and measured than a pair of shoes or a suit of clothes, for the least thing out of the way will irritate the stump. Again, we often have to deal with bad amputations—where the surgical work was not properly done—and that makes lots of trouble.

"A false leg will last for from eight to fifteen years, depending upon the character of the work done by the man who wears it. If he has to give it very hard service, of course, it will wear out sooner, like anything else. Here is a photograph of a boy, you see, with both legs amputated below the knee. Here he is standing up with a pair of false legs. That boy is now a telegraph operator in Kansas and he plays baseball as well as the best of them."

SOME men are so excessively acute at detecting imperfections, that they scarcely notice excellences. In looking at a peacock's train they would fix on every spot where the feathers were worn, or the colors faded, and see nothing else.—*Archbishop Whately.*

WHAT THE CHINESE EAT.

IT is the popular belief in this country that rice is the chief diet of the lower classes of China. This is erroneous, for rice is a luxury from their point of view, because too costly for every-day consumption. They eat much pork, which costs little, for hogs of razor-back breed are plentiful everywhere, and the pig is the domestic animal par excellence. She sleeps in the living room, recognizes her name and displays in her intelligence the inherited results of centuries of training. She litters twice a year, and of her offspring the males are fattened while the females are sold or kept for breeding. The household porker is a pet; she is fed at every meal of the family, foraging for herself at other times in the streets and fields. And it should be remembered that the pig is decidedly a clean animal when properly kept.

Rev. Dr. Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," says that the Chinese in the vicinity of Canton, from whom are recruited nearly all of the pig-tailed immigrants to this country, have a remarkable appetite for cats. One frequently sees pussies hanging, nicely dressed, in the butchers' windows, the meat looking so white and clean as to be almost appetizing. They are kept alive in the shops, too, in cages ready for killing. Because they are so prolific and find so much of their own food, they can be raised profitably. Cats' eyes are considered a great delicacy by the rich, those of black cats being regarded as choicest and commanding the highest price. Rats and mice are seldom eaten, except in case of famine; they are too hard to catch to be cheap. But among the Chinese there is an old joke about an imaginary dish called "honey and squeak," made by inclosing a live mouse in a piece of honeycomb.

HOW YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE.

DID you ever stop to inquire how you actually occupy the hours of your life? Supposing you are an average business man, how will your account on the book of time appear when it is balanced at the end of threescore and ten years?

The largest item will be sleep, which has consumed twenty-five years—a little more than one-third of your life. It counted rapidly during childhood, less rapidly in age, and was at a minimum during the working days of middle life.

Those working days will count twenty-one years, and in the course of them you will read for two years and write for a year and seven months.

The next item will be that of pleasure, which will have consumed nine years, and your walking will have consumed six and one-half years more.

Then your eating accounts will show that you have sat at the table, stood at lunch counters or cuddled elsewhere for five years. You will also have a dressing account of three and one-half years, which have been devoted to buttoning and unbuttoning—remember it is a man who is being considered.

In this dressing account you will find eight months charged to bathing account and seven months to shaving.

ARITHMETIC 3,600 YEARS AOO.

PROBABLY the oldest book for home lessons in arithmetic was recently unearthed in Egypt. The papyrus, which was in excellent condition, dates from about 1700 B. C.—that is, about 100 years before the time of Moses. It proves that the Egyptians had a thorough knowledge of the elementary mathematics almost to the extent of our own. The papyrus has a long heading, "Direction How to Attain the Knowledge of All Dark Things," etc. Numerous examples show that their principal operations with entire units and fractions were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtraction and divisions were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained, nevertheless.

Correspondence

SILVER TIP'S STORY.

BY MARY P. ELLENBERGER.

THEY had a month of vacation before them and were taking an outing in a prairie schooner. The balmy summer nights were delightful to campers. How refreshing the sleep that comes to one reposing on soft sweet hay in the wagon bed, with nothing but the wagon sheet between you and the star-spangled dome above.

Sometimes in the deep shaded woods, and again on the seemingly boundless prairie, their little camp fire glowed like a star. How they did relish the simple food prepared in the open air, a bit of game now and then relieving the regulation menu of potatoes, coffee, onions, bacon, baker's bread and creamery butter!

There were rough, almost mountainous hills to ascend and descend again, and baby May cowered and cackled with delight at the jumble and rumble of the wagon as it went over the rocks that lay huge and white in the roadway.

There was one immense hill ascended by a circular route. It was called the Silver Tip mountain, because of the white rocks that gleamed silvery white upon its summit. And our campers having failed on Saturday night to find a good place with plenty of water where they might spend their Sabbath, arose early that they might "drive to water." And just as old Sol began playing peek a boo over the hill top with the children who lived in the valley below, they reached the summit of Silver Tip mountain and tarried awhile to enjoy the lovely view afforded them, and were just starting on their way again when baby May espied something which excited her curiosity.

And what was it? Oh pitiful sight, two tiny kittens dropped by some hand, let us hope not cruel but thoughtless, to starve and die far from water.

They were too weak to notice the kind hands that lifted them tenderly and carried them against his bosom to the wagon where baby May gave them such a welcome as threatened to cut short their slender thread of life.

A little food was warmed, ever so little, and given to them, but the least one, a little all over gray, dropped dead beside the pan, and taking warning from this the larger one was allowed only a very little food at first, and was laid in a nice little cozy hole in the hay in the back of the wagon with Baby May as head nurse.

After driving about two miles they reached the "woods" where they found an abundance of water, grass, shade and room to camp.

But before they drank, and they had had no water that morning, before the team was taken from the wagon the little bundle of dirty fur was handed out and down by kind hands, and was allowed to drink just a little of the cool clear water. What a temptation it was to let it drink its fill, but the sad fate of its little companion served to render its benefactors more careful.

What a beautiful cat she grew to be when her dirty, rough coat, changed into silky, glossy fur of several different colors, reminding her owners of the old saying, "A cat of many colors is always a good cat." She was white, black, grey and yellow spotted and on her long smooth tail was a tip of silvery white, and in honor of the hill where she was rescued from the death of starvation and because of the white tip of her tail she was named "Silver Tip," and before the long homeward journey of three or four hundred miles was done, Silver Tip was missed.

The wagon was searched but kitty could not be found. They all felt very sad, for of course they had left her at the camping place and it could not be helped, and Mamma soothed little May as well as she could. But when the father got down from his high seat to arrange something about the harness, what should he see but Silver Tip crouched upon the "hounds" of the tongue.

It is needless to say that after that narrow escape from losing her they always saw to it that Silver Tip was comfortably aboard the schooner before they "broke camp." And when at last they arrived at home safely kitty was not long in taking in her surroundings, and settled down to enjoy the good home she had found in so romantic a manner.

I wish we had the space to tell of the happy life this poor foundling lived in the next few years.

But finally, one morning she failed to appear when May called her to the nice breakfast beside her basket. The little kittens, the latest arrivals mewed in vain, Silver Tip came not.

Search was made, all sorts of conjectures as to her fate were suggested, but Silver Tip never rubbed her smooth silky head against May's loving arms again. Finally search for her was given up. They were satisfied that some dire misfortune had befallen the gentle cat, for she never would have left them nor her very promising family in the basket.

And when spring work began they found her, pressed in behind a large box in an out house, where she had fallen when in search of game. Thus ended the useful life of "one of God's creatures."

IN BONDS.

The letter below is from a woman serving a sentence in the penitentiary. She gets the 'NOOK. In matters of this kind it is not well to ask who they are, or for what they are in prison. It is bad enough as it is. At the Judgment, as recorded in Matthew, it is said that visiting the prisoner was visiting Christ. Are there no people with a dollar to send the 'NOOK to the hundreds of women and thousands of men in the penitentiary? We will select the man or woman as you designate, and advise you of the party and him or her of the donor. The matter is before you. If the Book is true you will be asked about it the last great day. "Inasmuch."

My Dear Friend:—

I WILL now answer your kind and ever welcomed letter which I received some three weeks ago. It found me well and I was so glad to hear from you again. I hope this will find you and family all well and enjoying the close of the nineteenth century.

I receive the *Gospel Messenger* and INGLENOOK and they are comforting little papers to read and give one a knowledge of foreign missionary work and what trials the missionaries have. You inquired how I spent Thanksgiving Day. I ironed till half-past ten, then we all went to the chapel to a musical concert and when that was over dinner was served. Some of the women played games, others danced. They seemed to enjoy it. At three o'clock we were locked in our cells for the rest of the day.

My occupation here is no one thing. I work at everything. Monday and Tuesday I wash, Wednesday I iron and the rest of the week I patch shirts. We have to patch the men's shirts every week. We have four hundred and sixty men to patch for now, and I make dresses for the women when there are any needed. I have the matron's office and store room to sweep and keep in order and many other trifling things to see to. Prison life is not all sunshine. Visitors come in and think it is a nice place. It is nice to look at. Everything is just as clean as soap and water can make it. The floor is scrubbed every morning, and the dining table is spread with white linen, white china dishes, glasses and hemstitched napkins. We have new chairs for the dining table, which makes things look very cozy. One woman is not allowed to speak to another. If she speaks she is reported and gets a black mark and when we get three marks we lose our grades. We have first, second, and third grades. The first wear blue chamberly dresses, the second have black and white plaid gingham, and the third have wide black and white striped dresses, with the stripes running around instead of lengthwise. You know it is a very difficult matter for a woman to keep her mouth shut and not talk. I read a story once where a man said that you might as well publish your secret in a daily paper as to tell it to a woman, for the next woman she met she would tell the secret to, but that is not the nature of the women at "Telista Flats." They have mostly all learned to keep silent, except a few new-comers, and they will soon learn.

We are under roof all the time except one hour each day we are let out into the court for exercise. It is a small square yard with a stone wall all around it. The wall is about thirty feet high. We can see nothing but the sky and we know nothing of the busy world, only what we get in the mails. We begin work at seven o'clock and work till about five in the evening, then we go to our cells, and if we have any work to do for ourselves we are at liberty to do it. We most all do fancy work and

put it out for sale and get a few cents of spending money along occasionally. We get no pay for our work here only the little fancy work that we do in our cells at night. Visitors buy our fancy work as they go through the prison, which we are all very thankful for, yet we have so many blessings through life that we are not thankful enough for. One never knows what a blessing freedom and health are till they are deprived of them, and the outside world to-day is not giving God the thanks and glory that is due him for the blessing of freedom. They are going on heedless of their duty to both God and man.

But we are not to judge lest we be judged, for every one must give an account for himself before God. But I do pray that the people of this world will be better and not be so selfish, that they will become followers of the Lord Jesus and do unto others as they would have others do unto them. But they will have to give up many things before they can bring the world to Jesus' feet. In the sixth chapter of Proverbs the Lord says, "These six things do I hate, yea, seven; a proud look, a lying tongue, hands that shed innocent blood." There is one sin that is being committed the world over heedless of the punishment of the hereafter. I have found very few people since I begun to study the Bible who understand what the shedding of innocent blood means, or at least as I understand it.

I have seen so many drunken men this summer, it makes me shudder when I think how many homes are broken up all on account of liquor. There are four saloons in this little town. It is dreadful. I wish I could do something to stop men drinking, and do away with the saloons, for if men would quit drinking, there wouldn't be near so many people in prison to-day as there are. Well, as it is getting late I will stop for the present, hoping to hear from you again. I wish you and family a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

STRANGE POWER OF DOGS.

As a breed, perhaps, the St. Bernard may be said to be the telepathist among dogs. We speak of instinct in animals; we call this or that dog intelligent, and characterize the one or other related incident as wonderful or impossible. Telepathy is the most possible explanation. In the instance of a St. Bernard owned by a gentleman at Prague we have a case of telepathy. How else can the story be explained or accepted? During the evening of a day on which there had been a heavy fall of snow, and while snow was still falling, the gentleman, sitting alone by the fire with his dog, noticed him growing uneasy and restless in manner. Presently the dog got up and whined for the door of the room to be opened. Thinking he wanted to go to the kitchen for food, his owner opened the door and let the dog out, but the animal returned and seemed to expect something further of him. Going out into the hall after the dog, he found him making signs of uneasiness before the hall door. His owner, therefore, took down hat and coat, and thought the usual evening exercise was what the dog wanted. On his opening the door, the dog, contrary to his usual custom, turned to the left, and made straight off in a certain direction. Following him at a run, the owner lost sight of him. Whistling and calling did not bring the dog back. He was able to track the animal's footsteps, and found him in the act of removing the snow from a wretched waif, a man still living, who from hunger and exposure had fainted and was half frozen. This was some half mile from the house.

A TEACHER in one of the local grade schools the other day gave the children an object lesson on the wild duck, thinking that that subject would be the most likely to awaken their interest at this season. "Now, children," said she, after a lengthy explanation, "who will tell me the best way to shoot the wild duck?" The children looked puzzled. Only for a moment, though, for the little girl at the bottom of the class really couldn't miss the chance. Up went her hand to the highest possible altitude it could assume. "Yes, dear," said the teacher. "Please, miss," she almost gasped, so eager was she to get it out, "please miss, I know. Wait till the duck's not looking."

Nature & Study

SMYRNA FIGS.

BY D. L. MILLER.

THE figs of Smyrna are the finest in quality in the world. The fruit has a sweetness and richness of flavor heretofore found only in the figs grown in Asia Minor, and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. The fig grows in our Southern States and California, but none of these, when dried, have heretofore compared with the Smyrna fruit.

I have been in Smyrna in the fig-packing season and the fig houses present a busy appearance. The fruit is picked from the trees and dried and then taken to the market in large sacks. It is thrown in large heaps on the floor of the packing house where it passes through a sweating process. It is then ready for sorting and packing. The sorting is done by women, and three grades according to size of the fruit are made.

The finest layer figs, of which nearly fifteen million pounds were imported into this country in 1895 are packed by hand. The packers dip their hands into salt water to keep the fig sugar from clinging to their fingers. The figs are pressed into the desired shape between the fingers, but when the fruit is too hard for this process the packer uses his teeth, biting and pressing the figs into the desired shape. After witnessing this method of fig-packing I lost, for a time, my taste for figs.

Why can we not raise as good figs in California as are grown on the shores of the Great Sea? This problem fig growers determined to solve and after twenty years the solution of the problem seems near at hand. In 1881 thousands of fig cuttings were imported into this country from Smyrna and distributed among growers in California. When the trees came into bearing the fruit did not mature but dropped from the trees when less than half its normal size, and the experiment was set down as a failure. Then it was discovered that an insect was necessary to grow Smyrna figs. It was pointed out that the Orientals plucked the fruit of the wild or Capri fig and suspended it among the branches of the cultivated trees. The wild figs were literally swarming with little insects. These covered with pollen from the wild fruit entered the tame figs and fertilized them. The United States Department of Agriculture imported large quantities of the Capri and Smyrna fig cuttings and when these came into bearing in 1890 their pollen was blown into a few young Smyrna figs, fertilizing their blossoms and they ripened and when dried were found to have the flavor of the Smyrna figs.

But blowing pollen into an orchard of figs could not be thought of. The next step was to import the insects to do the work. And here again the Department of Agriculture came to the rescue. By one of its agents Capri figs with the insects were sent to California in 1899. The next year these had multiplied so that they were introduced to the Smyrna figs which they entered and pollenized as their ancestors did in Asia Minor. Now the figs grew to full size, ripened, are plucked and dried and six tons of most excellent table figs is the result. Tested by experts the California fig is said to be sweeter and superior to the imported article. In a very few years the fig growers of California, assisted by the little Capri insect, will grow all, and more figs than we can consume—and these will supply the markets of the world. This is not a pleasing prospect for Smyrna but the United States is engaged in conquering the world with her products.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

QUEER FACTS ABOUT COLORS.

BY W. H. VON PLEES.

Few of us, whether we be artists and dabble in paints, or good housewives engaged in dyeing a piece of goods, stop to think where the colors come from, or from what they are obtained.

Possibly we are dyeing carpet rags, which we want a brilliant red, Turkey red is the color. It comes from the roots of a plant called the Indian madder plant. The beautiful "Carmine" and the "Lakes" are squeezed from an insect, the cochineal. But who would dream of a fish providing the artist with one of his most useful pigments? The ugliest and

next to the shark, the most dreaded by the sailor is the cuttle fish. It is from this hideous looking creature that "Sepia" is made, in fact it is the juice that the fish emits when being pursued. There are "India inks" and "India inks." Do not think that you have the genuine article, because what you bought is covered with heathenish figures, for unless you have paid a good round price for it, it has been probably made in Chicago, and perhaps the Editor of the 'Nook knows of some corner in Chicago, where the "fast black" is made. However, the very best comes from China, even if it is called "India ink." Sienna and Umbria are natural earths, and come from Italy. When these earths are fused, they then become "burnt sienna" and "burnt umber."

That powerful yellow "Gamboge," is the sap taken from a tree that grows in far-off Siam. Another color for which we have to thank the East, is "Ultramarine." It is made from a mineral, which is of almost priceless value,—the "Lapis lazuli," which is found in Persia, China, Siberia and Buchara. Even our old faithful friend, the horse, is made to swell the artists' color fund, for his hoofs, treated with impure carbonate of potassium, gives us the well-known "Prussian blue." As a mere accident has given us many valuable discoveries, so in this instance, an accident gave us this intense blue.

Bistre, in regard to its name is unfortunate; it is a French word, and has the general meaning,—paints; it is however a brown, and is made from wood ashes, mostly obtained from the beech.

HOW MAPLE SYRUP AND SUGAR ARE MADE.

BY W. S.

SOMERSET County, Pa., is the greatest sugar county I know of. Some have as high as 2,000 keelers or tin buckets. The season generally opens the latter part of February. The first that is to be done is to scald the keelers and distribute them. Trees that are eight or ten inches in diameter get one. Next size two, the largest get four and five.

Then come the boys with a bucket full of spiles to tap the trees with an auger. They have to be careful that they bore in no dead wood or too close to old holes, or else they don't drop. Next the water is gathered to the camp. Some haul as high as three and four hundred barrels in one day. You may think this will make a big pile of sugar, but it only makes one gallon of syrup or eight pounds of sugar to a barrel of water. When all this water is boiled till it will make "spots," or taffy. I always liked "spots, se sin so seas." When it makes spots it is fit to take off the fire and is poured in wooden troughs. When it is in the trough a few minutes it commences to raise and bubble up as though it would all run out if you would let it go. So we have to keep on stirring it with a wooden paddle till it is done raising.

If it is to be made in cakes now is the time. Mostly it is made in bricks the size of a building brick. Some forms are made in cups, saucers and pie pans. When it is to be made in sugar we have to keep on stirring it till it gets dry and fine. Some may wonder why it is that there are so many grades of this sugar. In the beginning of the season, when there is no sap in the trees, then it makes that nice white sugar; towards the latter part of the season, when the weather begins to get warm and the sap commences to raise, then it makes that brown sugar, which you see in the market. At last it doesn't make sugar at all. You can make some brown molasses and you can boil it so thick that you can wrap it around a knife and it won't get sugary.

Meyersdale, Pa.

DRAWING ROOM GARDENS.

JAPAN has sent many quaint and lovely works of art to America, but none more perfect, and yet more surprising, than the miniature house garden, which is to the Japanese home what the average window conservatory is to the luxurious American mansion.

The difference, however, between the Japanese and American house garden is very great. The oriental product is a genuine garden, laid out with all the taste and science of the professional landscapist.

The territory it covers is from four to five feet square, and it is worth while to examine it with a strong reading glass, in order to appreciate its exquisite finish and beauty.

Such a fairy pleasure ground is called in Japan a toko-niwa, and every well-bred, beauty-loving Japanese family that cannot afford a domain large enough for a real garden, buys a toko-niwa and sets it up in what might be called the areaway of the house, or it is installed in the family sitting-room.

Only recently have these exquisite miniature gardens been brought to the United States; but there is no doubt that the few that have appeared have tickled the American fancy, and more will come.

They are delicate things to import, and as yet are very costly, for all the trees and shrubs planted in the doll's house demesne belong to the artificially dwarfed verdure of Japan, and only an artist of true ability and culture can construct a toko-niwa.

The foundation of this pleasure ground is a square or round shallow box, the sides of which are daintily carved. Into the box go stones and earth for the construction of evergreen-crowned hills, beetling crags, humpbacked bridges, pebbled paths and stretches of meadow land.

Rivulets, no wider than caseknife blades, meander through the lawns, gurgle in rapids under the bridges and widen into lakelets, where golden minnows glide and dive.

There is usually a tea house on the hillside, and a bit of a temple or a shrine under a stately grove of trees that tower twelve inches in the air; and in the western sense it isn't a garden at all, but a wonderful bit of natural landscape, copied right out of Japan itself, and only large enough to ornament a table in the sunny corner of the drawing-room.

These Japanese gardens can be kept alive and flourishing for a number of years if proper care is given them; or if a Japanese gardener, who knows what the marvelous little plants need, is called in occasionally to refresh the lakelets and water courses, keep down the weeds and keep up the repairs on the tea house and temple.

WHAT ANTS CAN DO.

"THERE are a good many ants of different varieties on the lot at my country place near Covington," said a New Orleans business man, "and last year I began to make a systematic study of their habits. I found it a most fascinating pursuit, and have resumed it with much enthusiasm during several visits this year. A little investigation will convince almost anybody, I think, that the ant approaches nearer to man in point of intelligence than any of the lower animals.

"Some of the things I have seen are so marvelous that I would hesitate to speak of them, if similar wonders had not been fully recorded by trained scientists. Near one of my flower beds is a colony of small red ants that are extremely industrious in collecting food, and they frequently performed the most astonishing engineering feats in transporting heavy burdens to their homes.

"Not long ago I watched a party of about a dozen that had found the body of a small spider and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which stuck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants rolled away with their awkward booty, and then stopped and seemed to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground; presently they all laid hold and pulled the spider on top of it. They then seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty.

"On another occasion I saw a large body of these same ants start out for a raid on another colony. They marched like an army, with scouts thrown out at the sides, and when several feet distant from the nest divided into two parties. One kept straight on and was soon engaged in fierce combat with the other tribe, while the second detachment made a detour and fell upon the hill from the rear. The result was a great victory for the invaders. Anybody who feels interested in the subject, and who will put in a little time at close study, will be certain to witness exploits fully as astonishing as those I have described."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

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EVENING SONG.

FATHER of heaven and earth,
I bless Thee for the night,
The soft still night!
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!
Now, far in glade and dell,
Flower cup and bud and bell
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's nest;
The bees long murmuring, too, are done,
And I, the overwearied one,
O'erwearied and o'erwrought,
Bless Thee, O God, O Father of the oppressed,
With my last waking thought,
In the still night!
Yes, ere I sink to rest,
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of earth and heaven!
I bless Thee who hast given
Unto life's fainting travelers the night,
The soft, still, holy night!

OUR WRITERS.

Was there ever a person who did not want to "write for the papers?" If there is, the present wielder of the pen, which happens to be a typewriter, does not know who it is. The desire is a commendable one, and should be encouraged. The 'Nook does encourage him. In the start of the paper it was predicted that there would a new crop of writers spring up, and it has all happened as we said. All of them are good, some of them ahead of the ordinary. We like this condition of things, and want to encourage it.

Here and there is a man or woman who "has it in them," but who are afraid to take hold, for one reason and another, mainly because they think they cannot do it good enough. Get into a wagon with them for a ten mile ride, and their tongues will go continually with all the rattle and clatter of a wind-wheel with loose slats. At the end of the day put them into a room with pen, ink and paper, in order that they put down their thoughts, and they are as limp and helpless as an old and empty potato sack in the woodshed. There is nothing but vacancy and helplessness to them. They could talk all day and write not a line. Their wits simply abandoned them along the way and left them stranded. There is not much to do with this class.

Then there is another class who writes an article, pigeonholes it, or hides it, and that's you, and then reads it over and over, and at each reading grows weaker and weaker and finally goes to pieces in the belief that it isn't the thing after all. This party has more excuses and apologies than some old maid for her dinner that she has been planning for a week back for "company." It's all right and it's all talk, her excuses, and she would be insulted if her guests agreed with her. What the man with the article hid in his desk ought to do is to send it on to some paper working along his line of thought. A great deal of writing is missent. If you were a cooper you wouldn't take your wares to a jeweler, but to the creamery. Exercise the same common sense with your screed.

The thing to do in writing is to be natural and easy. Don't attempt too much. Tell things as you would talk them. The skilled writer is always a lenient personage. The over-nice family are not worth a moment's consideration. Let them alone with their pink teas. Consider only the strong, healthy, virile community that knows a good thing on sight and there you'll get justice, and what is more to the point, the wish that there was more of your talk. Now send on that "piece."

HAVE you started to read the Bob, Helen and the Uncle series of talks? There will be some interesting things talked over by the fireside, and as the 'Nook man and his pencil and pad are there you are certain to hear something interesting and entertaining as we go along.

HOW TO READ YOUR 'NOOK.

It may seem a simple thing to offer instruction in reading this paper to the intelligent class composing its constituency, yet there are several things in which the reader may be helped to a better understanding of its contents. One thing, and one in which we pride ourselves a great deal, is in setting forth the novel and unusual industries, in other words, how things are made. In every issue of the INGLENOOK these cut more or less of a figure, and it would be well to make a specialty of reading these articles.

Some of them are easy to get, and others are difficult of access. When a man engaged in some manufacture tells us that he isn't going to give us any information that is the industry we always tell about, and usually the proprietor is sorry that he did not close with the opportunity of getting an advertisement that no money could buy in the reading columns of the paper.

In each issue of the 'Nook there will be some out of the ordinary occupation described in detail, and he who reads will get his money back many times over. We can think of nothing better for young and old than this feature of the paper, and it is going to be continued, and as a result of our experience this far we feel assured that life is not long enough to exhaust the material ahead of us. It is not a question of what, but of which.

NO WIT IN THE GREATEST SPEECHES.

In an eloquent article on Public Speaking in the *Saturday Evening Post*, United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge says:

It is a remarkable thing that there is neither wit nor humor in any of the immortal speeches that have fallen from the lips of man. To find a joke in Webster would be an offense. The only things which Ingersoll wrote that will live are his oration at his brother's grave and his famous, "The Past Rises Before Me Like a Dream." But in neither of these productions of this genius of jesters is there a single trace of wit. There is not a funny sally in all Burke's speeches. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, his first and second inaugurals, his speech beginning the Douglas campaign and his Cooper Union address in New York are, perhaps, the only utterances of his that will endure. Yet this greatest of story-tellers since AEsop did not adorn or deface one of these great deliverances with story or any form of humor.

"The reason for this is found in the whole tendency of human thought and feeling—in the whole melancholy history of the race—where tears and grief, the hard seriousness of life and the terrible and speedy certainty of our common fate of suffering and of death, make sombre the master-cord of existence. The immortal things are all serious—even sad."

It is a funny thing in human nature, this element of personal vanity is. Let a thing go along in a half-way gait and nobody wants to have anything to do with it. Let it succeed and the very dust turns into people who are hankering after the supposed honor, prominence or notoriety, attaching to it. There is always something that each man can do at least tolerably well, and this he usually holds very lightly. The thing he is trying to edge into is oftener than not the very thing that he has the least qualification for. He doesn't know it, though everybody else does. He frequently makes trouble by his insistence, and in secular affairs he gets thrown out for his noise, but in religious matters the patient public have to put up with him. He is never satisfied to be on the edge. He wants to be first or he makes a fuss.

A PROMINENT business man in Elgin, a subscriber for the 'Nook, says that each issue is worth five times its cost in the information it contains.

"THE parents say that it is the best class of reading they have ever seen for young people."—*S. W. Funk, Los Angeles, Cal.*

"I GREATLY enjoy the original and educating sheet."—*Flora Teague, Mt. Morris, Ill.*

"I LIKE the weekly feast it sets before us."—*Cyrus Wallick, Wolcott, Ind.*

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Are people conscious at the moment of death?

SOME are. Most are not, and the final exit is painless.

Is the operation for appendicitis extra hazardous?

Not if skillfully done. Few cases are lost if taken in time.

What do you think of the situation in the Philippines?

The 'Nook thinks we have a tiger by the tail and daren't let go.

What are the "old masters" in painting?

Early painters who for skill and results have never been equalled.

What is liquid air?

Common air reduced to a liquid by pressure. It is very cold, the coldest substance in use.

Are unsigned questions for this department of the 'Nook answered?

Never. No names, as you see, are ever used, but we must know who is doing the questioning.

Is there any difference between sex and gender?

Sex is a property of the individual, gender of the word. One is physical, the other grammatical.

Did any train ever run at the rate of a hundred miles an hour?

Yes, but forty or fifty miles will suit the INGLENOOK just as well. Even a mile a minute is flying through the air.

Do you believe in medicine as a science?

In case of sickness a good medical man is very desirable, though he, himself, as a rule, has little faith in his drugs.

Would you advise me to go into the chicken business?

Any business, from white mice to elephants, is profitable if the right man is back of it. All depends on the man.

Does it get exceedingly cold in Elgin, being so far north?

Not as cold as to be uncomfortable here, but colder than it is with you in Texas. Corn is not "knee-high" now.

What is the Pantheon at Rome?

A building in Rome about 2,000 years old. It was originally erected for a temple and later was consecrated as a Christian church.

Are the health resorts, sanitariums, etc., advertised in the magazines, good places for ailing people?

Yes, for some, perhaps for most diseases, but they are expensive as a rule, and there is no place like a well-ordered home for most diseases.

Does a doctor's prescription belong to the patient or to the druggist who fills and files it?

To the patient. The druggist might be given a copy but there is no reason why the patient moving away, say, should be compelled to send back for his medicine in case he wants it.

Where do you think the ruined city people of Central America came from?

We have no thoughts about it. We do not know anything about it. After having been in the ruins, personally, we know less than before our visit to them. There is not the breath of a legend or myth among the surrounding natives about the history or fate of the ruined city dwellers.

An INGLENOOK article said a fossil turtle was 10,000,000 years old. How did the writer know this to be the age?

He did not know. He intended to convey the idea that it was a very long time ago, and he used ten millions of years. You can give it any age you like, and be as near right as the writer of the article. He probably thought that when he was guessing he would help himself liberally to figures.

"The young people are pleased with it and we all think we could not do without it in our family."—*Mrs. J. B. Summy, Hudson, Ill.*

MAKING AND MARKETING SORGHUM MOLASSES.

BY A. B. UPTON.

THERE are various processes for the making of sorghum molasses, from the rather primitive one of crushing the cane between rude wooden rollers and boiling down in a kettle, to the great hydraulic presses and "boiling down" by means of hot steam passing through great coils of pipe. The process I propose to tell the 'Nook about is the one most generally used among the farmers of Nebraska, who prepare the molasses for market.

It would, perhaps, be well to say that in order to get a good crop of cane one must have good cane ground, that is, high and rolling and not too black soil. Lay the rows off the same distance apart as rows of corn. Drill in the seed so that in the mature crop the stalks will stand about four inches apart in the row. Cultivate the same as field corn. Amber Queen and Golden Orange are the varieties we used. To prepare the cane for the mill take a sharp-edged stick and knock the leaves off the standing cane as well as may be, not too close, because we can crush the cane in our mill all right, even if the leaves are all on, but it is best to take them partly off, because of their bulk. Next the cane is cut and laid in small piles with their tops leveled, afterwards loaded on a wagon with a flat track somewhat like a hay rack, then hauled to the mill where the heads are cut off with sharp hay-knives and left to lie in the sun to dry, ready for the threshing machine.

The cane is now, that the heads are off, loaded on a car and hauled up on the deck, ready for the grinder, who catches the cane in large armsful at a time, and by a quick movement places the butts of the cane against the rollers of the mill and forces them to enter between them. This to the uninitiated would seem impossible to do for the rollers are of steel and set so close together by the grinder that a case knife blade can only be forced between the front rollers, and cannot be forced between the back ones. The cane properly ground comes through almost as fine as meal and nearly as dry, where it is carried by an elevator over the deck and dropped on the ground, thence dragged out into the field and dried in the sun, then used as fuel in the "boiling down" process of the sap which has left the mill in a stream of green juice, nearly as large as a man's arm. It leaves the trough and enters a box filled each day with bright, clean rye, oat or wheat straw, which catches all particles of cane that has been carried away from the mill by the rapidly-flowing sap. After it passes through the box of straw it enters a tank or vat that will hold about four barrels of sap, or rather two tanks or vats of two barrels each. As soon as the first tank is filled with sap a small quantity of lime water is poured into it, which causes a great deal of the "green" to settle to the bottom of the tank. It is now allowed to run into the boiling pan, which with us was thirty-two feet long and about six feet wide. It had four compartments so arranged that the sap could be kept in any one of them or allowed to flow through them all.

The first compartment was the largest and when filled with the proper amount of sap, the others having a quantity of water in them, a fire is started and now the boiling down process commences. The fire is kept up and soon great quantities of green scum arise and are quickly raked off with a wooden rake made by boring a hole in a piece of board about two feet long and four inches wide with a handle in it long enough so that the "skimmer," as the man is called who attends to that part of the work, can reach to any part of the boiling pan. This green scum is fed to the hogs and they do very well on it. When the "green" is through raising, the sap is then allowed to enter the next compartment, where it is carefully skimmed and the "skimmings" are placed in a pail. As often as the pail is full it is poured into a barrel where it sours and becomes vinegar. This sells for about seven cents a gallon. When through with the second compartment the sap which by this time has commenced to grow less in quantity and begins to look and taste like molasses, is now allowed to enter on the third stage of its journey through the pan, where the skimming is still kept up, and by the way, this skimming, keeping everlastingly at it, is the true secret of making good sorghum. Now

the sorghum is allowed to enter its last stage in the pan, where it is allowed to slowly bubble and boil, the skimmer keeping a sharp eye on it so that it shall not burn, and by placing a small quantity in a saucer he is enabled to tell just when it is right, when he pulls a plug in one corner of the pan and the molasses goes speeding on its way to the cooling house where it pours into a great galvanized iron tank, where, as soon as it is cool enough, it is drawn off into barrels, and hauled away to market.

It is usually sold to the great commission houses and in turn is sold by them to the dealers who sell it to the consumer. We used to get thirty-five and forty cents a gallon for our molasses but lately we have only been getting about twenty to twenty-two cents a gallon. We raised our own cane although we did a little custom work, but we discouraged custom work by charging fifteen cents per gallon for "making up" their sorghum, though we were selling our own for twenty cents per gallon. A good field of cane will turn off two hundred and fifty gallons of sorghum per acre, so that, with the cane seed at sixty cents per bushel, and about twelve bushels to the acre, the "green" for hog feed, the "skimmings" for vinegar, and the sorghum, one can easily reckon the value of a sorghum crop.

Elgin, Ill.

A MEXICAN PARROT HUNT.

It was a mild tropical evening in April when Juan thrust his yellow face through the tent flaps and told me that the parrots had constructed an immense roost in the parasitic jungle that bordered the foothills a mile or so from camp.

We had been in camp only three days. Each evening and morning we had observed small flocks and pairs of parrots flying back and forth over an invisible path. That it was a path there was no doubt, as their flight twice a day for water was as straight as the proverbial crow's flight, so it was only the following of this aerial pathway that would lead direct to their breeding grounds.

It required patience to follow this course through the upper air, as one must needs penetrate on foot through a jungle of tropical plants and trees, composed of vines, creepers, trailers, ferns, palms and small shrubbery, each in its turn seeming to outdo its neighbor in possessing thorns, briars and stickers, from little, tiny spurs to large ones, long and sharp as a darning needle.

This was Juan's task, locating the roost, and his efforts had been rewarded with success, while his dusky countenance glowed with satisfaction as he received *dos reales* for his services.

Joe and I had never hunted parrots. When we were leaving San Luis a Mexicanized American had volunteered the information that it was great sport shooting them as they came into their roost in the evening. After sizing up the birds, as they flew back and forth over camp, we came to the conclusion that No. 7 shot would be about the right size and laid our plans accordingly.

The next afternoon we set out under Juan's guidance, and after much toil reached the scene of operation. It was a small, dense thicket of palms, covered with growths of a parasite nature, with a circular opening in the center about 200 yards in diameter. As we forced our way through the thicket into the opening, a confused clamor of squawks and shrieks greeted us on every side, a din so loud and harsh it set the nerves edgewise and bid fair to drive us both crazy.

Arriving in the opening we glanced about and saw hundreds of parrots guarding their nests, which contained the young and eggs. There were three species of the family congregated at this roost—the large yellow head, the smaller or medium-sized green head and red wing, and then the little parrot.

They were just returning from their watering place, and came dropping in over the graceful palms in a reckless somersault fashion, always righting themselves as they lit near the nest, the newcomers at once adding their voices to the already deafening chorus.

We held a council of war. Juan was for shooting every one in sight, provided the ammunition held out. Joe and I, after a prolonged discussion, came to the conclusion that it would be useless slaughter to shoot the innocents on their nests, so refrained from joining in the noisy assemblage with our sharp-speaking breechloaders.

On our way back to camp we came under the line of flight, and to satisfy Juan's greed for blood we brought down four, but his disgust at our tender hearts was plainly discernible on his countenance when we refused to kill more.

The next day we had broiled parrot for dinner, and I may say, without contradiction from anyone who has been there, that they are not at all bad eating.

For one who loves to shoot for the sake of killing, I could imagine no fitter place than a parrot roost in the tropics. He could kill to his heart's content; he could get the malarial fever; he could die, all in a short time. Yes, send the shooter who counts his success by the amount of game he kills to the tropics and make him stay there; he won't survive long, and the world will be better off without him.

OUR OLD PAPER MONEY.

If the majority of the American public were to be told that they could procure thousands and tens of thousands of dollars of United States money for a few cents, they would reply that that were either impossible or a scheme to some one to sell a gold brick.

Yet they would be wrong in both of their suppositions, for it is the absolute truth, and the best place to prove this is in the national capital, Washington, D. C., where the money is made.

When old and torn paper money has been returned to the treasury at Washington the United States government takes very extraordinary precautions in the destruction of it.

The United States employs a very large force of people who do nothing else but destroy this old and mutilated paper money that has been withdrawn from circulation. Whenever a batch of such bills as these are turned in to any subtreasury they are redeemed by having new ones issued in their stead.

These old bills are then sent to the treasury at Washington, D. C., and are there sorted and sent to what is known as the "redemption division." Here they are thoroughly examined by experts for the purpose of detecting counterfeit.

After this is done, which takes a very long time, they are again counted and sorted and then tied into bundles of 100 bills each, and a record of each bundle is kept. Then these go to the "destruction department," and here, after they are again recorded, they are put into large piercing machines, and four large holes are driven through each bundle. They are next passed to a machine for cutting, and here each bundle is cut into two equal parts.

From here each half bundle is sent to a different place; one goes to the office of the secretary, and the other goes to the office of the registrar. In each of these places the half notes are again counted and a record thereof made. After this has been completed they are sent to the "chopping department," where they are put into machines which cut them into very minute fragments.

Of these fragments, the operators are exceedingly careful not to lose one. This mass of silk-webbed paper, which once represented thousands of dollars of money is now ready for the "boiling department."

In this place immense vats of water and alkali are kept constantly boiling, and into these vats the mass of fragments of paper is thrown and thoroughly boiled until they become an unrecognizable pulp.

They manufacture this pulp into small models of the capitol, the white house, busts of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and into many other things, and these are sold to the department stores, which sell them as souvenirs for a small sum.

JESUS came to give us a higher law than the law of the world, an ideality to which the spirit might aspire, though the body be too weak to follow. This very idealism is the glory of Christian ethics and the noblest inspiration in our civilization. We cherish a standard exalted far above the groveling utilitarianism of our lives, and which lifts our souls from our bodily bondage to common things.

EVERY day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured, if we will actually fill it up—that is, with thoughts and feelings, and their expression in deeds as elevated and amiable as we can reach to.

Good Reading

BOB AND HIS UNCLE.

THE next Saturday night the three, Bob, his Uncle and Helen, were assembled as they had agreed, around the open fire. It leaped and flickered and snapped in the clear winter surroundings. Bobbie had gone to the window, and shading his eyes with his hands, remarked the unwonted brilliancy of the stars, and the clearness of the night. That set his Uncle to talking. He said that in Syria where the Master was born, there were no long, hard winters, such as we have. At Bethlehem, where the dear Lord was born, it is thought likely that it was on a September night that he first was looked upon by the wondering, open-eyed animals, in the wayside rest house. While we celebrate the twenty-fifth of December, it is almost certain that such was not the date.

Helen asked what seemed to be the most marked feature of Christ's life on earth, and her Uncle said, on reflection, that it was in the amount of time and trouble he was put to in the way of helping people's physical ailments. Then they began to recall the different occasions on which he rendered services of a physical character. And they were many, and it is fairly certain that not all of the cases are recorded. It appears that he did not go about finding fault with existing conditions, and preaching doctrine all the time to unwilling people, but when he saw any who were in need, or in trouble, he helped them, and told them to say nothing about it to others. That, said the old man, is practical Christianity. And then he said something that the young people remembered for a long time. It was that we had often thought that we would like to be about Christ as an immediate personal helper. It is a pleasant and a noble aspiration, and is usually dismissed with the thought of its impossibility. On the other hand it is entirely feasible that we should do so. Bob asked how it could be. The Uncle simply pointed to a big Bible on the table and Bobbie took it in hand.

Now, said the man, in the book you hold in your hand is a story of the Judgment, and I want you to read it and notice carefully what is said. Turn to the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew and begin at the thirty-fifth verse. This is an account of what happens when souls stand up before their Maker and answer questions as to how they kept house when they lived in the body. Just how or when this is to take place I do not know, and it really does not matter. What I want you to remember is the character of the things that were done or left undone, and which approved the soul or condemned it. The fact is that it is a new idea to most people, but it is an incontrovertible fact. Now, Bobbie, you read! And the boy, by the aid of the firelight, read in the simple language of the tax-gatherer the brief story of the most stupendous thing in all time or eternity—the judgment of the worthiness or the unworthiness of the world. "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

Then, by the story, it appears that the people who were credited with all these good deeds began to ask when they had done these things to the King, and now mark the answer, because they had done these simple things to those who needed help, they had helped the Lord and Master, and so by service to others were called personal servants of the Son of God. Note the fact that in what they are credited with having done there is no sign of great deeds, or of eloquence or learning, only helping others who needed it, and perhaps never thinking of it afterward, and lo, here at the beginning of all eternity all they had done in the earth-life worthy of commendation were the simple, helpful things enumerated above.

Then Helen asked whether this was to be construed literally, and her Uncle asked whether it was not a literal fact, by the record, that Christ fed the hungry with actual food, and healed those who were actually sick? There was no doubt about it. Then Bob spoke up and said that it appeared too simple. Was all there is to being a Christian, that is, being like Christ, going about and doing all the good they could to others? For answer his Uncle reached over and laid his finger on the passage in the Book.

But, said the boy, how about all the books, the colleges, the great preachers, and all that sort of thing? They are all well in their places because they increase the usefulness of those who are in touch with them, but the deep down facts of Christianity are simple things, so simple that they escape most people. There is a passage that refers to this, and it speaks of the wisdom of this world being confounded by the simple things of life, and I might add, of death.

The thing to do, the gray-haired man said, was to bring about all the good one could and never mind the reward—to never think of it. He said that this thing of a workman thinking only of his pay, and not of what he was doing, was never conducive to the best service.

So they sat thinking, and by some curious telepathy the 'Nook discovered what was in the mind of each. Bob was going over on Monday to cut a lot of wood for a sick man. Helen was going to knit a poor child a pair of stockings; and the old man was thinking whether it was better to send a widow a lot of groceries or some clothing. As he thought about it he decided to do both. None of them would have told the other what was in their minds for a king's ransom. It would have spoiled it all to make a boast of it. Then the old-fashioned clock in the corner gave forth its warning rattle and shrilled out the hour, and they trooped out of the room to bed, and as they parted at the foot of the stairs Bobbie said, - Next Saturday night! Helen said yes, and the man nodded. And we'll be there, too, 'NOOKERS!

THE FIREMEN'S PLAY TIMES.

THE fireman's life is not all checkers nor is it all life-saving, life-risking and sliding down poles at three o'clock in the morning. Fortunately it is a happy combination of the two with enough of the latter to enable him to fully earn his salary and enough of the former to keep the position from being one of constant and irksome labor. While the men who run up the ladders and drag leads of hose into blazing buildings have no sinecure in the long run, they have of course a great deal of time on their hands which must be put in at the engine-houses waiting for something to happen. In outlying districts where alarms are infrequent it is often several days between "runs," and all of that time a large proportion of the company is on duty in the house at all hours. That time they spend exactly as they please under a few slight regulations. The first and most rigid of these, of course, is that they must at every instant be ready to spring to their posts on the engines. Another is that no gambling of any kind is permitted. Aside from these things the men put in their time reading, playing cards, checkers or other games of that nature or playing handball at the houses where "courts" are erected.

Of course, the time hangs heavily upon the firemen's hands and they must put it in at something. They grow tired of sitting in big chairs, looking across the street at the opposite buildings; they grow weary of talking politics, discussing races and prize fights and telling stories of big fires, marvelous escapes and daring rescues. Therefore they turn to the simple games which have been devised to pass away leisure time. In every engine-house is a checker board, and through long practice many of the players have become expert. Hour after hour different sets of players sit moving the little checkers across the squares, playing off "rubbers" and settling old questions of supremacy. Cards are permitted, but they must be played in the quarters above stairs and not on the engine-floor, and the captains are strictly enjoined to see that no games of chance are played. It has been a rule from the start not to allow gambling in any form among the men, because should it once gain a foothold, however weakly, there is no telling where it would stop.

In most of the engine-houses, stowed away in the basement or in some back room, is a carpenter's bench, with a vise, a few necessary tools and other paraphernalia, and there the men are encouraged to put in a little time making whatever they choose from scraps of lumber picked up here and there. Some of them are neat and capable workmen and contrive many little things for the convenience and decoration of the company quarters in the way of book racks, picture frames, easy chairs and the like. Several of the companies have built up little

gymnasiums in the engine-houses, well equipped with simple apparatus for keeping the boys in training, and they spend hours in exercise and friendly contests, or on parallel bars.

But the chief interest among firemen attaches to the handball courts which so many companies have constructed, and some of the best players of the ancient game in Chicago are in the ranks of the fire department. Not all of the companies are so situated that a court or "alley" can be constructed adjoining the engine-house, but in nearly every instance where there is room a great fence has been built and inclosed with wire netting, all of the work, of course, being done by the men and the slight expense defrayed from a pool made up in the company. The fascination of the game and the hard exercise in the open air keeps many of them constantly at it and tends to reduce the flesh they might pile on, sitting around playing cards and checkers. All these things are encouraged not only by the chief, but by the battalion chiefs and the captains and other officers of the companies, as they keep the men employed and also keep them hardy and well.

HAMMERS MADE OF RAWHIDE.

"THE common idea of a hammer, no doubt," said a dealer in tools, "would be that it was an implement made to pound with, and having a head of iron or steel. The pounding part of that would certainly be all right, but not all hammer heads are made of metal; there are some hammers, in fact, with the head made of rawhide.

"Where the head would be on an ordinary hammer, there is on the rawhide hammer, set at right angles across the end of the handle, a short section of iron pipe. The rawhide that forms the hammer head is first cut into an oblong strip, which is then, beginning at one end, snugly rolled up. The roll thus formed is put through an iron pipe, being made long enough so that it will project an inch or more at either end. The ends of the solid rawhide are trimmed off flat and true, like the face of any hammer, making this a two-faced hammer.

"The rawhide hammer is used for various purposes, largely in place of a mallet; for instance, for pounding on punches, and on chisel handles. It is used where pounding is to be done on polished metal surfaces; it serves the purpose without scratching the metal. Rawhide hammers are made in various sizes.

"Then there is a rawhide implement that is called a mallet, in which the head is formed in the same manner as the rawhide hammer head, but joined to the handle direct, without being held there in a holder. The rawhide mallet is also made in various sizes; it is a smaller and lighter tool than the hammer.

"Another rawhide pounding tool is the rawhide maul, heavier than the hammer, and made in various sizes. The head of the rawhide maul is made of disks of rawhide laid together to a sufficient thickness and held together by iron caps top and bottom, through which, as, of course, through the rawhide as well, the maul handle passes. The block of rawhide thus made is turned into the usual maul form. Built up as it is of compacted layers, placed crosswise of the handle, the striking surface of the maul, as is the case with the hammer and the mallet in the manner in which they are made, presents the rawhide in a mass edgewise. The rawhide maul is used, for example, by artificial flower makers, pounding all day long on dies and punches cutting out flowers and leaves.

"These rawhide hammers and mallets and mauls cost about three times as much as corresponding wooden mallets would cost—they last about ten times as long."

HEAVEN BLESS THE LASSIE.

FROM a private letter not addressed to the 'Nook, we extract the following: "The other day, while the family were discussing the subject of houses burning down, our six-year-old, Ruth, remarked, 'If our house should burn down I want to get all the INGLENOKS out first.'"

"We have had a very high estimate of the INGLENOK, but the last issue gets right down to business."—G. W. Hopwood, Deep River, Iowa.

ooo The Circle ooo

OFFICERS.—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Ohio, Acting President; Otho Weeger, Sweetser, Ind., Vice-President; Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Treasurer. Address all communications to OUR MISSIONARY READING CLUB, Covington, Ohio.

INFLUENCE OF READING IN THE FORMATION OF OUR OPINIONS AND PRINCIPLES.

READING is the "key to the storehouse of knowledge," and to-day the newspaper is becoming the educator of the nations, and through it it is easy to feel the pulse of nations in advance. The newspaper implies an educated people, it cannot exist in an illiterate community. But the newspaper does not always furnish the food that will nourish good opinions and sound principles.

An inquiry into the influence exerted by our reading matter, cannot be amiss when it is remembered that much of our so-called popular literature at present is of a decidedly demoralizing character. When some of our leading papers and magazines make room for a sort of literature that has assisted in demoralizing the stage until decency hides her head in shame when viewing the flaming posters which strike the eye at every turn of the highway; and when they place these wares in the most conspicuous places they can find to ensnare the young and unwary, it is time for the reading public to call a halt. These schools of realism present views of life fundamentally false. Writings of this class lead men to believe that they can be rich without toil and saving; that they can be amiable and attractive and yet full of hypocrisy and deceit; that they can be strictly moral and have moral aspirations, and yet be immoderately sensual and brutalized; that they can blaspheme and yet enter the church sanctuary with propriety; in short, that they can be successful in the present and future life without complying with a single condition of success for either.

Ten millions of persons in this country find consolation in this kind of reading, and the large majority of them read nothing else. No words are sufficiently strong to describe the influence of this kind of reading matter in debasing the taste, corrupting the principles, and overthrowing all regard for the restraint of the passions.

Many of our popular histories have not simply written out the story of the countries which have been their theme, but they have made a record between the lines of their characters and principles.

Literature is simply a reflex of the life of the people. Fiction is a strong factor in forming our opinions and principles.

What is to be done in the selection of our reading? Robert Southey's rule is worthy of general application. "Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that that which you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it attempted to abate your admiration for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow creatures? If so, if you are conscious of all these effects throw the book into the fire, young man, though it should be the gift of a friend."

WE SEE WHAT WE LOOK FOR.

This old proverb is true the world over. It is related that a military man once said, "I have been in India for many years and never saw a native Christian the whole time." He, however, remarked that during his residence in India he had killed thirty tigers. A missionary who was present said: "Did I understand you to say thirty, colonel?" "Yes, sir, thirty," replied the officer. "Well, now, this is strange," said the missionary. "I have been in India thirty-five years and have never seen a wild live tiger all the while." "Very likely not, sir," said the colonel, "but that is because you did not look for them." "Perhaps so," said the missionary, "but was not that the reason you never saw a native Christian?"

To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true wisdom.—Confucius.

Sunday School

OUR RELATION TO OTHERS.

WE are not Robinson Crusoes, living each one on his own little island alone. There are other people and they are all about us. Their lives touch ours on many points and their interests interlace with ours. In seeking to live out our own life to its utmost, we soon become aware of limitations caused by duties to others. In a sense, the whole world has its claim upon us; and there is no man, woman or child, anywhere whom we are not to consider, to whom we are not a debtor. The law of love to our neighbor leaves nobody out. The wounded man by the wayside, whoever he may be, we must not pass by. This relation to others is one which must be considered in every true life. We may not think of self only, ignoring the whole world and devoting all our thought and energy to the culture of our own character, the making of our own career.

HOME-LIFE.

THE home-life must be the sweetest. Keep out all bickering and strife. The world is full of backbiting and misunderstanding and envy; the home must be a refuge. The man is to be pitied who, after a hard day's sail amidst the storms of business cares and fears, cannot drop anchor at eventide in the quiet harbor of a peaceful home.

We want to get rid of our grumbling, fault-finding spirit in the home and learn to speak words of praise and approval. It is as easy to tell the wife when she does well as when she misses a button or has weak coffee; it is wiser to praise the children for their good deeds than to be unceasingly nagging them about their mistakes. Make home happy and the richest results will follow.

SPEAK A KIND WORD.

FEW people realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of encouragement in seasons of difficulty, by words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by effort and perseverance. Words fitly spoken often sink so deep into the mind and heart of the person to whom they are addressed that they remain a fixed, precious and oft recurring memory—a continuous sunshine, lighting up years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death. A whole life has been changed, exalted, expanded and illumined by a single expression of approval falling timely upon a sensitive and ambitious nature.

IMPORTANCE OF PROGRESS.

I AM so glad so many people are not satisfied unless they are spiritually and intellectually growing. There is nothing the world calls for so much to-day as a living personality. Many a minister and teacher, many a young person, has ceased to advance; they are already out of the line of preferment because they are no longer growing. No one should be content unless he so lives that his heart beats every day stronger as he contemplates the great passions of history and the burdens of humanity. In this age there should be no commonplace lives.

"In India every sin has its own peculiar expiation. Drinking intoxicants is considered a mortal sin. For the sin of drinking, a compound of flax, cow dung and bran, usually used as fuel, is spread in a layer over the body, then it is lighted and the victim has to endure the pain of slow burning.

"To show the strength of the temperance sentiment, the Hindu is very careful not to depend only on the law; the children are very carefully instructed against the evils of intemperance. A teacher gives his services gratuitously—knowledge and wisdom are considered invaluable, and should be given freely—society takes care of the teacher. Princes and kings send presents unasked. When a boy becomes a student he is put under a strict discipline—morally, spiritually and physically. He is told, Thou shalt go without liquor and everything that gives pleasure to the senses. The Hindu solves the problems of temperance and purity together by very carefully training the young. Even now Brahmin families consider drinking a mortal sin."

WOMEN AS BOARDERS.

SINGLE women, whether widows or maids, frequently find great difficulty in finding good boarding places owing to the prejudice of the majority of landladies against those of their class. As a rule accommodations of a desirable character are reserved for gentlemen only. One young woman in a neighboring city undertook to get at the root of this prejudice the other day and started out on an exploring expedition. And this is the reception she had, as related by herself:

"The advertisements were the first shocks to my nervous system. With one accord all those who had apartments to let announced that they took gentlemen only.

"This qualification was so general that finally one day I ventured to invade a house so posted and ask to see the rooms. The woman of the house regarded me scornfully.

"'We don't take ladies here,' she said.

"'Why not?' I asked, argumentatively. 'I'm a very busy person. I work during the day and I disturb no one. I can give you unexceptional references. I don't whistle in my room, or throw my clothes in the corners, or smoke; nor am I likely to come in intoxicated at all hours. I really can't see why I shouldn't be as desirable as a lodger as a man.'

"All this I said to induce her to divulge the reason for this prejudice against women.

"'We don't take ladies,' she responded, doggedly. 'They quarrel about the sheets and pillow cases and find fault with the towels and the way the room is swept. There's a boarding-house next door; perhaps they'll take you there.'

"Shades of my grandmother! Perhaps they would take me! As though I were an outcast, whose faults might be forgiven if I promised to be good!

"But they wouldn't take me next door after all, though I added a few other virtues to the list I had reeled off before and showed letters from my former hostess.

"'There's the third floor front you could have if you were only a man,' said this landlady reflectively. 'We don't care to take ladies; they make trouble in the house. We don't seem to be able to make them comfortable, and one urges the other on to complain.'

"The next morning when I started out to renew my search I was fortified with certificates of baptism and confirmation and a letter from the rector of the church I attended. These finally admitted me to the domicile of a weary-looking person, who acknowledged desperately that she took her own sex to board. Then, such is the contrariness of human nature, I instantly took a loathing to the place and decided it must be very second rate indeed. I took rooms there, however."

CONCENTRIC IVORY BALLS.

A CHINAMAN in San Francisco showed me once an ivory ball as big as your two fists, with six smaller balls inside it. It was the most wonderful thing I ever saw. The Chinaman said that the balls had been begun by his grandfather, and that he was the third generation to work on them.

It begins with a solid block of ivory, which is turned into a ball, and then carved in a latticed pattern with tiny saw-toothed knives. Through the lattice, with other knives that are bent in various shapes, the second ball is carved, but is kept fast to the first one by a thin strip of ivory left at the top, and by another left at the bottom.

Then the third ball, with still finer knives, is tackled through the first and second ones, and so the work goes on till all the balls are finished, when the strips that hold them firm are cut away, and they all revolve freely, one inside the other.

This Chinaman said it was a common thing for families to have such balls for hundreds of years—grandfather, father and son and grandson working on them, when they had nothing else to do. They are priceless, of course. Some cheap balls are made of vegetable ivory, being carved while the material is soft, like a potato. These, though, are not worth more than a few dollars at the most.

MINIATURE Indian corn grows in Brazil. The ears are about the size of a little finger and the grains are as small as mustard seed.

MY LOST APPENDIX.

BY CHAS. ESHELMAN.

APPENDICITIS is an affection of the *vermiform appendix*, a small quill-like process, about three inches long, attached to the lower intestines.

The first attack that I experienced I was mistaken in believing that it was only a severe colic, but after trying all the common remedies, and obtaining no relief from the pain, a physician was sent for.

The pain is very severe. Its immediate location is half way between the hip and umbilicus and one-half inch higher.

If the attack is a very severe one, the doctor will generally strive to reduce the inflammation to such a degree that one may be moved to a hospital. In my case the swelling was reduced by compresses of hot water. Ice is used and is just as good as hot water but the latter is generally used, as it can be had with less trouble than ice.

After the inflammation has abated, an operation is the only thing that will effect a permanent cure, for in eight cases in ten the disease will return. It is very dangerous to let it run, as it may prove fatal before an operation can be performed.

All surgeons prefer to operate at a hospital, as the chances for recovery are so much greater than if the work is done at the home. Operations are only made at home when it is a case of life or death, for it would be fatal to attempt to move the patient.

The main reason that a hospital is preferred, is that the danger from septic poisoning is much lessened. All instruments are sterilized after each operation. The care after the operation is also an important factor in the case.

I was at the hospital two days before the operation, during which time I was only allowed a little liquid food. Twenty-four hours before the operation no food is allowed at all, only a cup of tea or hot water.

The day before, I was put to bed and the field of operation was prepared by carefully washing with ether and alcohol.

The doctors begin to pass down the hall and I know that the time has come for the much-dreaded work.

A long cart was wheeled beside the bed, and I was transferred to it.

The nurses and the doctor took me into a room next to the operating room and prepared to administer the anæsthetic. The chloroform bottle is opened, a cloth is spread over the nostrils and I began soon to feel the effects of the strong drug. After a few deep breaths a very peculiar sensation is felt. I seemed to partly know what was occurring, but yet the drowsy feeling was gradually growing stronger. In a short time I ceased to know anything.

The feeling is some like a natural sleep but I was so entirely cut off from any thought that when I came out from under the influence of the chloroform I asked if the work had been done. The time required to make the operation differs, but it usually takes from forty minutes to one and one-half hours for the job proper. Also some time is spent in washing the wound, sewing it, and preparing the patient for his bed.

The sensation on recovery from the anæsthetic is one that I don't think I shall ever forget as long as I live. It was as if I knew and yet I did not know. The mind was so clouded and bewildered that I could not grasp the meaning of all that occurred since I had been wheeled into my room. The pain on waking was intense but after the first day and night it decreased.

I was so thirsty that I begged for water but none was given me for two days and then it was as hot as could be swallowed without burning. No food was allowed for a number of days, giving the wound a chance to heal without causing a fever.

The treatment after the operation was simple. Care was taken what food was given, only liquids given at first, then light diet for a week, and after that regular trays were brought to my bedside.

I was not allowed to sit up until a bandage woven of leather, cloth and rubber was ordered made and fitted on me. This a person is compelled to wear continuously for from six months to a year.

The cost for all is about \$225. Hospital fees, doctors' charges and other incidentals are included.

Of course this can be doubled by using a very expensive room.

These figures are about as cheap as it can be done for, and done as it should be.

A great deal has been said that eating grapes and swallowing the seeds is one of the most frequent causes of this disease. I have made much inquiry in regard to that cause among many surgeons and they universally agree that there is absolutely no foundation for that theory at all. Of all the organs that have been removed no foreign substance has been found there.

The trouble is caused by a stricture of the appendix, and if not removed an abscess will begin to form. People who are easily frightened at the prospect need have few fears as the cases are few and far between compared to the population, and the success of the operation almost universal.

Elgin, Ill.

FASTEST TRAINS ON EARTH.

STATISTICS recently published reveal some interesting facts regarding the fastest regularly scheduled railroad trains in the leading countries of the world. The United States heads the list with four trains run from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. Two of these, running on the Philadelphia and Reading, attain a speed of 66.6 miles per hour for a distance of fifty-five and one-half miles, being the fastest regular runs in the world. The two other trains on the Pennsylvania line, run at the rate of 64.3 miles per hour, the distance over its line being fifty-nine miles. The Midi of France, in a run from Morceaux to Bordeaux, a distance of sixty-seven and three-quarters miles, maintains a speed of 61.6 miles per hour.

England brings up the rear with two trains, which are scheduled to make the run between Dorchester and Wareham, a distance of only fifteen miles, at the rate of 60.1 miles per hour. The fastest long-distance run is made over the Orleans and Midi railway, in France. The run is from Paris to Bayonne, a distance of 486¼ miles, and is made, including six stops, at the rate of 54.13 miles per hour. Then follows the New York Central's empire state express, running from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, including four stops, at 53.33 miles per hour, and finally again England, with a train on the Great Northern, running between London and Edinburgh, 393½ miles, at 50.77 miles per hour.

WANTED.

This department of the 'Nook is open only to subscribers' families. It is free. It may be made to cover any legitimate want. In answering, address your letter as directed in the advertisement, and we will forward it to the proper party with whom you can go into correspondence. Ask no questions. We tell nothing in connection with this Department. We are doing this out of a desire to help our friends. Let all help to make it of use.

WANTED in Iowa, a sister, country raised, for housework on a farm. There are four in the family. Work not hard. Good wages. Girl wanted by March. Good chance for a good girl. Address, B. W. H., Care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED, in Texas, a good, steady brother to work on a fruit farm. Or I will rent my place on which are good buildings. Man wanted after March 1. Address, C. P. H. J., INGLENOOK Office, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED, retired brethren or sisters to board on a farm in Kansas. Terms, \$12 a month. Good buildings, good air, three miles out in the country. Address, H. B., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED: A young brother in Missouri, farmer, penman and bookkeeper, would like work in California. Address: J. M., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

A YOUNG man, Virginian, married, with some capital, expecting to change location, would like to hear from some brother who has a place for him as worker at fair compensation. Can give good references. Address, A. C. F., INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

Our Cooking School.

HOW SHE MADE HER FIRST CAKE.

SHE measured out the butter with a very solemn air, The milk and sugar also, and she took the greatest care To count the eggs correctly, and to add a little bit Of baking powder, which you know, beginners oft omit; Then she stirred it all together, And she baked it for an hour; But she never quite forgave herself For leaving out the flour.

POTATO CHIPS.

BY SISTER J. P. HOLSINGER.

HAVE potatoes clean, pare them, wipe dry with clean cloth. Slice thin on slaw cutter, only slicing several potatoes at a time, as they color if sliced long before frying. Have a pint and a half of lard real hot. Drop the sliced potatoes into this. Stir carefully once or twice while frying, only allow them to become a light-brown. Lift into a sieve or colander to drain, afterward putting them into an earthen or porcelain vessel, sprinkling a little salt over them as you put them into this. When cold cover, and keep in a dry place, where they can be kept for a few weeks. The lard can be used a number of times if covered and kept in a cool place. Use a wire spoon or wide fork for stirring and lifting the potatoes. They are to be kept dry in order to retain the crispness, which makes them more palatable.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

POTATO HASH.

BY SISTER CHARLOTTE ROBERTS.

PEEL one quart onions and one of potatoes. Slice them together and boil them tender in a half gallon of water. Then add one pint sweet cream, a lump of butter the size of an egg. A good supper dish.

Artemas, Pa.

PUMPKIN FRITTERS.

BY SISTER DAISY EVANS.

TAKE one quart of pie pumpkin, mash, add one to three eggs, one teaspoon of salt and enough flour stirred in to make them into a batter. Fry like pancakes in hot lard.

Los Angeles, Cal.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.

BY SISTER ANNA M. MITCHEL.

PEEL and halve a dozen good tart apples of medium size. For the crust, take three pints of flour, three-fourths of a cup of lard, one teaspoonful baking powder, and one teaspoonful salt.

When these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, add sweet milk to make it the consistency of pie crust. Roll out rather thin, cut in squares, place the apples thereon and make the dumplings. Grease a pan well with butter and place the dumplings in. A few bits of butter scattered over the dumplings will improve them. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Serve with sugar and milk.

Newburg, Pa.

GINGER CAKE.

BY SISTER IDA WAMPLER MOHLER.

TAKE one pint sour milk, three-fourths pint of sugar, three-fourths pint of molasses, lard or butter the size of an egg, and one egg, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and one pint of raisins does not spoil it, but can be left out. Bake in bread pans and serve with jelly.

Lecton, Mo.

SPONGE CAKE.

BY SISTER JENNIE G. DUGAN.

ONE pint sweet milk and cream together, two cups of sugar, three eggs, well beaten together. Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, pinch of salt, lemon to flavor. Stir flour, sugar and baking powder together, then add milk and eggs.

Listie, Pa.

THINGS GO BY CONTRARIES.

TRUE as the needle to the pole" is an old adage—and an untrue one. In a matter of fact in no part of the world does the needle point directly to the north pole. At Boothia Felix, in the arctic regions, at a spot christened by Ross the "north magnetic pole," it points straight down toward the center of the earth, and a corresponding point exists, of course, in the antarctic regions. Off the southwest coast of Greenland, again, masses of iron ore deflect the compass several points, thereby causing many a good ship to her ruin. The British navy in November, 1890, had to mourn the loss of the magnificent torpedo cruiser *Serpent*, which was lost from this cause, together with most of her officers and crew, on this treacherous coast.

Snow is everywhere and in all languages a synonym for whiteness and purity. Yet in certain parts of the world snow is red, blue, green and even black. In high latitudes especially, hundreds of square miles of crimson snow have been encountered by explorers. When snow of this character is melted it forms a bright red liquid. In many places in the tropics, the freshness and purity of fall-rain has no existence. It is fetid, and evil smelling. In Java not long since such a rainstorm blistered with acid everything upon which it fell.

Ordinarily things fall downward. Within the depths of the ocean this is reversed. Deep sea fishes are peculiarly liable to this curious form of accident. If in chasing their prey, or for any other reason, they rise to any considerable distance above the floor of the ocean the gases in their bodies become very much expanded and their specific gravity very greatly reduced.

Up to a certain limit the muscles of their bodies can counteract the tendency to float upward and enable them to regain its proper sphere of life at the bottom, but beyond that limit the muscles are not strong enough to live the body downward, and the unfortunate fish, becoming more and more distended as it goes, is gradually killed by its long and involuntary journey to the surface of the sea.

On the other hand, balloons, which ordinarily should rise in the air, often fall suddenly for immense distances. To explain this, aeronauts would tell there exist in the earth's atmosphere, at certain places and under certain conditions, veritable holes or pits of great depth, into which, if a balloon is fittingly sails, it drops like a piece of lead.

On one occasion M. Tissandier, the famous aeronaut, ballooning in company with two friends above Vinzenes, happened on one of these aerial centers, and fell a distance of over a mile with such inconceivable rapidity that the sandbags thrown out of them were left behind and disappeared above them, and the earth seemed to be rushing up at them through space with the speed of a comet. Luckily, when within a few hundred feet of the ground, a denser stratum of air was encountered, with the result that the balloon's downward rush was checked almost as suddenly and quite as effectually as would be that of a falling lift striking upon a pneumatic cushion.

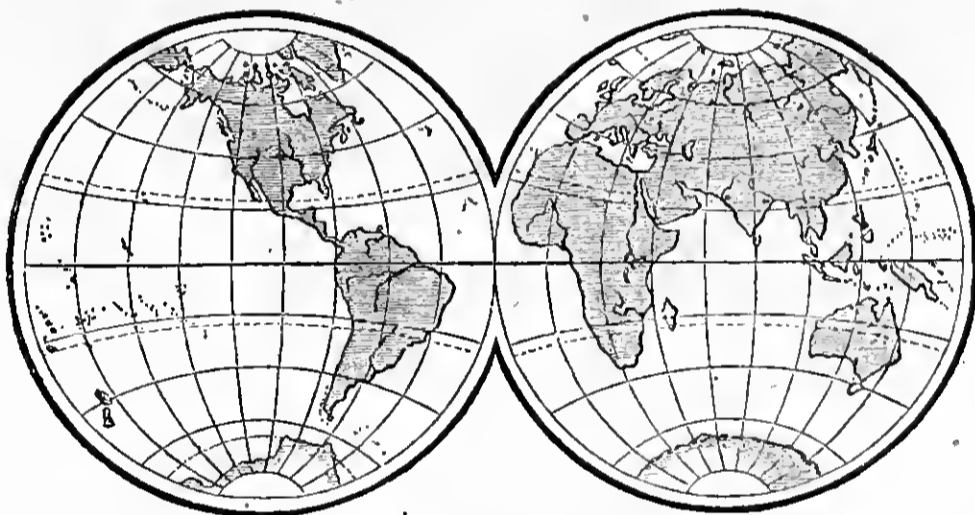
AFTER a man once reaches the top he never talks about the surplus room there.



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TOOK A BITE IN THE DARK.

A YOUNG man whose work keeps him downtown until the early morning hours usually reaches home with a sharp appetite. His mother, an indulgent mother, too, puts a little lunch out where he can get it, but this frequently fails to satisfy him. His wise parent knows this and she saves the larder from a wholesale onslaught by locking things up.

Now, if there is one thing in particular that this youth dotes upon it is jelly. But jelly is an article of food that takes time and skill in its preparation, and if the lady left her jelly jars at his disposal—well, there would be none to dispose of after a few mornings. So the jelly is locked up the tightest of all.

The other morning the youth let himself into the house just as the gray streaks of dawn were cross-barring the eastern sky. There was milk and bread awaiting him, but his soul craved for jelly. He determined to hunt for some. Taking a slice of bread and a knife he stole down cellar and searched the fruit shelves. What happiness! He dimly made out the outlines of a jelly jar. Was there any jelly in it? He dipped in his knife and felt the soft and quivering mass. What a joke on his usually careful mother. She had actually forgotten to turn the key on this treasure.

He drew out a generous quantity and carefully spread it on the bread. He had to do it largely by guesswork, because the cellar was almost totally dark. When the spreading was done he smacked his lips lightly and took a generous bite.

No, it wasn't jelly. It was soft soap.

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Gospel Messenger for 1901

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THE ANGEL CHIMES.

BY B. B. BAKER.

THERE'S a legend that at evening
Just at twilight's holy hour
Float o'er all the lands around us
Vesper chimes from Heaven's tower.

And the music—ah! the music
Of those mellow silver bells—
Limpid ripples from the music
That the angel chorus wells.

But to souls sin-stained and crimson
Steeped in evil, dark with crime,
Is denied the heavenly music
Is denied the vesper chime.

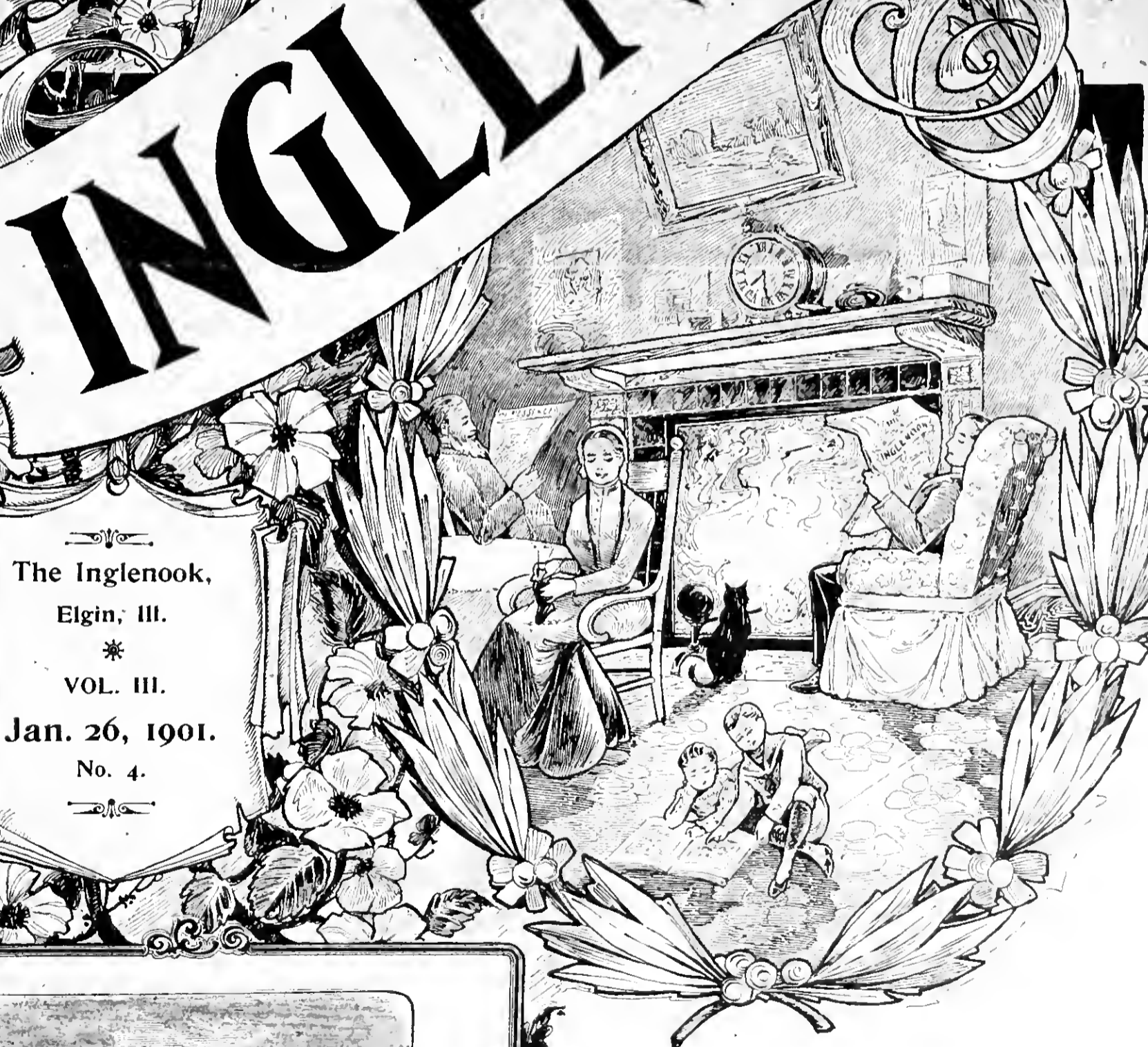
But for those whose lives are blameless,
Hearts are pure and free from strife
The angel bells ring consolation
Peaceful rest and joyous life.

Do you, brother, in your journey,
Though the way seem dark betimes,
Hear, through' all the din and tumult,
Ever hear the vesper chimes?

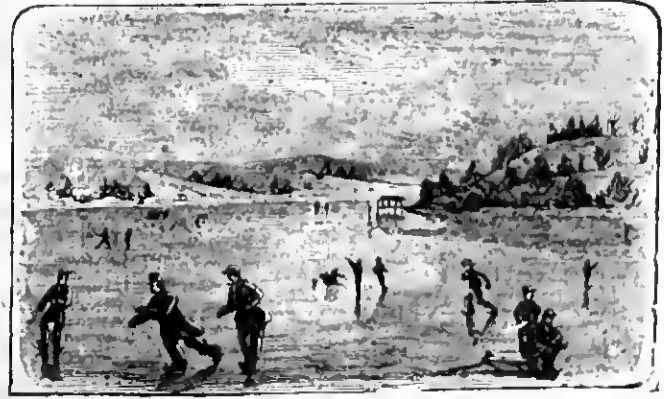
Though your life be full of shadow
And your hopes the blast dispels,
Count not joy and count not sorrow
If you hear the angel bells.

McPherson College, Kans.

THE INGLENOOK



The Inglenook,
Elgin, Ill.
*
VOL. III.
Jan. 26, 1901.
No. 4.



When the Day is Clear and not too Cold.

ELGIN, ILL.

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Gospel Messenger for 1901



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MESSENGER, to the end of 1901,	1.50
Total,	\$5.00

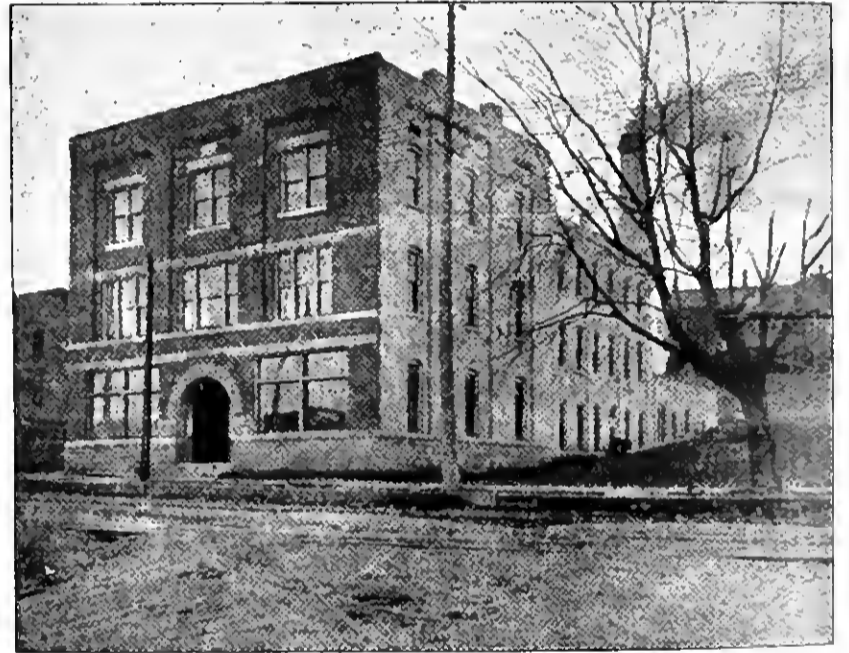
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Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.

THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., JAN. 26, 1901.

No. 4.

SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.

WHAT are the sweetest things of earth?
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides a thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn;
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile, though they may weep;
A brother's cheer, a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days;
A heart where never anger burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace;
The light of love in lovers' eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
An honest hand that needs no ward;
A life with right in true accord;
A hope-bud waxing into joy;
A happiness without alloy;
A mother's kiss, a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.

HOW MONEY IS SHIPPED.

PROBABLY no other business is hedged about with such powerful safeguards as is the shipment of gold—and the chief of these are publicity and simplicity.

In shipping gold two objects are sought—to prevent theft and friction. The gold is so heavy that theft is not likely so long as it is handled in public, where any attempt to carry it away would be observed. The great weight, however, makes friction a great waster of value.

John Smith wants to send \$1,000,000 to London. As gold is the standard of value recognized by the civilized world, he sends it in gold. He can get the metal by collecting it from the general public in return for silver dollars, silver certificates, gold coin notes or any form of money bearing the United States stamp. He can get it at a bank for any of these kinds of money, but by either of these ways he will get it in coins that have been in circulation. As the government stamp does not guarantee the value of a gold coin he will find on weighing his \$1,000,000, if it be in coin, that he has many dollars less than a million—several hundred, perhaps. He could spend his million coin by coin and get full value for it, for the abrasion of each coin is so slight that it is barely noticeable. Only when weighed in bulk is the discrepancy visible. As the gold will be melted as soon as it reaches London the discrepancy will be noticed, so he cannot afford to ship coins that have been in circulation.

There is only one place where he can get \$1,000,000 in gold that has not been worn. That is at the United States treasury, or one of its substations, of which that on Wall street is the principal. But even here he is liable to find himself with less than \$1,000,000. The coinage law says a gold coin shall consist of 900 parts pure gold and 100 parts pure copper. But only in theory can gold and copper be mixed in that proportion. The most delicate methods can only approximate it, and the law fixes a "limit of tolerance." That is, the mint must do its best to make the coins exactly 900 parts gold, but if they have but 899½ parts they will be acceptable as legal coins. Therefore, the most that the government guarantees in \$1,000,000 of its coins is that they are within one-half of 1 per cent of \$1,000,000 of actual value.

But they may be still less. The clerks in the subtreasury will not go to the trouble of picking out the heaviest coins. The law fixes another limit on gold coins—the weight at which they must be retired from circulation if they be found in the subtreasury. That limit requires that a coin must not have been worn so much but that 898 parts of gold remain. Coins far below that value are in general circulation and are kept there because the man who takes one to the subtreasury must suffer a loss on it. But many barely having 898 are reissued by the subtreasury, so that in \$1,000,000 one would get coins averaging about 898½, or about \$1,500 less than \$1,000,000.

It is, therefore, clear that John Smith will not

ship the million in coin unless he is merely supplying American coins to be paid to Americans in exchange on tourist business, therefore running no risk of having the loss by melting.

There is only one place where gold can be had with absolute certainty that there will be no loss. That is at the assay office, in the shape of bullion bars or bricks. These bars the government guarantees to be full value, and all the world accepts the government stamp without question, for the faith of the entire people is pledged in that stamp. The government sells these bars for their value plus 4 cents a \$100. Thus John Smith's million will cost him \$1,000,400. But as he would probably lose \$1,500 if he took coin he can well afford to pay for these stamped bricks.

The government further requires of John Smith that for this gold he shall pay gold coin of full legal value, or gold certificates or coin notes. Silver and silver certificates will not be accepted for it. The gold standard is a theory in all places but at the counter of the treasury.

Although John Smith apparently pays \$1,000,400 for his \$1,000,000 in bars, the gold coin he pays for it may be worth only \$998,900 for the coin may be abraded to the bare line of legality. If he pays in coin notes or other currency he pays the full \$1,000,400, of course, for a promise of the United States never suffers abrasion. It must not be imagined, however, that in paying but \$998,900 he is cheating the government, for he must give the full \$1,000,400 in value to get the \$998,900—the \$1,500 that is lacking is sticking to the pockets of the thousands who have handled the coins, an infinitesimal bit in each pocket.

Having deposited \$1,000,000 in the subtreasury, John Smith receives a certificate to that effect and carries it to the assay office, adjoining the subtreasury, in Wall street. There the cashier keeps that certificate, collects the \$400 and gives to John Smith another certificate bearing the number of the bars of gold set aside to make up his million.

These are called bars, but they are really bricks, about the size of ordinary building bricks but varying in size. The bricks made in each fiscal year are numbered consecutively, beginning with No. 1, on July 1, the first of the fiscal year. Besides the consecutive number each is stamped with an eagle and the words "U. S. Assay—1900—New York." Each bar is worth about \$7,000, gold being worth \$20.671834625 an ounce.

John Smith turns the assay office certificate over to his shipping clerk, who in company with a watchman goes for the actual gold. Usually a policeman or two is present. The assay office places the \$1,000,000 in naked bars on a truck and pushes the truck out into the back yard. The bank clerk signs a receipt for the bars, and as the cashier of the assay office takes the receipt the clerk seizes the handle of the truck. From that instant the responsibility of the United States ceases, and they have no further interest in the gold.

In the yard of the assay office the bank clerk packs the bars in short oak kegs, about \$50,000 to a keg. He does not wrap them in paper or cloth, for that would cause abrasion. He places several inches of sawdust on the bottom of the keg, sets the bars in that on end and packs sawdust among and about them, filling the keg with it. The head is then put in, and the keg is sealed with wax.

In the packing is shown another reason for not shipping coins, for it is impossible to pack coins so they will not be abraded in crossing the sea. The loss on coins by abrasion would be perhaps \$100 in \$1,000,000. There is no abrasion with the bars.

The kegs of gold are put on a truck and hauled to the steamship wharf. The bank clerk, watchman and police ride with the gold. At the wharf the bank clerk receives a bill of lading for the gold and all responsibility then rests with the steamship company.

The kegs are placed in the strongroom of the ship. This is a room with steel walls and

about 30 feet square by 9 high. It is closed with a combination lock, the same as a bank vault. The agent of the ship, the captain and the steward usually witness the placing of the gold in this room. It is closed and locked with a key in addition to the combination lock, and the captain keeps the key. The room is in a place where sailors are constantly passing and repassing its door which opens on a passageway. It is never opened until the ship reaches the other side, but every day at noon, when the regular inspection of the ship is made, the door is examined to see that it has not been tampered with.

There is no secret about the location of the strongroom, but it is not in the same place on all ships. As this room is never used except for gold and silver, it stands empty most of the time. There are other places for other valuables.

As soon as the ship reaches its port in Europe the strongroom is opened in the presence of the agent of the line, the captain and the steward. The gold is taken ashore, and, no matter what the hour of day or night, it is dispatched at once to the city of its destination.

FIEN FOR HOUSEWORK.

THE example of young Mr. Fuller (formerly of Binghamton, New York) in fitting himself to do general housework with uncommon thoroughness is to be followed by several young men in Central New York. Mr. Fuller was first taught plain housework, including cookery, by his mother, after which he took a full course at a cooking school. He is said to be highly accomplished in whatever relates to housework, from washing, ironing and scrubbing to the preparation of the most dainty dishes. He works from eight in the morning until six in the evening, and pledges himself to do as much in that time as any three hired girls. His price is \$5 a week, with board. He is neat in his appearance, wearing a white duck suit, white cap and apron. It is not surprising that the women of Syracuse, where he is now, are fighting for his possession.

The most remarkable thing about this young man are his terms. With a natural taste and aptitude for cookery he should be able to effect an engagement as a chef in a swell family, with a salary anywhere from \$2,000 to \$8,000 a year. It was said that a former Vanderbilt chef received \$15,000 a year. Be that as it may, Mr. Fuller's demand is only \$5 a week, and there is no doubt that his training would enable him to save more than his wages to any housekeeper who has employed the average untrained domestic. All the intelligent young men who may prepare themselves for housework as Mr. Fuller has done, and may be willing to work for the same wage, can find ready employment in the best families. If the average servant girl, with her lack of interest in her employer's welfare, shall be crowded out of the field she has so long monopolized she will be entitled to no sympathy. In fact, she may not need it; she can go write novels. It is affirmed that the American young man has no longer an opportunity to learn a trade and small chance of entering into business. Mr. Croker has declared that nothing is open to the bright young man except politics. As between joining Tammany and earning honest money at housework the latter is to be preferred.

RAINY SEASON ONLY MODERATELY WET.

WHAT they call the rainy season in Mexico comes only in the form of showers, which fall in the afternoon. These showers usually occur every day, but sometimes there will be two or three days of perfectly clear weather. There is no steady down-pour, however, as in most tropical countries and in Mexico the rainy season is regarded as the finest season of the year.

Correspondence

STRAWBERRY CULTURE IN ARKANSAS.

BY A. B. UPTON.

Now we are going to give the 'Nook a treat. Who does not like the luscious fruit, as it swims in the rich cream, surrounded by great quantities of sugar, or placed between two layers of nicely-browned crust and called shortcake? Is it not a rare treat? Does it not make one's mouth water to think about it?

How many of the 'Nook's readers have ever seen a field of strawberries, with its hundreds of acres, with the fruit ripening and glistening like great rubies in the bright summer sun? It is to one of these great fields we intend taking our readers now.

We want to begin in the start and tell how the ground is selected, prepared, laid off, planted and cultivated. It is an interesting subject.

In the first place, it requires among our friends in Arkansas a great deal of study and thought, for the cultivation of strawberries in that part of the world, for the market, is a new thing. Now comes the selection of the ground. And it seems that almost any kind of soil will produce splendid fruit except the black lands and the crawfish land.

The reason why the black lands will not do, is because they are so strong that the plant runs too much to vine and therefore does not produce fruit in paying quantities, nor of a marketable kind.

The crawfish land will not even grow plants. It is a soil of clay mixed with sand and in wet weather crawfish, a kind of a soft-shelled land crab, bores holes through this soil and so it is called, crawfish land.

The best soil is a light grayish soil mixed with small stones.

Now the reason why it is best mixed with small stones, is, because they help to hold moisture, keep the ripening berries off the ground, and retain heat at night, long after the sun has gone to his bed in the west.

The ground is plowed as for corn, then harrowed, or "dragged," until all lumps are broken up, all hollows are filled and the field presents an even, smooth appearance.

The "laying off" is done in the same way as in laying off a cornfield where one uses a drop planter, that is, a sort of a sled is made, wide enough to mark three rows at a time, a row to each runner, then hauled across the field one way, then a shovel plow or "bull tongue," as it is called there, is used, to check or make the cross rows. This leaves a deep row or furrow one way and a shallow row or mark, the other way. The next thing in order is, if it has not already been done, the selection of the plants. What varieties ought to be planted? What age ought they to be?

The varieties usually chosen are the Early Micheal and Crescent. The Early Micheal is earlier by about a week than the Crescent, but it is not as large, nor as firm, therefore is not so good for shipping purposes, but is planted for two reasons.

One is because of its earliness, the other is because of a peculiar quality found among strawberry plants, that is, that certain varieties are of the male sex, and others of the female sex.

Now, this, to the student of nature, is not strange but to one who by reason of circumstances, has not made a study of plants, it will no doubt sound improbable.

But the Micheal is of the male sex, while the Crescent is of the female sex, and in planting them we plant one row of Micheals, then three rows of Crescents, then another row of Micheals and so keep on all through the field of, perhaps, two hundred acres.

Having secured our plants, we place them in a carrier somewhat similar to the carrier used in picking, which we will describe further along.

Each planter is given one of these carriers and a broad-bladed hoe. He selects a plant which he drops down in the furrow with the crown of the plant above the edge and against the side of it. He proceeds to carefully spread the roots of the plants so that they will not crowd and will also cover as much surface as possible, after which he covers them and firmly presses the earth around the plants but leaves the crown free from earth. And so he keeps on until the field is planted.

In a large field there may be as many as forty men planting at a time, and an overseer is required to be with them all the time to see that the work is done right, for among a large gang of men there are some to be found who will, at the least opportunity, slight it.

Most of these overseers are hired by the day and are liable to be taken from among the laborers themselves and almost always they carry a cane or club as a badge of authority. In our field the boss or overseer did not carry a club or cane, or even a little stick. This caused a great deal of comment among other growers and it was freely predicted that we would have trouble with our help, but subsequent events justified us in this course.

The plants should not be over one year of age, with as good a root as can be secured and a well-developed top, that is a good crown. About one week after the plants are set they should be cultivated.

This is done in most cases by the "bull tongue" drawn by one horse or a patient, long-eared mule, working from early dawn till late at night. This cultivation is kept up until the field is left to "bed" about the middle of September.

In about two weeks a gang of men are set at work with hoes to hoe the berry hills, pull out the weeds, cut off the starting runners, and pluck out from their leafy bed any and all blossoms that may appear, for if any plant should fruit the first year it injures it and hurts the subsequent yield.

The field ought to be gone over each two weeks with the hoe, until the "bedding" is done. This is done about the middle of September and is as follows:

One of the reasons why the berries are cultivated so often is to keep the plant from running and catching, thereby forming new plants, for if this should be allowed it would weaken the mother plant and cause the vine to mat or cover the ground so closely that the pickers could not get the berries without crushing a great many and bruising the vine, so the vines are "bedded" by putting all the runners in a narrow row and thus keeping the centers clear.

After this is done the berries are left to themselves until the picking season arrives, when an exciting and interesting scene is presented to us,—a scene that is full of interest and which we will try to present to the 'Nook in another article.

Elgin, Ill.

AN OLD STYLE LETTER.

BY FLORA E. TEAGUE.

A LATE copy of the INGLENOOK gave us some interesting information in regard to postage, envelopes, etc. It reminded me of an interesting old-time letter I have in my possession.

About the year 1830 my grandparents, then young in years, moved from Pennsylvania to Western Ohio. They began preparations for a new home in the wilderness by purchasing land direct from the government; my grandfather making a trip to Cincinnati, a hundred miles away, to obtain the papers which entitled him to the ownership of the farm he had selected.

The nearest post office was about ten miles away and about an equal distance from Dayton, Ohio. How often mail was received I know not, but the relatives of these young people did not neglect them, even though an active remembrance was an expensive thing. Hence, about eight or ten brothers, sisters, and cousins of both got together and wrote letters to the absent ones.

A large double sheet of paper was used, about the size of foolscap, but much thicker, coarser, and weightier. The last page was left bare, for it was to form the cover. This was neatly folded, addressed, sealed with a profuse amount of red sealing wax, and then stamped with a kind of seal instead of a regular postage stamp. The postage was twenty-five cents!

The amusing part of the letter to me is the foolish waste of such expensive words in expressions that conveyed no particular intelligence nor interest, but were simply the custom. Every writer prefaced his ten or twelve lines with the following words: "I take the present opportunity of letting you know that we are all well and hope that when this reaches you it may find you enjoying the same blessings," or "I seat myself with pen in hand to

write you a few words to let you know that we are all well, etc."

While the young people of to-day may be amused at such a prelude, yet my experience and observation have taught me that many of them would be compelled to take a back seat were they to compete with those old-time writers in spelling and neat penmanship. In these latter respects the above-mentioned letters are models.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

A SACRED BIRD.

BY DECIMA G. WAREHAM.

THE Mexican Indians still cling to the superstition that the parrot is a sacred bird. Every utterance that the bird gives forth, is deemed a prophecy of the "Great Spirit" which dwells in the bird, and according to his treatment of the parrot will be judged on reaching the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

While residing in Mexico, an Indian passed my abode and spied one of "Poll's" feathers lying on the bottom of her cage, whereupon he offered me all his possessions for it. I refused the price, but granted the feather. He took it tenderly in his hands, begged some cloth to wrap it in, and folded it in his bosom. He said it would keep all harm away from him. Meantime he invoked the "Great Spirit" in my bird, to forgive my being white, and let me enjoy peace hereafter.

TRICKS DONE BY DENTISTS.

MEDICAL men are not the only professional persons to learn curious secrets regarding those who patronize them. A dentist with a large downtown practice was in a talkative mood at luncheon the other day. "People in my line of life," said he, "occasionally run across odd things. For instance, about a year ago a good-looking young man came into our office one day and asked that we make an artificial set of teeth to incase the splendid lot of natural ivories with which nature had endowed him. We filled the order, which was an exceedingly expensive one. The extra set of teeth, fitting over his own, gave the man an ugly, prominent mouth and totally spoiled his good looks, but he offered no explanation and we asked no questions. I have the best of reason for supposing now that the purchaser was a burglar and that he got the teeth for the express purpose of altering his appearance and thus making identification more difficult.

"You are aware that many are very particular concerning the plate in which artificial teeth are set. Some want gold, others silver, vulcanite and what not. But did you ever hear of patients wearing their own initials inside the mouth?"

"We recently prepared an upper set for a gentleman well known in theatrical circles, and in the platinum roof was set in wires of gold the wearer's initials. Another roof plate, which we were privileged to see, was a perfect masterpiece of artistic work. There were three horsemen depicted in gold wire, fine as a hair, a foreground of catstone and a crescent moon of gleaming silver—all set in the composition of the roof. The teeth were of good quality, but not remarkable, and the price was exactly \$500. A person unconscious of the value of the inner roof would have set the price at \$25.

"Very richly enameled was the dancing girl which decorated the false roof of a one-time millionaire. The pictured lady wore slippers set with tiny diamonds and the owner, being a great smoker, sported an ordinary set when desirous of indulging in a fragrant whiff, thereby never discoloring the dainty enamel of the choice article. We were asked once to fashion a plate from the tusk of an elephant, but as this would have been a difficult and unsatisfactory proceeding we were obliged to reject the offer.

"The most absurd thing we were ever requested to insert in a false roof was a tiger's claw—a trophy of an Indian jungle hunt. We managed it, and to prevent the claw from wounding the tongue of our patron we tipped it bluntly with gold. After a while the tip fell off and the wearer's tongue was torn. To us he came in a rage, and finally decided to wear the claw as a chain pendant."

HAPPINESS is often the price of being common place.

Nature & Study

THE HEDGEHOG.

BY VIRGIL C. FINELLE.

THIS little animal, commonly called hedgehog or hedgepig, is noted for peculiarities in its form, habits and uses.

It is found in different parts of Europe, Asia and Africa; but especially in England and southwestern Europe.

Its body is covered, on the upper parts, with innumerable sharp spines, or spikes, and with hair below.

These spines are about one inch in length and are fixed into the skin in a very simple and beautiful manner, being bent near the roots, and so set, that upon the contraction of certain muscles, they are held firmly in their place, their points toward the enemy.

When, by means of the powerful muscle which extends along the back, just under the skin, he rolls himself up into a ball, he is by no means a pleasant object to handle with bare hands, and often baffles even the dog and the fox.

But the fox, should he discover a pool or stream of water near by, at once proceeds to roll the hedgehog along, until he succeeds in getting him into the water, and this so astonishes the hedgehog that he at once unrolls himself to see what has happened, when he, as a matter of course, becomes the prey of his cunning adversary.

The European species, [*Erinaceus Europæus*], is described as having a rather long muzzle, short neck, short limbs, five-toed feet, strong claws, short tail, small ears and in length from eight to ten inches. The flesh is said to be quite good eating, and the gypsies frequently make it a part of their diet, as do the people in some parts of France and Belgium. History tells us that before the invention of combs or "hackles" with steel teeth, the Romans killed these animals and cured them with the skin and spines on and used them in hatcheling or combing flax.

The hedgehog is an excellent insect exterminator and is quite frequently domesticated with this object in view.

Its food is not limited to insects, however, as it preys on larger animals, such as reptiles, small quadrupeds and birds; is fond of eggs and milk, and in confinement will readily eat soaked bread, cooked vegetables, etc. It readily kills snakes, and even vipers, which it eats, beginning always at the tail. It is also said to be capable of resisting, in an extraordinary degree, not only the venom of the serpents, but other kinds of poisons, however administered. I cannot find that the hedgehog is found in any part of the United States, except, possibly, a few kept as pets.

Morgantown, W. Va.

[The above is true of the European hedgehog, but the last sentence leaves the impression that the animal is not found in the United States, which is incorrect. Who will give the animal's distribution in this country?—THE EDITOR.]

A GREAT APPLE TREE.

BY CHAS. M. YEAROUT.

In my travels in and through different States I have seen many curious and odd things; but last Thursday I looked upon, and measured the largest apple tree I ever saw. It is of the fall variety, and is great from different standpoints. It is great in age, great in size, and great in fruitage.

This huge fruit tree stands on the farm of William H. Harman, Floyd County, Va., about a half mile from Fred post office. The tree is nearing a hundred years in age, bears large white apples with a yellow tint, very fine flavored, is a good cooker, and is supposed to be a seedling. The tree near the ground measures nearly fifteen feet in circumference, and five feet above the ground it measures over fourteen feet. The two largest prongs above the fork measure about seven feet six inches each in circumference. This tree has borne as many as one hundred and forty bushels of apples in a year. It has belonged to the Harman's for about fifty years, and has been a proficient bearer all these years, and the tree seems quite vigorous, and promises to live many years yet. Do any of the INGLENOOK readers know of a larger apple tree than this?

Fred, Va.

HORNED TOADS.

BY LOIS NEEDLES.

HORNED toads, usually called locally, "hornie toads," and they are something a person who is looking for odd specimens of animals should not fail to see. They are, in fact, as their name implies, "hornie toads." Their bodies and heads are completely covered with small horns. They differ from toads in another respect, for they have tails.

Some say they make nice pets, and if placed where they can catch insects, especially flies, they are no more trouble than other pets. Anyone who is not afraid of them can pick them up and handle them at any time, as they are very tame. I have heard the bite of a hornie toad proves fatal, but I have lived where they are to be seen every summer and never knew them to hurt anybody. Another peculiarity is, they always run instead of hop.

Wayside, Kansas.

[The Natural History Editor of the 'Nook wishes to add that horned toads, so-called, are not toads at all, but belong to the lizard family. While repulsive, they are, as the writer says, perfectly harmless.]

MANY MONKEYS OF MANY KINDS.

A LARGE share of the monkeys brought into this climate die of lung trouble, and the greatest care must be exercised in guarding them against sudden changes of temperature and protecting them during the cold weather. The South American ringtail monkey stands this climate better than the African or Asiatic monkey does, and is, as a result, the chosen slave of the hand-organ man. No other monkey could stand being dragged about the country in rain, cold and sleet, heat and cold, and even the ringtails are likely to die of the exposure. The organ grinder ordinarily kills from five to ten monkeys before he finds one that can stand the life, but when that one is found nothing but an ax or dynamite could feaze it.

Another reason why the South American monkey stars with hand organs is that it is the only one of its race that can be trained well. It learns tricks readily and is willing to show them, while the Asiatic or African monkey has a propensity for stubborn and incorrigible sulks. Then too, these animals, if confronted with anything new that startles or irritates them, may drop their veneer of civilization and slip back into savage wildness and viciousness, while the ringtail always does credit to his training and maintains his serenity. His virtues are his undoing, and he leads the hardest life of any of his tribe.

The ringtails are brought directly to this port in vessels running between New York and South American ports, but the importation is usually an irregular and desultory one, carried on by the captains and mates of the boats. If they have an opportunity to pick up a few monkeys at a low price they bring them on the home voyage and sell them to the dealers, but they seldom bring many of the animals at one time. By the time the boat reaches this port the monkeys have been handled by the sailors until they are comparatively tame and reconciled to captivity.

The African and Asiatic monkeys are even tamer when they reach here, for they have passed through more hands and have been longer on the way. They are usually bought for the American trade in Hamburg, Germany, and come over in consignments of from fifty to two hundred, in charge of a buyer, who looks out for their health and comfort. Many of them reach Hamburg in the same way that the ringtails reach New York, through the captains and mates of trading vessels, who import them as a private speculation. The Germans, however, also carry on a definite and systematic trade in monkeys, and men are sent to Asia and Africa every year to collect the animals. Some of the dealers have arrangements with the natives by which the monkeys are captured and held for them, and the buyer makes only a comparatively short trip, to inspect the animals and take them to Germany.

One species of monkey, the African mandrill, has won immunity from captivity by consistent and incorrigible viciousness and intractability. Thousands of the tribe fought, bled and died in the cause, and, like the old guard, they died, but never surrendered. There should be a monument to these mandrills, who made for liberty in Winkel-

ried style and showed the big, grasping baboons and the frightened chimpanzees and the smaller Asiatic hordes that the tailless invaders might capture their bodies, but could not subdue their proud spirit. Now, as a result of ancestral heroism, innumerable mandrills are sportively swinging by their tails in African forests, serenely sure that they will not be disturbed.

"They're a bad lot, the mandrills. It don't pay to bother with them," say the dealers; but the banderlogs know that the mandrills are heroes.

The baboons and chimpanzees are ferocious and hard to handle, but bring good prices and there is always a demand for them. The opening of new zoological gardens throughout the United States has increased the trade in monkeys, but the American circus has always offset the greater number of zoos in Europe and has made this country a good monkey market. The clown and the monkeys are the two indispensable circus adjuncts. The rest of the outfit may be thin-spread and unsatisfactory, but if the monkey and the clown are in good working order the children at least will get their money's worth. So the manager of even the smallest traveling circus keeps his monkey cages full, and, as the exposure kills off the animals rapidly, he has to be constantly replenishing the stock. It is hard on the monkeys, but the making of the dealers.

THE SCOURGE OF THE RICE BIRD.

GOVERNMENT ornithologists are trying to discover some method by which the ravages of the rice birds in the South may be lessened, the trouble having increased to such a point that the feathered mischiefs are looked upon by planters in that part of the country as worse than a plague of locusts. They seem to be growing in numbers from year to year, and it is estimated that they cause an annual loss of at least two million dollars to the rice growers. The latter are obliged to maintain corps of men and boys, who patrol the fields from morning to night, firing guns or cracking whips to frighten the little pests away from the ripening crop. In this way one planter uses up twenty-five hundred pounds of gunpowder in a season.

The rice bird is well known and highly respected in more northern latitudes as the bobolink, famous for its tuneful song. It breeds, under the name of bobolink, in the British provinces and the most northerly parts of the United States. But its winter home is Brazil, and while migrating it makes itself familiar along the coast of the Middle States as the reed bird, much prized by epicures. Lingering for a while to feed upon the wild rice of the Delaware and Chesapeake, it attacks later on the cultivated rice fields of the South, where it transforms itself into a ruinous scourge.

Coming northward in April, by way of Florida, the birds enter the United States just as the rice is starting in the fields, and at once begin to pull up and feed upon the young kernels. Their stay is short at this time, the great damage being done when, on their return journey, they assail the growing grain. The first of them arrive about the middle of August, and from that time until the last of them depart for South America, nearly two months later, there is no rest for the unfortunate planter. They swarm upon the fields by millions, and when frightened from one place they at once settle at another a short distance away.

So destructive are the attacks that it is necessary to plant the rice at such a time in spring that it shall be under water when the birds arrive. It is customary to plant another lot when the pests have passed on to the North.

HABITS OF CARRIER PIGEONS.

THE carrier pigeon when traveling never feeds. If the distance be long, it flies on without stopping to take nutriment and at last arrives thin, exhausted and almost dying. If corn be presented to it, it refuses to eat, contenting itself with drinking a little water and then sleeping. Two or three hours later it begins to eat with great moderation and sleeps again immediately afterward. If its flight has been very prolonged the pigeon will proceed in this manner for forty-eight hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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THE INGLENOOK LIFE OF CHRIST.

ONE of the most important, and at the same time, one of the most interesting things ever undertaken in the Brotherhood, will be begun in a short time in the columns of the INGLENOOK. Reference is had to the forthcoming Life of Christ by our Brethren. The plan is as follows:

The subject matter will be properly arranged in regular sequence, and each phase of the life of the Master, from his birth till his ascension will be treated by a different brother or sister. It will be seen that this will never become monotonous, as each view is by a different person, and when it comes to Christ's dealing with women it will be treated by sisters. The whole will be a composite view of Christ that will be unique, and unequalled in interest. It will be, moreover, something that has now no existence, the whole life of the Lord and Master from the view of the Brethren. Naturally and necessarily it will be viewed from the angle of fifty different people's observation, and can not fail to be of the most consummate interest to every reader.

It is not necessary to call the attention of the regular readers of the INGLENOOK to the fact that it will be, like everything else in the 'Nook, up to date and out of the ordinary, but we wish to impress on the minds of all who read these lines that they should take advantage of this opportunity to familiarize themselves with a most important subject at the hands of their brethren and sisters. Every minister, Sabbath-school teacher, official of every character, and, indeed every member of the church, should read this coming production. It will be of the most intense interest, not only on account of its personal importance, but on account of its intrinsic merit as coming from the Brethren.

The work will be begun in the course of a few weeks, and this announcement is made to allow the reader who may not be a subscriber to get in his order for the paper. At present the work is being finally mapped out, and when begun will continue throughout the year. The attention of the reader is called to the fact that there will be few back numbers available, and to get the story of the Master from the beginning it will be necessary to take hold at once. It will be a unique thing, of absorbing interest, and if you care at all for the church, and the life of the Lord and Master you can not afford to miss this.

The INGLENOOK will be sent to all subscribers for one year from the date of the receipt of the subscription price, which is one dollar. People who miss this opportunity will undoubtedly have occasion to regret it. Send on your subscription to-day. Address, The Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

HOME LIFE.

THE 'NOOK is in receipt of a letter from a girl reader of the paper, in which she takes a despondent, not to say morbid view of her home life. She says it is all routine and no chance for the intellectual development she craves. The story is as old as the hills, and oftener than not it is, unfortunately, too true. In too many homes parents are unmindful of the mental demands of their children. They are, themselves simply a pair of hard-working machines with no ideas of the rosy side of life, or if they ever had them, have so stunted them that not even the ruins are visible. Such people think a girl nineteen years old should devote her life to housework, and regard an evening in the fairyland of a new book as ill spent compared to the same time devoted to darning socks. Their highest ambition is to get her married off to some man with money, or its equivalent.

This is the Grad-grindphase of life at which the girl rebels, naturally, and, we might say, justifiably so. Now what is there to do in such a case? The

'Nook answers that there is always an open door to intellectual enjoyment to those who seek it. In papers and magazines of the right sort there is a field for intellectual inroads and excursions to the land of forgetfulness unequalled in any other domain of human exploration.

The daily grind is forgotten in the virile stories of Kipling, and the dishes are lost sight of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

There are other phases of quiet enjoyment, cheap in the outset but effective in the end sought, and the personal room of our nineteen-year-old may be brightened with pictures clipped from the old magazines, the spray of berried greenery, or the wild flower in the old tin can covered with bright tissue paper. Let her give expression as far as she can to her soul and the dingy lamp will turn to an astral crystal, and the feather work of the frost on the pane will make her forget that there are such things as splitting kindling wood with a dull knife on the morrow's morning. Where there is a soul there is a way.

A VERY curious example of the danger of trying to imitate even the best example has recently been furnished by a magistrate in Switzerland. Two young women appeared before him, each of whom claimed to be the mother of a six-months-old baby. The magistrate, who had not forgotten his scriptural teaching, thought it a good time to emulate the wisdom of Solomon. He, therefore, called for a butcher knife, and placing the child in front of him, declared his intention of dividing it in two and presenting a half to each of the vociferous claimants. "Don't do that!" they cried; "keep it yourself," and before he could stop them they both fled from the courthouse, leaving the judge with the stake to hold.

THAT INGLENOOK Life of Christ is going to be the most interesting thing ever printed in the church. There has never been a composite Life of Christ anywhere, as far as our knowledge goes, and, of course, none in our church. Moreover we intend that sisters shall write the parts where Christ has relations with women. You, reader, will get to read it all. How about the others? Tell them of it. If there is a man without the dollar in his pocket, but in sight ahead, let him not hesitate to say so, for we would not have him miss the feast, and it is certain that back numbers will run out.

WHEN a paper starts up people take it out of curiosity. When their time expires and they pay for it again they like it. When they say good things about it they love it. And the 'Nook has some thousands of people who have done all these things, and as the Indians say, the 'Nook man's "heart is good toward them."

"SIN is the transgression of the law," says St. John. But a Boston medical student thus defined it in a prayer meeting, and the pastor kept his face straight:

"Sin may be defined as the metamorphosis of transformation, and may be diagnosed as to its pathology as devitalization."

A BROTHER asks us to give our opinion as to where the best part of the Brotherhood is found. This is easy. It is where the most 'Nooks go. Given a clear conscience, a fireside, good health, a good supper, and the last INGLENOOK, just received, what more do you want?

"I AM matron of this Hospital, and have charge of a ward with twenty-five patients, and they all enjoy reading my INGLENOOK."—*Maryland letter.*

"WE get the INGLENOOK every week, and we all like to read it. It seems we like to read it better than any other paper."—*F. B., Astoria, Ill.*

OUR grandmother stays with us most of the time, and as soon as the mail comes she says: "Did the INGLENOOK come?"—*Office letter.*

"ONE will have to go a good ways to get a paper that gives more information out of the ordinary run of things than the INGLENOOK."

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Are wild horses still found in the West?

A very few are still to be found.

Do ocean-going vessels use salt water in their boilers?

No, it is processed to get rid of the salt.

What is a mogul locomotive?

It is a name for a peculiar build of engine of great pulling power.

What is the difference between anthracite, bituminous, and lignite coal?

It is practically all the same thing in different stages of development.

Are women writers acceptable to the 'NOOK, that is, are they as readily received?

Sex has nothing to do with an article's fate here. Sense, not sex, governs us.

What is a palindrome?

A sentence that reads alike forward or backward, as, Able was I ere I saw Elba.

Are salt water bodies alike in saltiness?

No, there is a considerable difference in the amount of salt held in solution.

I have some very old dishes. Are they valuable?

All depends on what they are. Make goes further than age. Describe them.

What is cement made of?

One of the most used is limestone, half burned, ground and sacked or barreled. It has the property of hardening under water.

I lost a piece of baggage for which I have a check. The Company wants me to let them have the check to help find the baggage. What do you advise?

Show them your check, let them take the number, put it back in your pocket, and surrender it when they find your baggage.

At what age might a young woman be called an old maid?

Somewhere about eighty-five, we should say, or before. It all depends on the "young woman" herself. Some of them never get old.

How do the great ocean steamers supply drinking water for their passengers?

It is often distilled on board, or it may be taken along from the shore in casks. There is no trouble whatever about drinking water at sea in the larger boats.

What is a good way to preserve our INGLENOOKS?

There is a cheap and good file that is about the same as having them bound. We use them here in the office, and advise you to get one for your personal use.

Is it true that there are so many grasshoppers in some sections that they stop the trains?

Yes, but it is because they crawl on the rails in such numbers that the wheels slip. They get on the rails on account of their warmth. Sanding the rails is the remedy.

Is telegraphing all done in the English language?

Certainly not. In sending a message to a country, or through an office where the English language is not known, it is followed letter by letter, by the operator, just as you would copy the letters of a note in a language you knew nothing about.

What constitutes the gold and silver weddings?

They are anniversaries of the marriage of people, and are by common consent about as follows: The first anniversary is the paper wedding when invited friends bring gifts made of paper. Five years is the wooden wedding, ten years the tin wedding, twenty-five the crystal wedding, fifty years the golden wedding, and seventy-five the diamond wedding. It is customary for the principals to issue invitations, and for the invited parties to attend bringing any gift they choose only so it is made of the substance indicated by the anniversary. Usually no end of useless duplicates accumulate, but the good feeling is all right and commendable.

LIVE AT "STAG" HOTELS.

Of all the various modes of living followed in Chicago, from residence in palatial homes down to the cheapest of lodging-houses, there is only one which is peculiar to the great city and which is not found in country towns. That is the "stag" hotel.

The small city has its hotels of more or less pretensions, conducted upon the American and European plans; it has its small European hotels down near the depot, where hurried travelers may get a room between trains; it has its boarding-houses and rooming-houses and even, in some cases, what have come to be differentiated as "lodging-houses," where a bed can be secured for a few cents. But the "stag" hotel is primarily an outgrowth of the demand arising in a great city for a hotel exclusively for men, in grade quite a bit above the ordinary "lodging-house" and still considerably cheaper in rates than the regulation "European hotel." In the city there is a great army of homeless, unmarried men—many of them regularly employed and others taking odd jobs for a week or a month at a time. They are of an age, in many cases, when the storied delights of "home comforts" do not appeal to them. They have a desire to be near the heart of the city—down in the noise and lights of the garish town.

They have no desire for boarding-house life, which usually necessitates a trip on the street cars to some quiet cross street where there is nothing to attract or hold them. If they lived in such a place they would find it necessary to make a journey back to the downtown region again immediately after eating dinner, for it is there they spend all their leisure time. In the saloons and billiard halls and cheap theaters they find their amusements and they desire to have their rooms within easy reach at whatever hour of the night they desire to "turn in." Hence the "stag" hotel.

Very many men after a few years of this sort of life do not care to have women around them. All their sympathies and friendships are with their own sex, and they carry this antipathy to the extent of shunning hotels at which women may reside. They want to feel free to smoke and sing and shout in any part of the house. They make of the hotel in which they live a sort of club after they are well acquainted with a dozen or a score of the roomers. Women are not wanted and to men of this turn of mind the "stag" hotel is an Eveless paradise. At the same time their ideals of comfort and surroundings are considerably higher than those entertained by the homeless hosts who live at the cheap lodging-houses. In places of the latter sort single rooms are the exception and many men sleep in one apartment—as many as the law allows. The charges for this grade of accommodation are, of course, very low and in keeping with what is offered.

In the evening the parlors and lounging-rooms of the "stag" hotels are crowded with such of the roomers as do not seek diversion outside, and many odd characters may be found among them. Picturesque-looking old men striving desperately to keep up appearances despite the pressure of adverse circumstances sit in solitary grandeur smoking and reading quite aloof from the common herd. Some of them, living on pensions or small incomes from families which have become estranged from them, reside at one of these hotels the year around. They never do any work or seem to have the slightest ambition beyond merely living. Day after day and night after night they go through the same routine of eating, smoking and reading. Now and then one of them will select a confidante from the hosts of guests who fill the chairs in the "office" and take him away for a drink and a chat about bygone days. But as a rule they are taciturn and extremely sensitive on the subject of their more prosperous past.

Employes of billiard-rooms and poolrooms are among the men who find the "stag" hotel cheap, comfortable and handy. They work at night in many instances and can sleep half the day without being routed out, as they would be in an ordinary hotel. They meet congenial spirits in the hours they spend loafing around the place instead of encountering the "farmers" who patronize the regulation cheap hotels. Indeed, these "stag" places do almost no transient business. They do not even back for it. Most of their rooms are regularly occupied by the week or month by men whose call-

ings are followed in the heart of the city, and they are, on a cheap scale, like the clubs of wealthy men—places where they can go at any hour of the day or night to sleep or eat or do whatever pleases them most.

The rates, as has been intimated, are very moderate at the majority of the "stag" hotels. Although the signs hung outside announce rates running from twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents a day, regular roomers who engage rooms by the week or month get a much lower rate—from \$1 to \$2.50 a week being the average.

MONUMENT OF BLOCK COAL.

A MOVEMENT is on foot, said to be backed by Philadelphia coal men, to build at Summit Hill, near Mauch Chunk, Pa., a monument of coal to the memory of Philip Ginter, who discovered coal within a very short distance of Summit Hill. In September last it was 109 years since Ginter made his great discovery. He lived in a rough cabin in the forests on the Mauch Chunk mountain. While in quest of game for his family his foot struck a black stone. By the roadside, not far from the town of Summit Hill, he built a fire of wood and threw pieces of the supposed stone about it so that the embers might last longer while he was roasting a fowl. He was surprised after a little while to see the stones aglow and retain their heat for a long time. He carried a lot of coal home and burned it there. The few neighbors soon learned of the discovery, but there was no mining to any extent in Carbon county until after the war of 1812 had begun.

The first load of anthracite coal ever mined in Schuylkill county was shipped to Philadelphia 100 years ago. George Shoemaker, who owned a small tract of land where Pottsville now stands, in 1800 dug up a peculiar black stone. Digging farther out of curiosity he came upon a bed of the stuff, which seemed to underlie in a thick stratum all of his land. He communicated his find to the neighboring farmers, but they told him it was only a new sort of rock. Shoemaker, however, loaded a wagon with the black stuff and started for Philadelphia. He took it to the Pennsylvania bank, in Second street, and interviewed the bank people.

"You've got a big load of nothing there, Shoemaker," said the president with a smile, as he examined specimens of the coal.

"Well, if you say so it must be so," said Shoemaker, disappointed, and he dumped his load in a vacant lot adjoining the bank and drove home sorrowfully.

About a year afterward Patrick Lyon, a blacksmith, carried some of the black lumps to his smithy and demonstrated to the satisfaction of himself and the bank people that what Shoemaker had dumped on the lot was the best fuel of which the country at that time had knowledge.

It was not long before Shoemaker received fabulous offers for his land and his farm became the scene of the first mining operations.

MORE THAN EVER BEFORE.

A CHURCH spire seems to be hardly complete without a clock. Notwithstanding the fact that watches and house clocks have been so cheapened within the past few years as to be within the reach of everyone, even those of meager financial resources, it is still pleasant to be able to look up at the spire of the nearest church and get the "right time." It is also pleasant, particularly in the country, to hear a sweet-toned bell striking the hours as they pass. There is an idea, however, among some people that the day of the tower clock has passed, that the bell has become a nuisance instead of a pleasure and that the modern church, is clockless, at least so far as externals are concerned.

The representative of one of the largest clock manufacturers in this country says that this latter is an erroneous idea. "As a matter of fact," says he, "we have sold more clocks for towers in the past two years than we did in the previous ten." The representative asked him to tell its readers something about the style and cost of tower clocks, such as are now being sold.

"Clocks for church towers are invariably made to order to meet special conditions, and it is almost impossible to give any general idea of what we

furnish. It is safe to say, however, that as a rule tower clocks are made with four dials, each dial being about six feet in diameter. The dials are usually black or some very dark color and the figures and the hands are gilded. In our opinion a black dial with gilt hands and figures is legible at a greater distance than one with any other combination of colors, and the black and gold usually harmonize with the colors of any building on which the dial may be placed. Sometimes an open dial is used, with the gold figures standing out against the stonework of the tower, but this is not a usual practice and it is scarcely worth mentioning.

"As to the cost of tower clocks, there again it is hard to speak in general terms. We have made such clocks for \$1,000 and we have made them for \$12,000. The latter is about the top price, and I am free to confess that we do not sell many of that grade. Perhaps the safest prices to name would be from \$1,000 to \$3,000.

CHINA'S FREQUENT FEAST DAYS.

RELIGIOUS and national fetes are frequent in China. Sacrifices are then performed before the tablets of their ancestors, and ceremonial dishes are partaken of *en famille*. Wine drunk with a mixture of orpiment at this time is supposed to drive away epidemic diseases for a whole year. Bowls of water are put in the courtyard at high noon to catch the sun's rays, from which other benefits are supposed to proceed. Boat racing is one feature of this occasion. The boats are practically scows, with a dragon's or horse's head fastened in front, on which the coxswain rides. The people, after the race is over, scatter away to restaurants and other places of entertainment, with which the various monasteries are classed. The fete of the moon is celebrated in the eighth month of the year, and this lasts six days.

HOW COREANS PRAY.

A RETURNED sojourner in Corea tells that he asked a native priest: "Tell me why you people kneel down before a stone, or piece of wood, or any inanimate object, and pray to it? Why not pray to God, as Christians do?" "I will explain," said the devout idolater. "Christians close their eyes and look up without seeing anything as they pray. The Coreans do not pray to the piece of stone or wood, as you imagine, but to the same good God, and select the inanimate object merely as an emblem. Instead of seeing nothing, they gaze upon God's handiwork, for God made the stone."

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE PICTURE?

TIME, five minutes before breakfast. Place, the home kitchen. Caste of characters, Ma, rotund and motherly. James Sleepyhead upstairs in bed. Pop, out feeding before breakfast.

"Jimmie, oh, Jimmie!"

No answer.

"Jimmie, Jimmie, breakfast is about ready. Are you going to get up?"

"Yow—wow—wow," away up stairs.

Five minutes elapse and then, "James! are you going to get up, or must I tell Pop?"

"Yah, yow, yow, let a fellow yah wow!"

Pop enters: "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I called that boy and he will not get up, and I have half a mind tu,—"

"James!"

"Yes, sir. Comin'."

Pop listens a few seconds, and then clump, clump, he starts up stairs. There is an immediate racket above, and a hurrying of feet, and he stands on the top step swinging his right "gallus" over his shoulder, saying rather doubtfully,

"I'm a comin' right away. I've been a comin' right down."

And what does Ma do? She slips an extra egg on Jimmie's plate, for has not his father been hard on the poor, dear, little boy?

THE shortness of life is bound up with its fullness. It is to him who is most active, always thinking, feeling, working, caring for people and for things, that life seems short. Strip a life empty, and it will seem long enough.—Phillips Brooks.

Good Reading

MANY MILLIONS ARE MADE.

"The lamp chimney," said a man acquainted with the trade, "seems a simple sort of thing, but there are not many things of more common use the world over and in the aggregate the number sold is enormous. In this country there are 12,000 men and boys employed in making lamp chimneys, and the chimneys produced number millions annually. The greater number are now made west of the Allegheny mountains in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, where the majority of the glass works of the country are located, many of them in the natural gas regions.

"The first glass works in the country was established in Boston and formerly the glass-making industry was principally in the east. Now there are not nearly so many glass factories here as there once were.

"One not familiar with the business might be surprised with the great variety in which lamp chimneys are made. Lamps are made in these days in very great variety by many makers and of course there are made chimneys suitable for all of them. There is one American lamp chimney maker who, counting sizes and styles, produces 600 varieties. Among the great variety of chimneys made there are some that are of common use everywhere and then there are some that are specially suited to demands in this or that part of the country and are not in demand in other parts.

"Lamp chimneys are not only made in far greater variety than formerly, to fit perfectly every sort of lamp, but they are also made better than ever. In fact, lamp chimneys have advanced with everything else. But enormous and increasing as the production is, the demand scarcely keeps pace with the increase in the population, this being especially true in cities where gas is more and more used, and here in New York, for instance, by users through slot gas machines, which have some influence on the sale of lamp chimneys. Still the number of lamps used here is enormous. There are plenty of people burning gas, for instance, who have as well three or four lamps, and the number of people here who use lamps alone for the purpose of illumination is very great. There are used in New York and its vicinity millions of lamp chimneys annually.

"There are received in this city from western manufacturers, for domestic consumption, I suppose about four car loads of chimneys weekly, running from 1,500 to 2,000 dozen chimneys to the car. These are sold to jobbers who distribute them through their trade to customers in the city and hereabouts and to customers to greater or less distances away. Perhaps half of these chimneys, or rather more, are used in the city or within fifty miles of it. To the chimneys thus brought here are to be added those produced here, the eastern chimneys being made chiefly for the local trade and for export.

"We import a few lamp chimneys of the cheapest and of the best grades, the cheap chimney from Germany and the costlier from France, but these imports cut only a small figure in the total consumption, and we export lamp chimneys in great quantities. We send very few to Europe, though we do sell them some of our best chimneys. But outside of Europe we sell lamp chimneys everywhere. We come into competition in some parts of the world with the Germans, who make chimneys very cheaply, but our exports are increasing and we send chimneys, as I said, everywhere: to Mexico, the West Indies, South Africa, China, in fact to all lands in which lamps are used, all around the earth."

ABOUT FISHING RODS.

Do you know what a high-class trout or bass rod costs—how it is made, what it is made of and the care that should be bestowed on it? Do you know that there are many men who do not hesitate to spend as much money for the kind of rod they fancy as would suffice to buy a serviceable and stylish suit of clothes?

A man who didn't know these things, though he fancied himself an amateur angler and was rather proud of his equipment of rods, reels, lines, etc., broke his favorite rod the other day and took it to

an artisan who makes a specialty of such things to have it mended. The manner in which the rod was broken is of interest, as the telling of it may save some other disciple of old Izaak a trip to the repairer.

The man had finished his day's sport and stripped the rod—a six-ounce split bamboo—of reel and line. The rod was wet, and with a view of drying it the man switched it back and forth with a jerky, lateral movement. The consequence was a sharp snap, and the rod was broken close to the ferrule of the second joint. The strain of that jerky, switching motion was too much for the bamboo that had more than once proved too strong for a six-pound game fish fighting for its life.

"You ought to have had better sense than that," said the artisan, when the man took the rod to the shop to be repaired, and told him how it was broken. The artisan wears a grizzly beard and speaks his mind with perfect freedom, for he owns his shop and has more work than he can do, making golf sticks and fishing rods and repairing guns, and other tools of the sportsman. "Men come in here nearly every day, and make me fidgety doing that same fool trick with rods that I have made or repaired for them. It's a wonder that more rods are not broken that way. A fish never breaks a rod. The man always does it.

"Now, here is a little rod I have just finished. It weighs only six ounces, but a good fisherman can land a forty-pound muskellunge with it and never give it the slightest strain. Yet you might take that rod and switch it in two, although every inch of it is hand-wrapped and only the best material was used in making it."

The visitor asked questions and the artisan explained the mysteries of rodmaking, illustrating his statements as occasion required by practical demonstration of how to do it.

The most approved material for trout and bass rods is split bamboo. The maker buys a lot of bamboo poles, or Calcutta reeds, as they are known to the trade. These he splits into suitable lengths, each split being of triangular form, so that six of them make a circle. The splits are of varying thickness, for the several joints of the rod of course, those of the butt being stiff and strong, while those that form the tip are as flexible as whalebone, such as is put in women's dresses. After the splits are made to fit each other perfectly they are glued together and left to dry. The glue used takes about twelve hours to harden thoroughly. As soon as it is dry the ferrules and mountings are put on; then the artisan dresses the rod down to the size and shape desired. Some anglers prefer the round and some the hexagonal rod—it is purely a matter of taste, although the experts claim that a round rod is better calculated to stand a strain than the other. Next comes a coat of waterproof, which dries in a few hours.

The wrapping follows. This is a most difficult process for one who doesn't know how, but an expert workman does it as easily as our grandmothers knit. The finest quality of silk thread is used, the color being a matter for the person who is having the rod made to decide. If a rod is full wrapped—that is, if the silk covers every particle of it—about 300 yards of silk are used in the wrapping. But frequently a rod is only wrapped in sections where the greatest strain is supposed to be, and in that case the amount of silk used is considerably less. The cork grip and the guides and tips are on the rod before it is wrapped, and the only thing left to do now is to lacquer the silk. This is done from seven to ten times before the rod is regarded as thoroughly waterproofed. It takes from eight to ten hours for each coat of this lacquer to dry.

"So you can easily see," said the artisan, "that it is impossible to turn out a hand-made rod under eight or ten days."

The material in a hand-made rod costs about \$8. The artisan made out a list of his expenditures on the rod he had just completed. It follows: Bamboo, 10 cents; cork grip, 10 cents; metal mounting, \$2.25; guides and tips, \$3.60; silk, 30 cents; two tips, \$1.50; varnish, 10 cents; total, \$7.96.

"So you see, we don't make such a fortune as you might think when we charge \$15 or \$20 for a rod," observed the artisan.

Steel rods were in high favor a few years ago, and some sportsmen still cling to them as the best tool for trout and bass, but the consensus of expert

opinion seems to be in favor of the split bamboo. The cost of a rod, after the \$15 mark is passed, depends largely upon the materials used for mounting. Agate is the best material for guides and German silver is as good as anything for the metal mountings, but of course, there are other materials much more expensive that can be used.

LONG RANGE FIELD GUNS.

THERE is an effort being made in different countries to turn the lesson of the Anglo-Boer war to profit by constructing ordnance of increased range. The Boers got their greater range not by having superior guns, but by elevating the muzzle, as the English found out when the Boers turned captured English guns upon them. The English cannon fired as far as the Boer cannon when the muzzle was given equal elevation. But the point remains that the Boers taught the world that superior range, no matter how obtained, gives a decided practical advantage. In 1888 an English 9.2-inch gun made a record with a range of twelve miles. A Krupp 9.45-inch four years later made a new record of twelve and a half miles.

Recently there has been talk of a German gun that ranges fifteen miles. But an American ordnance factory is preparing a twelve-inch gun it is said, which is to carry a shell nineteen miles. Its length is to be equal to forty calibers and the 1,050-pound shell is to have an initial velocity of 3,000 feet a second. The difficulty in obtaining extreme ranges lies largely with the gun carriage. Most gun carriages permit an elevation of the muzzle of but seventeen degrees, whereas the best possible range of any given gun requires an elevation of forty-four degrees. A larger arc of elevation is the lesson the Boer artillerymen have enforced. The drawback of extreme ranges is inaccuracy of fire. The Boers produced a great moral effect on the British by landing shells at distances the British batteries could not cover, but they seldom made hits. They were content to demoralize their foe by subjecting him to a fire he could not reply to. At Ladysmith, for example, there were few good shots at extreme ranges, so that the loss of life caused by cannon fire from great distances was trifling. As the range increases the chance of missing likewise increases, a very small error in the aim being multiplied more and more the farther the shot goes. At nineteen miles it is hard to believe that one shot in a thousand would hit an object no larger than a house.

THEY CANNOT STAND RAIN.

It is one of the peculiarities of the Chinese to carefully avoid being caught in the rain. The chief reason for this is that they have a superstition that drops of rain falling on the hair breed vermin, which, with their very long hair, it is very difficult for them to get rid of. They are, however, equally careful not to wet their feet. Their care of their feet is not altogether due to the fact that the soles of their shoes are made of pasteboard and liable to be injured by soaking, but also because they believe that sore feet are brought about by getting them damp.

This fear of the Chinese of rainstorms has had a peculiar effect on their mobs and armies. At the time of the massacre of 1870 at Tien-Tsin the mob, after it had burned the French consulate, the cathedral and convent, had destroyed the orphanage of the Sisters of Charity and had murdered the consul, all the sisters and several priests, started toward the other settlement, determined to put all foreigners to death. The cathedral behind them was in flames and the mob, fresh from the torture of nuns, was hungry for blood. They started down the Taku road with frenzied shouts and the beating of drums and gongs, when suddenly it began to rain. That was the end of the massacre. The crowd covered their heads and scattered.

By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship—Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks and Saturday by the Jewish race.

"THE 'NOOK is a remarkable paper for giving odd information."

o o o The o Circle o o o

OFFICERS.—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Ohio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetser, Ind., President; Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Treasurer. Address all communications to OUR MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE, Covington, Ohio.

OUR CIRCLE EDUCATES.

THE growth of missionary sentiment in our church has been very great during the past ten years. How much of this can be traced to our Circle? That question is not easily answered. And yet a glance over the many letters received by our secretary, all testifying to the good received from the reading of these books, indicates that our Circle is no small factor in bringing about this much-desired result. We have the words of missionaries from foreign lands, "Your Circle books aroused me. I must be one of the laborers in this vast, white harvest field."

But while much has been done we are willing and anxious and waiting to do much more. We number over fourteen hundred members. It is the "little heaven" we hope, but we are growing anxious to introduce the Circle in many congregations where it has never even been heard of. In these congregations the laity of the church should be better enlightened concerning their duty to missions. How many of our ministers could pass a creditable examination on the facts and best methods of "Mission Work in the Church,"—the work upon which they are expected to instruct their members. We feel sure that the result of such an examination would prove that many of them should read and study our books, before they can rightly instruct the people in their charge. When a minister's heart is burning with a desire to save the heathen his church will become interested too. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

A PATHETIC incident is related of a Hindu lady who heard for the first time the words, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life," when she suddenly exclaimed—

"Do you believe it, Mem Sahib, do you believe it?"

"Yes, Mohini, of course I believe it. It is God's own message to us all. I am reading it to you from His Word."

"Ah, I know, but, Mem Sahib, do you believe he gave his Son to die for us miserable Hindu women, as well as for you English ladies—do you believe that, and do your people at home believe it?"

"Mohini, yes; we all believe it. It is God's glad tidings to us all—to you and to us alike. Yes, we believe it."

"Then why, oh! why did you not come sooner, and bring more with you, to tell all of us this good news?" sobbed poor Mohini.

"IN YOUR BOOK, BUT YOU DON'T DO IT."

An incident is reported from India of a gathering of native Christians held in a poorly-lighted room, where they drew from their Bible readings a lesson about love to men as springing from God's love to us. Suddenly the company was startled by a man jumping from a dark corner, where he had been unobserved, and rushing through the room out into the darkness, exclaiming, "It is in your Book, but you don't do it." How much our Book enjoins! It is not enough that we read it or approve of it. Do we do it? We shall be judged now and hereafter not by what we think of the teachings of the Bible, but by our obedience to its injunctions.

THE missionary is coming more and more into recognition, and is spreading and multiplying his power in all lands. Twenty years ago he was an unknown quantity in Uganda, Africa, a district which contains a population of 10,000,000. To-day there are in that region five hundred Christian churches and six hundred teachers. God's cause does not lack for workmen, nor for opening fields.

ALWAYS there must be prayer; only at dawn it leads to labor and at eve to rest.—James Martineau.

Sunday School

SERVICE.

BE like the God thou servest
In holy life and thought,
Draw hearts into his kingdom,
By what thyself hast wrought.

Shrink not the path of duty,
Though rough may seem the way;
Be strong when storms arising
Darken the light of day.

Learn at the feet of the Master
The lessons thou wouldst teach,
Be glad in the joy of service,
The souls of men to reach.

—Lisa A. Fletcher.

THE TURN-BACK BRIGADE.

I WONDER if you have a Turn-back Brigade in your Sunday school or in your missionary society? I am sorry for you if you have, and I would advise you to get rid of that Brigade as soon as possible.

What about the Turn-back Brigade? Well, I'll tell you the Turn-back Brigade is a Brigade the members of which are rarely ever seen going in the right direction, and when they are, they are sure to turn back before they have gone far. Instead of being helpers they are hinderers, for you oftener see their backs than you do their faces. Indeed, it is because they keep their backs so constantly turned that they get their names. You know now what I mean when I speak of the Turn-back Brigade.

Yes, the Turn-back Brigade is composed of those who get tired of trying even before they have tried much at all. If they can't do a thing just as soon as they start out, they give it up and turn back, and oh, such doleful faces as they have! They are first cousins to the "I can't's." I am sure you are acquainted with some members of that family. Now you watch out for the Turn-backs. Whatever you do, don't join the band but face to the front.

THERE is no faithful Christian man who keeps an unconverted pocketbook. God's universal law of unselfish service is as supreme in the domain of material possessions—in the realm of that wealth which extends a man's power "to bring things to pass"—as it is in any other department of man's possible efforts. The unvarying law of God, which attaches an obligation to every opportunity and places a duty over against every right, makes no exception of wealth, with its vast powers of service. God has so ordered the social life of our race that no man can make the most of his powers of mind and heart and will until he employs those powers in the service of his fellow-men. This is an accepted law in the realm of mind and spirit. It is no less binding upon the power which material wealth places at a man's disposal. No one has the slightest right to say of his wealth, "It is mine; I may use it selfishly if I will." No man has arrived at a true conception of the responsibility that attaches to the possession of property, until his relations through it to his fellow-men fill a larger place in his views of life than does his ability by his wealth to serve his own selfish ends. No man is free to make an option as to whether he or his property shall come under God's law of service. He and his property are necessarily under that law, as he is, of necessity, a member of society and of the State without his leave having been asked. In the use of his property, as of all his other powers, he owes steady allegiance to that law of service; and though in managing his property he may disregard this obligation, he can never escape it.—Rev. Merrill E. Gates, D. D.

God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs to them who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us, and we have no right by anything that we do or neglect to involve them in unnecessary penalties or to deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.—John Ruskin.

DARE to be true, nothing can need a lie,
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
—George Herbert.

BOOK REVIEW.

"SAMUEL the Judge," by Galen B. Royer, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill; 136 pages, price, twenty-five cents. This is a companion volume to "Joseph the Ruler," by the same author. Those who have Joseph should certainly secure Samuel. It is a Bible story of Samuel, and is told in the same vein that has made Joseph such an unprecedented success. While it is of the character of a Sunday-school book, yet older persons will read it with pleasure. It is well told, and reads well, telling the story in a manner that is at once captivating and interesting, not only for its literary merit, but for the information that it contains. It is the kind of a book that a boy of religious tastes would find intensely interesting, and this series, as the start of a library, for the bright boy or girl, could not be bettered. We understand there are others of the series of Bible biographies to follow, and we predict for them an unqualified success with the constituency to whom they are addressed. The present volume is handsomely bound, and has several illustrations. It can be ordered from the Publishing House here.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

THIS is one of the magazines coming to our table which we prize very highly. It is different from the illustrated periodicals of the day, having no pictures, and in their place is high-class literature. A peculiarity of this magazine is that each issue contains a complete story, of the size and character that, when bound in book form, sells for about a dollar. For lovers of high-grade fiction this is the periodical they should get. It is to be remembered that the other contents of the magazine cover the usual ground occupied by our monthly literature, and it is of exceptional interest and ability.

The contents of the number before us, the January issue, show a complete story entitled, "When Blades are Out and Love's Afield," a tale of the Revolutionary times in Virginia. "Washington: A Predestined Capital," "The Personal Equation," a college story, "Talks with Chinese Women," a very interesting article, "The Day of the President's Message," "Sarah Bernhardt in her Teens," and there are other and similar articles, making the publication one that we can recommend to the large and growing class of lovers of good literature. The price of the magazine is twenty-five cents at any news stand.

ECONOMY WITHOUT PAY.

"Goons in large packages like, for instance, tomatoes in gallon cans," said the canned goods man, "are sometimes crated, this being done for the sake of economy, the crate costing less than a box. But canned goods in smaller packages, of which the number of cans put up is enormous, are commonly shipped in boxes. The reason for this is very simple.

"The big cans are likely to have only a strip or a band label, the rest of the broad expanse of tin being left uncovered. It isn't necessary to put this package up in fancy style, for it is not to be displayed anywhere. These goods are sold to hotels and restaurants and other large users. The steward or other purchaser knows the goods perfectly by label, which is to him an unmistakable brand; he wouldn't care a bit if the label was scratched or marred, as it might be by coming in contact with something through the open space in the crate. What he wants is the goods.

"On the other hand, the small cans are completely covered with a handsome label, which helps to make the goods salable. These cans are displayed on the shelves and on counters and it is important, of course, that these should be in perfect order as to labels. The cans must not be dented in. One bad looking can might mar the whole display, besides not selling so well itself. So the small cans are shipped in boxes for their protection, which is of more importance with these goods than the saving that might be effected by crating them."

ACCORDING to recent statistics, there is one man in about 500 in the United States who receives a college education.

BOB AND HIS UNCLE.

As they sat by the fireside after the day's work was done, they began talking of Bible matters, and the older man said that he often wondered whether the writers of the books composing the New Testament knew when they were writing that they would be read while the world stands. Bob had never thought of it, and Helen did not know, either. Matthew, said the graybeard, was the first writer. It is a little queer to think that the early Christians, say for the first ten or twelve or more years after the crucifixion, had no Bible at all. They had seen Christ, heard him teach, and knew all about his life, but they did not have meetings or books such as we have now. For a good while they had not even a name to distinguish them as followers of Christ and it was at Antioch that they first received their title.

Bobbie asked whether that condition of things would not beget differences of opinion as time went by? Helen thought so too, but as neither of them knew much about the situation in those early days they were at a loss to know what was done, and how it was done. Their Uncle tried to explain, and they drew their chairs closer together around the fire.

You see, children, he said, at that time there were no newspapers, and no printing whatever such as we have now. All teaching was done by word of mouth, and traditions handed down from the older to the younger generations. Naturally things would get mixed and contrary in teaching and effect. And, of course, the Jews, who hated everything pertaining to the Master, would distort the truth, not only of the life and the teaching of Christ, but of everything connected with Him. So, Matthew, who was rather a smarter man, intellectually, than his surroundings, undertook to write a book setting forth what Christ really did teach and do, the object being to rescue the memory of the Master from obloquy and reproach. His was the first book written, though it is possible that there were others, though we have absolutely no knowledge of them. Matthew's life and acts of Christ is the most complete history of the Master that we have, and it was the first one written, as we have said before.

Both Bobbie and Helen asked what had become of that original book of Matthew, and their Uncle said that it was doubtless copied and recopied till it was worn out and perished in some way. Bob asked whether it would be any real advantage if it had been saved to us, and his Uncle thought that it hardly would have been, except as a curiosity. All the sacred books have been lost, but they have been copied and copied again till it is a matter of doubt, if the old ones were had, whether there would be any additional light shed on the subjects with which they deal.

Bob asked how long it was till the books were all collected in their present form, and the old man said that it was a great many years. He added that for a considerable number of years after the first Christians had died the ones who came after them misunderstood the mission they were engaged in, and thought that love to God and mortification of self was the great thing, and so they handed into orders and lived in monasteries and convents. Then, after men learned that love to God was best manifested by love toward men, they went out into the world and Christianity took a new lease of life and became a part of the people. In the earlier days nearly all the learning was centered in the convents and monasteries and that is where most, if not all, of the sacred books were kept, though some were found in the public libraries. Helen said it seemed that the hand of God was in it all that there should be such a marvelous preservation of these books, but after all it is not so strange, for if God wills what can withstand or change the order of events?

Bobbie's comment was that if he understood it all Matthew was the first writer of the New Testament, and that he wrote to save the name and actions of the Lord from misrepresentation, and that though the original writing was lost they had it in the Bible before them. Their Uncle said that he was correct. Then Helen spoke up and said that there must be a story connected with the book that Mark wrote, and that as everybody knows, he always came next. Their Uncle slowly shook his head, and told

them that Mark was not always the next in order though he figures as next in the present collection of books. This was news to the young folks, and they could not understand it. So they asked him to tell them all about it, and just then the grandfather's clock gave its peculiar whi-r-r, telling everyone that it was going to strike, and that it was bedtime. Their Uncle said that they should think over what was said, and then, next Saturday night, they would take up the subject again. So the 'Nook man thrust his notes in his overcoat pocket and came away, but he resolved that he would be there in that quiet home when they next met if he lived and kept his health.

THE FIRST WATCH.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest-known use of the modern name occurs in the records of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead." The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass, the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than \$7,500 and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

WANTED.

This department of the 'Nook is open only to subscribers' families. It is free. It may be made to cover any legitimate want. In answering, address your letter as directed in the advertisement, and we will forward it to the proper party with whom you can go into correspondence. Ask no questions. We tell nothing in connection with this Department. We are doing this out of a desire to help our friends. Let all help to make it of use.

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WANTED: A young brother in Missouri, farmer, penman and bookkeeper, would like work in California. Address: J. M., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

A YOUNG man, Virginian, married, with some capital, expecting to change location, would like to hear from some brother who has a place for him as worker at fair compensation. Can give good references. Address, A. C. F., INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

"FRANCES," said that little girl's mamma who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down stairs like a lady." Frances retired, and after a lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlor. "Did you hear me come down stairs this time, mamma?" "No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise." "The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

Our Cooking School.

SNITZ AND KNEP.

BY SISTER FANNY BUCHER.

PUT on a piece of bacon to cook about nine o'clock, also put some sweet dried apple snitz, with the peeling on, in water to soak. About ten o'clock put the snitz in with the bacon. Then take some flour, two eggs, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt; mix with sweet milk, stir to a batter. Take out the bacon, put a small handful of sugar on the snitz and drop the batter in by the spoonful. When done take out and serve while hot. This, if properly made, will make an excellent dish.

Astoria, Ill.

RICE PAP OR PUDDING.

BY SISTER SADIE LICHTY.

TAKE two quarts water, one-half tea cup rice, one teacup flour, one egg, two quarts rich milk and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Boil rice in water till nearly dry, then have your milk boiling, and pour the rice into the milk. Keep back one teacup milk, and make a batter of flour, egg, and milk; add salt and stir in batter. Stir till it comes to a boil and it will be ready to eat with sugar. Maple sugar is fine if you have it. This will be enough for a family of eight.

Waterloo, Iowa.

BISCUIT.

BY SISTER MATE W. KRIEGHBAUM.

TAKE one cup sweet cream, two cups sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix baking powder and salt first in flour. Then add cream and milk and as much flour as will make a dough stiff enough to roll out on board. Mix as little as possible. Cut out and bake at once, in hot oven, to a light brown.

South Bend, Ind.

CREAM RUSKS.

BY SISTER FLORA TEAGUE.

TAKE one pint warm water, one cup of sugar, one cup of rich cream, one pint of yeast, or one yeast cake previously dissolved in warm water, flour enough for a stiff batter.

If wanted for dinner, set to rise the evening before; if desired for tea, for which no bread is better, set early in the morning. After it has risen sufficiently, or over night, work it down several times. This gives the dough a very light and fluffy feeling and makes the rusks perfect in sponginess. When ready to bake, roll about one inch in thickness, cut with a cake cutter like biscuits, put in a buttered pan, let rise and bake in an oven heated about the same as for biscuits. If desired sprinkle with sugar when taken from the oven.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

BLANC MANGE.

BY NANNIE B. UNDERHILL.

PLACE over the fire in a kettle or sauce pan, two quarts of sweet milk, which must be stirred frequently, to prevent scorching. Into a bowl beat two eggs, and add a small teacupful of sugar. Into another bowl place four heaping tablespoonfuls cornstarch, which moisten with cold milk until it is about the consistency of cream. Add this to the beaten eggs and sugar, and stir the whole into the milk, as soon as it comes to a boil. Continue stirring a few minutes, until the starch is well cooked. Remove from stove, add a teaspoonful of extract, lemon or vanilla; pour into cups which have previously been rinsed with cold water. Serve cold, with stewed or canned fruit. Cherries are suitable.

Collbran, Colo.

Will some one give a reliable recipe in the 'Nook for making a cake with fig filling?—Kansas.

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That the Immersion or dipping the candidate three times toward is Christian Baptism;

That the washing, as taught in John 13, is a divine ordinance to be observed in the church;

That the Lord's Supper is a meal, and, in connection with the Communion, should be taken in the evening, or near the close of the day;

That the Salutation of the Holy Kiss, or Kiss of Charity, is binding upon the followers of Christ;

That Vengeance and Retaliation are contrary to the spirit and self-denying principles of the religion of Jesus Christ;

That Non-Conformity to the world in daily walk, dress, customs and conversation is essential to true success and Christian piety.

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WOMAN'S WAY.

Smile a little, smile a little,
All along the road;
Every life must have its burden,
Every heart its load.
Why sit down in gloom and darkness,
With your grief to sup?
As you drink Fate's bitter tonic,
Smile across the cup.

Smile upon the troubled pilgrims
Whom you pass and meet;
Frowns are thorns and smiles are
blossoms
Oft for weary feet.
Do not make the way seem harder
By a sullen face,
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the place.

Smile upon your undone labor;
Not for one who grieves
O'er his task waits wealth or glory;
He who smiles achieves.
Though you meet with loss and
sorrow
In the passing years,
Smile a little, smile a little,
Even through your tears.

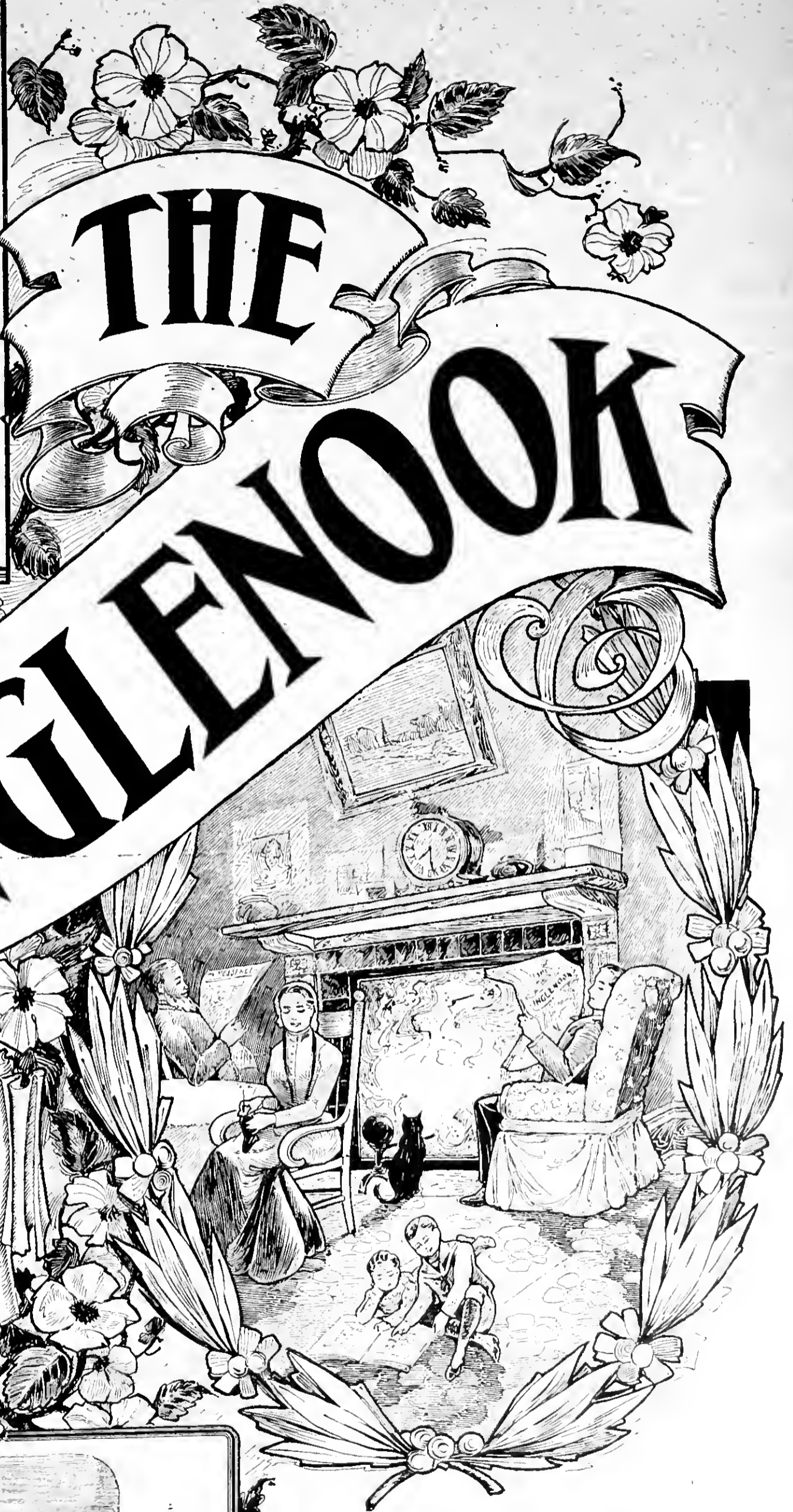
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE INGLENOOK

The Inglenook,
Elgin, Ill.

*
VOL. III.

Feb. 2, 1901.
No. 5.



ELGIN, ILL.



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OF THE
Frozen North.

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Gospel Messenger for 1901



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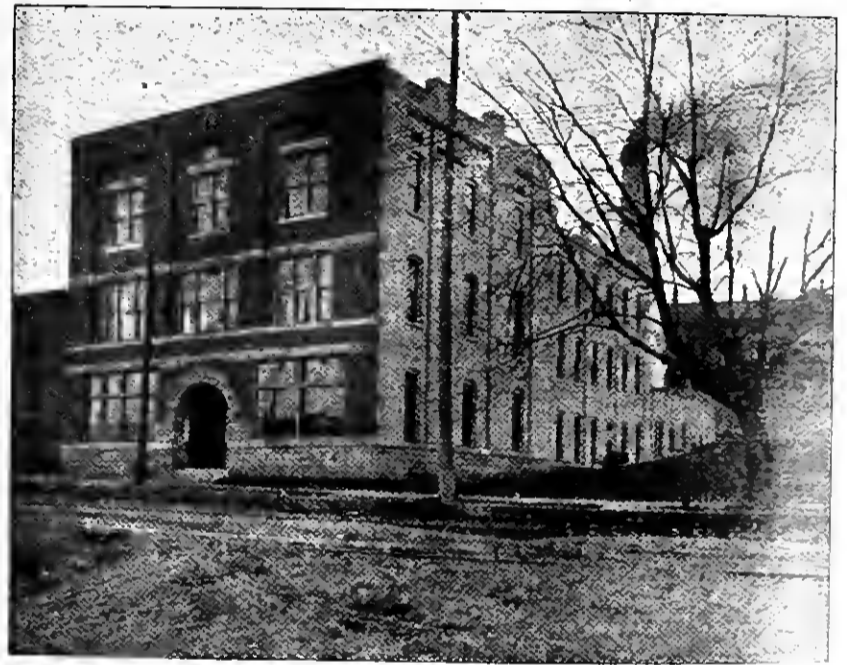
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Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.

THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., Feb. 2, 1901.

No. 5.

THE SWEET OLD STORY.

TELL me about the Master!

I am weary and worn to-night.
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light—
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the West;
My poor heart is aweary, aweary,
And longs like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the wrongs He freely forgave,
Of His love and tender compassion,
Of His love that was mighty to save.
Yet I know that whatever of sorrow
Or pain of temptation befall,
The infinite Master had suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.

So tell me the sweet old story

That falls on each wound like a balm;
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

IN THE GHETTO.

LAUNCHED into the ghetto of Chicago by the Twelfth street car from the south side, one seems to have landed in another world not entirely of the celestial variety. How strange the life, the customs, the language here! All the thoroughfares seem barricaded. There is an endless army of carts, stands and wheelbarrows. It is Friday afternoon, the eve of the Sabbath, and the Israelites run hither and thither in labyrinthian pellmell to procure their supplies for the day of rest, for on the morrow, according to the Mosaic law and the still more burdensome rabbinical and talmudic injunctions, no pious Jew dare to purchase anything or to light fires or handle money or transact any kind of business.

Retail business is conducted with a vengeance in the Jewish district of the city. In no part of Chicago are commodities offered so cheap as here, and there are a hundred and one things offered for sale that you cannot buy in Gentile neighborhoods. You can purchase unripe fruit at a cent a quart, ancient eggs, hats and spectacles at great bargains, meat and fish by the ounce, even lean chickens being sold by halves and quarters and eighths and half loaves of bread at 2 cents.

What a whirl! How the people crowd each other on sidewalks, and when the trolley car tries to make its way with clanging noise through the dense mass, there is a sudden jostling toward the sidewalks that threatens to upset the wares of the itinerant merchants. Then follow loud protests in Yiddish, the indescribable vernacular of the ghetto, a mixture of German, Hebrew and other tongues, which to the Gentile sounds like so many "swear words," but is simply a harmless oriental gutturalism. It would appear that this language does not need to be emphasized by manual gestures, for it certainly is expressive and convincing, but the gesticulations accompanying a Yiddish conversation or dispute must be seen to be appreciated. Not only the hands and arms, but the shoulders, the chest, the feet—every part and muscle of the body—are in sympathetic actions with the loud gutturals.

The ghetto of Chicago, the principal part of which is bounded by Harrison, Jefferson, Fourteenth and Halstead streets, comprises some 60,000 Jews. It is not like the one which was created in Rome by Pope Paul IV. There are no gates to be locked at night by order of the authorities, like those in Prague and Amsterdam in the dark centuries, and the robbers are not legally the judges. Still the orthodox Jews in nearly every metropolis prefer to live separated from the Gentile world. In New York the Jews monopolize the east side, in London and other European capitals large districts have been known as the Jewish quarters.

Some of the younger element, of course, drifts away from the ghetto, either to be known as staunch votaries of reform Judaism, with a prosperous business or profession to back their more enlightened persuasion or to be alienated altogether from the

time-honored tenets of their ancestors and be merged into their Gentile environs.

The origin of Yiddish, that indescribable jargon of the ghetto, has puzzled the philologists for ages. Roumanian, Greek, Russian, Polish, Dutch and German Jews all speak the same tongue with little variations. There exists even a voluminous Yiddish literature and in the United States a score of daily and weekly papers are published in Yiddish. There is also an "Alexander Dumas" of the ghetto. His name is Schaikewitch, who has written some 200 books, mostly sensational novels. Among others are the poets Seiffert, Schakansky and Winchersky. That the language is expressive of good humor is evinced by this adage: "*A schweiger und a schnur fahren nit auf ein fulr*," which means that a mother-in-law and a son-in-law do not ride comfortably in the same rig.

The types observed in the busy Sabbath eve scenes seem to embody the ancient scripture—old men in long, wornout kaftans, matrons with "scheitels" (the wigs of the married), sons with long Roman noses and daughters in conspicuous toilets and oriental coiffure. Most of the young Jewish women and girls are extremely pretty—they remind of Rachel and Ruth of old, of Sulamith and the charming beauty Judith. These lead by the hand children, whom even the henchmen of Herod would have spared, despite the rags which enwrap their frail forms.

Some of the mothers, however, are conspicuously ugly. This comes from the abominable custom of marriage at the age of 14. Thirty-year-old married women with eight or nine children to care for look like matrons of 50.

Though the youth of the "ghetto" is becoming rapidly Americanized, and on this account there are frequently heated disputes on religious, social and political questions, there is an affectionate confidence between Jewish parents and their children, a virtue due to the teachings of the rabbis, who lay great stress on the observance of the fourth commandment. The father clings to the old-fashioned dress of the old country, wears a long beard and snaps his fingers at modern modes; the son shaves, wears tailor-made suits and fashionable headgear and haberdashery. The daughters of the ghetto, dressed in their Sabbath best, are on a par with their American sisters, excepting their Semitic countenances. But between father and son, and between mother and daughter there is a loving intimacy and solicitude which puts Gentiles to shame. Here is a realization of the French saying, "*Les extremes se touchent*." There are, of course, loud quarrels at times over the departure from hallowed customs and doctrines, ear cuffs for the young hopeful who has neglected to attend the synagogue and upbraidings for the daughter who has ventured to flirt with a Christian, but there is, nevertheless, a profound love and understanding in the family which means everlasting faithfulness.

"Kosher" victuals and the "schochet" continue to play leading roles in the ghetto life. "Kosher" means that meat and drink must be butchered and prepared according to the Biblical and talmudical commandment. The "schochet" is the Jewish butcher, who is not permitted to ply his vocation without a certificate of efficiency from the synagogue. He kills the cattle by cutting the throat, so that every drop of blood flows from the carcass. Then the good Jewish housewife places the meat one hour in water and afterward one hour in salt before it is ready for cooking. There are a multitude of ordinances regarding food and drink which are rigidly observed.

Many of the interesting types of Jewish social life will not be eradicated perhaps for centuries. There is the Schatchen, who for a consideration effects profitable and unprofitable marriages; the "Kundschaftsgeher," a sort of installment agent, who buys the household necessities for a score or more of clients and gets his pay in small weekly or monthly installments; the thora teacher, a venera-

ble instructor of talmudic lore for the youth, and the Sabbath frau, or candle woman, a Gentile who goes about lighting fires and keeping stoves well heated for the more pious who dare not touch fires on the Sabbath day.

CAST-OFF RAIMENT.

"WHAT do you do with the second-hand clothes you pick up from men who sell them to you?" asked an inquisitive person of one of the buyers who stopped him on Broadway the other day with the stereotyped query, "Any old clothes to dispose of, sir, at a fair price?" The questioner had the general impression that the clothes were cleaned, patched up, and made over as best they could be, and were then sold to the misfit clothing houses about town, or possibly to the slop-houses of the lower east side. "They are sent to the south after they are fixed up as best we can, and sold there to the negroes. Ready-made clothing is so cheap nowadays that there is no market for the cast-off clothes here. But in the South there is a ready market, especially for clothing with large checks or for fancy vests such as the sports about the race tracks and the 'tenderloin' affect when they are flush. A negro likes a fancy vest above all things if the color is loud enough. Next he wants trousers with big checks and plaids.

"Those are the things men in my business pay the most for. Even the flashiest men tire of such things quickly, but the darky never does. Because the sport does tire of them they come to us in such good shape that a darky will mortgage a month's earnings to get some of those that could not be worn on Broadway without almost creating a riot. Here's a tip that will surprise you in all probability. Some people will not sell cast-off clothing, but give it away to charitable institutions for distribution among the poor. Now, there are more tricks about our business than you would suspect, for we get those things all the same in a great many instances. There are matrons in these places that receive cast-off clothing for the poor. Their salaries are not large, and they have just as great a fancy for fineries as have women in other walks of life. Some of these matrons with an eye to the main chance know all about our business, and about the sort of clothing we want to get hold of. So they quietly absorb such of the gifts as they know some of our people will buy, and sell them to us for shipment South. No one is any the wiser, and the women get a little pin money in that way. We get the goods, and no one is hurt, according to my way of looking at it.

"Mind you, I do not say that all matrons in all institutions do that sort of thing; only some matrons in some places, for there are some of the women that we cannot do business with in any way, though we are constantly trying to increase our clientele." Then the inquisitive one wandered on, wondering whether the old-clothes man was lying to him as a means of preventing him from giving away his cast-off clothing. He could hardly believe the yarn about the matrons, even though there was a possibility of its truth. But he is still wondering, for it is one of those puzzles that are very difficult of solution.

In the dissemination of knowledge among men it is likely that, if asked for the most valuable adjunct to that end, the average thinker would say that it was the art of printing that did the most. Without wishing to detract from that view did it ever occur to the reader the extensive part that paper plays in the work? In old times writing was done on the prepared skins of animals. If there was no paper there would be no periodicals, such as we have now. The very commonness of the article makes us lose sight of its enormous value to us.

The Abyssinian war medal is the smallest war decoration issued during the queen's reign.

Correspondence

CAN A BOY WORK HIS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE?

BY S. Z. SHARP.

Yes, and so may a girl. Hundreds have done it and why may not you? Have you ever read what Garfield did? If you have not, get the history of his life and read it; it will give you inspiration.

The first thing to have is a will. Get the will if you do not have it already and the way may be found. A fixed purpose is half the battle, and the sooner you get your aim fixed, the longer time you will have to work and the better your chance of success.

Natural ability or aptitude to learn is of some advantage sometimes, but is not essential. Adam Clarke, the great commentator, was regarded a "dull" boy and became the great scholar that he was. So do not be discouraged if you cannot learn as fast as some others. You may not forget as soon as others.

The first thing to do is to decide on the course you intend to pursue. If classical, then in your spare moments read the lives of the authors that come in your course later on and the histories of the people whom they describe, such as that of Greece and Rome, and by all means study General History at an early age. A general knowledge of a subject is a great help in mastering any particular part.

If you wish to be a scientist, get a book that treats on birds and their habits. The more illustrations it has the better. Also get books that treat on bugs, beetles, and butterflies and all kinds of animals and their habits. Learn the names of all the trees, shrubs and plants in your neighborhood. Make a collection of all the kinds of rocks and minerals in your neighborhood, then get all your uncles, aunts, and cousins to send you all they can. Study the book of Nature first, other books will then not be half so hard and you will be half way up the hill before you know it and save time and money in getting through college.

As to the money part, begin to save early. Make a nickel whenever you can and put it into the bank, watch every chance to make another and add to your store already begun. Never buy a cent's worth that you can do without.

When you are ready to enter college, try and work all you can as you go along to pay expenses. Look ahead for a good job during vacation and make all the money you can to help you out next year. Do not be too particular about the kind of work you do. All honest work is honorable. Milk cows, feed pigs, black boots, shave, and cut hair, wash, scrub, or do anything of the kind which you can get. If you are not an apt agent and cannot sell books to advantage, better go into the harvest field or help to thresh grain. Brawn is as necessary as brains.

If you cannot make money fast enough to keep up with your class, then teach a winter and fall back to the next one, the chances are that you will find yourself near the head as the discipline you received while teaching has given you an advantage over the rest. Keep on in this way and you will get through if you live. Let me urge upon you to be careful in your habits of eating, sleeping and recreation. Take good care of your eyes. Never let the light shine upon them while you study.

Plattsburg, Mo.

PICKING AND MARKETING STRAWBERRIES IN ARKANSAS.

BY A. B. UPTON.

BEFORE the picking season arrives the berry grower has to have his berry boxes made, or, as they are called in the field, his "quarts," for each box, when properly filled, is supposed to contain a full quart.

The material from which these "quarts" are made, is shipped to the grower in bundles and are usually made up by boys and women. It is light work and a rapid and skillful worker can earn one dollar per day. This is considered good wages.

The crates are made by men, and as fast as the "quarts" are made they are filled into them and then stored in great quantities in the "crate

room," so as to be ready for the rush of the picking season.

About thirty days before the season opens, the Association, through its secretary, sends out bills stating when the picking will commence, how many pickers are wanted, also telling the accommodations for the pickers, in the way of pasture for horses, water for cooking and washing purposes, straw for the beds and tents, and that tents will be furnished free or at a reasonable rental.

About ten days before the time set for the picking to commence, the pickers commence to arrive on the ground.

First it will be a single wagon with its bony team of horses or mules, or mayhap a horse or a mule with the inevitable cover on the wagon, drawn over the "wagon haws" of home manufacture, with the sides of the cover raised and peering out therefrom will be five or six half-grown children, tawny of complexion, afeit of eye, unkempt hair, and almost destitute of clothing. The mother with the snuff stick in her mouth, looks with a complacent eye after her numerous progeny and the father with his mouth well filled with "long-green" brings the little outfit to a halt and in a drawling, nasal tone, asks for a job. We look the outfit over. He does not suit us or our northern ideas as regards cleanliness and he is politely informed that we do not need him.

Soon other wagons arrive, some filled with nice-appearing, cleanly people, and these we gladly open the gates for. They drive in and are shown to the camping ground, on the bright, clean grass-covered sward, under the spreading branches of the giant elms, by the running stream down by the spring, under the cottonwoods or over by the fence. There is plenty of room and all are satisfied.

Soon tents are put up, stoves are taken from the well-loaded wagons, fires are started and the appetizing odor of boiling coffee, broiling meat and baking corn pone, fills the balmy Southern evening breeze.

Meanwhile the men folks have put their stock in the pasture, the small boys are swapping knives, climbing trees, hunting frogs to go fishing with as bait down in the creek, and seem to be trying to see how near they can come to breaking their necks, to the evident distress of their fond mothers.

The small girls are down at the brook, with the babies, making each other's acquaintance, by that kind of freemasonry that exists only among the innocent young. Some are already wading in the stream, some are planning what they are going to do with their earnings, others are comparing babies, and ever and anon some little one will set up a squall that will cause its small guardian to hasten it to that maternal fount, that wonderful panacea for the ills to which youthful flesh is heir.

The men have now returned from the pastures and are gathering in groups, comparing notes, wondering what kind of a boss they will have and crying out now and then to the women folks, "How soon will supper be ready?" The maidens are peering bashfully from under their "shakers" at the young men, who are returning the gaze with interest.

The time for picking has come. The boss orders the teams to haul to the crate sheds as many crates as he thinks will be filled, and it is remarkable how close his estimate comes to the actual number filled.

Then the pickers are directed to get their "carriers." These are made of light material and will hold just six "quarts" or boxes.

When all are supplied the boss leads the way to the end of the field where the picking commences and as each picker comes up he directs him to the row that must be picked.

The berries being of two varieties, of which one is much earlier than the other, and as many of the pickers have never before picked berries, the boss has to direct them to these rows.

Soon all are busily picking and the boss, if he understands his business, quickly goes from one picker to another, telling them to leave the stem one-half inch long, so the berry will not "bleed" or leak its juice and so spoil its looks and injure its sale.

He tells them to fill the boxes rounding full, because they ought to be so filled in order to hold a quart and also to keep them from shucking down in transit to market.

He tells them not to pick small berries, nor green berries, nor knotty berries, nor over-ripe ones. After he has given them these instructions and directions he follows along behind them, searching with a keen eye for berries that may be left by the careless or inexperienced picker. By long experience he has become so expert in detecting berries that ought to be picked, that some of the pickers declare that he can find berries where there are none.

Each picker's carrier will hold six quarts, and as each picker fills his carrier he hastens to the crate house with it, to get a new carrier and more quarts.

The eye of the boss is on him to see that he returns to the row that he left and that he does not step across the other rows but that the picker always goes to the end of the row and walks down it to his place. This is necessary, for if the pickers are allowed to go across the rows many berries are ruined and the vines damaged.

Having got the pickers at work the boss now goes to the crate house to see that the packer is filling the crate right.

Each crate holds twenty-four quarts, and as is very often the case, the pickers do not fill their quarts full enough and so the boss tells the packer to round up the quarts, full, even up, and running over. "Maybe," he says, "it may be some poor old grandmother up North, who has to wash for a living, will buy one of these boxes and we do not want to cheat the old lady." There are business reasons as well as sentimental ones for filling the boxes full, as he has already told the pickers.

As soon as a load of crates are ready the owner is notified by the boss to haul them to the shipping point as soon as possible, so as to get them into the first car that is to be shipped out, for the earliest on the market are the ones that bring the best prices.

The crates have the owner's name stencilled on them, and as soon as they reach the depot they are receipted for by the man in charge and are at once hurried into the refrigerator car to keep cool until they reach the distant market.

The pickers are paid by the quart. At Van Buren they receive two cents a quart. At Fayetteville and points north of the Boston mountains they receive one and one-half cents per quart. A good picker can pick one hundred quarts a day, but this is the exception and not the rule.

Negroes are not hired to pick berries, but Indians are. The fastest picker the writer had in his field the last season was an Indian girl. She picked ninety-six quarts from eleven o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon.

We had quite a number of tramps among our pickers, and they were as a rule the best ones we had. They are a remarkably well-read lot of men and some of them among different surroundings would be an ornament to any society.

After the day's work is done, supper eaten and the evening's work is done, the pickers gather together under the broad veranda and soon the sound of the violin or the tinkle of the banjo is heard as it steals out upon the evening air. The scent of the balmy magnolia and the sweet catalpa raises thoughts of loved ones far away, and as the voices of the singers fill the air with the notes of "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" and "Home, Sweet Home," we seek our rest to dream, perchance, sweet dreams of home, and friends, and loved ones and so, good night.

Elgin, Ill.

PAPER MADE FROM LEATHER.

A NOVEL use of leather is in the manufacture of fibroleum, a new paper product, which is the invention of G. Brigalant of Barentin, in France. This is a sort of leather paper or board, which is made from waste cuttings of skins into small bits, and then immersing them in a large vat containing an alkaline solution, which dissolves the glutinous matter, but leaves the fibers unaltered. The resultant fiber is then beaten and afterward pressed through a refiner. The stuff is run onto the wire and a very thin paper is made, which is cut into sheets, and while wet is placed in piles and subjected to pressure to squeeze the water out.

FAMINE is rife in the extreme south of Italy, and jewels from church shrines are being sold for the benefit of the destitute.

Nature & Study

CONCERNING YOUR COCOANUT.

THE trees are usually from fifteen to thirty feet in height and from ten to fifteen inches in diameter, with a large bulge at the base. They do not stand upright, but the base reclines to one side. The leaves are from eight to sixteen feet in length and from three to six in width. The tree is not crowned by the blossoms, but they appear under a large curved bract among the leaves and closely resemble gigantic tassels of corn. Blossoms and fruit are produced throughout the year.

A mature cocoanut with its husk measures about a foot in length by eight to ten inches in thickness and is slightly three-sided and of a brownish green color. They may sometimes be reached from the ground, but the tree must usually be climbed to secure them.

To the man of the tropics the cocoanut is one of the richest gifts of nature. It supplies very largely the place of milk and its products. Cocoanut milk for most purposes hardly inferior to the real article. Its manufacture is very simple. The nut is grated and a little water added, and the fluid strained out through one of the finely-woven sheaths that grow at the base of the leaves. The milk thus obtained closely resembles real milk in appearance, is very rich, and has an excellent flavor. When allowed to stand for a little time, it becomes coated with a thick cream, which is also no worthy substitute. Cocoanut oil, which is used in place of butter, may be obtained by using a regular crusher, or by cooking the grated cocoanut in water and skimming off the oil when it cools. It solidifies at about sixty degrees F. Cocoanut oil is very extensively used in the colony for cooking purposes, and is superior to lard or butter.

This is not all. The unripe fruit, when nearly full grown, consists of merely a hollow receptacle lined with a thin layer of jelly-like substance, very pleasant to the taste, and the hollow completely filled with what the inhabitants call "cocoanut water," though the nectar of the gods could not surpass it in richness and delicacy of flavor. Strange as it may seem even under the fiery suns of this tropical clime this so-called water is always cold. Realizing the importance of this source of drinking water in a country where good water is so scarce that rainwater is sold at one cent per gallon, the government passed a rather curious law, requiring every man who owned cocoanut trees to supply the unripe fruit to any traveler who should demand it, or permitting the latter to help himself to a reasonable extent.

FACTS ABOUT HUMAN HAIR.

It is a popular notion, sedulously fostered by the barbers who get an extra fee for a singeing, that the hair is a tube and that when it is cut off it bleeds and the natural vitality of it dribbles out into the atmosphere. I think people have often been shown the hollowness of hairs when they have looked at them through a microscope. If you can overcome your conviction that all this world affords is hollow and unsubstantial and are able to understand that most people looking through a microscope can see exactly what they are told they will see you will be pleased to hear that the human hair is a solid bundle of epithelial cells, the inner ones being rather more loosely packed like pith. Gray hairs have air bubbles in their outer layers. Blond hair is the finest and most thickly set. Black hair is less so, and red hair is the coarsest and most sparsely planted. The human hair is not a perfect cylinder and the flatter it is the more natural curl it has, and, being affected by dampness, the more it kinks up. The hair grows six or seven inches in a year, but the reason why a woman's hair is not five feet long to-day than it was ten years ago is that each person seems to have a definite normal length beyond which the hair refuses to grow even if you put on the very best lotion you can buy for a dollar a bottle. When a hair thinks it is about long enough it drops out and you find it stuck fast on the soap dish or the stationary wash bowl, wriggling with delight at your efforts to pick it off with your wet fingers.

It does not discourage a hair to be plucked out at the roots, as ladies who have a tendency to grow

mustaches will bear me out. It simply gets angry and comes in again coarser than ever. That is because what keeps the hair going is something that cannot very well be got at from the surface of the skin. It is a little papilla, one one-hundred and eightieth of an inch long, away down at the bottom of the hair tube. Nothing that can be dabbed on the skin can get down there either to harm or help it. The only way to remove such hair is to make up your mind to spend money and to have an unpleasant time. Go to a physician and let him kill the growth of each hair with an electric needle. I hope you will enjoy yourself. It is like tattooing in its sensations. There have been some ladies that have removed mustaches from their lips—I mean their own mustaches—by taking a needle and heating it in the flame of a lamp and thrusting it into each individual hair gland and so killing the papillæ. They get it red hot, you know, and they also get tiny particles of lamp black on the needle, and it leaves a delicate tattooing effect that is very striking. I don't know why it is that I want to laugh about this, because you know it is not a bit funny to the girl to have her lip hurt so and then find out in taking away the mustache that she might have shaved off every day, she has left an artificial mustache that nothing can remove. It is really a serious matter, but I always want to laugh just the same.

In some diseases of the scalp, such as favus it is necessary to pluck out the hairs in order to get at the skin, and it is on record that one little girl had to have 70,000 of them pulled out by the roots before she got well. As there are only about 120,000 in the whole scalp, and this was only one little patch, it is easy to see that plucking out a hair does not mean the ultimate extinction of hair on that spot.

Beard appears to grow at the same rate and to follow the same rules of personal conduct as the hair of the head. So if a man began shaving when he was one and lives to be seventy years old he will have cut more than a little bit off the top. If he could keep in a position all he has thrown away a head of hair thirty-five feet long and beard twenty-seven feet long, all in one bunch, would enable him to travel with a circus summers and sit in a store window to advertise a hair restorer in the winter. I don't know but he could get into the United States Senate, although I hear that they don't run so much to whiskers there now as they did a while ago.

FAITHFUL TO THEIR DUTY.

LAST October a cold spell in Montana killed a shepherd in the Great Falls district, two feet of snow covering the range in places, and the thermometer indicated forty degrees below zero. The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for the sheep, and it was three days before his fate was known to his employers. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of these stayed with his body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil, so far as could be ascertained, but the 2,500 sheep thrived as well, apparently, as though directed by human agency. The singular fact about the matter is that these faithful animals would have starved to death rather than harm one of the sheep left in their charge.

REPTILES CAN'T BACK OUT.

AFTER the meeting of the Colorado Academy of Science, at which President Regis Chauvenet of the School of Mines delivered an address, there was an argument about snakes. It was continued in a desultory way yesterday at the State capitol by Curator Will C. Ferril of the historical society and Captain Cecil Deane of the war relic department, the men who started it at the meeting on the day previous.

Curator Ferril claims that he has proved that a rattlesnake, when pursued, will retreat and go into its hole backward. He says that a month ago he ran across a rattlesnake which slowly went toward its hole. He followed with discretion and a gun and when the rattler reached its home it went in,

according to Mr. Ferril, tail first so that it could protect itself if attacked. Mr. Ferril is aware that this statement is contrary to the established records, but says that because it has never before been known to the world does not prove that it is not true. He will mention this discovery in his biennial report now being compiled.

Captain Cecil A. Deane of the war relic department says that he never heard of such a thing. He claims that the theory is ridiculous and that it is a well-established fact that the rattlers go home head first. In proof of this claim he says that the way in which curio dealers secure rattlers in large numbers for sale is to follow the snakes to their holes and cut off their tails as they dive into the holes. Captain Deane says he has pursued this method on various occasions and never saw a rattler even attempt to go into its hole tail first. He asserts that scientific experiments have already demonstrated that a rattler cannot "back up" or "back down" and that Mr. Ferril is needlessly exciting the scientific world in bringing up a subject which has already been disposed of.

FLIES' MANY EYES.

"WHOEVER thinks the male the superior animal finds no rest for the sole of his foot in the contemplation of what we, in the sublimity of our self-conceit, call 'the lower animals.' In our general ignorance of the housefly we do not know just how foolish and no-account the male is, but we may reasonably infer that he is as markedly deficient as usual, seeing that his eyes are so close together that they touch each other. That's always a bad sign. If you see anybody with eyes close together you are entitled to think little of his intelligence.

"The fly has two sorts of eyes, the big compound one, 4,000 in a bunch on each side of the head, for knocking about in daylight, and three simple eyes on the top of the head for use in a poor light, sewing and fine print. Before going into ecstasies of admiration over the creature that has 4,000 eyes on each side of its head, it might be well to remember that they are not of much account. In case of old flies kept over winter, the compound eyes cave in and get broken, yet the fly seems to get along and find food. One kind gentleman varnished over the simple eyes and plucked off the wings of some flies. He found that he might hold a candle close enough to burn the compound eyes of the fly before it had a suspicion that anything out of the common was going on. In daylight he took a knitting needle and brought it up in front of the fly close enough to touch its antennæ before it dodged. If the knitting needle was brought up on one side, Mr. Fly picked up his sticking plasters quite lively."

PHOTOGRAPHING HORSES.

"It is no easy matter to make a good horse picture," said Alfred J. Meyer, of Pach Brothers, "although every amateur thinks himself equal to the task. A horse must be taken from the proper point or his owner will not recognize the picture. If the camera is too near the subject certain points will be exaggerated in the photograph. The best results are obtained by placing the horse on a slight incline, so that the fore feet are a trifle higher than the hind feet. This position throws the head up. Then snapping the fingers or making any slight noise will cause the animal to prick up his ears, and at the moment when he is in this position of attention the photographer makes the picture.

"When horses in harness are to be photographed they must be posed on level ground or on a slight incline. To make them look alive a hat or a card is sometimes scaled in front of them, and at the moment when they look up the snap shot is made. When pictures of horses in action are made we usually place the camera near the ground, and by that means we get the best hoof positions, which cannot be secured when the camera is held or placed at the ordinary height. To make pictures of jumping horses the same method is employed, and the height of the jump is sometimes exaggerated by placing the camera below the track level. An excavation is made in the ground for that purpose, and pictures made from there increase the apparent height of hurdles and make a small jump look like something remarkable."—*New York Tribune*.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE WORD IN NATURE.

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present worked no sign or token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If he that spake it were not speaking still,
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will.

So, then, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought each happy season brings
To a pure spirit is a word of God.

THE INGLENOOK PRIZES.

WHEN we decided to offer prizes for the largest list of 'NOOK subscribers we felt pretty sure that the highest prize would not go to the strongest church communities. We said so in the paper. We have lived long enough in this world to know that the success of most things involving relations with people is dependent not so much on present opportunities as on the industry and business capacity of the man in charge. In fact it is the man, every time.

In looking over the list of books that will go out to the lucky agents we remember our early, overwhelming hunger for reading, and this list would have set the writer wild to get the volumes. But the want of books does not seem to have struck in very deep in the church. Hundreds who read this will say to themselves, "If I had only known." It would have been possible, in many a community, to have passed the highest number given in this list, with a very little work. But the readers did know, it stared them in the face in every issue bearing a cover. It was an old story and they let it slip.

The name of the agent with the highest list of subscriptions to his credit is MELBOURNE MABEE, of West Superior, Wisconsin. He secured thirty-seven subscriptions.

The next on the list is S. M. HARBAUGH, Hudson, Iowa, with thirty-two to his credit.

The next in order is C. L. BUCK, New Enterprise, Pa., with twenty-three names.

And the last is S. E. LEWIS, Roanoke, La., with nineteen.

The whole lot of books will be sent Melbourne Mabee as soon as they can be got together. The others are hereby notified to make their selections at once and report to the House what books they want, and they will be immediately forwarded. Give shipping directions.

An analysis of the names and the lists shows surprising results. Practically there is no church where the largest prize goes to Wisconsin. There is a large church at or near Hudson, Iowa. Where C. L. Buck lives is the garden spot of Pennsylvania, and Brethren are thickly settled there. Down in Louisiana, where the last prize goes, is only a weak, frontier church. About a score of people came within catching distance of one of the prizes, but failed to get it. If the same offer were repeated tomorrow the result would be the same. It would not be the place so much as the man, and the reasons why one man would succeed would be found in the sterling and valuable mental condition of taking hold and sticking to it. Success is only intelligent, hard work. Genius is only catching opportunity by the forelock and hanging on. That's absolutely all there is to it.

An examination of the 'NOOK list, and it runs into some thousands of names, shows that there are hundreds and hundreds of subscribers at single post offices, places where they are the only people getting the paper. It seems strange that the rate of progress into the compact, strong Brethren communities, is not greater than it is. Taking the list, as a whole, we are eminently successful. The 'NOOK is no longer an experiment. It is a fact,

and an interesting and appreciated one at that. No person can read the INGLENOOK and not be instructed. It is a welcome guest wherever it is known.

Some queer happenings have resulted from the 'NOOK publication. Ostensibly it started as a youth's paper, but as time went by we found that not only the children but the gray-heads were interested, and by degrees it has passed the short clothes stage, and now stands as healthy a literary growth as may be found anywhere in this big, round world of ours, and the 'NOOK has subscribers on the other side of the earth, and half way round it, too.

WHAT DIFFERENCE.

AN intelligent 'NOOKER asked privately whether it made any difference as to knowing or not knowing the things brought out in the "Bob and His Uncle" articles. This is best answered by the following question: Does it make any difference whether the man who eats bread knows anything of the botany of the grain, the chemistry of the soil, and the changes in the baking? In effect, finally, it does not. But that it is advisable to know as much of the things next to us as possible does not admit of an argument among intelligent people, for the very fact of their intelligence gives them a knowledge of the value of what is being done. The difference is one between knowledge and ignorance. One man is flat on the ground, another crawls, a third walks, and a few fly. The difference is mainly one of taste and inclination. The 'NOOKER is a man, as a rule, who wants knowledge, and he wants it in such a shape that he does not have to wade out too deep or too far to get it. This the INGLENOOK keeps in mind.

WANTED—BADLY.

THE 'NOOK wants some live contributions, not but that there is enough in stock to last for a long time, but that we want more. No newspaper office ever has quite enough of interesting and instructive articles, and the INGLENOOK is no exception. Send them on.

WILL some of our Sisters who are good cooks contribute their best to the Cooking School column? We want them to do so. There is another feature of housekeeping that has developed in the cooking contributions, and that is the way of doing certain things that you have found advantageous. Thus, one Sister sends in an excellent method of sugar curing meat by the dry process, another tells how soap is made without boiling. These, and all like them, will be printed. Each Sister is also requested to ask for any recipes she may want to know about. The chef of the 'NOOK has been criticised for allowing only Sisters to contribute recipes, some asking sarcastically whether it is only the Dunker woman who knows how to cook; to which we reply that we don't know all the women in this world, but as far as our acquaintance goes the said Dunker woman and her daughter does know it a mite the best. At least it is good enough for the 'NOOK management. Possibly we are prejudiced. *Quien sabe?*

DOES some bright 'NOOKER want to make a fortune? Let him discover some mechanical or other use for skim milk. Here in Elgin, where "it rains milk" and the bottled product is sent to the great cities, there is much call for cream. The resultant skimmed milk is run into the river. They used to give it away, but the bother and slop made them refuse to do it, and now it goes to waste. You can't have animals about a creamery or a milk establishment, and it is a pity to consider the waste. Thousands of gallons go to feed the fish.

PLEASE note that W. A. Dickey, the patentee of the far-famed Stone Post, should now be addressed at Peru, Ind., R. R. 3, instead of Nead, as heretofore. See his "ad" in next issue.

THE INGLENOOK office wants three copies each of Nos. 25 and 20 of this paper. Who has them to dispose of? Write here.

"WE older folks read the INGLENOOK, too, and pronounce it first class."—*McCune, Kansas.*

"THE 'NOOK is worth its weight in gold."—*M. B. Peck, Texas.*

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

I am a poor sister, without a cent in the world, but have something that the INGLENOOK readers ought to have. Will you notice it in the Exchange column?

Send it on.

* * *

Is the INGLENOOK holding its own in the new year subscriptions?

It is that very thing, and more, too.

* * *

Have we any evidence that St. Paul was ever married?

Only indirectly that he was, and that not certain.

* * *

Why do we never find an odd number of rows on an ear of corn?

And this is one of the many things the INGLENOOK does not know.

* * *

Is this thing we call life a property of the vegetable world, reference being had to sensation, etc.?

We are inclined to the belief that it is the case to a limited extent.

* * *

When the light is brought into a darkened room where does the dark go?

Darkness is not a thing, it is a condition and comes from and goes nowhere.

* * *

Is there any method of hardening soft knife blades?

A good steel worker could do it, but knives are so cheap it is hardly worth while.

* * *

What is the cause of white spots on the finger nails?

Usually some external injury unnoticed at the time. They generally disappear, in time, or grow out.

* * *

I have a son who is very bad, etc.

Quietly arrange for him to go and live with strangers for a while. Ten to one he will be back soon, and be better satisfied.

* * *

Is it true that some people have power over animals that is not possessed by all persons?

Nothing is truer. It is not known what it is, for, if it were known, all could become equally expert, which is never the case.

* * *

Will almonds grow in this country?

Yes, lots of them are grown in Arizona and California, and you can readily start one in a pot at home. It is so near like a peach tree in growth that you would be troubled to distinguish it from one.

* * *

What is the difference, or what causes the difference, in the intoxicating qualities of the various drinks, such as wine, beer, etc.?

The difference is caused by the amount of alcohol in each one. It is the alcohol that intoxicates, all the rest are flavor and looks. It is the amount of devil each one has that gives it destructive powers.

* * *

I am a girl much interested in the 'NOOK, and wish to ask whether seventeen is too young to get married. Suppress my name.

Yes, you should not get married at seventeen. If you are married at twenty-five it will be all the better. The world will look much different at twenty-five than it does at seventeen, and the 'NOOK's advice is to wait by all means.

* * *

I see in a paper that Europeans will not eat corn or its food products. Why?

They regard it as food for animals, and do not know how to prepare it. At the time of the Irish famine corn meal was sent over, and the people stirred it into cold water, found it unpalatable, and condemned the "Yally meal."

* * *

Why do canned vegetables, such as beets, or fruits, lose their color?

It is due to a chemical change induced in the cooking, and cannot be helped without the use of injurious substances that hold the color. Cooking in a copper vessel will fix and retain the natural colors, but poisons the vegetables.

* * *

All queries to receive attention must be signed and be of more or less general interest.

THE EGG INDUSTRY.

A CACKLE of relief and conscious virtue is going from conscientious hens all over the country. Their busy season is practically ended and they have beaten all previous records. The American hen isn't properly appreciated by the average fellow countryman. He insists upon regarding her as an individual, and doesn't realize that a power of organized labor she represents. As a rough estimate, there are about 350,000,000 chickens in the United States. They produce each year something like 14,000,000,000 eggs, which represent \$175,000,000. Besides, \$130,000,000 worth of poultry is eaten in the country during a year, and the value of the living hens, at thirty cents a piece, is figured at \$150,000,000. So the hen stands for about \$455,000,000 in the yearly economy of the United States, and it keeps her hustling live up to her reputation. It is enough to daunt even a black Minorea to reflect when the spring days come that she and her fellows must start in and outdo the iron industry, the coal industry, the wheat crop and the corn crop, incidentally soaring more than \$1,000,000 ahead of the total yearly value of the cows of the country and their produce. However, she sees her duty and she does it. The bulk of the work, so far as the eggs are concerned, is done in the spring and early summer, though the hens keep up a fairly good pace until November, and are not actually daunted until the severe cold weather and storms arrive. The supply and the price of eggs depend entirely upon that unknown quantity, the weather. Such an episode as the egg famine of earlier times is never known in this day of cold storage and refrigerating facilities, but a long winter means a decided scarcity of fresh eggs and a jump in the prices of stored eggs. The egg business has been revolutionized in very recent years and its development has been marvelous. A comparatively short time ago the market depended upon local farmers and upon Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa for its egg supply, and the great Southwest had no finger in the pie, but the improvements in railroad facilities and refrigeration have changed all that, and now Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri are sending out enormous quantities of eggs. The South, too, has taken up the industry, though the tendency in that region is to go into the business in a small way rather than with the breezy all-embracing sweep of the Western farmer. Iowa is still, perhaps, the heaviest producer, but Michigan eggs are said by experts to have the finest flavor, the difference being, doubtless, the effect of the sand and lime in the soil. Poultry farmers to-day are showing a tendency to confine themselves to some one breed of hens, but the merit of this measure lies not in superior flavor, but in the uniform size and color of the eggs. Those questions of size and color cut an important figure in the egg trade, and though the dealers say scornfully that their concessions to public idiosyncrasies are all foolishness, they make the concessions just the same. The ordinary buyer absolutely refuses to put aside a prejudice in favor of eggs uniform in size and color. The grocer cannot sell mixed eggs, however fresh they may be, at a fancy price, so the wholesale dealers sort out the eggs, and tack an extra price to those that are uniform, and everybody is happy. There are local prejudices in this regard as well as universal ones. Every dealer in the country over knows that fancy sorted eggs, to command a favor in Boston, must be of a warm brown color, and he knows equally well that New Yorkers will not pay a fancy price for brown eggs, but demand assorted whites. This sorting and classifying of eggs is a complicated performance. Sometimes it is done before shipping. More often it is done in the wholesale houses or storage warehouses. First the eggs are handled and sorted according to their degree of freshness. In the old days this was done by passing the eggs before a candle flame in a dark room; but candling is now a misnomer, for the eggs are held before a powerful electric light hooded in tin, so that the light escapes only through one small aperture. An expert candler needs long training, and the work is tedious and trying, though old candlers who have been at the trade for many years scoff at the idea that the work is disastrous to their eyes. The candling room is a picturesque place, with its inky gloom, its high lights on the faces of the workers and the glowing little ovals of

warm color that are swiftly passed before the ray of light and laid aside. The incidental smells are more than picturesque, but a disinfectant thrown into the air quickly kills the odor of the bad eggs, and the workers say that they are so used to the odor that they really do not mind it. The candlers in one of New York's largest wholesale egg houses get \$14 a week the year round, but their work is comparatively light during the spring and early summer months, when almost all eggs are also fresh. It is during the hot weather that their troubles begin. That season eggs must be handled quickly, and a large percentage of them are not strictly fresh. The candler must be able to grade the varying degrees of staleness unerringly, separating blood eggs, spotted eggs, heated eggs and thoroughly bad eggs into classes. After they leave the candling room they are again sorted, this time with reference to color and size. The strictly fresh eggs, all of one size and color, are packed for fancy trade; mixed fresh eggs go together; eggs of varying degrees of staleness are divided into classes. The cracked eggs and dirty eggs are put aside. Not an egg of any sort is wasted. The hopelessly bad eggs, not bought up for campaigning purposes, are sold for use in tanning processes. The dirties and the cracked eggs go to the bakers, as do many of the stale eggs. Dirty and stale eggs are sold to the small dealers in the poor quarters of the city, where the trade cannot afford high prices. The best retail dealers of the city buy only the best selected or mixed eggs. One New York grocery firm has bought \$18,000 worth of first-grade eggs this month and doesn't consider it a big month, either. The country is practically cleared up of fresh eggs now, and the supply will be small from this time until March or April, but millions of eggs are packed away in the storage houses, and it would be indeed a long winter that could exhaust the supply. Of course, an egg does lose its flavor with storage, but it doesn't spoil, in the ordinary acceptance of that word, and eggs are frequently kept ten months without being unfit for use. At the time of New York's last blizzard, when entrance to the city was absolutely blocked, the storage egg supply was fairly cleaned out, and ten months' old eggs sold for a price higher than that ordinarily brought by fancy fresh eggs. It is an established fact that storage houses for eggs should be away from the salt air, as the salt seems to affect the eggs unfavorably. Nothing, in fact, is more easily tainted than an egg, though one might suppose that its shell would protect it. A Buffalo dealer last season stored 2,000 cases of eggs, 300 in a case, in the same house with a consignment of pears, and the eggs took on such a distinct pear flavor that they were sold for a very small price in the New York market. There is money in the egg business, even for farmers who go into it in a small way, and almost every first-class city grocery has on its books a few local farmers who furnish small supplies of eggs superior in appearance and stamped strictly fresh. Very often these eggs are all the buyer's fancy paints them. Sometimes they are fake pure and simple. The wholesale dealers all know one small downtown firm that buys ordinary eggs of them at a fair price, stamps each one with a Long Island address and date, and sells them at a fancy price as strictly fresh Long Island eggs. Even the farmers themselves occasionally yield to temptation. When a man is accustomed to providing sixty dozen eggs a week at a big price for a New York dealer and, on account of cold weather or natural obstinacy, his hens fail him for a week or two and furnish him only ten dozen a week, his integrity is sadly strained. It would be so exceedingly easy to run up to New York, buy fifty dozen fresh eggs at a fair price, stamp them with his stamp and send them off. No one would be hurt, the eggs would be good, and his profits would be intact. Presumably the ordinary farmer groans, "Retro Sathanas," and stands his loss, but there are others. That is why wholesale dealers grin jovially when one asks them about "strictly fresh eggs." The United States export large quantities of eggs to the West Indies and South America, and even send them as far afield as South Africa, but France, Russia, Belgium and Denmark practically supply the European market. England, oddly

enough, produces few eggs, and imports yearly more than 1,300,000,000 from the continent.

STEEL PENS LITTLE USED.

"DURING the past year," said a stationer, "we have sold only half the number of steel pens we sold in 1899. And I would not be surprised to see the sales of pens fall off till only a few stationers in town carried large stocks of them. This, I think, is due to the advent of the typewriting machine. In almost every business house in the city typewriters are in use and in some houses they have a system of keeping books with typewriting machines. In the county registrar's office all the records were for years kept with pen and ink, but now the copyists employed there are compelled to work typewriting machines. Deeds are copied into the record books with the aid of the typewriter and the copyist of to-day has not the political sinecure he had a few years ago when any schoolboy was competent to be a copyist in the registrar's office. Hundreds of boxes of steel pens were in use there in those days, but now they use only about 1 per cent of the quantity formerly required. I would not be surprised if within the next few years several pen manufacturers gave up business. Few people know what a heap of bother and expense it is to make a pen. For instance, the steel is first rolled into big sheets and then cut into strips about three inches wide. These strips are annealed. In other words they are softly heated to a red heat and permitted to cool very gradually, so that the brittleness is all removed and the steel is soft enough to be easily worked. Then the strips are again rolled to the required thickness, or rather thinness, for, as you know, the average steel pen is not thicker than a piece of letter paper. The blank pen is next cut out of the flat strip and the name of the maker stamped upon it. Then comes the molding process. The pen is put in a mold which gives it grace and strength. The rounding enables the pen to hold the requisite ink and to distribute the ink gradually. That little hole which is cut near the end of the slit also helps to make the ink run properly and regulates the elasticity of the pen. Up to this time the metal is soft and leadlike. To make it brittle and springy it is tempered by being heated to a cherry color and then suddenly plunged into cold water. But it is then too brittle for use, so the temper of the steel must be drawn. The elasticity varies with the color and each color is obtained by suddenly plunging the pen into cold water. Then follow the slitting, polishing, pointing and finishing, all of which is done by expert workmen. But the price of pens has fallen greatly of late, and, as I said before, with the advent of the new century there will probably be fewer pens manufactured and more typewriters put to work." THE largest gun in the world is now in process of being finished at the Government works at Watervliet, between the cities of Albany and Troy. Without its carriage, it weighs two hundred and fifty-two thousand pounds. It is forty-nine feet and six inches long, and its bore is one foot and four inches in diameter. At the breech it is eighteen feet and six inches in circumference. The shot for this monster gun is five feet and four inches long and weighs two thousand three hundred and seventy pounds. One thousand and sixty pounds of powder are necessary for a charge. Every projectile costs six hundred dollars, powder for one shot two hundred and sixty-five dollars, the time of the men to handle the gun at least thirty-five dollars more; so that every discharge of the gun will cost at least nine hundred dollars. The gun will throw this enormous projectile the marvelous distance of twenty miles and two thousand six hundred and forty feet. In order to reach thus far it will have to travel through the air at an elevation at its highest point of at least five miles. A TEACHER, wishing to get the children to express moral reprobation of lazy people, led up to it by asking: "Who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return?" For some time there was silence; but at last a little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer from her own experience, exclaimed confidently, "Please, sir, it's the baby!"

Good Reading

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR DIAMONDS.

LIKE glistening ice crystals on newly-fallen snow seemed the clusters of diamonds spread out on the delicate sheets of white tissue paper.

Rows upon rows of them, thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth—from all the famous diamond-bearing reefs of the world—India, Africa, Brazil—from all the great diamond-selling centers—Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, New York—freighted with many a weird untold tale, fascinatingly beautiful as they flash back the light of the afternoon sun.

This is the time for the gem dealer's harvest, and this big building, devoted to the jewelers' business entirely, is crowded to suffocation with those who have come to sell or buy gems. The buyers for the swell jewelry establishments are here. Here, also, are men selecting a bracelet or ring for wife, daughter or sweetheart, women—and they predominate—in search of a pin, stud, or gem-encrusted matchbox for husband, father, brother, or some other girl's brother, lassie and laddies whose lips have touched at tenderer age the bowl of the golden spoon, picking a keepsake for—well, the reporter refrained from asking whom—and went higher up in the building, until the elevator boy said, "The next's the roof, but you'll have to climb. I'm going the other way with this machine now."

Up near the very top of this building the most interesting thing it contains is the diamond cutting and polishing shop. There is only one diamond cutter in Boston, none nearer than New York, and but few there or elsewhere in this country.

Diamond cutting as an art was first discovered in India, where they made eyes for ugly idols of their precious gems, and Englishmen strove, when they arrived, to wean the pagan from idolatry by plucking the offending eyes from the gods of stone, bronze, brass or wood.

Perhaps they forgot to return them to their rightful owners, the priests of the temples, perhaps they feared they would revert to original use as windows for Buddha's soul.

However that may be, they bobbed up in the "tight little isle," and Englishmen soon became famous as diamond cutters.

After the Britons, the Dutch took up the art of diamond cutting, and so improved on both the East Indian and the British methods that Amsterdam became famous as the only place to get a diamond cut as it should be.

Back it went to England again, and the methods pursued there were closely followed until one Morse, an American artist, laid down new rules for cutting and polishing the many facets of these beautiful gems. That was the beginning of the history of real artistic diamond cutting in America, though it had been done here before.

There are three styles of cutting a diamond, "rose," "brilliant" and "table," and these forms are governed entirely by the shape of the diamond as it is found in the rough.

If its shape and size permit it, the "brilliant" is the style most used, and best calculated to bring out the luster and color of the stone.

As the rough stone shallows it is cut in the "rose" shape, or when it is very shallow the "table."

The process of cutting the many facets on a diamond is performed by making two stones act against each other, the diamonds being fastened into the ends of short wooden shafts by a shellac wax or cement, and the cutter holding one in each hand rubs carefully back and forth.

As each stone cuts against the other a fine dust falls and is caught in a box arranged beneath the cutter's hands.

When the diamonds are cut they are polished by the use of their own dust and a lapidary's wheel.

Diamonds are also cut and polished in the same manner by delicate machinery driven by electricity.

There are three parts to a diamond outside of the facets; the top or crown above the setting is the "bezel," the edge or circle caught by the teeth of the setting is the "girdle" and the portion below the setting is the "collet."

These are the terms given these parts away back in the dawn of the art by diamond cutters, and they still stick.

The same rules apply for the cutting of a tiny "sparkler" as for the cutting and polishing of a big "solitaire."

The amount of time consumed in the work varies so much as to make it almost impossible to fix it for a certain size of stone.

It required all of two years' constant work by one cutter to finish the famous "Pitt diamond." This was originally the eye of an East Indian idol.

TAR AND FEATHERS NO JOKE.

SEVERAL hotel guests were sitting in the cosy corner of the lobby the other day reading the papers and exchanging desultory comments. "Ha! Ha!" chuckled one of the party, "I see they tarred and feathered a couple of Mormom elders up the country, last night. Served 'em right! They must have looked funny, sauntering out of town, dressed in pitch and plumage!"

"Did you ever see anybody tarred and feathered?" asked a red-bearded man in the next chair. "No? Well, let me assure you it's a pretty serious thing. I saw one case, and I'll never forget it in my life. It was in the fall of '87," he continued, in response to a general request for the story, "and I was running a Turkish bathhouse at Pittsburg, Pa. One morning a big athletic man of about thirty-five walked in and ordered a hot bath. A little later he rang the bell and sent for me, and when I entered the room I was so astonished I nearly toppled over. From his feet to his neck he looked like a half-picked black chicken. As it afterward turned out he had been waylaid by a party of men at a place called Sheldon, right in the heart of the district where the coal strike is now in progress, and treated to a coat of tar and feathers. He was supposed to be a private detective who had been sent to pry into the secrets of one of the miners' societies, and I guess the supposition was correct. Anyhow, they did a very thorough job and evidently stopped at his neck to give him a chance to get out of the district without attracting attention, which was really a pretty shrewd move.

"The question before the house was how to get the stuff off, and a more difficult problem I never tackled," quotes the *New Orleans Times-Herald*. "He had ridden over 100 miles in the cars, and the tar had become perfectly dry. In hardening it had contracted slightly and pulled out millions of the minute hairs with which all human beings are covered, which, of course, caused him intense agony. Moreover it had choked up all the pores, and if he hadn't been a man of superb physique I'm satisfied that he would have succumbed before he reached the city. Well, I put him in a hot bath, to begin with, and set a couple of massage operators to scrubbing him with flesh brushes and carbolic soap. In a little while we saw that wouldn't do. They got off a few small pieces, but the skin came off with them, and I stopped the flaying and tried sponging with benzine. That had about as much effect as spring water on Krupp armor plate.

"Then I sent for a doctor, who had to admit himself puzzled. He said he had had very few cases of tarring and feathering in his practice; but something had to be done quick, so he tried soaking in warm turpentine. That proved to be the correct thing, but it was desperately slow work, and meanwhile the man had to be kept up on stimulants, for he was getting very weak. Eventually the turpentine dissolved the tar, and we got it off with soft sponges; but how long do you think it took? Five days—working on and off, as he could stand it. When we got through he was laid up for a month. I got \$150 for the job. No, gentlemen, there is nothing humorous about tar and feathers when seen at close range."

ABOUT DOLLS.

THE origin of the word "doll" is curious. Centuries ago, when saints' names were much in vogue for children, St. Dorothea was the most popular, and her name the best and luckiest that could be given to a little girl. The nickname was Dolly, or Doll, and from giving babies the nickname, it was an easy step to pass it on to the little images of which the babies were so fond.

The word is not found in common use in our language until the middle of the eighteenth century, and as far as can be discovered, first appears in the

Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1751, in the following: "Several dolls, with different dresses, made in St. James street, have been sent to the czarina to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies."

Previous to this the word used to describe the favorite plaything of all girls in all countries and in all ages was "baby," which is to be found, together with "poppet," or "puppet," in this sense in the works of most of the earlier writers.

The wax and china dolls originated in the middle of the seventeenth century. There were no ladies' fashion papers as now, and in order to show what was being worn on the continent dolls were beautifully and expensively dressed and sent to the various European countries, and from the models orders were taken.

Thuringia is the land where most dolls are born. About 200 years ago most of the dolls were made in Flanders, and they were called, not dolls, but Flanders babies.

At one European doll factory of the present day 100,000 dolls are produced annually, some 500 men, women and children being employed. To make one talking doll requires the joint labor of thirty men.

Dolls' eyes are made in underground rooms, into which the sunlight rarely peeps, and violet orbs are the most difficult to color. There is one town in Germany where three-fourths of all the dolls' eyes in the world are made.

Only in the case of the most expensive dolls is real human hair used.

The Hindu child is probably the only doll-less child in the universe.

The little Egyptians have their wooden "Ushabti"—the same in style as 4,000 years ago. These were sometimes made of porcelain. When a child died its dolls were buried with it, in the expectation that their spirit forms would rise and do service in another world.

The paradise of dolls is Japan, where they are most elaborately and gorgeously attired affairs; so are the dolls of Kioto—"genroku," as they are called. They are often valuable wood carvings, enameled in colors, or statuettes of great artistic merit.

One of the most interesting collections of dolls in this country is that belonging to the bureau of ethnology, Washington. They are dolls of the Zuni Indians of Arizona, and are made from the roots or subterranean branches of the cottonwood tree, being whittled out with knives; they are decorated bright red, yellow, green, and represent the gods of the tribe—the god of the snow, the god that eats up the rain clouds, the fire god, the son god and the corn goddess.

The Zuni children play with these dolls as other children do. Anyone who goes into a Zuni habitation is certain to see a row of these dolls suspended from the ceiling—not being in use they are hung up until wanted.

HOW PAINTING IS DONE IN FLOWERY KINGDOM.

ALTHOUGH some very curious examples of the Chinese painters' art reach these shores, the children of the Flowery Land claim for their artists successes quite equal to anything done or seen in the West.

Many are the anecdotes told regarding the achievements of the old masters. Time is of small account with the Chinese, hence there is current to this very day a story which dates back to the third century. An artist of that period had painted a screen for the Emperor and added some flies to the picture by a few touches of the pencil here and there.

The "Son of Heaven," to give him his native title, on inspecting the beautiful work, was so annoyed at the sight of the flies on the picture that he whipped out his handkerchief and flicked the painting with it, with the intention, of course, of driving the flies away, believing that they were samples of the real pest, and not merely painted ones.

MORE and more we come to see that courage is a positive thing. It is not simply the absence of fear. To be brave is not merely not to be afraid. Courage is that compactness and clear coherence of all a man's faculties and powers which make his manhood a single operative unit in the world.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS.—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Ohio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetser, Ind., President; Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Treasurer. Address all communications to OUR MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE, Covington, Ohio.

IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

We have been greatly interested in the report of some missionary worker among the mountain people in Tennessee and North Carolina. Most of the people living in the mountains are very poor, their land not being very productive and they can scarcely raise sufficient food to supply their necessities. Their surroundings are such that most of them will never be able to better their conditions. There is scarcely one family in ten that have any reading matter in their homes, unless it is a copy of the Bible, and about one-half the families do not even have that. In one community, five miles from the main road, and only a foot-path to get there, the New Testament and a few other books were found among thirty-eight families. They had not heard a gospel sermon for six years, and some families were so poor that a little straw in one corner of their house, with a few old quilts, were all they had to sleep on. Many of the Sabbath schools have no reading matter of any kind. Two schools with an average attendance of forty and fifty scholars, had only one copy of the Bible to read in each school. Many of the boys and girls are intelligent, some being great readers. One boy walked fifteen miles to get a school book and a Bible. Seven little girls walked a long distance, each one bringing one cent, to buy a New Testament. We wish that some of our Circle workers would look into this matter. "The field is the world," and down among these poor people there is a great opportunity to sow good seed. "What are you going to do about it?"

TRACT OR TRACKED.

ONE poor fellow who did not know the meaning of the word tract, only knew that one had led him to Christ. He said, "O yes, it tracked me to this sin and that sin which I thought nobody knew. And when I was hunted to despair it tracked me to the Savior." A traveler in India threw a tract to a passerby. It contained many Bible truths. Years afterward a missionary passing that way, saw a number of people under a tree apparently engaged in worship. He stopped and found that sixteen of them were Christians ready for baptism, and others only needed a little instruction to bring them into the light of God. They showed him the little tract which had proved to be their beacon-light.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

What do missions include? If we allow words their intrinsic meaning, there is a divine meaning in the kitchen, in the nursery, in the Sunday school as well as in the islands of the South Sea. To represent Christ wherever we are, in all the details of life is a mission which many neglect. Our Circle understands that missions are to be taken in their broadest sense. The books recommended are intended to give the readers a broader outlook, and a deeper sense of personal responsibility.

I have finished the Missionary Course and would like to take up the Religious Course. Must I pay a separate fee? No; the twenty cents you pay is the only membership fee. You can read all the books of the three courses, and need pay no more.

How soon must I finish the Course? We have never insisted upon our readers finishing the Course in the prescribed time. Read the books as soon as you can. If you have but little time for reading, do not grow discouraged, keep at it.

It is my deep conviction, and I say it again and again, that if the church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away till the story of the cross will be uttered in the ears of every living man.—*Dying Words of a Missionary.*

 Sunday School 

ARE YOU CHILD OR SERVANT?

Do we count ourselves God's children, or God's servants? Do we strive to acquit ourselves as dutiful servants, or as dutiful children of God? Or are we, in either case, less concerned as to what we can do for God, than as to what God can do for us? What would we think of a child who was always counting on what he could get from his loving father, and who never seemed to have in mind what he could do to show his love and gratitude to that good father? Or, what should we think of a servant who seemed to have ever in mind what he was to receive from his wise and great master, and who seemed to have no thought of his duty toward that matchless master? Children or servants, let us ever bear in mind our duty and privilege of service toward our Divine Father and Master. What evidence of this do we give in our daily prayers and actions?

CHRIST'S STANDARD FLAWLESS.

CHRIST took on the human nature, but his example may not be appealed to in support of any human frailty. True, as often urged, he was no ascetic. He honored human life, and hence kept among men, and glorified all the means of man's true happiness. But sin is a poisonous atmosphere; the soul pines in it, and dies. There is no happiness on the shore strewn with the dead victims of the sirens of appetite. Hence Christ was self-banished from that land. He was an ascetic as regards meat that is sweet to the taste but death in the assimilation. With the minutest atom of sin he never trifled. And it is hideous blasphemy to urge his good-fellowship as a warrant for fellowship with demons.

CONSOLING THE CONSOLER.

AFFLICTION, rightly accepted, is a new power bestowed. A wife and mother, frail in body but stalwart in Christ, was called suddenly into bereavement by the death of her husband. To a friend who called on her in condolence she said, "Why, we feel all glorified! people come to comfort us, and it seems we comfort them." She comforted those whose sympathies for her brought them heart pain. She had gained a new power through her new experience, as one glorified in affliction. There is no other way to gain this new power but by passing through the fires one's self,—though one may pass through such fires and gain nothing but a discontented and rebellious spirit.

GOD'S GIVING WHILE TAKING.

SOME of God's richest gifts to us are in return for our choicest gifts to him, yielded at his call. God never asks us to surrender to him what is as our very life, or even yet more precious; but he is ready to give us, as we make the surrender, added life and richer returns than we can imagine or deem a possibility. He may even in return give us more of his very self. Thus it is that giving at God's call is receiving from God more than is given, though our gift be unspeakably precious. In view of this truth, when a new call to you comes from God, "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." Such giving includes our best, our uttermost.

LIVING IN A CASTLE OF LOVE.

"KEEP yourselves in the love of God" does not mean keep yourselves loving God, but keep believing and rejoicing that God loves you. Keep yourselves in the conviction that God loves you. "Conviction" is a good word there, because it comes from *con* and *victum*,—conquered, or *vinculum*,—a chain. Be conquered, be enchained, by the thought that God loves you. "Keep" means guard, protect, as in a fortress. Live in this castle, and no enemy of doubt or fear can by any means hurt you. "Keep yourselves in the love of God."

MIND, it is our best work that he wants, not the dregs of our exhaustion. I think he must prefer quality to quantity.—*George Macdonald.*

MAKING WHITE BEESWAX.

SINCE the enterprising chemists and refiners went into active competition with the honey bees and made a pure, white wax, or paraffin, out of petroleum, the use of beeswax in the manufacture of sperm candles, wax flowers and carbon papers has gone down, but the cobblers, tailors and harness-makers still stick by the honey bee, and declare that no petroleum wax can equal beeswax when it comes to wax-ends for slipping through awl-holes. Chemists, artificial flowermakers, laundries and other users of wax have not all gone over to the enemy, as the 500 tons of beeswax consumed annually indicate that the honey bees have hosts of friends left.

But many of these friends require white, or nearly white wax, and the yellow wax made by the bee must first be whitened or bleached before it is put on the market. The sun is the bleacher, so all bleachers are in the country away from the dirt and smoke of cities, and usually in the center of large honey districts. The beeswax is sent to the bleaching house in the shape of loaf-shaped cakes, each weighing about twenty-five pounds. These cakes are broken into small pieces and put into a vat or tub made of cedar, about five feet high and three feet across. In the bottom of this vat are two square wooden pipes, crossing each other at right angles. The tops of these pipes have a number of holes bored in them and both are connected with a steam pipe which brings the steam to them at a pressure of about sixty pounds to the square inch. From 1,200 to 1,800 pounds of wax is placed into the vat at a time, and enough water is run in to float the wax. Then the steam is turned on, and it jets up through the holes in the wooden pipes, melting the wax. The dirt in the wax falls to the bottom of the vat, and the melted wax, about three hours after the steam is turned on, is ready to be drawn from the vat.

Not far from the vat in which the wax is melted is a wooden roller about five feet long and a foot and a half in diameter. This roller revolves in cool water, and when the melted wax, after first passing through a sieve, falls upon it in narrow ribbons it chills at once, and, sticking to the roller, is carried around into the water. The roller turns once every second, and when the chilled ribbons of beeswax are carried around into the cooler water they fly off the roller into the water-bed.

From the cooling bed the wax is lifted on wooden forks, placed in boxes and carried outside to the bleaching beds. These are called frames and stand about three feet above the ground. Each frame is about 100 feet long, 15 feet wide and a foot deep. In each frame half a ton of wax is spread, and there it stays for a month or five weeks, depending on the number of sunny days, for the wax is exposed to the full light of the sun. Several times a day the wax is sprinkled with water to keep the sun from melting it, and once each day two men harrow it with a rake which extends across the frame, so that in a month of bleaching every bit of wax has all of its sides exposed to the sun several times.

At the end of a month the yellow wax has turned a creamy white, and it is then taken back to the melting vat and remelted, run through the screen, over the wooden roller and brought back to the bleaching frames for another stay, this time, however, for only two weeks. By this time the beeswax is pure white, and is ready to be put into marketable shape. The boys take about 500 pounds of wax and melt it in a small tub. Near the tub is a table on which stands a large number of pans about four inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch deep. The pans are arranged in rows, for the melted wax is poured into one row at a time. Above the pans and across the full width of the table is a movable copper cylinder, it is really a double cylinder, one inside of the other, and the space between the two is filled with hot water. The melted wax is poured into the inside cylinder and is kept in a liquid shape by the hot water-jacket.

A number of small tubes lead from the inner cylinder through the water-jacket, and one valve turns the melted wax into all the tubes, so that the boy who is filling the little pans can move the cylinder along until it is over a row of pans and then can turn the valve and fill the entire row at once. In an hour the wax in the pan-molds is cold and is ready to be shipped.

BOB AND HIS UNCLE.

WHEN the three met again around their pleasant fireside, on Saturday night, there was silence for a time when Bobbie spoke up and asked his Uncle why it was that Mark had not written the second in order of the books of the Testament? Then his Uncle told him that ever since the Testament books had been compiled, Matthew had been placed first in order, but that not always was the present order or arrangement of the books followed. In some of the earlier compilations of the sacred words, while Matthew's book was always placed first, the rest were arranged in several ways, other than as at present. Then Helen spoke up and said that it was the first time that she ever knew that the Testament was ever anything else than just as it is now. Bob said it was entirely new to him, and his Uncle further astonished them by saying that there was absolutely no record whatever of the time, order or place of writing of any of the books. Learned men of all ages, those who gave their lives to the study of the Bible, were not at all agreed on the time, place, or order, of writing. Where we see it in print it is only what seemed best and truest to the man who happened to write the history. He said further, the old man did, that while this was the case, none of them had ever denied either the facts or the books themselves. It was like a lot of old letters without date or locality of writing, nobody could tell where they were written, or in what order, but the fact that they were written, by different people, and that they all agreed in the main in what they were describing, led him to believe it to be a very strong, if not the strongest, argument in favor of the truth of the main occurrences.

After a moment's silence Helen spoke up and asked her Uncle what sort of a man he thought Matthew to be. He meditated a moment and then said that there was no doubt of some things in connection with him. He lived in Capernaum, a place that not all are agreed on as being on the same site of the present ruins of that name. He was employed in the Roman customhouse. It should be remembered that the Roman, that is, the soldiers of Rome, or Italy, now, had conquered the Holy Land, and held it in subjection. They had customhouses along the main lines of travel, and passers and traders were compelled to pay a tax or tariff, just as now in our own large seaport cities. It was simply a plan to get money out of the people for government purposes. Naturally in such a place there would have to be people in attendance who were able to talk the language of the comers and goers, and this meant the employment of natives. Matthew was one of them, and it is certain that he knew the Aramaic, or common language of the people, and he could talk Latin, or understand it, as that was the speech of his employers, the conquerors, and he, in all probability, understood Hebrew, or the language of his people, the Jews. He is also thought to have had a reading and writing knowledge of Greek.

As he lived in the city, and as Christ was his cousin, it is also very likely that the Lord lived with him. If that was the case, and it appears reasonable, it is no wonder that Matthew believed in him, and at any event, when the time came for the Master to begin his work, he went down to the lake, told Matthew to follow, and so he did. It was a good deal of a personal sacrifice, and though Matthew, in common with all the Jews who took work in a public way from the Roman, was cordially hated, and was called a publican, that is, one in the public service of the conquerors, yet it is said that he immediately threw up his position and went with Christ. I would take it, said their Uncle, that Matthew was a man of very positive character. In the first place he was not afraid of public opinion or he would not have gone into the service of the Roman, and that he cared little for criticism is further evidenced by his following Christ, he knew not where, or to what ending it might bring him. He probably looked like all the rest of the Jews, stocky, black-haired, and determined. You see, said the Uncle, the Jews have a national type of countenance, because they have, as a very general rule, in all ages of the world, married only among themselves.

Here Helen, with her home instincts, asked whether the same laws regarding food were in force at the time of Matthew as now, and her Uncle said that they were. Bobbie asked what the Jews ate,

and his Uncle said that it was more what they did not eat. There is one thing that no orthodox Jew, even of to-day, ever knew the taste of, and that is an oyster. Bob said that it was funny, but his Uncle went on to enumerate a whole lot of things a Jew never eats, and he was just about to tell why, when the old clock in the corner called the hour for retiring, and it was put off till next Saturday. The INGLENOOK reporter, as he trudged along the street car track to the Office, wondered whether any of the readers cared about these things. He found it all interesting, but did anybody else? How should he know? But he said to himself that he was going back next Saturday, if he were able to get there.

ALL OUT OF CONFIDENCE.

THE story of the church in Alabama which had over one of its doors the words, "This is the gate of heaven," with the modifying postscript some distance below, "This door closed in winter time," recalls a somewhat similar story which Cardinal Manning used to tell of his publishers.

He was a man who did not keep his own books in any great number on his private shelves, and so one day found it necessary to go to his publishers for a copy of his volume, "Confidence in God."

To his surprise this conversation took place in the loudest voices between the front and back offices, the men calling to each other at the top of their lungs: "Say, you, send up some of Manning's 'Confidence in God.'" "Can't do it. Manning's 'Confidence in God' is all gone."

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BEEF PIE.

BY SISTER LILLIE G. YEAROUT.

TAKE two pounds of choice beef, cut in pieces about as large as an egg, one pound of liver cut in to pieces half as large. Soak liver well, then parboil the beef and liver together, drain the liquor off, parboil some potatoes in it. Then make a rich biscuit dough, line a medium-sized bread pan, put in the beef, liver, potatoes and a half-dozen hard-boiled eggs "cut half in two." Then drop in a few dumplings of the crust, pour on the liquor, and put on upper crust. Pierce the crust in a few places to let out the steam, and bake.

Warrensburg, Mo.

POTATO SALAD.

BY SISTER CARRIE L. ARNOLD.

TAKE one-half dozen boiled potatoes, butter size of a hickory nut, one good-sized onion chipped up fine, pepper and salt to suit taste. Add four boiled eggs, two sliced in the salad and two on top. Garnish with celery, parsley or lettuce, also add vinegar to suit taste.

North Manchester, Ind.

MACARONI WITH CHEESE.

BY SISTER PEARL WEIMERT.

TAKE one package of macaroni, break up in small pieces. Cover with boiling water, salt to taste, and let boil until soft. Then butter a pudding or bread pan well, cover bottom with macaroni, then sprinkle thickly with grated or chopped cheese, pepper well and put small bits of butter over top, then another layer of macaroni, then cheese, and so on until the macaroni is all used, having cheese on top. Pour over this a cup of cream or milk and bake until nicely browned. Can be prepared the same with oysters, using oysters same as the cheese. When prepared right it is a very nice dish.

Heiser, Kansas.

FRIED BREAD.

BY SISTER MARTHA E. LEAR.

BEAT one egg to a froth. Pour into this one teacupful of sour cream or milk into which a pinch of soda has been stirred; then add a little salt and stir all well together. Put a lump of butter, suet or drippings in the frying pan, and let it get red hot. Take bread scraps or slices of bread, not less than three or four days old, and dip in the batter. Fry a nice brown on both sides and serve with hot sugar syrup. This is a good breakfast dish.

Farmersville, Ill.

AN ORANGE PUDDING.

BY SISTER MINNIE E. SHULTZ.

PEEL and cut in bits four oranges, rejecting the seeds. Sprinkle a cup of sugar over them. Boil a pint of milk, to which add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, with one tablespoonful of cornstarch. When it thickens pour it over the fruit. Beat the whites of eggs with a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar. Frost the pudding and brown it in the oven. You can substitute strawberries or peaches if you like.

Lancaster, Pa.

SUGAR COOKIES.

BY SISTER ALICE S. WALLICK.

TAKE one cup butter and two cups of sugar creamed together, five eggs beaten, to make extra nice, beat whites and yolks separately, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, flavor to suit taste, flour to make a soft dough. Roll and bake in a quick oven. Just before baking sprinkle with granulated sugar.

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That the Lord's Supper is a meal, and, in connection with the Communion, should be taken in the evening, or at the close of the day;

That the Salutation of the Holy Kiss, or Kiss of Peace, is binding upon the followers of Christ;

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

If many a daring spirit must discover
The chartless world, why should they glory
lack?
Because athwart the skyline they sank over
Few, few, the shipmen be that have come
back.

Yet one, wreck'd oft, hath by a giddy cord
The rugged head of Destiny regain'd—
One from the maelstrom's lap hath swum
aboard—
One from the polar sleep himself unchain'd.

But he, acquainted well with every tone
Of madness whining in his shroudage slender,
From storm and mutiny emerged alone
Self-righted from the dreadful self-surrender:

Rich from the isles where sojourn long is
death
Won back to cool Thames and Elizabeth,
Sea-weary, yes, but human still, and whole—
A circumnavigator of the soul

THE INGLENOOK

The Inglenook,

Elgin, Ill.

VOL. III.

Feb. 9, 1901.

No. 6.

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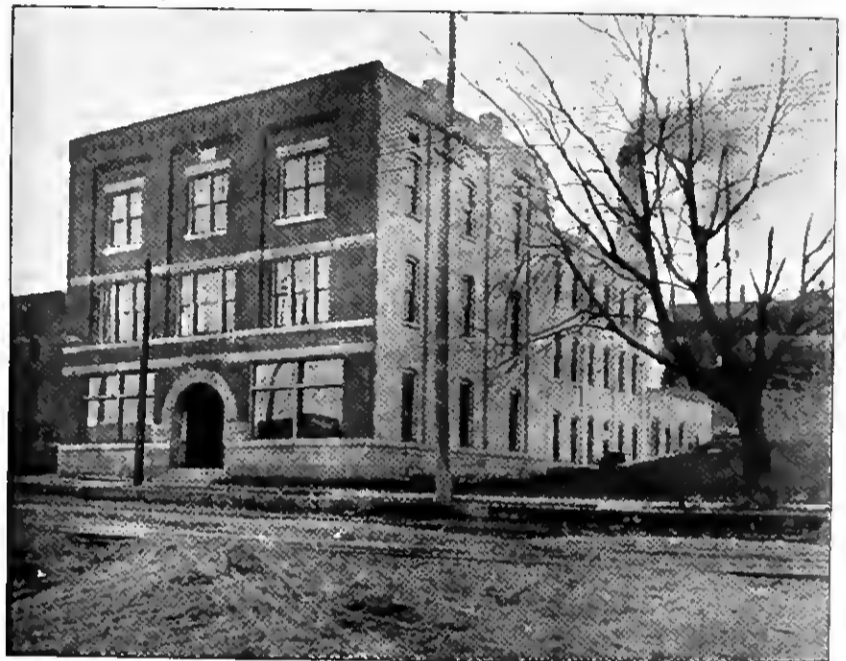
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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., Feb. 9, 1901.

No. 6.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WHERE are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled, the eyes that wild
In flashes shone soft eyes upon,
Where, where, oh, where are lips and eyes,
The maidens' smiles, the lovers' sighs,
That lived so long ago?
Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale of sister frail,
The plot that worked a brother's hurt,
Where, where, oh where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears
That lived so long ago?
Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
And who, when they were living, wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men that know not them
Their lands are tilled, their graves are filled,
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land, on sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?
We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come.
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

WISCONSIN CRANBERRIES.

VERY few people have much of an idea of how cranberries grow or what the vines look like, whether they resemble gooseberry bushes or tomato vines. The cranberry is a very modest little grower and the vines seldom reach a height of over eight inches, and a patch that is well covered with berries might be passed over by a casual observer without noticing the fruit at all.

The preparation of a cranberry farm necessitates the expenditure of a lot of money and much manual labor. First of all the ground must be so situated that it may be flooded with water whenever necessary. On this account a low, marshy place is selected which nature has seen fit to keep under water the greater part of the year. Then ditches are made and dams built so that the supply of water can be governed. Often to handle a forty-acre marsh properly it is necessary to dig from five to ten miles of ditches. The ground is then prepared for the reception of the vines by what is known as the "scalping" process. This is just what the name signifies. The upper surface of the ground is taken off to the depth of five or six inches. This removes all the grass and weed roots and gives the cranberry plants a chance to get started when they are planted.

First it was the custom to plant the vines from the wild marshes, it being only necessary to pull up the vines and scatter them over the prepared ground, where they took root and rapidly developed into bearing vines. The competition of Eastern berries, however, put a stop to this practice to a large extent.

From the time the snow leaves in the spring until the crop is sold in the autumn and the money safe in the owner's jeans, the cranberry crop is a source of anxiety to the grower. One would think that a plant that naturally grew wild in a country

would be very easy to raise when cultivated, but such does not seem to be the case. In the spring the marshes are kept under water until the danger from frost is past. This takes nice calculation on the part of the grower, for if he runs the water off too early he loses his crop from freezing in the spring and if he keeps the marsh flooded longer than necessary he materially shortens the season, so that an early freeze-up in the fall is liable to catch the crop. Then there may be a frost any night during the year in Wisconsin, not a heavy one, but enough to do damage if its coming is not noticed and the berries quickly flooded.

If the grower succeeds in getting his crop grown and near the ripening point, then his troubles just begin. Picking generally commences on the earliest varieties of berries about the middle of September and should the weather be favorable may continue four weeks. Just when to commence picking is another fine point to be decided by the grower. When they arrive at a certain stage they can be picked, and, although they look rather green at the time they will ripen in the boxes sufficiently to be marketable. But every day they are left on the vines they increase in size and weight very rapidly and also improve in appearance, but the danger from frost increases every day. It is said that berries that are at the picking stage will increase in size twenty-five per cent in two weeks and look better, and the late berries also keep much better than those that are picked green.

Cranberry growers are not farmers, and while one or two men can take care of a large marsh during the summer when picking time comes there is a transformation scene that seldom occurs at any other place. A marsh may contain forty acres, or it may consist of several hundred. Whatever its size, when picking time comes it is necessary to have a large number on hand to gather the crop. A large percentage of the pickers are girls, women and children, although there are a great many men that go to the marshes every fall to assist in the work.

Pickers are generally scarce in this section and they are about as erratic and notional a gang of workmen as it is usual to run across. The marshes are always located some distance from any town or village, so that it is the custom for those who go to pick to stay right at the marsh, where they are furnished with sleeping accommodations until the season is over. Central Wisconsin's population is made up of a large variety of nationalities, but with the exception of the negro and Chinaman representatives from each can be found on the marshes at picking time.

The berries are picked into pails or pans and then emptied into boxes which hold a bushel each. When a box is filled the picker receives a check for one bushel, which entitles the holder to forty cents in cash when presented at the office or store of the company. A good picker can generally gather about three bushels a day, sometimes more, but the average will not be as high as this, so the occupation is not one that is calculated to enrich the picker all at once. Often whole families are at work, however, the father, mother and three or four children, so if they average \$1 per day each they manage to come out considerably ahead of the game.

Cranberries sold this year at \$5.50 per barrel at the railroad station, which was considerably better than last year, and there were not berries enough to supply the demand. An acre of marsh will produce all the way from twenty to forty barrels, according to the yield, the average this year probably being below twenty. This is only the actual ground on which the berries are grown, and often a marsh of forty acres may require 500 acres of tributary ground, with many miles of ditching, in order to make it possible to raise the fruit profitably.

If a man leaves himself to himself, and lets him have his own way with himself, he will be a little less valuable a man by nightfall than he was in the morning.—C. H. Parkhurst.

ABSINTHE AMONG THE FRENCH.

THE French nation did not go into the drinking of absinthe of their own choice. How it came to be introduced is a curious story. During the Algerian war of 1844-47 the French troops in Africa suffered greatly from tropical fever and many things were tried as preventives. Among them was absinthe and it was found to be effective. The soldiers were ordered to mix small quantities of it three times a day with the ordinary French wine they drank. They objected at first to the new "medicine," declaring that it spoiled the taste of their wine. Gradually, however, they grew to like it, and within a few years they were much more willing to do without their claret than without their "green spirits." Finally absinthe drinking became such an evil in the army that it was found necessary to entirely forbid it. Now a French soldier or sailor who is found sipping the insidious liquor is severely punished.

But the soldiers returning from Algiers took the habit back with them and it rapidly spread among all classes of the people. It cured or prevented the fever of the Algerian soldiers, but it has come near "killing the French nation."

Absinthe is made by pounding the leaves and flowering tops of various varieties of wormwood, which grow from two to four feet high in great profusion under cultivation, and various other aromatic plants, and covering the mass with alcohol. After soaking for eight days the compound is distilled, yielding a green liquor, to which a certain percentage of anise seed oil is usually added. It was first made by a couple of old Swiss women who found it a good remedy and preventive for fevers.

The effects of absinthe on people who drink it habitually are admitted by medical men to be worse than those which follow the use of brandy or other strong spirits. It soon becomes to its devotees the first necessity of life. To get it they will sacrifice anything. Taken by a novice and in small doses, it has for a time pleasant effects. The brain and all the faculties are stimulated, and a dull person may under its influence seem almost brilliant. It apparently has no effect when taken in small quantities on the steadiness of carriage or the deportment of its users. There is nothing about them to betray that they are under the influence of the drug. But if a single glass above a certain amount be taken the victim is likely to fall like a log, all his faculties paralyzed and entirely unconscious. He may lie in this condition for hours, and on recovering consciousness he will feel like a man who is suffering from an agonizing disease.

THE Philadelphia Press says: New pennies, nickels, quarters, dollars and double eagles, all bearing the stamp of the first year of the new century, are daily pouring from the chutes beneath the coin dies in the mint. It wouldn't be possible now to have coined any money stamped 1900, even if the President himself wanted it. On New Year's day, after the regular custom and by law, all of the 1,200 dies which were used last year in stamping United States coins at the Philadelphia mint were destroyed and on the next day the money was made with brand-new dies. In former years, the old dies were destroyed by beating them flat with steam sledges. This year the faces of the dies were ground off by emery wheels. Only the obverse side of the dies is ground away. The reverse is hardly ever changed, and the dies are sent to Philadelphia from all the other mints and the obverse side reworked. The report that a new three-cent piece had been authorized by congress could not be verified at the mint. There is a large demand for such coin through the West. It is said that the new coin will be made of nickel, and the size of an old bronze cent, having in the center a hole one-fourth of an inch in diameter, which will easily distinguish it by sight or touch.

Correspondence

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

BY LIZZIE HOPE.

THE Editor of the INGLENOOK requested me to write a little about my father's home life, the side the public never saw. It brings him so vividly before me, his dear, loving face, and I pause to think, what can I tell of him? To outsiders he was, by some, considered reserved and cold, for he was most of the time, when home, busy writing or studying. Then it would be hard to distract his attention, and if strangers or neighbors happened to come into the room, unless his attention was especially called, he would never know of their being there.

As children we could play and talk around him and it never disturbed him. He was full of fun and played very much with us, getting down on the floor, and being a bear, horse, or anything we fancied at the time. Such a noisy, laughing crowd of little folks! As we grew older he spent his time talking to us, explaining everything puzzling to the little brains, encouraging us to ask questions and express our ideas. He believed in children to grow up and think for themselves, and to teach them how at an early age. At the table talking and laughing were encouraged, so meal time was always pleasant to look forward to.

We used to sing so much while we were little, always singing the first thing in the morning. I remember while we lived in Denmark, my sister, Christina, and I, one morning woke up earlier than usual. We began to sing, but papa said he was tired and sleepy and we must be still. We laid still a little while, then started to talk real low. Papa said "hush!" Then we whispered real easy, but gradually it grew louder and it buzzed, buzzing through the room, and papa, — well, we were a couple of very subdued little girls that morning.

So we learned it must be instant obedience, nothing half way about it, and we were generally told our faults, explained why it was naughty. We were never threatened, but if deserving of punishment we received it. We were taught that disobeying the one caring for us was paining Jesus. And from the time, when we began to understand, we had learned of Jesus' wondrous sacrifice for us and we feared so much to pain him who had already suffered so much.

Another thing was giving up to please each other, and asking forgiveness for wronging anyone, and if papa found he had judged us hastily, he as humbly asked our pardon.

While we lived in Copenhagen, one evening Bro. A., who was a florist by trade, came in and brought mamma some choice slips. He was sitting by the table trimming them, and laid one on the table where Christina and I were sitting. I took the slip and said, "Now, Christina, we will have a play dinner," and while they were busy talking I was just as busy cutting my green plant up for dinner. Then he turned around saying, "Oh, Sister Hope, they have spoiled your slips." Mamma said I must ask Bro. A. to forgive me but I didn't want to do that. Papa came into the room at that moment and asked what the trouble was, quietly led me into the next room, knelt down by a chair, so he could look right into my eyes, and asked me my reason for refusing to ask pardon, and in grieving Jesus in being so naughty, and I would have to be puished if I wouldn't do it. "Oh, papa," I said, "if you will whip me and not make me ask forgiveness I would so much rather take the whipping." But he answered that I might have a whipping, but I must also have to ask forgiveness, and especially of Jesus whom I was paining so much. Then he prayed so tenderly with me, little as I was I never forgot it. It was so easy to ask Bro. A. to forgive me after asking Jesus to.

After our return to America, papa was away from home longer. Then we had only his kind letters full of advice, very precious to us. When he came home he was so kind and helpful. And when mamma wished to have him make something, he would keep on fixing it till it suited her exactly. He never would have it so a woman should wait on a man. Instead he believed in the man being ready to help her. When home, it was papa that tended the little ones at night so mamma could

rest undisturbed and it was just as natural to carry our little troubles to him as to mamma.

He enjoyed very much getting a joke off on some one, or perhaps telling an amusing story. I always loved to see him laugh. Then his eyes would be full of fun and laughter and he had the habit of throwing his head back and then laughing so heartily, that we would have to laugh to hear him. He was so self-denying, always seeing that others had it comfortable and disregarding his own.

He was very sympathetic and could understand and place himself in a child's place, so he could sympathize with them in their little troubles. He was our friend, playmate, chum, and confidant. His presence is missed in every way. But we feel thankful to God for giving us such a loving father even if we have only been allowed to have him so little of his time when he worked here for God. He has left a good example and record for us, his children. God grant we may be able to live and become the women and his two boys the men he wished for us to become.

Herington, Kans.

INCIDENTS OF THE BERRY FIELD IN ARKANSAS.

BY A. B. UPTON.

THERE is always some one in a field where a large number are employed who do or say something that attracts our attention.

Although colored people are not, as a rule, employed in the picking of strawberries, there is one field near Van Buren, Ark., where the owner made it a point to employ a large number of them.

He had about one hundred of them and had an old colored man as the overseer who drove them about as though he was their owner, and they were obliged to obey his every order.

There was one man who had one arm off a little below the elbow, and it was a wonder to see the amount of berries he would pick, nearly as many as would those who had two arms.

The colored people were in one part of the field and the whites in another. They were not allowed to work together on account of race prejudice.

The colored people would come to the field before the dew would be off enough for them to commence picking, and they would engage in feats of jumping, wrestling, running foot races, and playing the game of mumble-de-peg, and bragging of the number of quarts picked.

The boys and young men would do the jumping, wrestling and foot racing, the older men the bragging, and the girls and women folks would play "mumble-de-peg."

There was one boy of about a dozen years of age, who was a most remarkable jumper. He would out-jump many a young man of twice his years, and when he jumped he would seem to spread out and put one in mind of a great flying squirrel.

The white folks would gather around the colored people and watch their games and seemed to enjoy them fully as much as did the active participants.

Sometimes we would get a picker who would want to cheat a little, and so he would fill the bottom of his box with leaves and vines then cover with berries and in the hurry and rush he would escape detection by the packer, but these people seemed to never take in the fact that the "boss" was watching for all of these tricks and when he saw a picker going too often to the crate house, he would follow the picker in and take his berries from him, would turn them out before the picker's eyes and when he found the cheat, would settle with him at once, and a picker would be hunting a job.

There was one young man who would cheat by picking the big berries from the row at his side. The other pickers had complained several times about this and so the "boss" had his eye on him. One day he caught the young man "snoughing" berries, as it is called there, and going to him he warned him not to take any more berries from the other rows. The young man was defiant and the "boss" threw him over a wire fence into the road and another picker was out of a job. This was the only time in his long experience that the "boss" ever has felt called upon to use physical force to enforce discipline.

Some of the pickers were from some of the Northern States and as they were boarding them-

selves they got permission from the owner of the place to sleep in the crate house, and during the picking season they built themselves a stone oven in which they baked their bread and shortcakes.

The oven was a source of wonder to the "natives" and they asked a great many questions about it. Nearly every one would ask if "that thar stone was the kind you'uns up Nawth cooked on?"

The shortcake was also another wonder to them. They had never seen anything like it before and they wanted to know "why all of that thar sweet-oin' was put on it for?" And the Northern boys answered all questions in a manner that would have done no discredit to even Eli Perkins.

One thing that seems strange to a person of Northern birth is the fact that these people who live in a country that is the natural home of the "big red apple," the grape, the blackberry and the strawberry seem to know but very little about preserving the fruit. It is almost always eaten in its natural state. This applies particularly to the farming class.

Another thing that seems strange to me is that, in a country where there are so many snakes, copperheads, rattlesnakes, whipsnakes, chicken-snakes, blacksnakes and other kinds, I have never known of but one snake ever being found in the berry field. Plenty of birds' nests with eggs and young are to be found but snakes are very rare.

The berries are always hauled to the shipping point on springs so that there will be no shaking or bruising of the fruit.

There are about eighteen hundred crates of strawberries in a car when it is ready to ship. They should not be filled to the top but lack at least a foot so that the escaping gas should have a place to escape. This keeps the top crates from spoiling. In another article we will, with the 'Nook's permission, tell about picking and preparing blackberries for market.

Elgin, Ill.

ECONOMY IN GUN TESTING.

THE method used in the United States navy for the economical training of the gunners is very interesting. It is a well-known fact that the cost of firing one of the large guns used in the navy is very great, amounting sometimes to \$1,000 or more. To save this expense a very simple method is employed. In the case of the large guns an ordinary Remington rifle is secured in the breech of the gun and directly in the center of the bore, so that when it is fired its bullet takes the same direction as that of the regular projectile. The large gun is sighted in the usual manner. On account of the lesser velocity of the small bullet the target is placed close to the ship and is made correspondingly small.

The method used for the 6-pounder or other small guns is slightly different, as instead of the small rifle a wooden or dummy cartridge, the same size as the regular cartridge, is employed. Through the center of this wooden cartridge runs a rifle barrel which is loaded with a .44-caliber cartridge.

OLD-TIME LOTTERY ETHICS.

WHEN one reads, as has frequently been the case of late, of the arrest of such and such an individual for the maintaining and promoting of a lottery, it is hard to conceive that within the present century Harvard College sought and obtained permission from the legislature to hold such an affair. Such is the case, however, if we can rely on history.

In 1806, when the finances of the college were in a decidedly critical state, the corporation, having represented the situation and duly petitioned, were accorded power by the general court to raise by lottery the sum of \$30,000 for the erection of a new building in the college yard. With the proceeds of this lottery the college was enabled to begin in 1811 the new building, which was completed in 1813.

A POLITICIAN says, "When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, and we always feel that there is a subtle something wrong about him. But, when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, he is a man of great moral courage, and we always feel that he has sterling stuff in him."

Nature & Study

VARIOUS NUTS ARE NUTRITIOUS.

IN European countries, particularly France and Italy, chestnuts and other such tree seeds are consumed in immense quantities by the masses of the population, largely because they are inexpensive, and there is no reason why they should be looked upon in the United States merely as a luxury for occasional use. During the year 1899 we imported 9,957,427 pounds of almonds, valued at \$1,222,587, as well as \$625,789 worth of cocoanuts and \$879,166 worth of various other nuts. Thus it appears that even the nuts we do eat are largely fetched from abroad, though nearly all of them might be produced very easily in this country.

Dried and shredded cocoanut is a very important article of commerce, and a vast amount of it is already used in this country. The meat of the fresh fruit is both palatable and nutritious, while the milk, iced, is a most delicious drink. Grated, the meat enters into the composition of curry, while from the oil is made a beautiful butter, which is finding its way to the tables of the poor as a substitute for oleomargarine. When small and green the nuts are powdered for medicinal use, being mixed with the oil of the ripe nut for a healing ointment. The milk contains about half as much fat as cow's milk.

It will not be long before all of the cocoanuts we consume are grown on our own land, inasmuch as many plantations of them have been set out in Florida within the last few years, and already there are 250,000 of the growing trees in that State, about ten per cent of them being in bearing now. Naturally Porto Rico will furnish large quantities of cocoanuts for use in the United States, where the demand for the fruit is steadily increasing.

Enormous quantities of pecan nuts are now used in this country, though chiefly by confectioners. This is a species of hickory nut, native to this continent, and not found anywhere else in the world. The finest pecans come from Louisiana, though the bulk of the crop is produced in Texas. They are shipped to New York by the car load and are there "shucked" by ingenious machines which separate the kernels from the shells in the neatest way imaginable, preserving the former entire. The "meats" sell for from 30 to 50 cents a pound, and one firm disposes of no less than 100,000 pounds of them per season.

Pecan nut oil makes a very good table oil, and as a lubricant it is used by clock-makers and gunsmiths. It is a fine illuminant, the kernel being so rich in oil that it will burn for a few moments brightly when lighted with a match. Thousands of acres of pecan trees are already under cultivation in the Gulf States, and it is said that an orchard will yield a fortune and a big income to anybody who has patience to wait ten years until the trees come into full bearing. One full-grown tree will yield two barrels of nuts each season, which will fetch \$15 a barrel wholesale.

Almonds, while recognized only as a luxury for dessert, find a great market in this country. Nearly 10,000,000 pounds of them were imported in 1899, and in the same year California produced more than 1,000,000 pounds. One man out in California has two square miles planted with almond trees. They do not do well east of the Rockies, and most of those we get from abroad come from France, Italy and Spain. The almond is very good food, containing as it does 21 per cent of "protein," which is the stuff that goes to make blood and muscle, together with 55 per cent of fat and 17 per cent of starch. One might live for quite awhile on these nuts and retain health and strength. Of course, the fat and starch are fuels that keep the body machine going.

Chestnuts are cultivated on a great scale in Europe, particularly in France, where the chief morning dish of a large part of the working classes is a preparation made by steaming the shelled nuts and cooking them with milk and salt, the mixture being sold hot in the streets. These nuts are also dried and ground to flour, which may be kept for quite awhile, and which, when mixed with water and baked in thin sheets, affords a sweet and nutritious cake. An excellent soup is made from chestnuts, which are likewise utilized as a stuffing for birds,

and sometimes boiled and dipped in syrup for a conserve.

There is no reason why the Brazil nut should not be extensively grown in the United States, where its cultivation has already been tried successfully. The demand for it is shown by the fact that we imported about \$250,000 worth of the nuts last year. Already the pistachio, which is utilized considerably by confectioners, is produced widely, though not extensively, in the Southern States and California. The kernel is greenish and has a peculiar flavor. It is a native of Syria and has long been cultivated in southern Europe, whence comes the bulk of the product brought to this country.

Peanuts can not be omitted from a discussion of the food value of nuts, though in reality they are not nuts at all, but a kind of pea. This government's experts of food products find that a quart of peanuts contains as much muscle-raising stuff as a pound of rump steak, though costing only one-third the price. The peanut is the cheapest of all foods relatively to the amount of nutriment it contains, having 49 per cent of fat and 29 per cent of "protein."

Peanut oil is one-half the weight of the kernel, is sweet and palatable, and is widely used as a substitute for olive oil. Lower grades of the oil are employed in the manufacture of soap and for lubricating purposes. Ground and added to bread, peanuts make a delicious stuffing for ducks, and they are otherwise utilized in the composition of croquettes, meringue, salad, soup (made like dried pea soup), jumbles, griddle cakes, muffins, and wafers. Peanut butter is already a well-known article, and a poor grade of the kernels is converted into "burnt almonds" and peanut candy.

Experiments made by the government experts point to the conclusion that nuts, generally speaking, are not indigestible, despite the popular impression to the contrary. Most nuts contain very little water, much fat, and only a small percentage of starch, but to this rule the chestnut is a notable exception, being nearly one-half water and about 43 per cent starch, with less than 7 per cent of fat.

WHAT IS MY NAME?

I AM not a very large animal, as I can be carried in a capacious pocket. I range all over the United States, in all climates. I am sometimes domesticated, but I amount to so little that people soon get tired of me. I can stand all kinds of weather, and I live either in a hole in the ground or out in the open, as it happens to suit me. I eat all kinds of vegetable foods, and I am the prey of a goodly number of other animals. I trust to my legs and to dodging when I am in danger.

When I am born I am blind, then I grow to be as big as a man's fist, and stay at that size for quite a spell, then take a sort of second growth and attain my full size, and I live, if nothing happens me, to the age of ten or twelve years. I can do without water for weeks, and I can get along at times without a drink at all. I am on the heads of thousands and thousands of people. When I am in scientific company they call me *Lepus sylvaticus*, and now what 'Nook boy knows my everyday name?

AND WHAT DO YOU CALL ME?

I AM somewhat larger than the above, and my name, in scholarly company, is *Procyon lotor*, which means the washer. They called me that because when I am fishing in the creek and reach under a stone I rub my hands together like a wash-woman. I eat a good many live things, and rather prefer them, but take to vegetable food, too. None of the lotor family are gadabouts like the *sylvaticus* people. They are on the go and the colder it is the more they run around. The colder it is the closer I curl up with my paws over the tip of my nose to keep it from being frost bitten. If there is one thing I like better than another it is the ripe pokeberry. Sometimes people get on my whereabouts by watching where I have broken down the limbs of the tall growing weed in order to get at the berries. People laugh at me every time they see me, and they think it is fun to hunt me down, but let me tell you that a dog that tackles me lone handed, or lone jawed, is likely to wish that he had stayed at home under the porch.

Mr. *Lepus* mentioned above, can climb up a hollow tree, but I can go up the outside of any tree

that grows. People eat me—when they can get me, that is, some do, but it takes a smart man, with a smarter dog to catch me at all. Now what does the country 'Nook boy call me when he sees me in captivity, for I am seldom seen any other time?

JUST TELL ME WHO I AM, WILL YOU?

I AM so small that a boy could put me in his vest pocket, yet I belong to the animal family, that is, I am not a vegetable or a stone. From the first to the last I never eat a thing. I don't know that it can be said that I have a father or mother, strictly speaking, and my immediate ancestor and what follows me bears not the slightest resemblance to me. I am alive, and I can move a little. If a squirrel gets me he will eat me on sight. I live just so many days in my house, and I have only one, or at best two, names, but when I get out and around I have a thousand or more scientific names.

I have a warm, comfortable house, but I did not make it myself, though it was made for me and me alone. It is no use to anybody after I am through with it. Millions of me are killed yearly so that people make money out of me, yet nobody ever eats me. If you had all the money wasted on me you would be the richest person on earth. I bother nobody, sleep through the winter as a rule, and have no knowledge of my parents or what I become. I am found all over the world. What is the word for me?

[The Editor will send a magazine to the first 'NOOKER' outside of Elgin who correctly names the three things described above.]

WHERE IT COMES FROM.

INDIA rubber is not, as is supposed, the product of one tree but is produced from a variety of trees and plants. Some of these flourish only in a moist soil and atmosphere, while others thrive on stony soil, provided they receive ample though intermittent rainfall; though in all cases a tropical or subtropical climate is requisite. Most of the India rubber of South and Central America and India is from trees, but in the islands of the Indian archipelago the supply of rubber is chiefly from a gigantic creeper, which in five years' growth attains a length of 200 feet and from twenty to thirty inches in circumference, and which yields annually from fifty to sixty pounds of caoutchouc.

AGE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

IN England the law looks upon everyone over the age of seven as a responsible being, and every child beyond that age can be prosecuted as a criminal. The same age is accepted in Russia and Portugal. In France and Belgium the age is eight, in Italy and Spain it is nine. Norway, Greece, Austria, Denmark and Holland decline to prosecute a child under ten, and this is the rule also in some of the Swiss cantons. In Germany the limit of responsibility is fixed at twelve.

THE SPIDER'S THREAD.

THE body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of holes (imperceptible to the naked eye), each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united.

NUTMEGS and mace, two of the principal spices of commerce, grow in the same pod. The tiny tree upon which they grow is almost identical with a pear tree two or three years old. The nutmeg is the centre or seed of the fruit, which is about the size of an ordinary hen's egg. The best comparison of the fruit would be with the hickory nut. In ripening, the outside cracks open, showing the nutmeg inclosed in a thin, lacy covering which is the mace. It is found in all the tropical islands of America and Asia, the most fruitful trees growing in Jamaica, some of them yielding as many as 5,000 nutmegs in a year.

WHALES cannot swim faster than ten or twelve miles an hour.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

'TIS BETTER TO LAUGH.

THE sunniest skies are the fairest,
The happiest hours are the best,
Of all life's blessings the rarest
Are pictures of pleasure and rest.
Though fate is our wishes denying,
Let each bear his part like a man,
Nor darken the world with our sighing—
'Tis better to laugh when we can.

Each heart has its burden of sorrow,
Each soul has its sorrows profound;
'Tis sunshine we're yearning to borrow
From those who may gather around.
Then let us wear faces of pleasure
The world will be happy to scan,
A scowl is to no one a treasure—
'Tis better to laugh when we can.

SOMETHING FOR YOUR FRIENDS.

THE readers of the 'NOOK know its value. They are its best friends. We have many readers, but we want more. We feel so sure of it that we ask every subscriber to make out a list of people they think would be interested in the publication, and send it to us. We will send them three weeks of the INGLENOOK free. We will do this in order that they may get accustomed to it, come to know it, look for its arrival, and finally become its patrons, and we will do this cheerfully.

Here are some things we do not want in this connection. We do not want the names of people who would not do us any good, and each reader is certainly familiar with the people in his community. Do not send the names of children, or duplicate names in the same family. Select the names, first from among the Brethren, and then from among those of other denominations, of people likely to be interested in what we are setting forth weekly. Send these names at once, and they will be booked for the interval specified, and each reader can then speak to his friends whose names he has furnished, and recommend their subscription, or even take it for them, due arrangements having first been entered into between the present reader and the Publishing House.

There are some radical improvements in contemplation that will make the 'Nook a publication that ought to be in every home, but they are not far enough along to dwell upon now. You'll be surprised and gratified some spring morning when you go for your paper. Let us all help and please others. You send us those names, doing it at once, and we will do the rest.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

EVERY member of the church, of a certain age, having moved West of the Alleghanies, remembers the old churchhouse at home. There is a sacred thought connected with every one of these old churches, and often your mind reverts to the old spiritual homestead where father and mother worshiped, where, perhaps, they are lying under the Summer's greenery, or sheeted in the Winter snow. There you went to church with them as a child. There you heard the old fathers in Israel tell of the Redeemer and there you watched the flies crawl upon the dusty pane, or heard the bluebird whistle his roundelay outside, till you nodded in sleep.

Time has changed you. Your hair is graying, your form is not so erect, your eyes not so clear, and you are more thoughtful. You are going down the hill toward the setting sun. But the old church is there as it always was, a little more weather-beaten, a little more in the shade of the trees that have grown since you were a child, and you often think of the old house at home. You wish you could see it. But you see it only in your dreams.

THE INGLENOOK is going to do something for you that will make all faces brighten and will dim many an eye. It is going to show you the old eastern churches. It has a picture of every old and new

church in the far East. They will, in turn, be reproduced in the 'NOOK. You will want to see them. Then order the INGLENOOK sent to your address. They will be in the early issues to come. If you love the Brotherhood do not neglect to visit, in sight and thought, the old house at home. One dollar subscription will bring you this feast, and throw in more and better reading than you will find in some of the pretentious magazines. Attend to it this day.

REST.

"Please give the young the true meaning of 'Rest.' Unfortunately it is understood to be *inactivity*, while that is not the true meaning. A man once said to me that if all the saved were to sing unceasingly throughout eternity, he could not think that would be desirable. The idea of continuing at one thing forever is tiresome, and suggests the desire for rest, or change, even in heaven.

"I love the young, they are the hope of the church, and my heart's desire is that I may give them a word of encouragement, and a cheerful view of the narrow way."—N.

THE above paragraph, written by a sister whose face is turned toward the setting sun, seems to open up a way for comment that may do good. Certainly the idea of rest does not involve inactivity as its basis. True there are some people, tired of the ceaseless round of labor, who come to look upon the life to come as a place where there is no more work, and yet these people, were they compelled to pass their days in absolute rest, would be of all the most miserable.

We think that the correct idea involved in the life to come is that it will be one free from weariness and trouble. There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God, and this rest is freedom from the cares of the earth life. The longer we live here the more we want to go hence. Our friends have passed, those who are about us have little in common with our habits of thought and methods of action, and we long to be "at rest." And that rest is one of perfect peace, of quiet, of fearlessness, and of love.

SOME OF FRANKLIN'S MAXIMS.

BEWARE of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Money is prolific; the first hundred saved earns the second.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.

Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom.

If you would know the worth of money go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.

If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

FROM A LIVE SCHOOL.

"I CAN not do without the 'Nook. My pupils always ask on Monday morning: "Did you bring the new INGLENOOK?"

Somerseset, Ohio.

"WHEN a man has a family of growing children he learns a lot of things that, while they may be old, are new to him," said a prominent member of the produce exchange. "One of my youngsters sprang a riddle on me last night which runs this way, 'Who was a well-known Biblical character never named in the Bible, whose death was the most peculiar in history, whose shroud is a part of every household, and the cause of whose death was the subject of a widely-read novel?' I'll wager none of you can give me the answer."

All gave it up. "Lot's wife is the character, that's the only name by which she is known in the Bible. She was turned into a pillar of salt, consequently her shroud is in every household. Her death resulted from looking backward, the title of Bellamy's famous book."

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Am I safe in trusting my secret to a patent lawyer?

Perfectly so, as a rule.

What is the weight of a cubic foot of compressed air?

If as solid as lead it will weigh as much.

Is the Horological school described in a recent 'Nook all right?

It is perfectly straight and just as described.

Is all gold of one color?

No. Different sections show varying colors.

Three girls, 'NOOK girls, have concluded to ask the Editor of the Query Column this question: What is love?

Love is a dream from which marriage is often the awakening.

I would like to raise cats for the market. What kinds would you advise breeding?

Manx, Angoras, tortoise shells, Mexican hairless, and coon cats.

What is the origin of the saying, "As sure as eggs is eggs?"

Probably it came from the mathematical proposition, x is x. So we have heard it explained.

It has been a constant wonder where you get the unusual industries described in the INGLENOOK. How do you get them?

In every way. Chicago is a great city, only an hour away, and a soft pencil and a hard pad does the work.

I want so to write for the 'NOOK, but I am afraid.

Send it on, send it on. The 'Nook man isn't half as bad as he looks and talks. In fact he is everybody's Uncle.

Could I come to Elgin and take a practical course in journalism, in the Publishing House, doing it without pay?

Yes, if you could get anybody to bother with you. Better go into your home paper office. This is not a news office.

Are the queries in the 'NOOK column stated as written?

Never. The phrasing is the 'NOOK's. Ask and you shall receive from the 'NOOK, and we'll do our best to get it right.

Are the cooking recipes really original, or are they made in the office?

The 'NOOK is capable of a good many things, but does not originate the cookery. The addresses are there. Write them if you are a doubting Thomas.

Is a medical education essential to a missionary?

It used to be required in India, and in China. It is not now a requisite, but it is a very great help, and if at all accessible prior to going to any foreign field it will be found of great value in the work.

A couple of town people came to our place in the country and ridiculed everything about the place. What should we do?

Treat them with the utmost courtesy, but when they go do not invite them to return nor call on them when you go to town. There are some eternal proprieties that you can observe if they do not.

Is the list of vegetables, so-called, about complete in our gardens, or are there others?

Most decidedly "there are others." There is a long list of edible vegetables, by no means in common use. The common plantain of the fields, the purslain of the gardens, the young shoots of the pokeberry, and a host of other things are good to eat, and some of them are highly prized by epicures.

What is the Giant's Causeway, and where is it?

It is on the north coast of Ireland, and is a peculiar geological formation of basalt, hexagonal in form, set closely together, and ranging in height from a few feet to as much as twenty or thirty or more. The pillars are from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter, and are recognized in the world of natural wonders as a great natural curiosity.

BEST READING FOR MINISTERS.

BY D. HAYS.

It is not the man who has read many books that we fear to meet in debate, but the one who has thoroughly studied a few. The one book for the minister is the Bible. It is not enough that he get close touch with the Bible through other books. He must make the Bible a part of himself. He must read it, study it, know it, feel it. His life must beat with it, and in it. When he speaks, he must feel it pulsating through all his veins and arteries. He must have it at his fingers' ends for illustration, in his heart for warmth, in his mind for force and conviction.

There are helps to the study of the Bible: a Bible Dictionary, Concordance, English Lexicon, and a Greek Lexicon to the Greek student, to the one who would reach the fountain. Then, as an aid to a pure style in English, such authors as Addison, Blair, and others, should be read with attention, for a minister should be able to express himself in pure English, and also be able to pen his thoughts with words of beauty and in a style that is pleasing. The old English Reader contained some excellent models in prose, and there are some other books for students with choice selections in prose and poetry. These models should be studied early in life. But all the beauties in language found in authors and books have been drawn from the Bible. There is no historian equal to Moses; no poetry equal to that of Job, David, Solomon and the Prophets of God; no pathos equal to Judah's entreaty for Benjamin (Gen. 44); no oration equal to Paul's on Mars' Hill; no sermon equal to Christ's on the Mount. If you want purity in style, take the Bible. If you want breadth, and depth, and height in oratory, take the Bible. Its figures, illustrations, themes, vistas, and beauties, are perfectly illimitable and inexhaustible. Drink of this fountain yourself. Drink deep. Do not imitate man. He that delivers himself through another man's sermon, is neither himself, nor the other man. He who uses another's sermon outline, other than as suggestive, may possibly lecture, but he cannot put his soul into his discourse. Every minister should make his own outline, and preach his own sermon in his own way with his own mind and heart in it.

What advantage, then, is there in reading the Brethren's tracts, books, and sermons, such as those of James Quinter, John Kline, and others? Because they were earnest students of the Bible—week, noble, consecrated ministers, and we get matter and method almost unconsciously in the treatment of subjects. This in a measure accounts for unity in teaching, with methods not dissimilar, only so far as individual make-up may give variety.

Broadway, Va.

CORK AND CORKS.

BY S. S. BLOUGH.

As you close up your ink or medicine bottle, do you ever wonder where all the corks come from?

I will tell you. Perhaps the most of them are made in the "Smoky City" at the head of the Ohio river. Over a billion corks are turned out by the Armstrong Company in one year. Not only corks of all sizes and grades but many other cork products are manufactured here. You ask, "From where does all the material come and how are corks made?" Listen.

On any June day that you might choose to go to Southern Spain you would find the corkwood strippers busily engaged in removing the outer bark from the Quercus Suber, a species of live oak. In this, the land of the hidalgo, the senorita, and the bull fight, most of these trees are found. Some, however, grow also in Portugal, Morocco and Algeria. The life of the tree is preserved in the inner bark; so, instead of dying, it goes on producing a crop every eight or ten years.

The bark being stripped, it goes through a process of sundrying, boiling, flattening and scraping, after which it is ready for shipment. It is now placed on the faithful donkey,—the freight cars of that region,—or in wagons where the roads permit, and hurried off to Seville. Here the bales are opened, sorted, rebaled and shipped over three thousand miles to Pittsburg.

The fifty thousand bales or nine million pounds which come here each year are made into many articles of usefulness, but principally corks, of all forms, sizes and qualities, about five thousand kinds. But now, as the superintendent has consented, will you accompany us as we take a glance at the inside of the large building used as a factory.

We pass through a large room where the bales are stored, into the sorting room. Here expert men examine and pass judgment on every piece of cork received. Now it is sent to the moistening cellar, after which it goes to the slicers. If we were in Spain, we would see men sitting with sharp razors slicing, squaring and then cutting out corks. Not so here. We step through the door and find what at first sight seems to be many circular saws running. On closer inspection, this is really what they are. Saws about a foot in diameter, but in place of the teeth there is a sharp razor edge. The cork is sliced into widths equal to the length of cork required. On the other side of us are the blockers. This is the process of cutting out by means of a hollow sharpened punch a cylindrical core. This cutting is done so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow the operation, and is always done across the grain lengthwise. For some purposes, corks are used in this, to us, unfinished condition. But in another part of the large room we see more machines and many girls sitting by them. What are they doing? Some of them have newspaper bonnets on their heads to keep the dust out of their hair. Come closer. They have large baskets full of corks and are feeding them into machines where they are quickly tapered.

Now we step on the elevator and as we pass the second floor we see similar scenes repeated. Here also we find women and girls sorting the finished product. All corks are carefully sorted and put in grades ranging from peerless, "Circle A," "Circle B" to "Common." It is a pretty sight to see a large room full of corks in heaps, baskets and sacks—here, there, everywhere. One wonders who will use them all. We arrive at the third floor; more sorting. Here also the corks are sacked ready for shipment. Five gross in every sack, no less, no more. Those for which there have been orders are now hurried off, while the others are placed in large bundles, labelled, and taken to the warehouse to await a buyer. Here we find stacks and stacks of bundles with convenient passage ways through them.

But what becomes of the waste? This is like the boy's apple which left no core, there is none. The shavings are used in the manufacture of mattresses. The remainder is either ground up into granulated cork and used for making linoleum, a kind of floor cloth, and for lining refrigerators; or it is pressed into "Acme Cork" and used for making pipe covering, bicycle grips, insoles, the flooring and wainscoting of bath rooms and many other forms.

Not the least interesting part of this factory is the insole plant where about two hundred thousand dozen pairs of insoles are made each year. Here are also made almost a million pairs of bicycle grips and other articles which we will not take the space to speak about. On the whole the cork industry is not one of the least important, and the factory an interesting place to visit.

Pittsburg, Pa.

WITCHES.

BY ANNA M. MITCHEL.

In this enlightened age of the world, witches and wizards have about gone out of fashion, and are seldom heard of any more.

And, no doubt those whose credulity helps to swell the income of modern astrologers and fortune tellers would regard with scorn the superstitions of our benighted fathers who believed in witches and witch doctors.

But in the early history of our country, getting "hexed," or bewitched, was a very common occurrence in some localities.

The witches, it seems, appeared to favor some localities more than others. To be successful in their wicked arts, the witches always practiced their sorceries on some one whose personality and circumstances were peculiarly adapted to their operation.

Consequently, when any unusual failure of the crops, attenuation and disease among the cattle, or

sickness in the family took place, it was promptly supposed to be the work of witches. Usually there was some old woman in the neighborhood, whose general appearance seemed to suggest her dealing in witchery, and on her suspicion would fall.

The witch doctor would then be summoned forthwith, and with sundry charms and conjurations would endeavor to destroy the power of the witch.

Fearful and wonderful were some of the witch exterminating processes, but it has now become an almost obsolete art. Along with these were also charms to be used to ascertain whether the afflicted person or animal really was bewitched.

A very simple method to prove whether a suspected person is a witch, is to lay the broom before the door, so that it will be necessary to step over it to enter the house. It is said, by those who ought to know, that a witch will never step over a broom.

A fully-equipped witch doctor also had the power to conjure a thief into returning stolen property to its owner. The disappearance of witches from Southern Pennsylvania was probably due to the perseverance and genius of a certain famous wizard.

For many years he was the unfortunate victim of all sorts of pranks played by the witches.

His horses were bewitched until they became mere skeletons and then died. His pigs and chickens wouldn't thrive, his cows gave no milk, and in various other ways was he tormented. Having suffered at the hands of the witches until patience ceased to be a virtue, he arose in his wrath, determined to beat the witches at their own game or die in the attempt.

Possessing a mind admirably constituted for this purpose, he went to work, and soon caused quite a commotion among the witches.

They, perceiving his intentions, redoubled their efforts at bewitching, but his superior arts prevailed and in triumph he overthrew their wicked designs.

Vanquished and crestfallen the witches left the country, never to return, we hope.

SOME MILK FACTS.

THE principal Borden factories whence the Borden distribute milk to Chicago are at Elgin, Carpentersville, Algonquin and Belvidere in Illinois and Genoa Junction in Wisconsin. In the neighborhood of 400 dairy farms in the finest dairy districts in these two States supply them with milk. The system of handling milk is the same at each. As the milk is brought in it is delivered to an expert, examined, temperature taken, passed through a double strainer into a tank set upon scales, weighed and passed into a cooling room. After each delivery the strainer is taken out and washed. The tanks holding 5,000 gallons each are thoroughly protected from contamination and kept at the right temperature. The cans before being returned to the farmers are thoroughly scalded. The milk flows from the tanks to the bottling room, where each filler fills 2,480 bottles an hour. Following the filler are men who place paraffine disks of paper over the mouth of each bottle, and then comes a wood pulp cap, hermetically sealing each bottle. The bottles are immediately packed in cases and then taken to the refrigerator cars, immediately outside the packing room, the temperature never being allowed to be materially changed from the time the milk leaves the cooling tank until it is placed in Borden's Chicago depots. Much of the milk passes from the cooling tank to the cream room. There it is passed through the separator, the cream being bottled as described above. It is packed and shipped in the same way as the bottled milk. During this time no hand touches it, and there is no possibility of contamination. Arrangements for its reception and distribution in Chicago are perfect and, hermetically sealed, it is kept at an even temperature until delivered into the hands of the consumer.

POOR USES FOR FINE WOOD.

ROSEWOOD and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that some of the copper mines there are timbered with rosewood, while mahogany is used as fuel for the engines.

"Say, Howard, you are getting out an excellent paper. Do you know it? When my wife gets started on the 'Nook she can hardly lay it aside even to get my dinner."—J. E. Miller, Urbana, Ill.

Good Reading

HOW GOOD SHOTGUN BARRELS ARE MADE.

THE process of manufacturing gun metal and making it into gun barrels for shotguns may be classed as one of the fine arts. Fine gun barrels must be made from the very best of material, and the most expensive steel and iron that can be produced is incorporated in the best barrels, be they twist, damascus or laminated work.

The pig iron first is placed in a furnace and reduced to a fluid state. This operation cleanses it from all dross. It is then permitted to cool. While the temperature is going down it is gathered and worked into blooms. It then goes to the steam hammer, under which it assumes the shape of square blocks. It then passes through various rolls until bars of the proper diameter and length are obtained. The hammering has condensed the metal and eliminated many of the impurities. The rolling has augmented its tenacity and ductility, elongating and ramifying the fibers. The mild steel to be used in connection with the fine iron is prepared in a similar manner and is made from the best Swedish pig iron, and becomes extremely tenacious and elastic under the repeated heating, hammering and rolling. In these operations of preparing and refining the steel and iron there is a constant loss of metal. The loss in puddling is about sixteen per cent and in rolling twelve per cent.

The bars being now ready, are cut into equal lengths, bundled together, put into the furnace, heated and welded and elongated by rolling into rods. This process of heating, rolling and hammering is gone through with from five to seven times in the operation of making good and first quality barrels. The quantity of mild steel used in good damascus is about sixty per cent, and of fine iron forty per cent. The percentage having been determined on, rods of each metal five-eighths of an inch square are bundled together, steel and iron rods being sandwiched. The bundle is then brought to a white heat and the successive layers of iron and steel welded together and rolled out into a rod. The rod is again heated and placed in a machine for the purpose and twisted into rope form until it has from ten to fifteen turns to the inch. If a fine figure is desired, from four to six rods of iron and steel are used and bundled together, and by twisting down produce fine damascene work.

This severe twisting has shortened the rod to the desired length and increased its thickness forty or fifty per cent. Two of these rods are now placed side by side with the twistings running in opposite directions, reheated and welded into one and rolled into a flat rod or ribbon of say one-half inch by seven-sixteenths of an inch for the breech ends of the barrels and one-half inch by three-sixteenths for the muzzle ends. The barrels or tubes are made in two parts and in the operation of welding, called jumping, they are brought together in the middle. These rods are again heated and twisted in the form of a spiral tube; this tube is brought to a white heat and glowing under the master hand is by a quick and deft movement jumped on the anvil and the open coils welded together. The tubes are immediately placed on a grooved rest and hammered lightly to round them up.

The muzzle and breech ends of the barrels having been thus welded separately the next operation is to join them together. This is a very neat and artistic piece of work, but it is quickly and perfectly performed. On first-grade barrels it would require the inspection of an expert to detect the jointure, the whole tube from breech to muzzle presenting the appearance of being made from one coiling of rods. The ends of the two coils are heated and brought together, there is a light tap on the anvil and the welding is completed.

In all the operations of heating, hammering, twisting and rolling, the metal has been in the fire from seven to ten times, and under each manipulation has grown purer, stronger, with increased density and ductility, resulting in an exceedingly tough and wonderfully homogeneous product. The tensile strength of good gun metal is enormous. There is a consumption of from fourteen to seventeen pounds of prepared gun metal in making a pair of twelve-gauge barrels that will weigh, when finished, from three and one-half to four and one-half pounds. It has been estimated that a ton of

prepared gun metal of good grade is worth from \$300 to \$350. It is hardly necessary to state, therefore, that gun barrels are expensive to produce.

Damascus and laminated barrels are made from two or more rods of different kinds of metal. Twist barrels may be manufactured from one or more rods. When from one rod it is simply coiled and welded.

The breechloader, whether for traps or field work, must be light, so as to handle quickly, thereby reducing the fatigue to a minimum, and at the same time sustain its proportionate charge of powder. Hence, if the barrels are light, they must at the same time be strong, all of which is obtained by working the metal in the manner described. Fine gun barrels are very beautiful to the eye. The mild steel and the fine iron, being joined so intimately and regularly, form a beautiful curled figure in the damascus and a wavy figure in the laminated work. This figure is but faintly perceptible in the bright metal.

It is only when the barrels are brought to a high polish and subjected to the browning process that it is brought out. The dark lines show the steel and light the iron. The two blended, and running regularly, look not unlike a piece of lace work. A fine gun is made by skillful hands. Expert workmen get high wages. It is, therefore, to be considered that the price put on medium and fine guns to-day is not exorbitant. During the past ten years or so laminated steel has fallen in disuse for gun barrels to an appreciable extent.

To illustrate the great strength of good gun metal in resisting pressures the following experiments are of interest, the conditions being excessive charges of powder fired through a barrel which had been bored out to such a degree of lightness that a very light tap with a file handle would indent the metal. Indeed, so thin was the barrel that it had the appearance of a film. Beginning with three and one-half drams of black powder, the burst did not occur until six and one-half drams charge was fired. The powder was increased one-half dram until the bursting pressure was reached. Another barrel was burst under other conditions of pressure. The barrel yielded to the force two and one-half inches from the muzzle and was opened four and one-half inches; the shot charged reached the target paper intact, resulting in a pattern quite up to the standard of the boring; one and one-fourth ounces of number seven and one-half shot was used in the experiments. It is interesting and instructive to know that the conditions causing such a burst permit the shot to be fired out of the gun before the powder gas has destroyed the power of the barrel.

The evolution of the shotgun from the wheel lock to the present hammerless gun is remarkable and interesting. The modern breech loader with its cartridge made up with one of the nitro-cellulose—bulk—smokeless powders, the greatly improved wadding and chilled shot is an extremely powerful weapon. It is handy and comfortable to use and safe to handle. Accidents have decreased fully ninety per cent since the general introduction of the breech loader—and those that do occur can, as a rule, be attributed to carelessness.

SERVANT GIRLS IN GERMANY.

IN Germany the government takes a hand in the servant girl problem, as it does in almost everything else, and it has succeeded in partially solving at least one phase of the difficulty. It has reduced the servant girl's "flightiness" to a minimum, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*; she cannot change places once a week the year around. For, when she moves, the government, represented by the police, must know all about it, and, if there is any difficulty or dispute, disagreeable questions may be asked.

Indeed, the process of employing a servant girl is a good deal of a business transaction, with a decidedly official tinge. The girl comes to your kitchen and you agree with her about the wages, and she says she will stay. Then you must go to the police station and purchase for five pfennigs (about one cent) a white card, or blank, which has spaces for all sorts of information about the new "girl." You must write down her full name, where she came from, whether married or single, her trade, whether cook, chambermaid or waitress; her birthday and year, her nationality, her religion, her own

home, and if married how many minor children she has, where they are and who their guardian is. The government always looks out well for the children, and sees that they are provided for comfortably, this being the more necessary because many, perhaps most, servants are married women with typically large families. At the same time that this blank goes in the "girl" must also send a blank, reporting her change of place. Having done all this, you must see that the girl pays her regular fees to the insurance or death fund, so that she may not become a public charge in case of her death or disablement.

All this ceremony tends to make it difficult for a girl to move about, or for the master to discharge her with small cause. Should it be necessary at any time for the girl to leave, there must be more dealings with the police. The householder now buys a green blank, or card, on which he reports with the same completeness of description the departure of his servant. And there must be no delay in any of these ceremonies, else the police, who have their fingers on every man, woman and child in Germany, and know just where each individual should be at any given time, will begin making inquiries, and if you have not reported you are taken before the magistrate and fined.

All this tends to prevent the rapid circulation of servant girls so familiar to every American householder, in which the Claras followed the Maggies and the Katies followed the Claras in swift succession. Nor do the German "girls" expect such deference as these in America; they are industrious and quiet; they are willing to work for little or nothing, and to do any sort of disagreeable task, but, on the other hand, not so much is expected of them as in America, and their mistresses are, perhaps, more tolerant. It may be added, however, that the German "girl" has her regular Sunday soldier or policeman as well as the American girl; that is a problem which even the German government cannot solve.

LEGAL BOOKS BY THE YARD.

"LEGAL fillings at all prices, in sheepskin or calf." That is an advertisement that you may occasionally see in the catalogues of dealers in legal books.

The term "legal fillings" is applied to well-bound volumes that contain nothing but an odd assortment of worthless price lists, old reports and sometimes cut newspaper pages. The covers are handsome, but the pages are merely so much waste paper.

The volumes are sold to young solicitors who wish to impress their clients by a formidable-looking library and, as they have a studied legal appearance, they have their effect upon the visitor.

A cheaper line of these "books," made of blocks of wood covered with cloth or calf, handsomely tooled, and bearing a title in gold, can be bought at prices varying from \$2.50 to \$4 per dozen.

One second-hand bookseller in London has made a small fortune by having old books of all kinds that might be worth about a penny or twopence apiece rebound in handsome style. He has a title printed in gold on the back, indicating that the book is some learned work upon medicine or chemistry. These he sells to young doctors at about twenty cents each, which leaves him a good profit.

The books make a good show in the consulting room, and help to give the impression that the young medico is a deeply-read man.

ESTIMATING PURITY OF GOLD.

THE purity of gold is estimated by an Abyssinian weight called a carat (from the Arabian word *quarrat*, a bean, the fruit of the carab tree) which is subdivided into four parts called grains. The term carat when applied to gold is not a weight unit, but the mode of expressing the purity or fineness of the metal in twenty-fourths. Thus eighteen carat gold is metal in which eighteen parts out of twenty-four, or three-fourths, are pure gold. United States gold coins are 21.19 carats.

THE average velocity of the tiny, fleecy clouds of the upper atmosphere is about eighty-nine miles an hour, while in winter they have sometimes been known to travel at the rate of 230 miles an hour. They are composed of ice dust.

The Circle

MEMBERS.—W. B. Stover, Buisar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle...

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ELDER J. R. SPACHT, of Stark, Ohio, has read two books, and subscribed one dollar for the Circle; we are glad to welcome him as an honorary member. Bro. H. P. Talhelm, of La Junta, Colo., has been securing some new subscribers for the INGLENOOK. He wants them at the same time to become members of our Circle. We now number fourteen hundred and fifty members. We fully expect more names this year than we have had in any preceding year. The Circle is growing rapidly. Bro. S. H. Zeigler, of Royersford, Pa., speaks very encouragingly of the interest taken in our Circle by the members of their church. Bro. N. N. Garst, of Gross, Tenn., is a live worker. He wants to date the cards signed by his new members, January 1, 1901. They want to begin the new year as members of our Circle. Sister Lovenia S. Andes, of Lancaster, Pa., who is well known among some of our Circle members, sent us a New Century greeting. Our large Circle in Lancaster is doing much for the cause of missions. Bro. A. J. Smith, of Wildwood, Okla., says, "Our District Mission Board has called on me to fill the place of missionary in our district and I am anxious to qualify myself for the work. I want to become a member of your Circle and read the books, then I will try to do all I can. The harvest is great." Dr. J. S. Geiser, of Baltimore, Md., has bought the entire set of twenty-eight books. He wants to read them himself and lend them to other members of the Circle. Bro. Frank B. Myers, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., writes the following letter: "Dear Brethren, I have this to say in regard to our Missionary Reading Circle books. I have just finished reading the books and in the first year of the Missionary Course. I found them intensely interesting and instructive. They are so helpful both in thought and argument to the earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. No true, consecrated laborer can afford to be without them if he is alive to the highest and best interests of the Master. These books are proving a mighty stimulus to missionary action among our people. May the Lord bless the work to the glory of his name." Sister Edith Rothrock, our local secretary at Lordsburg, Cal., says, "Enclosed you will find fifteen promise cards. We have quite a lively Circle here and find some of the books quite interesting."

NEW MEMBERS.

- 186, Wm. H. Hertenbaker, Lordsburg, Cal.
187, H. J. Jordan, Lordsburg, Cal.
188, C. H. Larmeer, Lordsburg, Cal.
189, M. E. Rothrock, Lordsburg, Cal.
190, Sarah Horning, Lordsburg, Cal.
191, Earl Myen, Lordsburg, Cal.
192, Mary Miller, Lordsburg, Cal.
193, Justice H. Cline, Lordsburg, Cal.
194, Cora E. Rothrock, Lordsburg, Cal.
195, Clark Hackenberg, Lordsburg, Cal.
196, Laura Barklon, Lordsburg, Cal.
197, Edith C. Rothrock, Lordsburg, Cal.
198, T. M. Calvert, Lordsburg, Cal.
199, Louisa Whitmer, Lordsburg, Cal.
200, Kate Newsonn, Lordsburg, Cal.

NOTHING is clearer than that this government of our King, born nineteen centuries ago, has made wonderful progress during the century now closing. His influence as Counselor was never so widely felt in all the departments of life as it is to-day. The facts of history for nineteen centuries confirm the prophetic word: "Of the increase of his government there shall be no end."

BEGIN by denying yourself, and by and by you will forget yourself. The kindness which was at first just a duty becomes a pleasure and a joy. Self-denial becomes glorified into self-forgetfulness.—B. Hereford.

"THE fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." There is a worse fool than the one who says that in his heart. It is the one who exposes his folly to the world by saying it aloud.

Sunday School

ABOUT A BOY.

THERE is a striking story of a certain missionary who was sent for, on one occasion, to go to a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of India to baptize and receive into church fellowship sixty or seventy adult converts from Hindooism.

At the commencement of the proceedings he had noticed a boy about fifteen years of age sitting in a back corner, looking very anxiously and listening very wistfully. He now came forward.

"What, my boy! do you want to join the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you are very young, and if I were to receive you into fellowship with this church to-day, and then you were to slip aside, it would bring discredit upon this church, and do great injury to the cause of Christ. I shall be coming this way again in about six months. Now, you be very loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ during that time, and if, when I come again, at the end of the half-year, I find you still steadfast and true, I will baptize and receive you gladly."

No sooner was this said than all the people rose to their feet, and some, speaking for the rest, said: "Why, sir, it is he that has taught us all that we know about Jesus Christ."

And so it turned out to be. This was the little minister of the little church, the honored instrument in the hand of God of saving all the rest for Jesus Christ.

THE TEST.

THERE are times in the life of most people who profess Christianity when there come doubts as to whether they are living up to the standard laid down in the Bible. For myself, I have written down the following questions and find it a good plan:

- Do I love God with all my heart, soul and strength?
Am I willing to leave all and follow him?
Have I the faith in Christ which enables me, in times of trouble and affliction, to look up and say: "Not my will, but thine be done?"
Do I keep the commandments?
Do I do good as I have opportunity?
Do I search the scriptures daily to see what the Lord would have me to do?
Can I claim the precious promises?
Do I cherish a kind, forgiving spirit toward my enemies and love my neighbor?
Do I consider it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to do all I can for the cause of Christ?
Am I keeping myself pure and unspotted from the world?
Do I thank God morning, noon and night and at all times cherish a spirit of thankfulness for the blessings I have?
If, when the evening of each day comes, I can conscientiously answer, I do, as far as in me lies, asking God to pardon my weaknesses and omissions and to give me greater strength and desire to learn his will, I feel the sweet assurance that it will be given me as I ask it. Then, as I lie down upon my couch to sleep, I feel that, whether I wake in this world or not, "all will be well."

WHEN Jesus lives in us, it is not we who move others; it is the Christ incarnated in our conduct. "I tried to be a skeptic," said a young man, "but my mother's life was too much for me."

WE shall not love heaven more for loving earth less; the needful thing is not that we abate, but that we consecrate, the interests and affections of our life.—Martineau.

WHAT is put into the first of life is put in the whole of life. It is like putting something into the spring,—it is put in the whole stream.

"SWEETEST name on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest note in angel's song,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus! blessed Jesus!"

STERILIZED MILK.

WHEN there is a baby in the house the city mother always looks askance on the milk which the dealer in the covered wagon leaves at her door. There is always the possibility—never dreaded by the farmer's wife, who may be said to have a speaking intimacy with the barnyard cows—that it may have come from animals afflicted with tuberculosis and that it may fill the bodies of the children who drink it with the bacilli of that terrible disease. Of course, only one cow in thousands has tuberculosis, and of the hundreds who drink her milk it may be that only one is infected, but even this remote possibility awakens the tender solicitude of the mother.

That is why sterilized milk—or milk in which the bacilli are destroyed—has been so much talked about during the last few years. In the cities, especially where the milkman himself does not know whether his stock is pure or not, the use of sterilized milk has grown to be almost an absolute necessity for young children.

There are many manufactories throughout the country which sterilize milk on a large scale, but the very magnitude of their operations sometimes works against them. Dr. Ernst, of Harvard university, says that in order to be satisfied that milk is really free from bacilli he wants to see to the sterilizing himself. The ordinary bacillus of tuberculosis is a very cunning little organism and unless great care is used it will elude pursuit and extinction.

The process of sterilization is simple. Bacteriologists have learned that when milk has been raised to a temperature of 167 degrees Fahrenheit and allowed to remain there for twenty minutes the bacilli are killed. In order to accomplish this a double boiler is used, into the inner part of which the milk is poured. The water in the space between the two boilers is raised to the proper temperature and then allowed to cool gradually. Unless everything is kept clean, however, some of the bacilli may hide away in the cracks and come out afterward as lively and evil-disposed as ever.

The housewife may do the work just as well herself. An ordinary oatmeal or custard cooker may be used and the milk be heated to proper temperature of 167 degrees, which can be readily regulated by an ordinary dairy thermometer, costing only fifty cents. Ordinarily this will render the milk perfectly safe for children to use.

But if the cow was badly affected with tuberculosis there is another peril not so easily remedied. The fact has been pointed out that the whole circulatory and secretive systems of such animals are saturated with tuberculin, the substance thrown off as the life product of the bacilli. The germs themselves may be killed by heat and the tuberculin still remain in the milk. Against this substance cooking, at least to any ordinary degree of heat, is ineffectual. Experiments made by Dr. Law, of Cornell university, show that tuberculin can be raised to a temperature of 250 degrees and maintained there for a long period without changing its character.

This substance if eaten would not seriously affect an entirely healthy person, but its operation, where pulmonary consumption or other forms of tuberculosis is present, even in its incipient stage, is to excite a considerable fever and greatly hasten the progress of the disease.

At the best, therefore, sterilization is only a partial defense against injury from milk taken from animals affected with tuberculosis. The best way to remedy the difficulty is to kill the cows and send them away to a rendering establishment.

PEOPLE probably overestimate the luxury, ease and enjoyment that attend the every-day life of heads of government. Queen Victoria, though nearly eighty-two years old, seemed to preserve her strength until a few days ago. The czar is in confessed bad health and probably is stricken by a lingering disease. We suspect tuberculosis. The president of the United States, it is easy to see, is in shaken health, and perhaps it is all the more if it began with grippe. It is accurate to say that there is no physical peace for those who rule, and to whom every citizen has right of access in some way.

BOB AND HIS UNCLE.

WHEN the three met again by their open fire the conversation took the turn of the personality of Christ. Bob asked his Uncle what he thought Christ looked like, personally. The man said that, undoubtedly, he resembled, in a large measure, other Jews of his time, and that he had no doubt but that he was perfect, physically, and we have no record that he was ever sick. There is, as has been said, a national type of physique among the Jews, and no doubt but that the Master possessed it. He was strong enough to work at his trade, and doubtless was so employed. He was a young man yet, when the Jews killed him.

Here Helen said that she had seen a picture of Christ, and he had long hair, and was dressed in a sort of gown. Bob said that he had seen pictures, too, and this led their Uncle to say that there was not a single authentic portrait of any kind in existence, and as far as known, there never has been. Every expression of Christ in art is nothing more or less than the idea of the artist making it. Each nationality makes the pictures according to national standards of masculine perfection, and so it comes that the Italian picture, or the German, conforms to the standard ideas of the artist making it. Their Uncle had seen a bust of Christ in black, down in Mexico, and it was evidently done to please the dark-colored Indians of that country. Bobbie asked whether it was quite right to make a picture of the Lord, as is so often done, to which the man replied that it was harmless, in and of itself, and served only as an illustration of what was in the mind of the man who made it.

Helen asked why Christ had never married, and the man smiled, studied a moment, and said that he did not know. Then he added that in the Catholic priesthood the priest had to be without blemish personally, and they were not allowed to marry. He knew a man who had studied for the Catholic ministry, and when near the end of his course, had lost an eye, and this barred him from his office. Bobbie asked whether Christ, when a very young man, had not been led to admire some of the black-haired maidens of the Holy Land? The old man tried to talk around it, but the boy persisted, and his Uncle was forced to say that there was no record that Christ ever loved a woman at any time of his life, in the sense of singling her out from others as one on whom to bestow his affections. There are women without end in the Bible, but none with whom Christ was personally associated. It does not appear that he had even a permanent home.

They sat in silence for a time, when their Uncle said that it was strange that the personal equation was so markedly absent in the scriptural accounts of the principals. He accounted for it on the grounds that the Bible was a code of morals for correct living, a treatise on heavenly things in which the individual cut no figure, only as he happened to be the exponent of the principles taught. The writers were influenced by greater things than the mere personal surroundings of the individual. Certainly it would be most interesting to know more of the personality of Christ, and such people as Paul, and the rest of them, but what is known is only inferential. It is not known, only indirectly, that Paul was married. Helen asked whether their home lives, supposing that Paul and others had homes, were pleasant places. The man said that undoubtedly they were, but it was also sure that there was much anxiety, for the men would be away much, and the ever present persecution was unpleasant. It is a fact, however, that where there is a Christian home there is a certain degree of happiness.

Bob asked his Uncle whether he thought that such people as Matthew and Paul had any idea that what they wrote would descend to the ages as a part of the heavenly guide book? The answer was that it was not at all likely any more than we may be cognizant of what future generations will think of us and what we have done. When Paul wrote his letters he had an eye single to the glory of God, as it is often put, and having delivered his message he went on to the next thing that happened to his hand, giving no thought to the perpetuity of his writings, as such. That they have survived is almost, yes, he said, entirely miraculous, for it shows that the hand of God was in it, and having used the individual for the establishment of his kingdom

their work stands as a guide for future ages. There is not another such a book in existence, one that has survived the wreck of time, and which has been so carefully preserved.

Helen asked what was the characteristic teaching, the one word message, of Christ to the world. Her Uncle said that undoubtedly it was Love, and Love is the beginning and end of the whole system of Christianity. One can always tell about the amount of real Christianity that a person is possessed of by the amount of kindness of feeling, and that is only another word for love, that he has for those around him. One of the finest things in the whole Testament is in Paul's chapter on Love, beginning, "And now abideth faith, hope, love," and so on. Here Bobbie quietly slipped to the table, turned the leaves for a moment, and said that he had caught his Uncle in a mistake, that it was not love, but charity that Paul wrote about. His Uncle smiled and sent Helen for the "old Dutch Bible," as they called it, and he turned to the same passage and read it love, not charity, and then he sent Bob to the library for the Revised Version, and then he had him read the same thing, love for charity. There were a couple of surprised children, and of course, they asked how it all happened. The man said there was but one answer, and that it was a miserable mistranslation that had obscured the beauty of one of the finest passages in the whole Bible for millions of people. Bob said that chapter had a new significance when they read it, and wherever the word love occurred and the phrase "kindness of feeling" was substituted, the meaning was brought out much clearer. He asked how it came that the mistake had been made, and his Uncle was about to explain when the old clock in the corner struck bedtime.

WANTED.

THIS department of the 'Nook is open only to subscribers' families. It is free. It may be made to cover any legitimate want. In answering, address your letter as directed in the advertisement, and we will forward it to the proper party with whom you can go into correspondence. Ask no questions. We tell nothing in connection with this Department. We are doing this out of a desire to help our friends. Let all help to make it of use.

* * *

WANTED, retired brethren or sisters to board on a farm in Kansas. Terms, \$12 a month. Good buildings, good air, three miles out in the country. Address, H. B., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

WANTED, in Iowa, a farm hand. Ten dollars a month till April 1, twenty dollars thereafter for eight months in the year, and if an exceptionally good hand, better will be done. Address, A. S. J., INGLENOOK Office, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

A BROTHER, twenty-two years old, farmer, would like employment on a farm in Nebraska or Iowa. Now lives in Indiana. Ready at once. Address, P. E. H., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

A SISTER wishing to work in a private home in a city in Northern Illinois, where there are church privileges can find a pleasant place by addressing, W. V. P., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

WANTED, position by a stenographer and book-keeper, with nearly two years' experience in office work. Can handle double-entry set of books, and operate Smith-Premier typewriter. First-class references furnished. Address, A. B. C., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

Wanted, in Kansas, a housekeeper, a sister, without small children. Prefer one between forty and sixty. Am sixty-four. Address N. M. K., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

WANTED, in Ohio, on a 160 acre farm, a young brother as worker. Want the man for a year. Good wages. Address, J. W., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

OHIO farm boy, 19, high-school graduate, wants work on a farm in Utah, Colorado, or Idaho. Address, C. F. S., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

Our Cooking School.

ROUZER POTPIE.

BY SISTER SUSAN ROUZER.

DRESS a nice fat chicken and cook till nearly done in plenty of water to which has been added a quart of sliced potatoes. They will cook enough in twenty minutes. Have ready a nice short paste, like good pie crust, about as much as would make five pies. Lift the chicken and potatoes out in a dish. Line a pan or skillet with the dough, or part of it. Lay in a few pieces of chicken and some of the potatoes, then some strips of dough and so on, alternately, until full, sprinkling in a little salt and pepper, and butter half as large as an egg. Pour in some of the broth and cover with top crust, cutting a few places to let out steam. Put in the heated baker to cook, still filling in more broth to keep it juicy. Bake a half hour.

New Paris, Pa.

BEEF CROQUETTES.

BY SISTER ELDORA THOMAS.

TAKE one cup boiled steak, chopped fine, one-third cup mashed potatoes, one teaspoonful parsley and celery, one small onion and two eggs. Fry in hot lard in ball.

Brighton, Indiana.

MASHED POTATOES.

BY SISTER MARY B. PECK.

MASH and beat your potatoes until quite light and white. Season with salt, butter and rich milk. Then make a division through the center of potatoes, have two well beaten eggs, white and yolks separate. Stir the whites in one half, yolks in the other. Now take a large spoonful alternate, stack on a pie pan, smooth a little, set in hot oven for fifteen minutes to brown. With a broad knife blade place on potato tureen.

Manvel, Texas.

SCALLOPED ONIONS.

BY SISTER W. J. SWIGART.

PARBOIL one dozen sliced onions. Prepare cracker or bread crumbs enough to make a layer of crumbs and of onions, putting crumbs first, and on the top adding butter, salt, and pepper to season. And last pour over one pint of milk, and bake.

Huntingdon, Pa.

A DAKOTA DELICACY.

BY SISTER CAROLINE CULP.

TAKE light bread dough, after it is ready for light cakes, a piece as large as a pint cup. Work into the dough three-fourths teacup sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter. Roll the size of pie pan. Cover the top neatly with butter. Add to butter one teaspoonful ground cinnamon and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Then let rise till perfectly light. Bake in a moderate oven.

Carrington, N. Dak.

MOUNTAIN DEW PUDDING.

BY SISTER ETTA ECKERLE.

TAKE one pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls cocoanut, one-half cup rolled crackers, one teaspoonful lemon extract, and a little sugar. Bake one-half hour. Make a frosting of whites of two eggs, and one-fourth cup granulated sugar. Brown in oven.

Lanark, Ill.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.

BY SISTER IDA E. GIBBLE.

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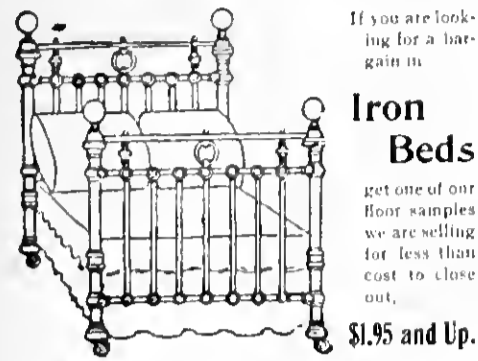
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A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smoothes the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

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VOL. III.

Feb. 16, 1901.

No. 7.



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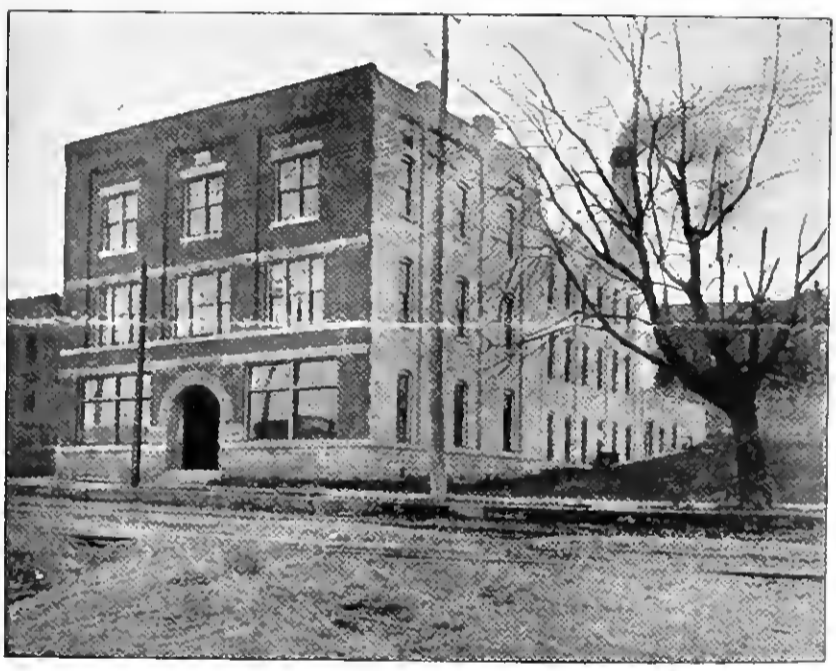
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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., Feb. 16, 1901.

No. 7.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

A FLOWER once fell by the wayside,
But some of its fragrance remained;
Its leaves were all faded and drooping,
Its velvety petals were stained.
But one who was passing by gathered
The blossom that once was so fair,
And light, warmth and love soon revived
And it lived by the tenderest care.

An erring one fell by the wayside—
One who had been tempted and tried—
And those who passed by did not linger;
None spoke but to censure and chide,
No hand was outstretched to the fallen—
None paused Mercy's message to tell—
The wanderer died, was forgotten,
And the passer-by said, "It is well."

O, stretch out a hand to the erring,
A kind word of sympathy say;
Remember you never were tempted
As those who are falling to-day.
Just one word from you may reclaim them;
O, pause as you pass by the way.
There are angels in heaven rejoicing
O'er the lost one you've rescued to-day.

THE BALD MAN'S WIG.

INQUIRY has been made at a well-stocked hair store in the city, in connection with which is carried on the manufacture of wigs, as to the present state of the trade in wigs. The member of the firm who was addressed was told that the impression had got abroad that the trade is extremely slack and that wigs for men are not much in demand.

"That is a mistake," he said, "the demand was never greater and never before were so many wigs worn by men. The increase has not been relative, but actual. A larger percentage of men now wear wigs than formerly."

"Why, then, are they not seen?"

"They are seen, but not particularly noticed for the reason that there has in recent years been a great improvement in the manufacture of men's wigs, yes, and women's wigs, too. And both men and women have come to know what description of wig is becoming in each case. Why, sir, I dare say you talk with a wig every day and not know it. The crowds in the streets and public gatherings are sprinkled with wigs."

From this same dealer it has been learned that there are two classes of wig manufacture in this country and three classes in England. There is in this country the manufacture of wigs for the theatre—this is, for the most part, carried on in a single factory in New York—and there is the manufacture for the patrons of the hair stores, and this is carried on in a separate department of the hair stores. In both these are prosecuted in England, and indeed in all countries, but in England, besides, is the manufacture of perukes for high judges and some other dignitaries. The factory that has the order to make the peruke for the lord chancellor and the speaker of the house of commons has a good thing, and it brings with it more than the particular factory's rightful share of the general trade.

Perukes, periwigs and wigs, three names for practically one thing, are all made by hand, after the foundation to receive the hair is adjusted, and in the same manner. Head blocks are provided, which have been made in accordance with certain measurements taken from the human head, and a foundation of meshed silk is drawn over each block. The block is of the general shape and approximate size of every head, but it is not exactly the size and shape of any head.

Wigs made to be carried in stock are fashioned on these blocks, no one of which is precisely like any other. In this manner great numbers of wigs are obtained, and all of them can be adapted to the heads of customers. Individual orders at the store receive a different treatment. If you desire a wig and present yourself at the store of a maker you give him your head, which he proceeds to measure, and then from the measurements he cuts out the foundation. The result is that you get a perfect fit.

Upon the foundation is secured the hair, but in so careful a manner as not to contract the meshes of the silk. These must be kept open for ventilation and cleanliness. Care also is exercised in the selection of the hair. Formerly next to no pains were used to have the hair of an appropriate color or shade. Men formerly were not particular, or if ever they were so it was in the wrong direction. Upon this point the dealer already quoted says:

"In times gone by man after man came to me for a wig, and almost invariably he wanted the impossible. He was bald and in most cases also gray, but he remembered the days of his youth, when his hair was glossy black and also curly, and he would have a glossy black wig and he charged me to make it just a little curly. He took no account of the intervening time, did not for the moment realize that so much of his natural hair as remained had lost its shine along with its color and that his complexion was changed.

"No; he must have a wig to look as he did at twenty years old. He accordingly got his wig, and every person who saw him knew of what absurdity he had been guilty. That is but one example; there are dozens that I might name, each with some variation. Far more hair was formerly put into a wig than now, and consequently there was poor or no ventilation and the mass of hair was apt to be full of dirt and filth. All this is now changed with the best wigmakers"

"With the wig buyer's consent?"

"In most instances, yes. Men have learned a thing or two about the manner of dressing and wearing the hair. A man who comes into my store nowadays for a wig seems to know that he is expected to submit his case entirely to me. He wants to disguise his age or his misfortune and give himself a more youthful appearance by concealing his baldness under hair that might be his own now and not hair like what was his forty or fifty years ago.

"He is fitted out with a becoming wig and he goes about the town, unconscious in a short time that he has a wig, and few persons suspect the fact. This is proof that people may be in error who imagine that fewer wigs are worn now than formerly. I assert that the custom of wig-wearing by the men is more firmly fixed than ever, and steadily on the increase."

A large business in wigs is done by mail orders. In every instance a correspondence takes place, then a diagram is sent to the intending customer, with direction how to measure the head, and then the work is in hand. Country customers take both costly and cheap wigs, paying for some \$100 each and for others not more than \$10. This is no more and no less than city customers pay. The toupee is ordinarily of a smaller price. This article is designed to cover a bald spot, and it may be so nicely made that when its hairs are combed in with the natural hairs of the head it is nearly undetectable. It may be made very expensively and secured in place by means of minute steel springs. More people wear toupees than are known.

Women's coiffures are always in the fashion and no one has ever suspected that the demand for them is diminishing. They are made by hand and an artist engaged in the employment suggests an old-time woman at her staff. The style changes often, but the thing never. A full wig is seldom required by any woman, for few women are ever entirely bald. True artists in coiffures say that too much hair is commonly put into them and that the tendency now is to reduce the quantity. A woman, they say, shouldn't look as if there had been pitchforked onto her head ten or fifteen pounds of tousled hair, but so many a woman was apt to look twenty years ago. So much hair in a coiffure cannot be clean and sweet without more frequent cleaning and freshening than most women are willing or able to give it.

The color or shade of the coiffure is what receives most attention. Many women, say the hair dealers, will not color their own hair, but only cut it off

and substitute a manufactured head of hair—"crown of glory"—that is of a color or shade to suit their fancy. It is extremely difficult to buy hair that is still in its natural color—a delicate brown or blonde or old gold—in large quantities enough to supply the demand. For this reason coarse and variously colored hair is, for cheap work, sometimes dyed of the particular color or shade desired, but it is insisted at the best hair stores that their customers are not so supplied with hair manufactures. The entire world is drawn upon for superior hair, and quantities may be had by those willing to pay for it.

The principal countries from which human hair is derived are France, Germany, Sweden and Norway. The largest quantity comes from France, but many of the French dealers buy from other countries. The choicest brown is grown in France. The lighter colored is received from Norway and Sweden. Human hair in those countries is a never-failing and very profitable crop. It is cut from the heads of peasant girls. They patiently grow it for the purpose. This hair-cutting is a regular occupation, an established business.

Itinerant hair cutters are everywhere; each has his own route or district and he operates in it to the exclusion of everyone else till he dies or sells out. The peasant girls know when to expect him and they are ready with their waving and glowing masses of hair. The dealer on State street who has been quoted throughout this article says that he has been in Norway in hair-cutting time and has witnessed the process.

The hair is not cut close and square in the neck. It is not cut at all as one mass. On the contrary, a strand here and a strand there is held up in the fingers and clipped off near to the scalp. This is done in order to secure separately the different shades of the prevailing color of the hair. Each shade is placed by itself, so that frequently half a dozen different shades, each having a different value, are cut from a single peasant girl's head. These various shades are occasioned by the sun or atmosphere or the water in which the hair is washed. They may all be observed in some degree in the mass of hair on any girl's head in Chicago.

This dealer was asked if criminal hair clippers in Chicago ever realize on their desperate acquisition. His answer was in the negative, but he supposed that the criminal clipping had been done in every instance with a view to selling the hair. But in every instance the cutting was done in a manner to destroy the value of the hair. It has been cut as one mass and close and square in the neck.

THIS IS HOW WORDS ARE COINED.

WITHIN the last fifty years over 60,000 words and phrases have crept into the English language, some of them but for an ephemeral existence, while others, which only a short time ago were classed as slang or vulgarism, are to-day permanent parts of the language.

Unless the origin of a slang word is known it is almost impossible to tell how long it has been in use.

The word "bogus," meaning counterfeit or false, was once looked upon as a slang word. Its origin is somewhat peculiar.

Over half a century ago a man named Borghese made himself notorious by drawing bills on fictitious banks. His name was commonly called Bogus, and his bills, as well as others of a similar character, were universally styled bogus currency.

PRETTY FAR FETCHED.

THE other day we read a story from the *Persian* running like this:

Think of a peak of granite ten thousand miles square and ten thousand miles high. Once in every ten thousand years a raven comes to the top, rubs its neck thrice, and goes away. When it has worn the pile to the ground, that is one second of eternity.

Correspondence

HOW A COMMENTARY IS MADE.

BY L. W. TEETER.

As to the natural construction and form, a commentary is made in the same manner and shape as any other book. As to its contents it is different from all other books. Its making is also different. A commentary is an explanation, or exposition, of the text of another book, written by another author.

As to the classes of commentaries, some have been written on secular books, as of Cæsar; of the laws of a country, etc. Many have been written on the Holy Bible entire; some on the New Testament only; some on certain books of the Old Testament, or of the New Testament.

In this article, it is the purpose to tell a few things about how a commentary on the New Testament is made.

He who would write a commentary on the New Testament must first of all get himself in proper condition. 1. He must recognize the New Testament as God's perfect will to men. 2. He must feel the great importance of his undertaking, and his responsibility to God. 3. His chief aim should be to help others get the real meaning of the text. 4. He must see the necessity of constantly looking to God for wisdom and to the Holy Spirit for guidance, and be much engaged in prayer. 5. He must resolve to willingly give up some of his former favored notions as to the meaning of certain texts, whenever his investigations prove them wrong. 6. He must have a good stock of patience, and unceasing perseverance, that he may utilize and exhaust every means in his reach to gain text-knowledge. 7. He must labor to make his comments clear, accurate, and simple,—suited to the common reader, that all may get his meaning.

The next thing of great importance, is, *to get his general bearings*: 1. Since the New Testament is, as a whole, the fulfillment of the Old Testament as a whole, he should have a general knowledge of the Old Testament. 2. He should have a general knowledge of the New Testament principles and form of doctrine before he begins.

In all his comments, or explanations, he must never deviate from those two general bearings.

Thirdly, he must see that his comments do not conflict with the chronological order of the events of the text. To do this most successfully, he must consider the first four books as a complete whole. The chronology of the text of those four books as it stands, being different, there is, however, some difficulty here.

As he now advances through the succeeding books, he must constantly guard against commenting in conflict with the chronology of those first four books.

Fourthly, he must acquaint himself with the geography and the geology of Bible lands, especially of Palestine and adjacent countries. He must study the manners, customs, and the peculiar idioms, in vogue in the time of Christ and the apostles. A good understanding of these subjects will aid him much to explain many parables and expressions used by Christ, and the original meanings of many words which the common English text does not make specific. He must likewise know the manners and customs of, and the language in common use, among the people for whom he is making his commentary, that he may adapt his explanations to their understandings. To illustrate: A commentary on the New Testament Greek, written for the Greek people of Palestine, would be very different from a commentary written on the Authorized Version for the English people of America. Yet in either case it would be the burden of the commentator to lead his readers into the *one* line of the original text-thought. In the former, the text would, in many points, be at once plain, and understood by the people, because of their acquaintance with the physical, political and moral conditions of the country and people of its nativity. In the latter he must give the original meaning of the text as much as possible, and give it to his readers in plain, modern English.

Finally, it may be truthfully said, that a commentary is made by little else than extremely hard

work. Nothing but hard places are left for the commentator to go through. He often finds easy places if he believes the sentiment of the text, but in such places he finds nothing else to do but believe it and go on to find hard places, because the text is as plain, or plainer, than his comments might be. He now and then comes to places where, at first, the meaning of the text is entirely out of sight. He must stop and settle down, however. He must content himself to stay here, if need be, for weeks, because for aught he knows, here may be the *great key* that will discover to him the sight of a great circle of relative subjects which would remain hidden to him were he not to take pains to find the key. It is like finding the hub of a great wheel, after which the spokes and rim are very easily found.

He comes to other places really mysterious, but he must faithfully spend his best efforts at these, also, to find all that is possible. His find may, after a most tedious search, not prove satisfactory, nor safe to tell, only he has the consolation of having tried. Even this much gives him an impetus to move on, and prevents the after regret of not having done his best.

Then, a commentator may make his task much harder, if he rejects some of the textual teaching, and undertakes to make it mean something else. For example: It is much easier to write the few helpful comments on the 13th chapter of John in favor of the ordinance of feet-washing than in favor of some other position, because the *text* teaches the washing of feet among the disciples.

But the commentator has his warnings given, with the rest, to be exceedingly careful in his work: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed" (Luke 9: 26). "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed" (Gal. 1: 9). "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book" (Rev. 22: 18, 19).

Now, in addition to all this telling how a commentary is made, let the reader be impressed with the fact, that the telling how, is one thing, and the making it, is quite another.

Hagerstown, Ind.

LIFE IN A SHEEP HOUSE.

BY LOIS G. NEEDLES.

We have all heard of people living in sod houses, but how many have heard of any one living in a sheep house? I am acquainted with an energetic family that landed in a new country a number of years ago, and not being able to buy land, wanted to rent, for a time, at least. While hunting a place the husband met Mr. Coonfield and asked about renting a farm. Said Mr. Coonfield, "I have plenty of land for rent, but the trouble is about a house to live in, unless you could live in that sheep house I have just built." So it was settled and the young husband went home to tell Mary that he had got a place, and must move right away. Everything in readiness they moved into the sheep house, which was built of round poles and covered with clapboards and boarded up on the inside with the same material. When they moved in, some said the proprietor had put goats in his sheep house, but I am inclined to think that some of God's lambs lived in that house too. They got along all right and now are prosperous farmers of Kansas, and the dutiful son who was born in a sheep house, is now a prosperous Western farmer, in another new country.

Wayside, Kans.

OLD CORKS BOB UP.

"WHAT becomes of old corks?"

In reply to the question an old cork cutter near Haymarket square raised his head from his work and said:

"When I began this business many years ago corks were discarded as fast as they were taken from the emptied bottles, flasks or casks, and

thrown out upon the streets or into the waste barrels.

"I started the work of collecting these old corks, at the outstart getting them for nothing and afterward paying a very small price for them, and these I put through an invert scourer in which was a highly diluted acid.

"When they were thoroughly cleansed and rid of any odor or taste they were bleached and sold to bottlers of cheap tonics as 'seconds.'

"At that time there were a number of hand cork cutters but now I am alone in that line, as machinery has been introduced which will turn out the corks for average use in a quicker and cheaper way.

"Still there is a demand for hand-cut corks from the laboratories and analytical chemists.

"Now at the time I began business here there was but one use for cork wood, and that to stop up a bottle or cask, but within a comparatively short time the old corks and the waste in cutting the new have been ground up or pulverized and mixed with other matter and compressed to be cut up for a hundred uses.

"For instance, the finer class of women's shoes and corsets are lined with very thin sheets of cork. Men's heavy waterproof and winter wear boots and shoes are furnished with thick insoles of cork.

"Ground cork is sprinkled upon sheets of heavy cardboard and glue, and used for packing fine cut glassware or bottled goods.

"The ground cork is also used in bulk for filling in around the contents of packing cases, for lining refrigerators, inside the frames of fine steam or sailing yachts, and for deadening floors and walls against the transmission of dampness and sound.

"Ground and pulverized cork mixed with a waterproof cement is used in making oilcloths to exclude cold and dampness, bath mats, table mats, water covers and a dozen other purposes.

"Only about 35 per cent of the original cork wood which comes to the cork maker of this country from southern Spain, Italy or France can be utilized for stoppers, while the remaining 65 per cent is worked over with old corks for the purposes named above as well as for rustic flower pots, little trellises or arbors to set above window jardinières, and after being compressed, cut into sheets so thin that 200 will be required to make an inch in thickness, these wafer-like sheets being used in lithographic printing.

"These thin sheets are also used for lining of men's silk hats and for ladies' fine headwear.

"Old champagne corks are gathered up from the hotels and better class of cafes or saloons where the finer grades of imported champagnes are sold, and after being swelled by a special process and then bleached, are sold to the makers of American champagne, where they are used during the first process year while the wine in the bottles is young.

"These are replaced after the wine has grown stronger by specially hand-cut corks from fresh stock."

LIE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

This is the month when ocean greyhounds go "in hospital." Taking advantage of the slackness of trans-Atlantic travel, many of the big steamships are docked for their annual overhauling at the seaboard. Consequently the tourist who goes abroad now must occupy one of the slower, old-fashioned boats. The "Deutschland" will enjoy a four months' rest in Germany, and during that time her builders will make changes that will increase her speed, it is said. This ship was the first of the big ones to lay up for the winter, going out of commission on the Elbe during Christmas week. She will not start for the United States again until April 4. The "Lucania" of the Cunard line is spending this month at Liverpool. Her sister ship, the "Campania," will lay up in the Mersey on her arrival there this week. The American liner "St. Louis" is about Hampton for a month's rest and the "New York" will get a similar vacation when she reaches the Empress dock at Southampton. "The modern steamship is like a razor or a kitchen clock," said the agent of an English line the other day. "She needs a rest at least once a year. Winter is the best time to lay her off. A boat like the 'Deutschland' is too expensive to run in midwinter, when travel is light."

Nature Study

A BABY ELEPHANT.

THE birth of a baby elephant, a prodigious event, has occurred in the Ringling circus. Elephants have not, generally speaking, acquired the habit of being born in captivity.

Such a birth is more uncommon and remarkable than a comet, an eclipse of the sun, an earthquake and many other events which cause considerable popular excitement.

The baby has received the name of Little Nick. At birth he stood thirty-six inches high, measured four feet in length, and weighed 375 pounds, and had a trunk twelve inches long. He was covered all over with long black hair, but as he began to open his eyes and learn the use of his legs it fell rapidly off.

His mother is a beautiful creature, somewhat weakly named Alice, who weighs three tons. His father, Baldy by name, weighs four tons and is one of the largest elephants in captivity.

Evidently the arrival of Little Nick was not desired or expected by his mother. There is a deep mystery about the attitude of elephants on the subject of family responsibility.

Alice was filled with rage at the sight of her baby. She made a determined attempt to kill him, and but for the narrowness of her quarters and the bravery of the keepers she would have succeeded. She tried to trample the infant to death, but the keeper rushed in and saved him. It was worth while going to uncommon trouble to save such a baby.

After this outbreak on the part of gentle Alice the grave question of feeding the baby presented itself in the most urgent manner. No help could be obtained from the mother. A 375-pound baby elephant needs a large quantity of nourishment and needs it all the time.

A well-grown cow was promptly hired and all her milk was devoted to feeding the baby. He took to it very kindly. The milk was given to him through a bottle for various reasons. Probably the cow would have been frightened out of her wits at the sight of a baby with a long trunk. The fright might have turned the milk sour. Besides that the keepers wanted to keep in touch with the baby from the beginning.

Little Nick has proved a most delightful baby. He is what they call a thriver. He drinks two gallons of milk and increases ten pounds a day. That increase is falling off now a little.

Nick is extremely good tempered, never cries, shrieks or has fits. All he wants is food. When he wants it he makes a curious little trumpeting noise, quite unlike any sound made by another animal. He loves to roll over on his back and have somebody punch him in the stomach.

Little Nick's progress in intelligence is remarkable. Physically the elephant matures much more slowly than a man. The mighty animal does not reach maturity until about his thirty-third year. But the baby elephant's mind develops much more quickly than that of the human child. When the elephant is four or five years old he can do all kinds of tricks almost as well as a grown up.

Little Nick's eye is bright with intelligence and mischief. He is now learning the use of his trunk. He practices picking up peanuts with it and blowing through it. Soon he will be able to use it as well as his mother.

The keepers expect that Nick will grow up a very useful and entertaining elephant.

Soon he will be taught to walk on bottles, to play the piano and to do other ridiculous things. While it is quite likely that he will be an intelligent elephant, it is still more probable that he will be a very cunning one. Animals born in captivity grow to despise their human associates through familiarity, and to take advantage of them whenever they see a good opportunity of doing so. How hateful and treacherous of them! Elephants, being more ordinarily cunning to start with, are apt to become very wicked when brought up in human company.

One showman says that he knew a female elephant who punched out a knot hole in a wooden partition with her trunk, knelt down and peeped through it to see what her keeper was doing. Afterward she took advantage of a moment when his

back was turned to break his neck. It is a doubtful question whether elephants are naturally vicious, or whether they only become cranky in old age. When they do turn wicked, they are very, very wicked.

Since Little Nick has been growing up his mother has become more reconciled to the sight of him. They are in neighboring compartments, and she now looks at him with something like interest. It is believed that in a short time mother and son will be able to live together.

Just why the mother elephant should take such an unnatural attitude toward her offspring as she did at first is a mystery. Perhaps it is because she does not wish her baby to be brought up in captivity. More likely it is because the surroundings of the circus disturb her nerves and drive her temporarily out of her mind.

There is a record of only one other elephant being born in America. His name was America, and his birth was recorded at Bridgeport, Conn., in March, 1882. Since that time America has been earning his living serving as a target for peanuts thrown at him by children and cavorting in the sawdust circus ring with dogs, horses and clowns, as his father and mother were wont to do before him.

COW ADOPTED CALF MOOSE.

LAST May a severe forest fire came close to the camp of the Tower logging company near Tower, Minn., and, though the camp was not in serious danger, the situation was anxious enough to cause the gangs to knock off work and keep a weather eye out for trouble.

One day when the forest at the edge of the clearing was clouded with smoke, through which red tongues of flame were lapping up the branches, a big cow moose dashed out of the smoke and into the clearing, followed by a calf. Both were exhausted, and they stood for a moment bewildered, heedless of the men who were watching them.

Then the cow moose realized that she was in the presence of man, her hereditary enemy, and she retreated to the forest. But the calf was unable to follow. The mother looked beseechingly toward the men that surrounded the calf, but made no attempt to drive them away, as they expected.

Then, as though she had come to the conclusion that her best course was to leave her offspring to their mercy, she turned about and plunged again into the woods.

The little waif of the forest was taken to the cook shanty, and a bottle of cow's milk was given to it, and was drunk greedily. After a few hours of rest the calf was as frisky and merry as it had ever been.

It did not appear to mourn the loss of its mother, but the manager of the camp ordered that an attempt be made to bring mother and calf together again. A big woodsman lifted the little one up and carried it into the forest half a mile away. He supposed that when he left it the calf would call for its mother, who was supposed to be hovering around somewhere near.

But the calf resented this attempt to thrust him out from the comforts of civilization, and when the men ran away toward the camp it followed. No mother appeared, and the calf made its home at the camp, where it became known as the Orphan.

The cook saved the choicest milk for the waif, and fed him out of a bottle, till one morning the Orphan succeeded in coaxing his way into the confidence and affections of a cow named Bess. Thereafter they were inseparable companions.

The oddly mated couple was the greatest attraction of the camp for months. The waif flourished and grew amazingly under the tender maternal care of Bess, but it was through his foster mother that he came to his death.

One day Bess took it into her placid mind that she would wander seven or eight miles away from the camp for new pastures, and the Orphan followed. When they were found the manager of the camp sent two men after them. The men took advantage of their outing to dally with the cup that cheers, and the Orphan was the victim of their debauch.

They started back along the railroad track toward camp about an hour before sunset, and presently, overcome by the liquor they had drunk, the

men lay down by the side of the track and went to sleep, tying the cow to a rail. A special train came along and knocked the life out of the poor little body of the Orphan. It is a pleasure to add that the manager of the camp would accept no excuses and discharged the two men at once.

LOOK JUST LIKE A FOREST.

SOME of the Indian tribes over which Great Britain rules give a great deal of trouble, notably the Mahsuds, though it is pleasing to learn from a recent Bombay telegram that they are at last being brought to something like order and are paying the fine lately imposed upon them as well as agreeing to cease their raids.

The Mahsuds, however, are not by any means the worst of the Indian robber tribes, that unenviable distinction probably falling to the Bhils, who are the cleverest scoundrels in the world, both in their methods of acquiring other people's property and in evading pursuit. They are very fond of their skill in pilfering and openly boast of it. One of them once told a British officer that he could steal the blanket from under him and was promptly challenged to show his ability.

That night, when the officer was fast asleep, the Bhil robber cut a hole in his tent, crept noiselessly in and gently tickled the hands and feet of the sleeping man. The officer stirred uneasily and turned over. In this way the Bhil was able to pull the blanket out a little way. By repeating this performance he finally succeeded in "coaxing" the blanket completely from under the sleeper.

When engaged in his nefarious little games the Bhil wears hardly any clothing and his lithe body is rubbed with oil to facilitate escape from any would-be captors. When hotly pursued by the British troops the robbers make use of a very clever device. They conceal their scant clothing under their small round shields and scatter them about to resemble stone or bowlders. Then picking up a few twigs—if there are any to be had—they assume all sorts of grotesque attitudes, their almost fleshless limbs silhouetted against the dark night sky closely resembling the charred limbs of a tree. Absolutely motionless, they hold their positions till the enemy has passed them.

In this way a British subaltern in charge of a party sent to capture some Bhils was considerably startled one evening. The pursuit had completely lost sight of the robbers and finally the party drew rein by a clump of gnarled and bent tree trunks, tired and hot from their hard exertions. The officer in charge took off his hat and placed it on the end of a broken limb, when instantly there was a wild scream of laughter and the tree trunks suddenly came to life and vanished in the darkness.

ANIMALS THEIR OWN DOCTOR.

ALMOST everybody has seen dogs and cats eat grass, but few persons are aware of the extent to which the lower animals administer to their own medical and surgical necessities. At times the dog and cat eat medicinal plants as emetics, the dog selecting spear grass and the cat showing preference for valerian, marum and catmint. They vary this treatment with an occasional dose of ashes or cinders just as the crocodile, lizard and some birds swallow gravel and stones to counteract a fit of indigestion. Both practice personal cleanliness as a preventive, and their unfailing habit of licking bruises, cuts or wounds to keep them in the condition most favorable to healing is a familiar characteristic.

The elephant uses its trunk cleverly in dressing wounds, and by this means applies water, mud or dust to the injury. Sir Samuel Baker saw an elephant plaster up a bullet wound with mud and frequently observed the readiness with which small sores were attended to in this way to prevent being fly blown. Fierce carnivorous animals, when trapped, frequently act as surgeons and bite through a limb to free themselves, and the salt licks are regularly resorted to by the deer and other herbivorous animals to keep themselves in health.

"I AM in my sixties and think the 'NOOK an exceedingly interesting paper. Welcome to the INGLENOOK."—*Iowa Letter.*

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ABOUT SOME FAILURES.

A GOOD many people who read the INGLENOOK think often, deep down in their hearts, that they are failures, and that they might as well give up the fight. They are commoner than one would suppose. We walk down the street, and we notice apparently prosperous and successful people pass by, and we involuntarily compare our lot with those we see around us. It is a fact that we do not often take into consideration but nevertheless a fact, that underneath the clothes of every person we see there are several different kinds of people. We see with our eyes only one of them, and we hear only one talk, but there are others.

It all depends on the angle of view. The man we are looking at is a miserable failure when we stand him up against the White House, and he is a tremendous success when viewed against the gallows where some man is going to be hung to-morrow. Yes, it all, all depends on the degree of comparison.

Now let us see, dear 'NOOKER, what this thing we call success really is. Here is a boy left an orphan. He is not responsible for his presence on the earth, for his parentage, or his being orphaned. It all happened outside of and beyond him. Then he is picked up by some people who proceed to "raise" him. They give him a home, board, clothe and educate him at the nearest public school. He has a healthy body, a mind free from inherited taint, and he has no disposition to run counter to the proprieties or the wisdom of the ages. All this hasn't a single element of his personal success in it. It is simply his blind luck. He enters life in step with the procession, and he keeps up with it because he finds it pays and he has no disposition to constitute himself an estray among humanity. We say he is a successful man, and in a certain sense so he is, but what part of it has been of his own creation? Mighty little! He fell into luck of no choice of his own.

Then there is another boy. This boy had a grandfather who was a thief, a father who was a liar, and a home that was altogether unlovely. He was shunted out into the world with an inheritance that handicapped him from the very start. Nobody of the better class would have much to do with him, and naturally and unavoidably he drifted into the sub-current, the submerged class. He hadn't any chance that he could lay hold of. And here the success comes to the fore and says: "Why didn't he do better?" As well ask why a dinged pint measure doesn't dip up a quart at one filling, or why a cracked violin is not capable of a perfect strain of melody. And we call this man a failure when he is only a victim of his unavoidable environment.

And here comes Mediocrity remarking that at the least he might have tried to make something out of himself, that no alleged failure is wholly so on account of his environment, that he ought to have succeeded, in other words. That's the usual talk. That's the way the crippled are helped. They are told they might walk better if they tried. But now, Mr. Mediocre, let us ask you a few questions. Why don't you go to New York, give out that you are going to address the people and then talk to five thousand auditors? Why don't you get five hundred, anyhow? If you can't write a book like Kipling why don't you make some sort of a book? If you can't accumulate a million why don't you help yourself to a tenth of it? We'll tell you for fear that you may be at a loss for a concise reason. It isn't in you.

Well, and what's the wiod-up of the whole story? Is there nothing in a mao's make-up that he can work in to his help? Are we creatures of fate, having no present help? Those are pertinent ques-

tions, and they are fair ones. The INGLENOOK thinks it knows the answers. At least it will try to give them. The 'Nook is nobody's judge. It has seen too much of the inside of people to attempt judging from exteriors. Still there are ways and means that are age-old, and perfectly reliable. There is a remedy but it is refused too often. What is it?

It is no new remedy, no story of yesterday. Simply it is in order to meet just these cases of failure that the dear Lord sent his Son into the world to lay down certain rules which, if followed, would insure moral health and a soul posterity in eternity. It was clinched by a cruel death and a seemingly tremendous failure, for nothing of success seemed to inure to a Jew carpenter, hanging dead between two thieves. Three days later the miracle of the resurrection of a God crowned the success of all time.

And what is the secret of this saving process? Love, nothing but Love. Those who have been blessed of God have a duty in speaking the kindly word, giving the cup of cold water, and lending the helping hand. It is more blessed to give these things than to receive them. Instead of complaining about the shortcomings of others it is better to be surer of our longcomings, if we have any, and if we help we will be helped, no matter what the immediate outcome of our work on others may be. It is the only way to help the failure,—to show him kindness on his way. The Dunker church has won greater laurels and laid up fairer stores through its peace principles and its quiet helpings than it ever has through its disputations and definitions. Love is the balm that heals all moral diseases and makes the cripple whole, the strong stronger. Faith, hope and the greatest, Love, says Paul.

GOOD READING.

NOR a long lifetime ago good reading, of a kind suited to the tastes of the average youth, was not at all common. The books written for young people were done, as a rule, by people who had nothing at all in common with a youthful bent of mind, and very often they were the work of some superannuated minister. They were not bad books, but the subjects were inartistically handled. There were few really good books for the young, and now matters have taken a turn, and the exact opposite is true.

Some of the best and brightest men and women in the world of literature have directed their energies toward the production of suitable books and stories for our young people, and good reading is so common and so cheap that it is accessible to everybody, everywhere. The yellow covers have about gone out of fashion, and in their stead is the better class of books and stories that parents need not hesitate about allowing their children to read.

FROM OUT IN NEBRASKA.

"THE INGLENOOK has been discontinued, and I have missed several numbers and am lonely without it. I did not discover its full excellence till it stopped coming. Send it on."

An unsigned letter, which we notice for once, has this to say: "You think your Elgin sisters are good cooks. I wish your boarders would say that. I think the Meyersdale sisters can beat them making good butter." To which we reply that while we know if one cannot get good things to eat, and well cooked, around Meyersdale, he can't get them anywhere, it should be remembered that the Elgin church "hasn't a cow to its name," and so makes no butter, but there are places around here where they do make butter that rivals the celebrated glades butter of Somerset County, with the additional feature that there isn't a bit of butter in it. This may seem a little contradictory, but you come out here and we will take you around a little and enlarge your information as to "butter as is, and butter as isn't."

"You have at last struck the key note in the homes of our people."—*E. A., New Enterprise, Pa.*

"THE last INGLENOOK is a gem."—*Daniel Hays, of Virginia.*

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

What has become of the Belgian hare craze?

It is in full blast in new places.

Why not take the gems of the 'NOOK and collect them in book form?

What gems? The recipes? We'll think it over.

How are various colored writing papers made?

The coloring matter is put into the pulp or mass out of which the paper is made.

Taking a healthy child and surrounding it with every care known to science why should it not live one hundred years at least?

Because there is no hedging against unseen death.

What is a Manx cat like?

It is a breed native to the Isle of Man, characterized by having no tail practically.

Has the 'NOOK Editor a clock like the one on the mantel, reference being had to the dial.

We never noticed it before. First it was the old folks, and now it's the face of the clock!

Are the laws of war, so-called, observed in actual hostilities?

Very little. It is a case of slaying, destroying, and injuring the enemy in every possible way. Wholesale murder knows few laws.

In color printing are there as many colored inks used as there are colors?

No. Many of them are produced by printing one, then a different color over it, thus producing a totally different third color. It is an exact science.

What is a hacienda?

In the North a tract of land, when cultivated, is called a farm. In the South it is a plantation. In all Spanish-speaking countries it is a hacienda. That is all.

What has caused the numerous insects so destructive to vegetation? They were not present years ago.

Continued cultivation of their special food, and no means taken for their destruction, is the usual cause of the multiplication of noxious insects. It is a part and parcel of the bargain in the cultivation of the soil. We get more than we sow.

Where can I get Lord Killshorrough's "Antiquities of Aztec Life"?

There are only two copies in the United States. The cost of the work is \$2,500. It is devoted to an attempt to prove that the Mexican Indians were the Lost Tribes of Israel. We don't think there is a copy for sale, and you better lose no sleep over it.

Define plagiarism.

It is taking the ideas or words of another and claiming them. Rearranging the sequence of ideas and changing the phraseology of anything you read is not plagiarism. There is no new thing under the sun. Originality is simply skill in resetting old material.

What is annealing?

When a metal is heated and suddenly cooled, or its structure changed by hammering or rolling, it becomes brittle. Its softness is restored by slow heating and slower cooling. It may be accomplished in a few minutes or it may take weeks, dependent on the bulk and the character of the metal.

Where does a fire department get its support?

At present all organized fire departments are paid by the city. It used to be the case that volunteer companies did the work, and among boys a little the greatest honor in this world was to be the man who stood on deck of the old hand engine, while a hundred men pulled the machine down the street toward the smoke and fire. Everybody yelled at the top of his voice. Nowadays the business has so degegerated that they stretch a rope across the street and will not let a man across, let alone a boy.

RAISING CATS FOR PROFIT.

BY RENE BACHE.

THE rearing of coon-cats is a coming industry. Coon-cats are worth to-day from five dollars to one hundred dollars apiece, and the supply does not begin to meet the demand. Exceptional specimens have been known to fetch two hundred or even three hundred dollars. At the present time all of them come from Maine, simply for the reason that the breed is peculiar as yet to that State. Their popularity is such that the business of breeding them has been rapidly growing during the last few years in that part of the country, and one shipper, not very far from Bar Harbor, exported in 1899 no fewer than three thousand of the animals.

Strange to say, there are comparatively few people south or west of New England who know what a coon-cat is. If you ask that question "down in Maine," however, the citizens will seem surprised at your ignorance, and will explain to you, in a condescending way, that the creature in question is half raccoon—the descendant of "a cross between a coon and a common cat." Coon-cats have been recognized as a distinct breed in Maine for so long that the memory of the oldest inhabitant runs not back to their beginning. You will find several of them in almost any village in that part of the world.

Naturalists, who are ever iconoclastic and rudely destructive of local beliefs in matters of zoölogy, have a different explanation for the coon-cat. They say that early French settlers in the neighborhood of Montreal and Quebec brought numerous "Angoras" with them to the American provinces and interbred them with every-day cats.

The result of this cross between the Angora and the common cat, according to the naturalists, is the coon-cat, which, as a variety, appears to have chosen Maine as its favorite home. One does not hear of it nowadays from the region of Montreal and Quebec, though perhaps there may be a few in that part of the country. It is apt to have markings similar to those of the raccoon, and it was in this way that the theory regarding its derivation originated. At the same time it is far more beautiful than any Angora.

Though exceedingly tame and gentle, the coon-cat has a distinctly fierce look—an aspect of ferocity that is positively funny, in view of the mildness of its temper. Its expression resembles that of a wildcat of the woods, while its eyes are of extraordinary size and always so very wide open as to give the effect of a stare. Long eyebrows, much-developed mustaches, and elongated tufts of hair projecting from the inside of the ears might indicate an animal that was accustomed to dwell in caves, where feelers take the place of eyesight. The face is much shorter than that of a common cat, the nose being snubbed, and finally, the fur is long—sometimes four or five inches in length.

It is actually true that strangers seeing coon-cats for the first time do not always recognize them as cats at all. The writer has seen a twenty-pound specimen sitting on an apothecary's counter in Portland, Maine. It was striped like a tiger, had long hair, was of fierce appearance, had eyebrows three inches and mustaches four inches long, stared with huge yellow eyes at nothing at all, wagged a short and bushy tail, and was the most amiable and attention-loving creature imaginable.

Such, at its best, is the coon-cat. Of late it has become known outside of New England, and a demand for it has followed. That it is something remarkable in the feline way is sufficiently evidenced by the high prices it commands. There is no reason why the market for coon-cats should depend for its supply wholly upon the State of Maine, inasmuch as they can be raised just as well farther south. Anybody who will raise these cats in a more southern latitude will have an obvious advantage in the market, so far as his own immediate neighborhood is concerned, inasmuch as the cost of expressage will be saved; and an important point to be considered is that the animals do not well stand transportation for long distances. A cat—any kind of cat, big or little—is a very nervous creature. It is, perhaps, the most nervous of all animals. But the coon-cat is by far the most nervous of all cats, and a specimen has been known actually to faint after being carried for an hour in a basket, so that it had to be restored with stimulants, and recovered only

after it was supposed to be beyond possibility of revival.

This is why the dealers who ship coon-cats from Maine oblige the consignees to assume all responsibility for safe delivery. In many instances the animals, after a long railroad journey, arrive dead, from sheer nervous exhaustion. The people who forward them make special arrangements with the railroads for the supply of food and water to the feline passengers, and it is part of the arrangement that each cat shall be taken out of its box or basket at each feeding time and be comforted incidentally to the feeding.

The best possible home for coon-cats is a barn, with no buildings in its immediate neighborhood. Cats in general—and coon-cats are no exception to the rule—attach themselves not to persons, but to localities; they care nothing for individuals, notwithstanding illusions to the contrary cherished by their owners, but everything for the places which they have come to associate with comfort and food supply. Hence there is no danger that the "stock" will run away if they are cared for and fed on the premises where they are expected to remain.

Where there is not plenty of space—as is likely to be the case in a city—even a fair-sized backyard will serve for rearing coon-cats on a limited scale; and, when they sell for such large prices, even a small output numerically may be decidedly profitable. A shed, in such a situation, will provide the requisite shelter, protection merely from weather being necessary, and all that remains to be provided is a few half-closed wooden boxes, suitable for "nests," lined with rags or hay. For nesting purposes, a coon-cat prefers a box open at one end.

Where the quarters are restricted, plenty of ashes and earth, renewed at frequent intervals, should be supplied. Male cats are most in demand and bring the highest prices.

The chief difficulty in the raising of coon-cats is the matter of temperature. They do not stand warm weather well, and in very hot spells often die.

A pair of coon-cats, or several of them, may easily be obtained direct from Maine by anybody who will take the trouble to procure the address of a dealer in that State. A readier way to get them is to buy them from a fancier, or from one of the big department stores, which may have the desired kind in its bird and cat department. Once secured, they will prove their own advertisement.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

TRAINED RATS AND MICE.

BY I. C. JOHNSON.

PERHAPS not many people would think, or even believe, that rats and mice could be trained to do a great many tricks at the bidding. I had the pleasure last summer of seeing some five or six trained rats, Norways, and several mice of different colors. The man that had them was traveling around giving shows on the street, taking up collections for the support of himself and rats. He only needed to put them out and tell them what to do. He had a post up at each end of his box, with an American flag on one and Spanish on the other. At the command the rat took down the Spanish flag, then the American. He took one out he said that was McKinley. He went and crawled into a little cart with shafts and cross piece in front. He got another called Mark Hanna and said he would haul McKinley to the White House. It jumped in the shafts and away it went and into a door in the other end of the box. He put out three to go to Sunday school, with little squares of pasteboard for books. Two of them picked up their books and ran off into the door, the third one would not. And after two or three attempts of the master to make it go, he said, "He's drunk again," and went for the police, another rat, and said, "Take that fellow to the lock up." So it ran and grabbed it by the neck and dragged it off. He had them walk the rope, fire off a cannon, do a prize fight for money, the victor picking up the money and carrying it off, and some few other feats.

The mice walked the rope several at a time, pretended sick, and were hauled in a cart to the hospital. They all seemed tame and showed no inclination to run away. They acted more as if dead than alive when he handled them.

Meyersdale, Pa.

A MISTLETOE FARM.

IN Georgia is a farm devoted to mistletoe and holly growing. It is owned by the Cartledge family, consisting of mother and two daughters, but the daughters do the farming. It all began through the failure of the elder sister to make an immediate triumph in art, to study which she went to New York, says the *Tribune* of that city. She realized in the great city, as she never could have in her rural Southern home, that talent for art is too general to leave much hope for special distinction, and wisely concluded to turn to something that would bring more speedy results. Being an observant young woman, Miss Cartledge noticed that holly and mistletoe brought extremely high prices and bethought her that on the 500 acres at home in Georgia both grew in wild abundance. She returned home and she and her sister began to prepare for making the neglected luxuriance of marketable value. In the months of January and February following they set out ten acres of young holly trees with their own hands. Their colored farm hands would not plant a holly tree for worlds, as they believe that if they did they would die as soon as the tree became tall enough to cast a shadow the measure of their graves. Last Christmas the sisters found the trees so grown that they required thinning out, and the trees that were removed were sent north for Christmas trees and brought high prices, as they were symmetrical and covered with large, rich berries. They plant the mistletoe berries under the bark of old oak trees in a crack or hole, where they can get a hold as they germinate.

HOW CHINESE COOLIES GET FREE BURIAL.

You see, no Chinaman would set foot on a vessel unless he had every assurance that in case he died he would be put away in a first-class coffin and brought into port. If we didn't all contract to do that none of us would carry a coolie, not if we offered them free passage, so we promise to supply a "chop dollar" coffin in case of death, and to carry the coolie back to the port from which he sailed, and that costs money. This business hadn't gone on a month before the coolie saw his chance to beat the company, and began to do it. You see a coolie who is about to die, or wants to pass in his checks, and they can do it just whenever and wherever they want to, steps on a steamer, say for Hong-kong, and he only pays about two dollars for a deck passage. Then when he gets good and ready he just stops breathing, and the company has to provide a coffin, and pay the freight back home.

CLEVER ITALIAN FRUIT MAN.

A CHICAGO paper which has a large country circulation printed not long ago the following advertisement:

Wanted—The largest apple in the country. I will pay the sum of \$2 for the largest specimen of any kind which is sent to me before next Monday evening.

The advertisement was signed by an obscure Italian fruit dealer, and the fish caught at the bait like a hungry shark at the legs of a swimmer. In three days he had received enough apples to stock the fruit store which he was then starting, and he was obliged to consign much of the fruit to barrels which he piled in the back room.

He was glad enough to pay \$2 for the biggest, and of course he sold all of the other specimens. The advertising, too, tended to give him a big trade from the outset and from the proceeds of his neat little scheme he was able to build up the most pretentious fruit store in all the downtown district.

ALL over the world a week consists of seven days, except at Chatham island, in the south Pacific, where it contains six only. This is brought about by the location of the island. Most people are aware that time is lost while traveling east, and gained while traveling west, and that a journey right round the world entails the sacrifice or gain of a day, as the case may be. The little island in question happens to be exactly on the line of demarcation between times and dates, and in order to keep right with the remainder of the world it would be necessary to skip from noon on Sunday to noon on Monday every week in the year.

Good Reading

BEST METHODS OF ATTAINING SPIRITUALITY.

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

THE need of all needs is that "the life which we now live in the flesh we live by the faith of the Son of God." Gal. 2:20. We may err in method but in motive we must be "perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt. 5:48. "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Rom. 8:6. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." John 4:24. Spirituality is God-likeness. "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy." 1 Peter 1:15, 16. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Heb. 12:14. "Gates of pearl," and "streets of gold like transparent glass," a "great white throne," and a "God of light in whom is no darkness at all,"—these are the realities and symbols of the spirituality that constitute the Christian life here and forever. Rev. 21:12, 13, 21, and Rev. 20:11, and 1 John 1:5.

This is truly a "great salvation." Heb. 2:3. This we are to "work out with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure." Philpp. 2:12, 13. Of ourselves "we can do nothing." It is only as "we abide in Christ," and "our life is hid with him in God," that we can "bring forth much fruit to the glory of God." John 15:4, 5, 8; Col. 3:3. "Our high calling is of God in Christ Jesus;" and he is "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." Philpp. 3:14; Heb. 7:26. "Both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Heb. 2:11. As the Head, so the body; the same life throbs in both. "The body is the fullness of him that filleth all in all." Eph. 1:22, 23. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John 10:10. "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." John 14:20. This is spirituality; "Christ in you, the hope of glory." Col. 1:27. "To me to live is Christ." Philpp. 1:21. Spirituality aims at nothing less than to be "pure even as he is pure." 1 John 3:3. Christ is the goal, the inspiration, and the impulse of life.

How did Christ get and maintain his spirituality? "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Luke 1:35. This was the genesis of the second man, "the Lord from heaven." 1 Cor. 15:47. In this he "increased" from conception to the age of twelve, and on to the age of thirty, when it was repeated and emphasized visibly and audibly. Luke 2:40, 42, 49, 52, and Luke 3:21, 22. "Full of the Holy Ghost," he went from baptism into the wilderness to meet and vanquish the devil. Luke 4:1-13. After this glorious victory, "he returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee" to enter upon his wonderful public ministry. Luke 4:14.

"Looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith." Heb. 12:2. This sums up all the manifold methods of attaining spirituality. To gaze and gaze and gaze, with ever-increasing wonder and joy and transfiguration at the splendor and beauty of 2 Cor. 3:18, is to be "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." This was Christ's method. "I foresaw the Lord always before my face, for he is at my right hand that I should not be moved." Acts 2:25. In all the duties, and trials, and perplexities of domestic life; in all the relations, and temptations, and hazards of business; in all our manifold relations, and responsibilities, and sacrifices as members of Christ's body; everywhere, always to maintain the equipoise of a life under the dominion of the indwelling Christ—this will not fail of the attainment of the spirituality which will make our life luminous and joyful here, and "make us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Col. 1:11, 12.

Here are a few particulars. "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eter-

nal." 2 Cor. 4:18. "Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Col. 3:1, 2. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. 6:19, 20, 21. "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." James 1:4. "Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat." 1 Cor. 4:12, 13, and 1 Pet. 2:21, 22, 23. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Rom. 12:21. "Keep yourself unspotted from the world." James 1:27. "Search the Scriptures." John 5:39. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." Col. 3:16. "Pray without ceasing." 1 Thess. 5:17. These are God's methods of attaining spirituality. In this way "we make our calling and election sure: for if we do these things, we shall never fall." 2 Pet. 1:5-11.

To be spiritual is to be intensely practical. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31. "We are to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." 2 Cor. 10:5. Every word will be for Jesus. Col. 3:17. "The body for the Lord, and the Lord for the body." 1 Cor. 6:13. Surfeiting, smoking, chewing, sensuality, petulance, recrimination, are alien to spirituality. "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." 1 Cor. 3:23.

"Search us and sift us,
Spare not the dross,
Show us that self life
Ends at the Cross."

Union Deposit, Pa.

WESTERN FARMING.

BY D. B. HOSTETLER.

WESTERN farming is so unlike eastern farming that I wish to tell the eastern folks a little about it. Here in the spring, about the first of March, we take the disk drill out in the corn stalk field, and sow the oats in without plowing. Then about the middle of April we take the lister and plant the corn. The lister requires three horses to pull it; then it does the plowing and planting corn at one time. We need not plow for oats or corn. Then by the time gardening is started and the potatoes planted, and poll tax earned off, we take the disk cultivator and go over the corn and throw the ground away from the corn to destroy the weeds.

The next time we set the disk so it will throw the ground up to the corn. By this time the first crop of alfalfa hay is made. Then we take the regular cultivator and finish up the corn. Now comes harvest and stacking grains, some threshing for seed and feed, then plowing, cider making, raising potatoes, seeding and making prairie hay. By the middle of October we commence to husk corn, and when corn is husked the cattle are run in to finish up the fodder. Then we haul out manure, thresh, haul off grain and fatten hogs, feed cattle, etc., until spring.

By all appearance the western farmer does not work as hard as the eastern farmer, but not so, since, as it has been said, out here it only rains on Sunday and at night. We can work ten hours each day for six days in the week and handle more grain for the same money, whereas in the East it rains about half the time, which means rest half the time.

Some of the disagreeable things in the West are the jiggers, which is an insect so small that it is hardly visible to the eye. It gets in the hair and all over one, that causes a sort of an itch during the summer, especially bad on children. Then the dust makes it very disagreeable to be out, also the mud gets so dauby and sticky that a team can hardly draw an empty wagon on account of the dust and mud. Women work harder out here to do their house work than the eastern women do, with all their milking and field work. Yes, one must work in the West, don't believe anything else. But after all I believe that the central United States is unsurpassed by anywhere for health.

Hope, Kans.

"THE INGLENOOK has no equal for information. My daughter takes it. I would not be without it."
—Letter from Ohio.

ANOTHER FREAK OF NATURE.

BY HENRY M. HARVEY.

ANOTHER double-single tree, somewhat like the one Jemima Cobb tells us of, is to be found in Western Maryland in the southern part of Garrett County, close by a public highway where people had passed within ten paces of it for twenty years before it was discovered.

Such a thing was never thought of, much less seen, until about five years ago when some woodsmen cut a hemlock standing in front of it, when the workings of old mother nature for the last century were revealed.

From root to bud the tree is a maple about eighty feet high, two separate trees when they leave the ground and two above the union, but one is a very delicate specimen almost dead and likely will die before many years. The other is a vigorous growth thirty feet higher than the sickly one, and two and a half times as large in circumference.

It is sixteen feet from the ground to where the two unite. At a height of two feet they are twenty-eight inches apart, the one fifty-two and the other forty-two inches in circumference, but above the union they are sixty and twenty-four inches in circumference, which is conclusive evidence that the union is a perfect one.

We do not believe that "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," will apply here.

Of course no one knows how they thus grew together, but the most likely way the writer can imagine is that the two trees when young rubbed together as trees sometimes will, until the bark and some of the wood were removed, then, in some spring when the sap was plentiful it flowed from one to the other and joined them together and from that time the union was perfect.

Perhaps there are some other similar freaks of nature that some 'NOOKER could report; if so I should be glad to see them added to the list. There are some other freaks in this mountainous region that are more interesting than the tree. Let some one try his hand at describing them for the 'Nook.

Wilson, W. Va.

AWARDING A PRIZE.

THE teacher of English literature at a very select, though not large, school, for girls here in town recently offered a prize for the best essay on the "Canterbury Pilgrimage." The essays were handed in by the class a fortnight ago, and last Wednesday, there being special literary exercises at the school, the best of the papers were read by their authors, and the prize, a daintily bound Chaucer, awarded. The teacher of literature had charge of the exercises, and as she is by nature quite the most easily embarrassed woman I know, she was thrown into a panic by the audience of fond parents who had been invited to hear the readings. However, she managed very well, and when she rose to award the prize she was outwardly perfectly calm and collected. Her little speech ended with:

"And so, for all these reasons, we have decided that the prize belongs rightfully to"—and here for the fraction of a second she hesitated—"to Elizabeth Francis."

Then she sat down, very red in the face, and the fortunate Miss Francis received the congratulations of her much surprised friends.

Friday the door bell of the house where Georgia Jones—of course, you understand that these names are not to be taken literally—lives, was rung, and the teacher's card was sent up to Mrs. Jones. Georgia is a member of the literature class, and had done her level best with her "Pilgrimage" essay. Mrs. Jones descended to the drawing-room and the teacher plunged into the midst of her story.

"I've come to bring this Chaucer to Georgia," she stammered. "It's precisely like the one I gave to Elizabeth Francis, and I want Georgia to have it, for Georgia's essay was by far the best of them all. I intended to give her the prize, but when I got up to make the announcement—why, all of a sudden, I forgot what I was going to say. I couldn't for the life of me remember Georgia's name, and the only name I could recall was Elizabeth Francis. So I've brought Georgia this book, and I want her to have it."

o o o The o Circle o o o

OFFICERS.—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, Indla, President; John R. Snyder, Bellefontaine, Ohio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweeters, Ind., Vice-President; Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Treasurer. Address all communications to OUR MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE, Covington, Ohio.

WHAT THE CIRCLE CAN DO.

BY JOHN R. SNYDER.

IN our previous papers we have outlined the work of the Circle from a sort of "academic" point of view, as the educator would say. But this is not all we can do. We are glad that it has a mission of more active operations. If the missionary knowledge, the educational value and the deeper life which you have gained does not beget in you a zeal and a desire for work, a burning for soul saving, when the work has been vain or you are selfish. While it does broaden your mind, and deepen your life we want it to reach farther, we want it to help some fallen brother to the highway of God's grace.

You who live in rural communities, think you that all work in our land is in the city? Nay, verily. Isn't there a nook or two or three in the outskirts of your congregations where some would be glad to welcome a Sunday school? What a great work a local Circle of ten or fifteen members could do in such a locality! Filled with the zeal and inspiration gained from your reading that mission Sunday school may be the means of bringing many into the fold. There, your education would find practical development. And it may be the preparation for a wider field.

Or if your Circle is in some of the larger towns and cities, then are your opportunities and responsibilities increased. You have been, perhaps, amazed at the array of facts as you read them in the "New Era" and you have the opportunity now to prove them. You can do it. There is not a city in all of this broad land of ours but what has in it abundant room for all the active workers your church can afford. You want to do the work, and do not tarry but go at it at once. Of course you may not be able to start on an extensive scale at first. Some things must grow. But let every effort count. Your church and elder will gladly help you and encourage you in every way possible if you go at it in the right way. If they will not they lack the seal of God's approval.

As an example of what is being done we append a clipping from the *College Standard*, of North Manchester, Ind., and which shows what one live Circle is doing:

"The Missionary Reading Circle has launched out into a new line of work. During weeks of the past the Circle has been studying mission work in general, noting in a special way the lives of leading missionaries, but has now added a line of personal work, thus lending a helping hand to those near by. Each Sunday the Circle sends out a staff of earnest and willing workers to visit the sick and the aged who are deprived of church privileges. With these devotional services are held and words of good cheer are given. By the time another issue of the *Standard* reaches its many readers, the Circle will have in charge a mission Sunday school in the remote part of town."

What the Circle at Manchester can do, many others can do. Oh, how it would cheer the heart of some dear old saint to have a company of young people to call upon her and cheer up the path as it bears the "valley and the shadow" by songs, godly conversations and prayer. Your jewel in the heavenly coronet will be the brighter for it. And it seems to me that those songs will have a responsive echo from the heavenly hosts, and those prayers will come up as sweet incense before God. What Circle will be the next to enter upon this line of work?

Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them; and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Sunday School

THE BIBLE.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this Book has achieved such marvelous changes in the opinions of mankind, has banished idol worship, exalted the conditions of women, raised the standard of public morality, created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home, and caused its other triumph by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wind and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long and lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried, and failed; many codes of jurisprudence have arisen and run their course and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down and expired. But this Book is still going about and doing good, leavening society with its holy principles, cheering the sorrowful with consolation, strengthening the tempted, encouraging the penitent, calming the troubled spirit and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?

YOUR OWN CROSS THE BEST.

THERE is a poem called "The Changed Cross." It represents a weary one who thought that her cross was surely heavier than those of others whom she saw about her, and wished that she might choose another instead of her own. She slept, and in her dream she was led to a place where many crosses lay, crosses of divers shapes and sizes. There was a little one most beautiful to behold, set in jewels and gold. "Ah, this I can wear with comfort," she said. So she took it up, but her weak form shook beneath it. The jewels and the gold were beautiful, but they were far too heavy for her. Next she saw a lovely cross with fair flowers entwined around its sculptured form. Surely that was the one for her. She lifted it, but beneath the flowers were piercing thorns which tore her flesh. At last, as she went on, she came to a plain cross, without jewels, without carving, with only a few words of love inscribed upon it. This she took up and it proved the best of all, the easiest to be borne. And as she looked upon it, bathed in the radiance that fell from heaven, she recognized her own old cross. She had found it again and it was the best of all and lightest for her.

God knows best what cross we need to bear. We do not know how heavy other people's crosses are. We envy someone who is rich; his is a golden cross set with jewels. But we do not know how heavy it is. Here is another whose life seems very lovely. She bears a cross twined with flowers. But we do not know what sharp thorns are hidden beneath the flowers. If we could try all the other crosses that we think lighter than ours, we should at last find that not one of them suited us so well as our own.

DOING AND KNOWING.

DOING and knowing are blood relations. Obedience is the organ of spiritual vision. So Robertson reissued the truth that, if we would know God's doctrine, we must do his will. Experiment and experience spring from the same root, and will not grow apart. Do you wish you had a Christian's experience? Will to make the Christian's experiment. Would you know who Christ is, and what he can do for you? Obey him; do as he directs. Do not expect experience without experiment. "Follow me" was Christ's way of saying, "Taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

TAKE the self-denial gayly and cheerfully; and let the sunshine of thy gladness fall on dark things and bright alike, like the sunshine of the Almighty.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

GRAY SQUIRREL AND HAWK.

BECAUSE of the enforcement of the law prohibiting the shooting of gray squirrels out of season, the handsome little animals are again found plentifully by the hunters this autumn. Besides game, the hunters are bringing home stories of the feats of agility displayed by the squirrels in tree tops.

It is a great sight to see a hawk make a dash at a squirrel in a tall chestnut tree. If it is a particularly swift bird it may just graze the tip of the silver gray tail as the squirrel whisks around the trunk to meet the fierce bird again a moment later, as the hawk makes another swoop. The squirrel then runs out on a big branch and the hawk strikes savagely, scraping off the loose bark from the spot where the silver tail was but an instant before. Usually the hawk is compelled to retire from the contest, tired and hungry, while the squirrel watches it from a twig on the topmost branch.

If it is an old hawk which has tried the game before, it comes with its mate to the attack. Scared and bewildered, around and around the tree the squirrel dashes, with a hawk on each side, and one of them usually winds up by dashing its talons into the squirrel's ribs and the little animal is carried off limp and bleeding, to be torn to pieces and fought over by the famished hawks.

Besides the hawk, the fox, the weasel and the lynx all prey on the gray squirrel.

THE STREET CHESTNUT VENDER AND HIS WARES.

ALL New England helps to furnish the supply, and even Virginia is called upon at the very beginning of the season. The very best quality of nuts, however, is said to come from the Connecticut valley, as the river runs through New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

As to price, the sacks vary. Chestnuts, like many other natural products, alternate each year with considerable regularity. Last year, for instance, they were plentiful, and the average price was \$1.25 a bushel. This year consequently is an off one. At the beginning the price was \$7 a bushel; at the present time it has dropped to \$5.

After securing two bushels of nuts the real work of the street vender begins. First the chestnuts are soaked in water for two or three hours. At the end of that time the worms in the unsound nuts will have been forced to the surface of the water, according to the wholesale dealers, and the entire body will have been swollen from two bushels to a little over three bushels. Next the chestnuts are roasted, with the shells split, and at length the original quantity, whatever it may have been, will almost exactly have doubled in size with a corresponding increase in profit.

A singular trait the Greek chestnut merchants possess is their wholesome distrust of all banks. Instead of employing the usual method they store all their savings away in some manner known only to themselves.

WHERE THE COIN GOES TO.

THE amount of gold turned into coin each year by the mints of the world is a mere nothing to the huge quantity used in gilding picture frames, painting signs, binding books, designing on furniture and on pottery. The world's entire stock of gold is about 1,100 tons, but of this only 190 exists in the form of coin.

This stock is increasing by about three and a half tons a year. Four tons and a half are minted, but a ton is lost by waste. This is a small item compared with the 120 tons which jewelers and gilders use up every year, and none of this vast amount is recoverable. France is the largest consumer of gold for the arts. She uses 35,000 pounds a year. Great Britain is a good second, with 34,100 pounds. The United States follow next, with 31,000 pounds. Some things marked, "Made in Germany," must be genuine, for her craftsmen use 29,040 pounds. Switzerland, with her big watch industry, absorbs 18,900 pounds; Italy, 9,100 pounds; Russia, 9,000 pounds, and the smaller nations the rest. It is estimated, too, that in India gold to the value of nearly \$5,000,000 each year is withdrawn from circulation by native hoarders, and in other countries, bunching them all together, a similar amount.

BOB AND HIS UNCLE.

WHEN Bob, his Uncle and Helen, not to speak of the 'NOOK reporter, met in their pleasant home, the evening was favorable to their talk. It is always the case where people are healthy, and their lives well ordered. There is a great deal of satisfaction in looking ahead to some promised enjoyment. So, while these people had no line of work laid out, yet there was sure to be something of interest come up.

After a moment's silence Bobbie asked his Uncle whether the worship of the earlier Christians was something like our own. The man said he had often thought of it, and his idea was that there was not such a great deal of difference between the present method of the Brethren, and that of the earlier ones. When asked to tell how he knew, he replied that it was certain that the early brethren had meeting places, sung hymns, had prayer and exhortation, and these things we are sure of, and the later Brethren do not so very much more. It is altogether likely that, had we been allowed to attend one of the services at that early day, we would have known that it was a church meeting, even though we did not understand a word of the talk.

Helen asked what hymns were used, and her Uncle was at a loss to answer accurately, but he wished that he really knew the hymns Paul sung, as he had no doubt but that they would be of intense interest. He said that of all the languages ever used by man the Greek was the most perfect and pliant medium for the conveyance of different shades of thought, and there could be no doubt but that the spiritual songs of the martyrs were wonders in their way. Think, he said, of singing the hymns, the very words of which Christ had joined in, for doubtless hymns were written early in the history of the Master! Helen's flexible mouth quivered, Bobbie stared steadfastly into the open fire, and the man was silent. Then he spoke again and said that there were seven of the world's great hymns of the Middle Ages that we did know all about, and that later on he might read them to the children. It was something to know them, at least, and some of them are simply glorious. It was so far beyond the children that they only listened, not venturing a word. Then he went back to the original subject and said that the early hymns were lost.

Bobbie asked his Uncle about the sermons of that day, and the man replied that it was evident that the only preserved model, the Sermon on the Mount, was not, perhaps, a sample of what was the rule. You see, said he, in that time the coming of the Messiah was a well understood thing, all the Jews expecting it, and it is likely that the line of argument, where a mixed multitude was assembled, was in the direction of proving that Christ was the real and the expected One. Christ laid down, in the Sermon on the Mount, the platform of the new order of things, and this the converts in all ages have tried to follow, but it is likely that the preaching was more or less argumentative when outsiders were appealed to. There are several reported samples of such speeches.

Helen asked whether it was a fact that all the sacred books in use by the early Christians had come down to us in the form of the present New Testament, and her Uncle answered, emphatically, that it was sure that they had not, and that only the canonical works had survived in their present form. Here Bob cut in for an explanation at once,—what was a canonical book? His Uncle said that without doubt there had been other books than those preserved, which were written by friends of the cause, in the earlier days. The church at Ephesus doubtless had correspondence with others besides Paul, but they knew Paul, and when there were differences of opinion what Paul said and wrote became the final rule of thought and action. They accepted Paul's writings as a rule, that is, canonical, and the word canon means a rule. Therefore that a book is said to be canonical means only that it was regarded as a sort of final authority to which they would appeal when they were in doubt. Paul himself might have written other letters, to the churches, than those preserved, and doubtless did, but for some reason they were not given the same weight, and so were not regarded as canonical. Helen said that she did not know how this could be, and her Uncle replied that while he did not guarantee the accuracy of what he said, yet it might be the case that some of Paul's letters were

so mixed up with personal matters that only those he wrote to the church, specifically, would be held canonical, though every word in the other letters would be regarded as true.

Bob asked the question whether or not it was impossible that some other gospel than those we now know might not some day be yet found? His Uncle at once grew grave and said that it had long been a dream among scholars that, some day, something of that very kind would turn up somewhere. He was going on to tell that in Herculaneum there were some Christians, and that they might have been in possession of some work regarded as canonical when the city was destroyed, and that it might any day be rediscovered. He suggested it only as a possibility, some of the most eminent scholars thinking it entirely possible. It is known that there is a lot of unrecognized, uncanonical books of the time, known to exist, and there might be a fifth gospel, and,—here the old clock in the corner struck nine and bedtime. It opens up a long line of the most interesting thought, though there is no telling what will come up next Saturday night if we all live. Till then—*Alahoa!*

WANTED.

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Our Cooking School.

DROP BISCUITS.

BY IDA WAMPLER MOHLER.

TAKE one pint sour milk, lard the size of an egg, one scant teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt and flour enough to stir thick as you can with a spoon, Grease your pan or muffin rings and drop one tablespoonful at a place.

Lecton, Mo.

MOCK PINE PIE.

BY SISTER MARY E. TEETER.

TAKE one large cup of sugar, one of sour cream, a half cup bread crumbs, butter the size of a walnut, yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one of cloves (ground), and a half cup of raisins or jam. Bake with lower crust only. Beat the whites of eggs and spread on the top of pie as soon as taken from oven. This makes two pies.

Bells, Tenn.

LEMON PIE.

BY SISTER ELLA MOORE.

TAKE one egg, two teacups of white sugar, two teacups boiling water, one tablespoonful of butter, two small tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and two lemons.

Dissolve the cornstarch in a little cold water, then put it in the boiling water. Add the sugar and let it boil a few minutes. Set aside and when cool, add the butter, egg and juice and grated rind of the lemons. This makes three small pies.

Elgin, Ill.

A GOOD DISH FOR SUPPER.

BY SISTER D. L. MILLER.

TAKE scraps of cooked meat and chop very fine; place in a frying pan with a piece of butter size of a walnut, a little salt and enough water to moisten. Let this stew on the stove. Then take pieces of stale bread and toast a light brown, placing the pieces on a meat platter and keep hot.

Mix a tablespoonful of flour with milk until quite smooth, and pour in the stewing meat, mixing thoroughly. Drop this mixture on each piece of toast, covering it, and on this lay a second layer of toast, covering the whole with the mixture.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

APPLE BUTTER CAKE.

BY SISTER SUSIE HEESTAND.

CREAM together one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, and four eggs well beaten. Then add four tablespoonfuls sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and cloves. Add two cups of flour. Beat this well together. Then add one cup of good apple butter. To be baked as layer cake.

Smithville, Ohio.

GINGER CAKE.

BY SISTER SARAH A. SELL.

TAKE one cup of baking molasses, one cup sugar, one-half cup lard, three cups flour, three eggs, and one teaspoonful of ginger. Beat this well, then add one and a half teaspoonful of soda. On the batter now pour one cup boiling water, and stir well. Bake in a moderate oven.

Newry, Pa.

LEMON CRACKERS.

BY SISTER MARY FLORY.

TAKE sugar two and one-half cups, lard one cup, two eggs, one pint sweet milk, oil of lemon, five cents' worth, carbonate of ammonia, one ounce. Beat the sugar and lard well together, then add the eggs well beaten. Pulverize the ammonia in the sweet milk, add the lemon. Now stir in flour until quite stiff. Knead it well, then roll as thin as pie crust, cut in squares and bake in quick oven.

Girard, Ill.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard and the pathway in
the rye:
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the
quail
As he piped across the meadow sweet as any
nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the
blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over—in the
days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were
tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where water lilies
dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss
along the brink,
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle
came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the
truant's wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days
gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the
eye;
The childish faith in fairies and Alladin's magic
ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in every-
thing.
For life was like a story, holding neither sob
nor sigh,
In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Robert, Martin
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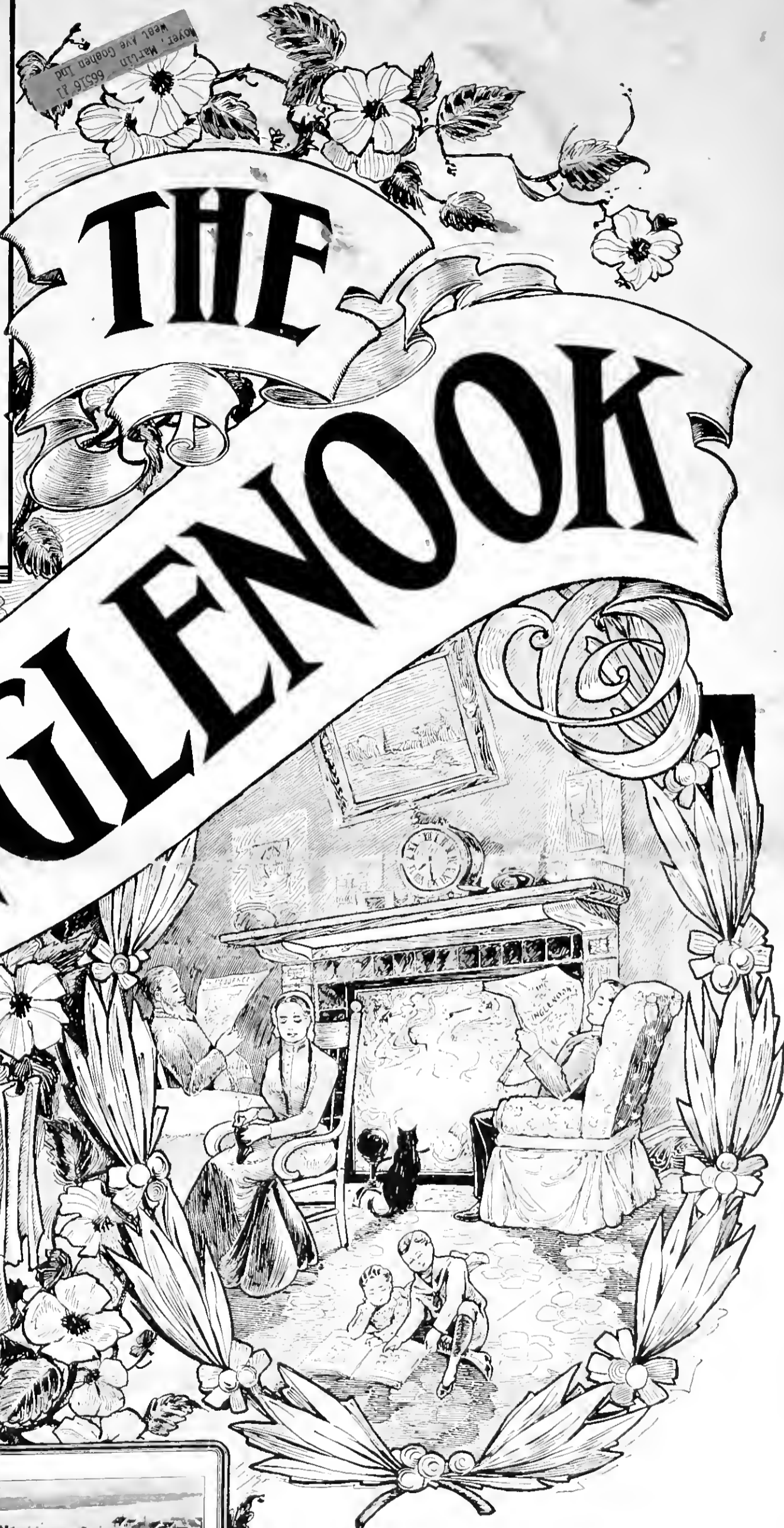
Elgin, Ill.



VOL. III.

Feb. 23, 1901.

No. 8.



Fort Morgan, St. Augustine, Florida.

ELGIN, ILL.

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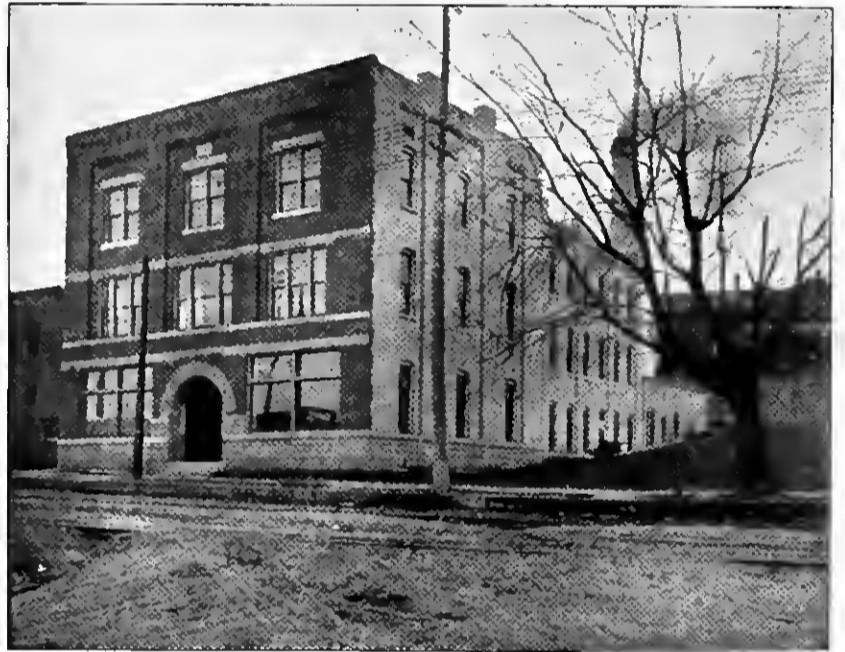
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PUBLISHERS,
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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., Feb. 23, 1901.

No. 8.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live until my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

AT THE BANK.

BANKS probably do not have more business secrets, in proportion to the amount of business done by them respectively, than do other commercial houses. The customers of a bank, as likewise the customers of a mercantile establishment, are certain that the state of their accounts will not be improperly revealed to anybody. Ordinary commercial honor requires that neither banker nor merchant shall make known the actual standing of the customer at the bank or the store. Some indication of how he stands is in the size and frequency of his checks, and the certainty that may exist of their being paid on the instant of presentation. But let an indifferent person ask the bookkeeper of a bank as to the size, etc., of the checks of any customer and he will get what is very likely a reproof for his answer. In effect he will be told that it is none of his business and that if it were business in which he might be in some way interested still he would be refused the information sought.

In 1878 a check was drawn by a firm that is still in existence on a bank that is to-day doing business for \$500,000. That was the largest check drawn by any Chicago merchant or other business man or firm or corporation in that year. Its very size caused the fact of its having been drawn to leak out. It was much talked about for months in business circles. At the present time such a check would pass through the bank and the clearing-house probably without special notice, certainly without special wonder. Nowadays a check to be looked at twice and spoken of beyond the immediate occasion must be drawn for millions. A check for \$3,000,000 came into one of the city banks last week and no more of the bank's time or labor of the officials was consumed in the handling of it than was required for a check for \$10 that came in at the same hour. That the common use of bank checks are a good deal larger now than they were a few years ago needs no special accounting for. The fact explains itself. Not only has the volume of the city's commerce quadrupled and more, the past dozen years, but individual firms and corporations have immensely increased their capital and the amount of their business. This would be true even should the department stores and the trusts be left out of the account.

Many of the checks drawn on the banks by manufacturers for money to pay off their men are large enough to be noteworthy in this article, however insignificant they may look to the bank officials. Some of these checks are for sums of \$5,000, others are for \$10,000 and still others for various considerable amounts.

These checks being drawn every week and the proceeds paid out weekly to the workmen, money is kept in active circulation among the industrial

population, and it perpetually replenishes the channels of trade. The peculiarity of such checks in some cases is that lump sums are drawn for and then certain of the bank clerks are set to dividing them among hundreds or thousands of workmen, whose names are on duplicate pay rolls furnished the bank. When the money reaches the factory it is ready for instant payment to the men, every man getting what is due him. This practice is necessitated, it is said, by the lack of a sufficient clerical force in the factories and abundance of clerical force in the banks.

Inquiry at the clearing-house as to the peculiarities of checks which fall into that great settling place of all the banks reveals nothing of special interest. They are not particularly examined there and often they are not examined at all. They come in bulk, and when the tally is correct, as almost invariably it is, there is an end. The manager of the clearing-house knows that balances are settled, but he is not concerned with the amounts, whether checks are large or small or written in English, German, Italian or whatever language—it is all the same to him. The largest check that has gone through lately was the \$3,000,000 check referred to, and the smallest was for two cents.

At the subtreasury is where one may see bank checks that have peculiarities enough. Here many of the checks are very large, but some are very small. Cashier Russell says that the largest check that has been received while he has been connected with the office was for \$4,000,000. The smallest was for one cent. Almost every day something remarkable in the checks turns up. Last Wednesday, for example, there was a check calling for bullion to the amount of \$298,000, another for \$150,000 was paid in currency. A check which was merely a transfer order by the government on postal account was for \$3,000,000; this was received on Friday last. The subtreasury in this city is the depository of all the post offices in a large extent of country, and postal funds accumulate here very fast. As many as 700 postmasters' remittances by checks are received daily in the registered mail.

Money sent to this subtreasury by the government for payment to pensioners is in warrants. A single warrant will be for \$500,000. This money is drawn against by pension agents. The checks for this purpose are all small, but great in number. But these give little trouble to the employes compared with the remittances by specie. This all comes in pouches and each denomination in a separate pouch. As many men as there are money denominations are kept at work the whole time counting the specie. The man who has the standard silver dollars counts \$30,000 worth and calls it a day's work. He not only has to count the individual pieces, but he must have an eye and a "feel" to the weight and the genuineness. In case he passes as a good dollar one that has for any reason lost in weight or that is a counterfeit he is charged with it if it comes back—he must make it good. The man who has the dimes will, if they be new, count \$5,000 in a day of six hours, but if they are old dimes that he has to scrutinize in order to be sure of the value of every piece, he will not count above \$4,000 in six hours. All the money in the subtreasury is classified and packed away in the vault. When the business was over for the day on Saturday last the amount of actual money in the vault was \$22,612,676.87. A pretty safe bank to draw checks against!

PENNY LUNCHROOM.

CHICAGO has opened a penny lunchroom with such success that nineteen others are to be started over that city. The St. Luke's Society has undertaken the work, which is, of course, meant primarily as a charity, but there is no doubt but that it will pay all expenses. On the first day \$45 was taken in in checks which averaged less than four cents each.

Everything on the bill of fare is one cent, and

coffee with sugar and milk; rolls, mush and milk, oatmeal and cream, doughnuts, soup, wienerwurst and pork and beans are the principal things. A man can get a good meal for three cents, and an elaborate one for five.

"No man need go hungry in Chicago the coming winter," said Prof. Miller. "It will be possible for a man to live on five cents a day by eating at any of our restaurants, and there is no day that a man who wants work cannot earn at least a nickel. Our experiment has proved a wonderful success, away beyond our expectations, and the work of establishing twenty of these lunchrooms will be pushed by the forward movement department. Before the winter is over the score of restaurants will all be in operation."

The society was organized to try to reclaim men and women from the liquor habit, and the lunchroom is an afterthought.

MONKEY ACTS LIKE A MAN.

PROFESSOR V. P. WORMWOOD, the oldest animal trainer in the United States, who was connected with the Cincinnati Zoölogical gardens years ago, is now teaching a dog and monkey school in this city, and has almost humanized his academy of monkeys.

"Murphy" is the name of the oldest and best trained orang-outang in his collection. When Murphy retires at night he removes his clothing, hanging the garments on hooks beside the bed. When he gets too warm he arises and pulls off his night shirt, and returns to bed with only such apparel as nature provided him. On the contrary, if he is too cold, he goes to the clothing chest for another quilt, which he spreads over the couch with as much care and skill as the most proficient chambermaid.

He uses his knife, fork, spoon, napkin, and finger bowl at his meals, and smokes a briarwood pipe. He has no use for cigarettes or cigars. Speaking of Murphy's intellectual face, Professor Wormwood said:

"The flatness peculiar to a monkey's head is changed with training. After a few months' education and contact with human society the face grows less and less elongated, and the top of the head or forehead rises perceptibly."

There are several athletes in this monkey school, and the gymnasium is their favorite exercise. Every day they put on the mitts and give a realistic prize fight of several rounds with their own people as seconds and timekeepers. The monkeys have been taught the art of housekeeping, preparing dinner for visitors, waiting on table, etc. They do a fine military drill, and understand the manual of arms to perfection.

HATS DATE FROM 1400.

HATS were first seen about the year 1400, at which time they became of use for country wear, riding, etc.

When Charles II. made his public entry into Rouen in 1449 he had on a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a plume, or tuft of feathers; it is from this entry, or at least under this reign, that the use of hats and caps is to be dated, which henceforward began to take the place of the chaperons and hoods that had been worn before.

In process of time, from the laity the clergy also took this part of the habit, but it was looked upon as a great abuse, and several regulations were published, forbidding any priest or religious person to appear abroad in a hat, and enjoining them to keep to the use of chaperons made of black cloth.

WHEN a man sets out to destroy things he goes about it like a steer or bear; woman, in the same mood, imitates the gnawing mouse or the spring of a serpent.

Correspondence

SURVEYING AND HOW TO BECOME A SURVEYOR.

BY JOHN ZUCK.

In Two Parts.—Part One.

At the instance of our genial Editor of the 'Nook I write on the above subject, yet with some reluctance, however. Surveying is a very ancient science, and the principles and purposes of its origin still remain with all the advancement made in applying those principles to the diverging branches of this science. God no doubt gave man an idea of monuments in the rocky peak, the snow-capped mountain and the ancient hills. He gave him some mighty problems to solve on land and sea. He gave him some very prominent natural boundaries to govern his commercial relations. Indeed while all men have been created of one blood, still hath God appointed the *bounds* of their habitation. There are many unsolved problems that the human mind has been wrestling with in science, but none perhaps remains a greater mystery than the fact of the tendency of the magnetic needle when suspended freely, to assume a general north and south direction. It is one of the things we must accept, though unable to explain. Ancient astronomers utilized and made available the stars in their early travels over land and sea. The polar star still remains the same unchangeable guide,—indicating direction.

Now to the subject in hand. We say that surveying and how to become a surveyor relates to our modern boundaries of lands or streams that we are all more or less familiar with. As many of the 'Nook readers live in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, my mind at once runs back to the days of our boyhood when we used to build "worm fence" out of rails. I say worm fence as that pretty well illustrates many of the farm lines in Pennsylvania where I was raised at the foot hills of the Tuscarora mountains. It is very common to find from eight to twenty corners on a farm of one hundred acres or more, and I remember of finding one piece of land with about twenty corners on that many acres. Surveys of this character are irregular and remind me of a little story I heard in the East years ago about a trade Wm. Penn made with an Indian for a piece of land—as much as he could walk around in a day. The day of survey came, and Penn and the Indian started, Penn leading the way out through the forest, marking their way as they went, setting up corners at all prominent variations or turns in the course, and this was done with such dexterity that on their arrival at the point of beginning in the evening, the Indian complimented Penn somewhat sarcastically, when he said, "White man make big walk." But the United States Government adopted a better way and we here in the Middle West have the rectangular system—the courses being north, south, east and west, and the design was to lay out the public domain in squares called sections, containing 640 acres, and to cover any excess or deficiency, titles are made "more or less."

The Government surveyors set corners on the exterior of these sections every half-mile, or at forty chains, and these corners are called Government corners. I should remark, however, that we have some irregular lines here in the West too, but they are the exception and not the rule. Our irregular lines usually are made by navigable streams, that have been meandered, State or Territorial roads, that run diagonally across the country, mill sites and water rights.

"Uncle Sam," as we call the United States Government, wants no meddling with his work, or the corners he fixes, hence has declared the original corners found on the ground take precedence to all other evidence relating to boundary corners.

This is very much in keeping with what we have in Proverbs 22:28. "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set up." See also the curse upon those who do. Deut. 27:17. There is something very suggestive about this spiritually.

In running the original lines the Government surveyors also noted down the distances where they intercepted streams, roads, timber, rock, change of soil or minerals found, and such other data as might be helpful in retracing the line and

re-establishing the original lines or corners when they became obliterated or lost.

In the timber witness trees were marked to identify the corners, and notes recording kind, size, course and distance of such trees to the corner. These ancient "waymarks" are very valuable aids in determining the original lines and corners. The prophet Jeremiah had in mind something of this when he said, "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way," etc. Jer. 6:16.

Clarence, Iowa.

THE MUSIC OF THE OLD JEWS.

BY WM. BEERY.

THAT music and poetry reached a high degree of development in Israel is clearly revealed in the Old Testament Scriptures.

Instead of deifying nature, as did other nations of the pre-Christian era, they believed in an only and indivisible God, who was the author of all nature, by whom the world and all things else were created. With this concept of God they recognized the futility of any attempt to represent his form by picture or image. This belief stamped its impress upon their poetry and music. In the art of music they found that which is adaptable to the spiritual nature of man, since it is not objective but subjective. Music brings to the soul, with voice and utterances, peculiar to itself, such impressions as cannot be represented by material forms nor expressed in words.

It was with the Israelites that music first became the connecting link between man and his Creator, for to him they addressed their hymns of praise, and to him they drew near in tones of anguish in their times of sorrow. They used music to intensify the meaning and expression of their religious poetry.

Very little, if any, definite knowledge as to the practice of the art of music by God's chosen people during the first fourteen centuries B. C. is obtainable. Certainly, though, the children of Israel, while in the land of Goshen, must have had some knowledge of and practice in music, else the grand demonstrations after the passage of the Red Sea would have been an impossibility.

Moses must have been familiar with the practice of music by the Egyptians, since he was under the instruction of the Egyptian priests who had the sole control of the music of their temples. Besides, we find that he gives directions, in a number of instances, as to the make and use of certain instruments. Moses doubtless led in the great Song of Triumph on the banks of the Red Sea. In this and in Miriam's Song of Victory is instanced the first remarkable outburst of the Israelites' genius for music.

The music of the old Jews, especially in their public services, was pre-eminently vocal, the timbrel and harp and other instruments being used simply to accompany the voice. It is quite evident, too, that singing had a large and important place in the public services of the Jews. The singing was also chiefly congregational; though the principal singers were organized into orders or choirs.

The care of the sacred music was confided, to the Levites.

In the reign of David, the poetical and musical endowments of the people of Israel no doubt reached the climax of their development. David himself was not only an inimitable and immortal poetic genius, but he was also an inspired musician. During his reign the musical duties of the Levites were considerably extended. They had to provide no less than four thousand singers and musicians for the sacred service. These were divided into twenty-four orders, with twelve singing masters in each. The choruses were arranged and led by a precentor.

The construction of the Psalms would indicate that the mode of singing was antiphonal, by priest and congregation, the divided choir, or precentor and chorus.

The Hebrews were doubtless the most musical people of the East, yet very little is known, definitely, concerning their tonal system. All that is given by historians in reference to the matter is largely conjecture. It would be reasonable to sup-

pose that they would carry with them the scale used by their Egyptian taskmasters, that of four tones—the tetrachord. It is also probable that the scale of seven tones was used by the priests, since this is the one used by the Egyptian priests.

While the Israelites evidently sang much in unison, there are good reasons for the supposition that they also sang, to some extent, at least, in parts; and that they had some knowledge of part-singing; for the sentiment portrayed in some of the Psalms could not be adequately expressed in melody alone; but that richness of tone coloring which harmony alone can supply is an absolute necessity.

Finally, though little is known as to the tonal system, or the character of the music used by the old Jews, we do know that they employed music as a means to an end; and that with them music and poetry, inseparably connected, became a language in which they addressed Jehovah.

AN AZTEC RELIC.

THE excavations for a drainage system for the City of Mexico, which yesterday revealed an Aztec temple, containing many beautiful specimens of Aztec workmanship and taste, has excited universal attention on the part of archæologists and historians. The Government has placed a pumping engine at the disposal of the Superintendent of the excavations, and has directed workmen to uncover as much as possible of the ancient house of worship. The temple has been under twenty feet of earth for centuries, but is in itself nearly intact. Architecture and building rivaling that of ancient Pompeii and Herculaneum has already been encountered by the diggers, and interest in the drainage system has given away to curiosity in the antique site of the capital of the old Montezumas.

Thus far it is apparent that the main or inner temple of the Aztec priests is located under the Zocolo, the principal square in the City of Mexico, and surrounding it, the diggers report, are seventy-eight minor temples, each evidently having been erected to the deity whom the extinct people of old Mexico implored and prayed to.

To-day two exquisite vases were brought to light, and were presented to President Diaz. The Aztec tower, located two days ago, was dedicated, according to archæologists, who have viewed it, to the Fair God. This structure is entire, and is destined to become one of the great sights of the country.

MADE TO FEAR THE WIRES.

WHEN the electric telegraph was first introduced into Chili a stratagem was resorted to in order to guard the posts and wires against damage on the part of the natives and to maintain the connection between the strongholds on the frontier. There were at the time between forty and fifty captive Indians in the Chilian camp. General Pinto, in command of the operations, called them together and, pointing to the telegraph wires, said:

"Do you see those wires?"

"Yes, general."

"I want you to remember not to go near or touch them, for if you do your hands will be held and you will be unable to get away."

The Indians smiled incredulously. Then the general made them each in succession take hold of the wire at both ends of an electric battery in full operation, after which he exclaimed:

"I command you to let go the wire!"

"I can't; my hands are benumbed!" cried each Indian.

The battery was then stopped. Not long after the general restored them to liberty, giving them strict instructions to keep the secret. This had the desired effect, for, as might be expected, the experience was related in the strictest confidence to every man in the tribe, and the telegraph has ever since remained unmolested.

THE woman who forgives unfaithfulness has ceased to love; true love does not know forgiveness.

A WOMAN that is misunderstood is one who doesn't understand other women.

If your wife deceives you it's your own fault.

Nature & Study

SEA OTTERS.

THE most beautiful stretch of ocean beach to be found anywhere on the Pacific coast of the United States is the wide expanse of spotless and glittering sand which lies between Gray's harbor and the main river. There may be seen an unbroken sea of twenty miles in length, and at low tide from three to five miles in width, which would make a moonlight playground for the Houris.

There are many towerlike structures at regular distances of perhaps half a mile each which excite the curiosity of the many coast-line steamers plying between San Francisco and Northern ports. These are the towers or shooting boxes of sea otter hunters. They are built of tall, slender poles, generally four in number, sunk to a great depth and secured securely in the sand, and surrounded by a small box covered with a roof to protect its occupants from the burning sun. Cleats securely fastened to the poles from bottom to top afford the water means of ingress and egress.

The hot sun which blazes fiercely on this wide expanse of white sand during the months of July and August heats it almost to a burning point, and the waters of the incoming tide, rolling and curling over this hot sand, become deliciously warm. This is the playground of the sea otter, the place where they come to spend their holidays.

They leave their homes in the far-off rocky lands where there are no sand beaches, and the green waters are cold and deep, and come here like people to a watering place, to spend the summer months in rolling and tumbling about in this warm water in a perfect ecstasy of delight. They leap and play about in the foaming breakers and polish their beautiful shining skins by hugging the sandy bottom and allowing the ocean swells to drive and grow them about as it will.

Although sea otters have the timidity which is natural to all wild animals, they are better able to protect themselves than any of the other animals which have their homes in the sea. The swiftness of their movements makes it possible for them to easily catch any kind of small fish, and thus they appease their hunger with the daintiest food.

No sharks can catch them; they could be twenty feet away while Mr. Shark was turning on his back and if the shark were directly beneath them they could throw themselves five feet in the air like a teleidoscopic ball, while the ugly monster was snapping his jaws. The hunter is in his box, the otter is coming in and, with a powerful fieldglass to assist his practiced eye, he eagerly scans each com- ing roller. He has been here every day for a week and his rifle has lain untouched by his side. To- day something may happen.

All at once he starts and mutters a little ejaculation; he sees something. He will soon know what it is, for the swells are coming swiftly and the distance between himself and the object he has seen will be quickly lessened. Yes, there it is again; there is no mistake. It is an otter, not more than a few yards away. The hunter lays down his glass and there is \$500 or \$600 worth of beautiful, shining fur plainly visible to the naked eye.

The man in the tower picks up his Sharp's rifle, inserts a 120-grain cartridge in the chamber, and there is a wicked, wistful gleam in the keen eye of the hunter as he raises his weapon for the first shot. There is a flash, a recoil and a report, which is scarcely distinguishable in the roaring of the breakers to the man who holds the gun. Ammunition is his object, and, with lightning rapidity, he loads and fires his piece. That otter will not be more than a few feet from where he was when the hunter pulled the trigger when the bullet gets there, and that otter can hit a bounding deer at 300 yards twice in five shots. The otter is enjoying himself in the dangerous company of murderous bullets, which are doing their best to find him.

Another huge breaker brings him within 200 yards of the blazing rifle. A quick recoil of the heavy gun turns the hunter half round; there is a natural splash which tells the man something has happened. He strains his eyes; no need of his glasses to see that there is blood in the water, and he tells him that there is a big hole somewhere in the sand at \$500.

No need to shoot again; no otter could bleed like

that and not be washed ashore. The hunter lays down his heated gun; there will be no more otters in sight to-day. He sees his game almost opposite his tower; it is drifting helplessly toward the shore. That skin is his and its possession means that he will have everything he wants for another year if he does not fire a single shot.

The fierce gleam of desire has left his dirty face and has been replaced by one of possession. He is wild with joy. How he wishes he could get down from that tower and be at the spot where the otter will be thrown up on the sand, but he must wait until the tide falls a little. One of his half-breed boys, who is ten or eleven years old, is moping lazily along the beach; his quick eye detects something. Like a frightened wolf he leaps over the sand and is soon beside the dead otter.

With a yell of delight he flies toward the shanty on the bluff to tell his mother and the half dozen or so of other little breeds what has happened and they all come trooping down the beach as fast as their legs can carry them.

The tide is going out now and the blood of the otter stains the sand, which has lured him to destruction, and the ebbing ripples tenderly caress for the last time the pretty animal which has been their playmate all its life, and the sea will moan for the free-born thing which has always had a home in its bosom.

SOME SPICES.

THE leading and most important of all spices, in the estimation of an authority upon the subject of spice grinding in Boston, is black pepper, and of this one spice 12,000,000 pounds were sold last year by the spice grinders of this country.

When time is taken to consider how far an ounce of pepper will go, a fair idea of this vast amount can be obtained.

There are as many kinds of pepper as there are apples, and when a dealer in spices puts the label, "Pure pepper," on his marketable stock it means nothing whatever; in fact, it looks suspiciously like an attempt to hoodwink the purchaser.

The value of black pepper depends entirely upon its flavor and the size of the peppercorn, as well as the number of pounds it will measure to a dry gallon.

The best pepper is brought from Singapore, which is the market for the Straits Settlements, where the pepper is grown on vines running over poles and cultivated by Chinese and East Indian coolies.

The best grade of Singapore black pepper will weigh five pounds to the gallon, while there are five other grades—"class A," including all peppers weighing over four pounds thirteen ounces; "class B," all between four pounds three ounces and four pounds thirteen ounces; "class C," all between four pounds three ounces and three pounds thirteen ounces, and so on.

After pepper goes below "class D" it is little more than shells and dust, while in the selling of first-class peppers it is understood there will not be more than three per cent of dust.

Singapore and Java peppers are essentially the black peppers, while another pepper comes from Acheen, on the northern end of Sumatra, where the sultan of that island has been carrying on a continuous war with Holland for the past quarter of a century.

Still another pepper comes from Telicherry, a French settlement in Hindoostan, British East India, and another from Lampong.

White pepper is simply black pepper hulled. This hulling process is carried out by the washing of the black peppercorns with salt water in a colander until the outer or black skin is removed, the pepper for this process having been allowed to grow a little longer and ripen a bit more.

There is also a chemical process used to hull the peppercorns, but it detracts from the flavor.

Of pepper alone the Boston spice-grinding establishment sent out over 300,000 pounds last year. Red pepper, so called, is not a real pepper at all, but a capsicum.

There are red peppers grown in New England that are as long as a man's hand, but they are usually placed in bottles for show, for they are little more than tasteless hulls. And then there are red peppers as small as an oat.

But the best and smallest red peppers come from

Africa, while others of a lower grade are received from Madras and Bombay, in British East India, while an exceedingly fine red pepper is the "Creole," from our own Louisiana "gulf shore."

Peppers are the most easily damaged of all spices, and are usually put up in tins to prevent dampness reaching and destroying them.

Cinnamon or cassia might be bought in the stick form for four cents per pound, or it might cost fifty cents, so greatly varied is its quality.

The poorest and the best classes of cassia come from China, and real nice stock is received from Java and Sumatra.

It is imported in sticks, as it is peeled from the tree, and dried.

Ginger grows for all the world like flagroot and is pulled up and dried for the market, and it may be worth two cents or eighteen cents per pound according to quality. The poorest is brought from Japan, while Calcutta contributes a fine white, but poor-bodied ginger—Cochin China, a splendid product, but best of all is the Jamaica ginger. There is a splendid ginger sent out from Africa also.

Allspice or pimento grows in Jamaica on a low tree, and suggests in its flavor the pepper and the clove.

Cloves are grown best in Penang and require particular care in their cultivation and handling for market, as well as the manner of preparation for shipment.

They are also cultivated in Amboyna, one of the Dutch West Indies, another class comes from Pemba, Zanzibar, and the world's consumption of this spice last year was somewhat over 2,000,000.

Nutmegs grow on a tree, just like any other nut. They are inclosed in three coverings—first the outer, or "nutmeg burr," then the mace, and finally a thin inner skin. As soon as the nutmeg is gathered it is rolled in a lime made from burnt oyster shells, to prevent its destruction by weevils. This is the white powder found on the nutmeg of commerce.

Mace, as already stated, is one of the coverings of the nutmeg, and is often used in mincemeat and fancy cakes, where some cooks prefer the color it gives the cakes to that given by the nutmeg. Mace is largely used in sausages and puddings.

As these spices are received in bulk from the foreign countries they are put into hopper grinding machines, or are pulverized by millstones and placed in tins or cardboard boxes and sent out upon the market.

VEGETATION IN ALASKA.

It is a popular impression that Alaska is a frozen zone, and that the soil is barren and worthless. This is a mistake. The sun is hot, the snow moistens and enriches the earth, and the soil in the valleys is fertile and productive. Wheat, corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, flaxseed, and a considerable variety of vegetables and forage plants can be successfully grown in many parts of the territory.

An Irish setter belonging to a Chicago police officer was left with his master's friend in Nelson County, North Dakota, last September. His master returned to Chicago, September 28, and one week later, "Sport tired of his new home, and started to reach Chicago by foot." He finished his journey of 1,000 miles Monday night, Jan. 7, or thirteen weeks and three days after starting for home. He was exhausted, emaciated, and covered with scars and wounds. Sport is two and one-half years old. How did he know which way his master had gone?

ENGLAND'S RULERS.

ENGLAND's thirty-five sovereigns have reigned on an average of twenty-three years.

MERCHANDISE IN THE MAILS.

MERCHANDISE was first admitted to the mails in 1861.

ANIMALS move freely in their element; man is often out of his element because he is the slave of habit.

CULTURE and fine manners are everywhere a passport to regard.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

SOMETHING NEW.

THE history of the efforts to make a periodical for our youth and our homes would be most interesting, and sometime we will take it up and tell what we know and what we have learned in the way of success and failure. This is not the time or place for this, and we have something else which we want to bring before our readers that we know will interest them.

When we took charge of the INGLENOOK, as we will call it formally, we had no cover, and the heading was a monstrosity worked out by a Jewish engraver who had never seen an open fireplace in his life. Then, when it was decided to make a change, we secured the present cover design, which is really an excellent idea, but which is so inartistically done that it raises a laugh from the wind-swept plains of the North to far India's coral strand. Still we retained the present form of "that blessed baby blanket gem of a paper," as one correspondent designated it. Then it occurred to some pretty bright people who have the 'Nook's interest at heart, that the form and makeup might be changed to advantage. It had won its way into thousands of homes where it had hitherto counted its visiting list by the hundreds only, and it seemed that it would be a more welcome, no, not a more welcome, but a better dressed visitor if it had a tailor-made suit of clothes. So what did we do but write out a card and send it around indiscriminately to big and little, old and young, people we knew and people we did not know, asking how they would like the 'Nook in magazine form instead of its present blanket shape.

The Business Manager, who really wanted the change, said that the way the inquiry was worded all the responses would be in favor of the present form. The foreman of the composing room, who is willing to do anything right to help out the lovers of good literature, said that the way the card was worded all would favor the change. The Editor rubbed his head in a feeble-minded sort of way and said that he did his prophesying after the event and thus won great renown. All waited, and not one of us knew.

Then a miracle, or something like it happened. The answers began to come in, and for the first time in the writer's knowledge a whole lot of people so far removed from each other that they did not have the chance for collusion, without an exception, not a solitary one, wrote in and said they wanted the 'Nook in magazine shape. Some of them were equally sure that they didn't want the name changed, and others, a good many, were insistent that they didn't want the character of the contents varied.

Large bodies move proverbially slow, and the General Missionary Committee were to consult. That body met, and to get at the gist of the business at once, the change from the present form of the 'Nook to that of a magazine was decided on, and it will go into effect April 1.

Now there are several things the management of the 'Nook wishes the reader to remember. They are, first, that the amount of reading matter will not be lessened. Second, the characteristic contents will not be abandoned. It will be the same paper in different form, and the reasons for the change are in its greater handiness, and the better facility in reading and preservation. The whole makeup mechanically, will be recast, and it will be a weekly publication that you can hand to your friends with the statement that it is our literary weekly, with the feeling that a better would be hard indeed to find anywhere.

But we do not stop here. We have found a publication intended for the household, entitled *Good Housekeeping*, a regular monthly magazine, which will be described in the advertisement on the cover, and with a copy of the publication on the table before us,

we are able to say that it is an ideal publication for the purposes intended, the higher life of the household, in a housekeeping way. It is illustrated, and full of helpful suggestions for the home. The price of the magazine, *Good Housekeeping*, is \$1.00 a year; the price of the INGLENOOK is \$1.00 a year. The two cost the reader, or whoever subscribes for the 'Nook, \$1.00, or the two for the price of one. The present subscriber to the 'Nook can take advantage of this offer by remitting a dollar and having his subscription to the 'Nook set forward a year. If you wish to subscribe for the magazine direct, the price is one dollar. The price of the 'Nook is one dollar, and whoever sends one dollar will get both *Good Housekeeping* and the INGLENOOK for one year. The offer will not last long, and should be taken advantage of at once, or it may be missed. The reader, if a subscriber, will see that he stands precisely on the same footing as the beginner, as on the receipt of the dollar we will set the present subscriber's time forward one year.

Read the coming advertisement of the combination on the cover of the Nook, and remit at once, if you have any interest in the matter.

OUR KITCHEN.

SOME readers have asked whether they may contribute more than one recipe. Certainly. Whatever you can do well, no matter how many dishes it represents, is wanted. No recipe has yet been received that will not be printed. If you send something and it does not immediately appear, do not think it has been thrown out. It will come out in time. Remember the adage about the watched pot.

A great many people who are not members of the church read the 'Nook, and there have been many expressions of interest in the "way Dunker women cook." It is all complimentary, as far as heard from. If you want to know how any dish is prepared, ask. Somebody will likely know. Don't cut your 'Nooks to get the recipes. Who knows but one of these days, when they are all in, these recipes will blossom out in book form,—but then this is confidential. Don't tell.

NO HARM IN LOVING THE WORLD.

WE cannot know or enjoy or love the world too much if God's will controls us. Has a mother anything but joy in watching her daughter's devotion to her doll? Not until the child is so absorbed that she cannot hear her mother's voice. Did anyone ever love the world more than Jesus did, yet was anyone ever so loyal to the Father's will? Worldliness is not love of the world, but slavishness to it.

IN connection with the introduction of the INGLENOOK into new homes we are authorized to make the following offer:

Whoever sends in the largest list of subscribers to this combination offer before May 31, 1901, the time this offer closes, may have \$5.00 worth of books or papers of his own selection, free. The next largest list \$4.00 worth, the next \$3.00 worth, the next \$2.00 worth, and the next \$1.00.

Here, then, is an opportunity to do good, and to be paid for it. Let some active person take hold in each congregation and stick to it persistently and he will win fame and earn for himself his selection of books and the thanks of his patrons who have put him in the way of such an interesting and valuable combination of reading for the home.

THERE is a Bible story of a battle between the Israelites and the Amalekites. Moses was on the hilltop, overlooking the conflict. While he held up his hands Israel prevailed; but when his hands grew weary and heavy and sank down, the battle went against Israel. Our friends are in the valley in sore conflict. While our hands are lifted up in intercession they are victorious; but if we cease to pray for them, they falter and fail.

No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm—crushed, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough—but drawn nearer to God, never.

"GRANDMA is eighty-seven years old and almost blind, but she likes to have her granddaughter read the 'Nook to her."—*Newry, Pa.*

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Why cannot men now remove mountains by faith?

One reason is that there is no necessity for it.

Do the laws of Illinois allow attendance at high school, where there is one, after the pupil has graduated at the lower grade public school?

Yes.

Are there any Brethren about Valparaiso, Indiana?

No organization, and no members that we know of.

Why do people engage in illicit distilling?

In order to escape the taxation by the government.

Do all birds retain the same note the season through?

No indeed. It changes materially, yet always within certain bounds.

What is meant by the term moonshiner?

It is applied to hidden, illicit distillers, in the rural districts.

The 'Nook hinted that something would surprise the readers in the Spring. What is it?

Wait. Read the leading article on this page.

Is der Editor fon dem 'Nook in Deutschland geborre worre, oder in diesem Land?

Er war in dem gute alte Pennsylvania Staat geborre, and that is good enough for us.

There is a dollar's worth of gold in a gold dollar, worth that the world around. Is the same true of the copper in a cent?

No. The government buys the punched out blanks, or did, at the cost of about forty cents a hundred, and is ahead the difference.

What gives a diamond its value?

Its hardness and consequent preservation of its sparkle when cut. Imitations are just as beautiful at first, but will not retain their polish.

Can I cut out the unused stamp from a stamped envelope and paste it on another, a plain one that I want to mail?

The 'Nook supposes that you can really do it, it not being so very difficult a matter. But the post office people will not take it, and will require the regular two-cent stamp.

I have an old shotgun that makes a symmetrical pattern better than that of any high-priced gun I ever saw. Why is it?

Doubtless it is due to an accidentally correct boring out not attainable at all times. Converted into a breech loader it would be valuable to a fancy, professional shooter.

What is meant by the term "in the flat," applied to berry boxes? I suppose it is silly in me to ask.

Why silly? Information comes from inquiry. It means that the boxes are cut out and shipped in a solid flat pile to save space, and the purchaser turns them up into box shape as he wants them.

Do hibernating animals wake up to eat?

Some of them do in mild weather, and then go back. They do not suffer because their Autumn acquired fat is absorbed for their nourishment. All hibernating animals come out thin in the Spring.

It is held in this neighborhood that where animals such as cats and dogs make close friendships they are bewitched and that one of them should be killed. How is it?

It is held at the 'Nook office that the schoolmaster must have taken a long journey from your neighborhood. If a cat and a dog enter into a treaty of peace and amity let them alone. What harm is it?

Is it right to read a Sunday newspaper?

Good men differ about it in practice. The ordinary Sunday paper is commonly made on a week day, and has varied contents, some of which is not good Sunday reading, and some of it being all right. It is a matter of individual conscience.

ABOUT DYNAMITE.

"SPEAKING of dynamite and other explosives," said an expert blaster, "it is doubtful if there is another subject on which the average lay mind is more misinformed.

"To begin with, nitroglycerin is never packed in drums—the manufacturers have too much respect for the compound. Five gallon cans is about the extreme quantity in which this explosive is shipped, and then there are no chimes or other rolling arrangements about the cans. There is not a place in this land where nitroglycerin is drawn off from tanks through a spigot and sold like beer. Moreover, in the heart of New York there is no more care for nitroglycerin than there is for life rafts on Broadway. Again, no matter how used a man has become to handling explosives, he retains his esteem for nitroglycerin.

"It may seem to a layman that the men handling high explosives in quarries and at mines become careless. They may seem careless to one who has not learned to look at the stuff without expecting to soar heavenward for his audacity, but the precautions which these men have been trained to exercise have become so much a second nature to them that they are no longer conscious of observing them. If by any chance a new man does not show in a factory or on a job that he is properly careful his career as a powder man is cut very short.

"Some one once said, 'Dynamite is like a woman—you never know what it is going to do next.' Without commenting on the woman part of the statement, dynamite or nitroglycerin is one of the most reliable as well as the strongest friend man has. Dynamite, you must know, is nothing but nitroglycerin soaked up in a sawdust or in Indian meal. This makes of the liquid explosive a solid one, which can be handled to better advantage; which can be strengthened, on a scale of percentage, to contain more or less of the explosive oil—according to the quantity of nitro soaked up in a given quantity of the sawdust—and which is more easily handled, both as to safety and as a matter of storing the stuff in fissures of rock and ledges, where a fluid would run out and away when used.

"Dynamite is cast into sticks, known as cartridges. These are cylindrical in shape and measure from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter by about six inches in length. In color they resemble the yellow of linseed oil, and they are oily to the touch.

"I have seen some remarkable freaks in the line of tricks of dynamite. Explosive as the stuff is, I have seen a case of 400 cartridges fall 1,200 feet into a shaft, and the case was simply smashed and the dynamite landed in a heap like so much harmless mush. On the other hand, I saw a man drop a cartridge from his hand to the ground, and there was not enough left of him for a grease spot. This peculiarity of dynamite, its tendency to explode under certain conditions and its non-explosive trait under more aggravating circumstances, is something that is not explainable. But the fact remains that, when properly handled, dynamite is not dangerous. Here and there we read of a blaster who blows himself up, and in nine cases out of ten it is simply that the man began drilling in an old hole, not knowing that it was partly loaded with an old charge of dynamite.

"Unless confined dynamite will burn like so much grease. I have seen a whole cartridge of dynamite thrown into the fire box of a boiler and the stuff burned, roaring like a tugboat blowing off steam. On another occasion I saw a man who had become excited at a burning cartridge throw it to the ground and trample on it, trying to stamp out the flames, and the man lived to tell the tale. It is of frequent occurrence that dynamite is accidentally set afire. This happens mostly in winter. The cartridges then freeze. In that condition they are useless as far as blasting is concerned, for, whether confined or not, they simply burn. To thaw them it is necessary either to immerse them in hot water or to place them near a fire. The hot water, however, draws the strength out of the cartridges. Therefore the bonfire method is more often used to silence the fires.

"To set off dynamite an explosion is necessary. For this reason a fulminating cap is affixed to the end of the fuse so that when the spark has eaten

through the fuse the cap is set off and at the same instant the whole charge of dynamite goes off, sometimes half a ton at a time, and a slice of mountain is blown down to be crushed into stone for roads and driveways.

"One of the peculiar actions of dynamite as compared with other explosives is that its action is downward. Often when in a quarry it is desired to break a huge rock quickly a cartridge of dynamite is simply placed on top of the rock and, after being covered with a little heap of earth, it is set off. The rock is split into a number of pieces. Were black powder heaped on a rock in the same way the heap of dirt on top would simply be blown away, leaving the rock unharmed.

"The downward action of dynamite makes it about the most useful and the most powerful of explosives known. I once assisted at a number of experiments at the Stevens institute, it being desired to prove the downward action of dynamite and its incredible force. A number of blocks of iron, six inches in diameter and three inches thick, were practiced upon. An ordinary newspaper was spread over one of the blocks. A cartridge of dynamite was placed on top of the paper, and after being connected with a fuse and covered with a heap of dirt the charge was set off. When the block was examined after the explosion the print of the paper was distinctly impressed into the surface of the iron. The reason was that the paper, where the printers' ink had touched it, was harder than the rest of the paper, and by the incredibly hard and sudden blow struck by the dynamite the imprint of the shape of the letters was made as plainly on the iron as if it had been cheese. A similar experiment was then made with an ordinary oak leaf and the outlines of the leaf, ribs and all, was gouged into the iron. Both of these blocks of iron are in the museum attached to the institute."

DISHWASHING MACHINE.

Few women have the courage after dinner, when the day is done, to wash dishes. That is drudgery. It means putting the cups and saucers, plates, platters, and vegetable dishes into a big pan of hot suds, rubbing them with a dishcloth, setting them to drain, and wiping each with a towel. Noah's wife's dishes were cleaned in the same way, and very probably Noah's wife lamented her reddened and roughened hands as the wives of less distinguished men have done ever since. Probably, too, she found that her best pieces of tableware got scratched in the process, or slipped out of her soapy hands and smashed to bits. It is not likely, though, that she bothered her head much about the condition of the dishcloth or the drying towels. Living as she did in that menagerie, she could hardly be blamed for not keeping everything sweet. If any of her daughters have bothered their heads much either, it has been to mighty little purpose, seeing that they have not greatly improved the process. Men who keep hotels, though, being able to get only the lowest class of help to wash dishes—what a comment that is upon us men that expect the wives of our bosom to do such work—found that the bill for broken china was ruinous. Guests insisted upon being served upon fine porcelain, and refused to eat from slabs of ironstone; so some way out had to be found. A machine was invented capable of being operated by anybody, and that could be trusted to wash thoroughly, rinse, and dry the most delicate ware without chipping or breakage, all at the rate of 6,000 pieces an hour. Think what an army of dishwashers such a machine must displace, and what an economy it must be! For not only is the hotel keeper rid of the necessity of giving standing room and subsistence to that army, but of providing captains and generals for it, and of enduring the damage that it must inflict upon friend and foe alike, after the fashion of all armies.

The dishes are collected and scraped, and then dropped into wire baskets with wooden interiors so arranged that the dishes stand on edge without touching each other. Pitchers, cups, bowls, and the like go into the center. The basket is lowered into the washing tank, where hot suds, mixed with air, so as to present thousands of sharp cutting edges, are driven against the dishes with tremendous rapidity and force. They are washed in twenty seconds. A trolley carries the basket to the rinsing tank, where two souses take off the soapsuds. They drain and

dry from the heat they have absorbed from the rinsing water. China and silverware thus treated always look brighter and newer than if washed by hand.

ANIMALS MAN HAS DESTROYED.

THE giraffe is now one of the rarest of quadrupeds, a fact due to the persistence with which it has been hunted, and but for the care with which the Indian elephant has been domesticated and bred, it, too, might have declined as a race, a fate that may soon overtake its African compeer.

One of the most typical illustrations which we have of the short and sharp extermination of an animal race is that of a big, unwieldy animal called the rhytina, a near relative of the sea cow, one species of which, the manatee, is not uncommon in zoölogical collections.

These animals have no hind limbs; their fore limbs exist as flippers, and their tail is set horizontally, as in the whale. The rhytina was discovered about the middle of the eighteenth century on a small island off the Kamtchatkan coast, called Bering's island. It was here Bering himself was wrecked.

The animals were easily killed and afforded good eating, the latter an all-sufficient reason for their slaughter. The last of this race dates from the year 1768.

As for the birds, and especially heavy bodied ones, we have a long list of extinctions as the result of man's interference. Not to speak of the great auk, we have the dodo and the solitaire.

The second named was found in Mauritius. It was killed off at the end of the seventeenth century. The solitaire inhabited Rodriguez. Its extinction dates from the middle of the eighteenth century.

BUTTERFLIES SLEEP HEAD DOWN.

THE butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downward. It folds and contracts its wings to the utmost. The effect is to reduce its size and shape to a narrow ridge, hardly distinguishable in shape and color from the seed heads on thousands of other stems around. The butterfly also sleeps on the top of the stem. In the morning, when the sunbeams warm them, all these greypied sleepers on the grass tops open their wings, and the colorless benets are starred with a thousand living flowers of purest azure.

THE PRESIDENT'S CARRIAGES.

THE executive mansion at Washington really consists of two separate establishments, one public and the other private. For the public section a carriage is provided, and when the President is acting as an administrative officer of the government and wishes to go from the office of the White House to some other office or department on government business he is at liberty to use the official White House carriage. But when he goes driving for pleasure he does so at his own expense.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

A most peculiar thing about the marriage ceremony of Russian peasants is the fact that when the couple enter the church both bridegroom and bride make a dash for the platform on which is the pulpit. It is believed that the one whose foot touches the platform first will live the longer, and that the children will take after that one in size, health, and beauty.

LITHOGRAPHIC MATERIAL.

THE lithographers of this country and Europe would be in sore straits were it not for the discovery of aluminum, for the Bavarian stone which was used exclusively until a few years ago for lithographic purposes, has lately shown that deterioration in quality which is the surest indication of an exhaustion of the supply.

COLD WEATHER IN ALASKA.

THE weather-bureau station at Eagle, Alaska, has now been in operation for somewhat over a year. The lowest temperature observed during that period was sixty-eight degrees below zero, in January of 1900.

Good Reading

MOST ANCIENT OF MANKIND.

THE oldest specimen of man in the world, so far as we know, as been discovered.

He was sleeping peacefully in a shallow grave, hollowed out of red sandstone, on the banks of the Nile, when a wandering Arab unearched him. Just to gratify the curiosity of his curious descendants he was dragged out, willy nilly, into the full glare of twentieth century life to tell his story as best he might.

The British official to whom the find was reported considered it so important that he furnished him with a first class passage to London forthwith.

He had no sooner arrived there and been made a guest in the great national necropolis, known as the British Museum, than thousands of distinguished Britishers flocked to bid him a hearty welcome back from his ten thousand years' seclusion.

Previous to his presentation to the public our ancient friend's credentials had been closely scrutinized by some of the shrewdest gentlemen connected with the Royal Academy in order that the high-class Britons who might be entertained by him should not be imposed upon by any false pretensions as to his rank or age.

As the way for his coming had been paved to a large extent by the recent discoveries relative to the antiquity of man at Uz, in what was ancient Chaldea, his coming was not such a shock as it otherwise might have been.

The gentlemen who gave him his passports into such good society as he now enjoys found, in the course of their examination, that before being placed in his couch of red sandstone our neolithic friend had been treated with a preparation of bitumen and buried in the posture in which he now lies in an improvised stone coffin in the British Museum. He was laid on his left side, with his hands before his face and the knees drawn up on a level with the chin. But his body had gradually sunk down into a flattened position.

Beside the body were disposed a number of flint knives, and vases partly filled with the remains and dust of funeral offerings. The style of the flint instruments found in the grave indicates that the man lived in the later neolithic period of Egypt, which was in remote ages long before the rule of Menes, the first king of Egypt known to history.

Menes ruled some 5,500 years B. C. according to the most reliable computations. Before that time, as far as has been traced, there were two prehistoric races, one of which had conquered the other. It is with these remote stocks that our friend in the British Museum is connected. He antedates, by thousands of years, the other mummies which have been brought from Egypt. Even the surroundings amid which he was found differ from those in which have been found the Rameses and the Ptolemies. They were splendidly sepulchred in palaces built especially for their long sleep. They were embalmed with all the best preserving essences that money could purchase, and laid to rest in a funeral grandeur that equaled the splendor in which they lived.

But with all these protections thrown around them and the fact that they lived probably 5,000 years later than our friend of the neolithic age, he survives them. While their jawbones have crumbled almost to dust, his are hard and firm and his flesh is tough and dry. His resting place bespeaks the roughness of the age in which he lived. It was merely a hole scooped out of the red sandstone, with a slab placed at the opening.

No hieroglyphics are there to tell us who he was, as there are to perpetuate the glory and pomp of a Rameses. There is no sign of an inscription upon knives or pots to tell us whether he was a king or a mere hunter. This is due to the fact that no written language existed when he was buried. He simply comes to us a mute witness of a past which we have reconstructed on circumstantial evidence.

The clay pots and flint instruments found beside the man furnish some further clew to pierce the dark mystery of this man's existence. The pots are of little use as a guide. They are rude and coarse, such as almost any savage could make. But one of the flint instruments is suggestive. The only purpose, apparently, for which it could have

been designed was hamstringing. This leads us to the assumption that the oldest known specimen of man in the world to-day was a hunter. Not one of those bold Nimrods of later days who possessed weapons with which he dared face and track the animals which he sought for his quarry, but a far-away pioneer of even he who could thrust the spear—one who must crawl behind and maim his prey by stealth—by cutting the tendons of his ham.

THINGS OFFERED FOR CAR FARES.

"I WISH to go to 116th street and I haven't a ticket. Here is a \$6 umbrella. Couldn't you let me ride if I leave it as security?"

The questioner, a handsomely dressed woman. Scene, the elevated road station at 23d street. The woman was peering through the ticket seller's window with an anxious expression on her face.

The dispenser of tickets looked at the woman scrutinizingly a moment. Then, without a word he passed a ticket through the little window. In exchange the woman thrust her closely rolled, silk-covered umbrella through the aperture. There was a ball of enameled copper on the end of the handle, and to outward appearances the umbrella was worth every cent of the woman's estimate.

"O, we get plenty of that sort," said the ticket seller afterward. "I had a woman offer me a French poodle; but as it is against the law to let dogs on the train I couldn't take the collateral. A bystander bought her the ticket, however, and she went off.

"All sorts of things are left. One day an old gentleman left a pair of gold cuff buttons as security. He never came back. Whether he forgot what station it was or whether he left town I never knew. That was six months ago. I am wearing the buttons now.

"Sometimes they leave books, but I have refused to take these, as the readers never call for them. A well-known clubman left a fine matchbox one night. It had his name and address on it. He forgot it, and three weeks afterward I mailed it to him. He sent me a dollar for my trouble, and said I had cleared up a mystery. He had suspected one of his servants of stealing the article. It was late one night when he got on, and perhaps he had 'been out' to some little extent.

"I have had pocket knives, brooches, umbrellas, walking sticks, workbaskets, gloves and suits of clothes left with me. Usually the owners redeem their five-cent pledges the same day. Sometimes I keep them weeks and months. The great stations for these things are 23d, 28th, 33d and 14th streets on the West side, and 9th and 28th streets on the East side.

"Besides leaving personal property for rides, some travelers do curious things. Persons in a rush will hold their tickets in one hand and throw whatever they have in the other into the ticket boxes. Women are the offenders in this line. I saw a woman drop her baby on the top of a box one day. It was only the terrified cry of the infant that brought her to her senses. The act was a thoughtless impulse, of course, and as the baby was not hurt the incident created no end of amusement.

"Sometimes they drop small packages into the boxes. A woman broke the glass in the box on the station with her umbrella not long ago. She was making a rush to catch a Harlem train and thrust the umbrella instead of the ticket into the box.

"There is an old gentleman who gets on at 66th street who invariably thrusts his morning paper into the ticket box. The guard at that station has had to call him back several times.

"The new turnstiles at some of the stations have given rise to many amusing situations. Some women in their excitement persist in climbing over the stiles; others stoop down and crawl under them."—*New York World*.

GOOD CAUSE OF ILL TEMPER.

THE fur salesman held up a very handsome specimen of what appeared to be Russian sable. "You wouldn't think," he said, "that that color was indirectly due to a loss of temper, would you?"

"I didn't know that the Russian sable had a bad temper," responded the customer.

"Your knowledge is not always to be relied on," laughed the salesman. "This is not a Russian

sable skin. It is a red fox, and thereby, so to speak, hangs a tale."

The customer asked that it be unfolded.

"In New York city," responded the salesman, "lives a furrier, who knows a good deal about the dyeing of sealskins and other furs, sought for years to find a dye that would transform a red fox skin into a Russian sable, as far as appearance went. All his efforts were nugatory and void, as the lawyers say, but he would not give up the search. One day, less than two years ago, he was busy over his dye pots seeking the elusive alchemy. He thought this time he had it sure, but he was disappointed once more, and I am sorry to say he lost his temper, and acted in a most unseemly manner. He held in his hand a bottle with a chemical of some kind in it that he had intended using in some other dyes that he did not know about, and in his violence he knocked the bottle against a box and broke its neck. This made him madder than ever, and with a bad word he hurled the broken bottle and its remaining contents into the disappointing dye pot. Then he left the place, and when he went back, much cooler in mind, behold! there was that in the dye pot which caused his special wonder and he began an immediate investigation. Just what effect the chemical or the broken bottle had on the dye he could not tell, but a very apparent change had been effected, and he hastened to try a strip of fur in it. When the fur was taken out it was no longer a red fox. Neither was it quite Russian sable, but it was on the way, and after a little experimenting with the unexpected chemical he hit upon the right thing and the secret was his. To-day he is converting red fox skins into Russian sable for 1,000 firms in all parts of the world, and it is needless to say he is not getting poor at it. Russian sable is a beautiful and expensive fur, but this imitation is quite as effective, for three or four years, as the genuine thing, and doesn't cost anything like as much. Cheaper furs, that look as well, while they last, as expensive ones, are more satisfactory anyway to the majority of purchasers, because styles change and people want something new once in a while if they can get it."

BETRAYED BY THE TEETH.

It has been said that one can tell the color and shape of a man's teeth, when his mouth is shut, by merely taking note of his complexion. There actually is some affinity between the color of one's teeth and the character of one's complexion, but such an analogy would probably only receive popular recognition when presented in individuals of marked type. The experienced dentist can, however, often determine the shape and color of his patient's teeth without ever asking him to open his mouth.

In a person having red or auburn hair, blue eyes and a fair or florid complexion, the teeth would be creamy, inclined to yellowness, and brilliant and translucent.

On the other hand, teeth of pale, dull or muddy color, with no transparency, will be met with among people of pallid complexion, accompanied by sandy hair and light gray eyes. The bilious temperament, with its black, curly hair and dark and deep ruddy complexion, presents teeth of a strong yellow color, rather opaque, and frequently marked with traverse lines. Teeth of a pearly blue or gray, of marked transparency and rather long and sharp, are nearly always associated with a delicate, transparent complexion.

When obtaining artificial substitutes for their lost teeth, patients, and particularly lady patients, are prone to desire them of unnatural whiteness and regularity, to combat which weakness often places the dentist in a position of some delicacy.

On the other hand, there are others who are sticklers for the natural. The smoker has a marked predilection for teeth of a khaki hue, and a dentist tells of a patient who recently asked him for "the new American shade, with gold spots," of course innocently referring to the trans-Atlantic practice of even filling artificial teeth with gold before fixing them in the human mouth.

You, I, all of us, will throw the first stone on a woman who does what a man of honor is freely permitted to do.

IS THERE A DECREASED DEMAND FOR BIBLES?

BY R. A. TORREY.

MUCH is being made of the fact that the American Bible society in its recent report tells of a great falling off in the demand for Bibles from that society. It is said that "over 400,000 more Bibles and Testaments were sent out by the American Bible society five years ago than are sent out now, and its receipts in money have fallen off nearly one-half." From this fact the inference is drawn that there is a great falling off in the demand for Bibles. This inference is entirely unwarranted by the facts. Many other societies have risen as competitors with the American Bible society. These other societies have taken to popular methods for the sale and distribution of the Bible, and so have left the American Bible society far behind in the competition. The International Publishers, the Oxford Bible society, Bagster, Holman's, Eyre and Spottiswode are selling Bibles by the hundreds of thousands; besides these, many newspapers have taken to the selling of Bibles as premiums. A single religious paper in the City of New York disposed of several hundred thousand Bibles last year as premiums. Bibles are now sold in the great department stores, one firm alone in one of our Eastern cities selling far more Bibles than any bookstore in the city.

So far from there having been a falling off in the sale of Bibles in the last five years there has been a marvelous increase. It is true the one society mentioned has fallen behind, but it is simply due to the fact that people have not thought wise to contribute to a society to sell Bibles as a matter of benevolence when equally as good or better Bibles could be secured elsewhere for less money.

The reduction in the price of Bibles has been amazing. Editions that a few years ago could only be secured for \$9 or \$10 can now be secured for \$3 or \$4, and serviceable imitations of them for even less than \$1. Never has the Bible been in such demand; never has it been so much studied as during the last year. It has been said that "this present neglect of the Bible, however, cannot be called surprising. It is a natural consequence of the discredit thrown on the Scriptures even by clergymen and teachers of theology. The Bible is no longer distinguished by them as the infallible Word of God, but is apologized for as mere 'literature,' disfigured by human errors, the guile of priestcraft, and the ignorance and credulity of semi-barbarous compilers." Now, it is true that the views of the Scripture stated in this quotation are held even by men in the ministry, but there has not arisen a neglect of the Bible from that—for the Bible is not neglected. These views might naturally be supposed to produce a neglect of the Bible, but the truth is that the men who hold these views do not get much of a hearing from students of the Bible. Those who really desire to study the Bible, and do study it, are perfectly aware that these views are arrant nonsense, and that, while men seek to foist them upon the public as new truth, they are simply the old exploded notions of Tom Paine and other infidels revamped. The falling off of the business of the American Bible society is not due to them but to the competition of other societies that have seen fit to adopt the business methods of the day.

Conferences for Bible study are springing up all over the land, and have a large attendance. Men who preach the Bible are demanded for pulpits, large and small, as never before, and the men who believe in the Bible and preach it, and not their own theories, are the men who have the crowds to hear them.

INDIANS.

BY H. R. TICE.

PERHAPS a few of the 'NOOK readers do not know that there are two tribes of Cherokee Indians. The one in the Indian Territory, the other in their original home among the mountains of western North Carolina, and probably a much smaller number of readers know why the tribe is divided when they were originally one.

The following reason I heard given by Ahgnahtah, an old man of the eastern tribe. He said:

"I was just a small boy, ten years old, maybe, but I remember it well. We did not want to leave our old home where we had always been, but the

great Father at Washington says you must go, and sent soldiers to take us.

"Many were taken, but a few of us were hid among the mountains. At last the soldiers caught a sub-chief called by them "Indian Charley," and a few of his followers, and were taking them to a place of shipment, when Charley told his people that when they arrived at a certain point by which they would be taken, he would give their war whoop, when they would attack the soldier nearest them, and if possible get back to their mountains. This they did, killing or wounding the soldiers."

According to the old Indian's account, Uncle Sam became discouraged, "for," continued he, "the soldiers sent word to the head men of the tribe that if they would deliver Indian Charley to them, those remaining might stay undisturbed in the future.

"My father was one of the men who went to take him, and I wanted to go with him but was refused, but I went anyhow," said he, chuckling to himself. "I waited till the men were on their way and then I followed them. We caught Charley and gave him to the soldiers who killed him, and from those of us who remained has grown our present number."

Sabetha, Kans.

MAPLE MOLASSES.

BY A. L. C.

IN the spring of the year, generally February, the sugar spiles and buckets are hunted up and are taken to the sugar camp. After the holes are made in the trees the spiles are then placed in, and buckets are hung on them. After the water begins to drop and the buckets are full a mud boat, or "slick," with a barrel on, is taken and to the camp we go, up hill or down, it makes no difference, it is jolly fun anyway. The new way of making syrup is the evaporator, to boil it in pans. The old way is to boil it in kettles. The latter is the way I have been used to, and think it has more of a maple flavor.

When it is boiled to a certain degree it is taken off, strained and let settle; then it is put in a boiler or kettle on the stove and cleared with egg or milk, or some people use both, and then all the skum that comes on top is skimmed off. The faster it boils the clearer it gets. Then comes the sweet time of making wax or "spotse" as the Dutch call it.

Woe be to them that have artificial teeth; they almost choke on taking too big a bite.

After it is boiled thick enough it is taken and sealed in cans and jugs, waiting for the time when it will be devoured by the inmates during the cold winter days.

There is a camp near our home that has yielded one hundred gallons a year, from which I have received many a sugar cake, and ball of wax from loving hands that have prepared them.

But the maple trees are not so plenty as they used to be. They are getting thinned out pretty fast.

How well I remember, a few years ago, two of my schoolmates came home with me and we hitched up and gathered the sugar water through the mud, and had to climb hills until we were pretty tired, but we enjoyed the fun all the same.

North Manchester, Ind.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February is an exceptionally interesting number. The leading article is entitled "A Novel Complication," and there are some very interesting and instructive communications, such as "Lincoln as an Antagonist," "Talks with Chinese Women," and a number of others. A good many of our 'NOOKERS are magazine readers, and they will find in Lippincott a publication not given to illustrations, but, instead, full of solid reading matter, rather higher in grade than that of the popular magazine, yet not so abstruse as to render it heavy to people who affect periodical literature. This magazine is a welcome visitor to our office, and never fails to be read and appreciated. You can get it at any book stand.

JEALOUSY is the flattery of love. Husband and wife should never cease to be jealous of each other.

IN man's eyes disappointment in love is but a pretense for seeking amusements without love.

THERE is nothing in a man that two smart women can't worm out of him.

Sunday School

THERE are other thoughts in the Scriptures that catch men up on glorious wings to show them the face of Him whose we are and whom we serve; but there is no thought that more transforms a man's life, more floods over him the transfigured glory of a face touched once on the mountain top years ago, than the thought that he can tie his life up to the doing of the will of God. Do you seek for an object in life? "I come to do thy will, O God." Do you seek for food? "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." Do you desire society? "Who-soever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother." Do you seek for an education? "Teach me to do thy will, O God." Seekest thou for reward? "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." There will be no change for him. When the wreck of matter comes, and the everlasting heavens are folded up like a garment and laid away for their last sleep, he will still abide. Other things will pass away, but he that is doing the will of God is a part now of a life that shall last forever, of that great sweeping, flowing life that alone holds this world steady with all that is passing and changing in it. And by and by, when other things shall pass away, his life, instead of grasping in itself the things that are laid aside, will find that it has laid hold of the things that are going to abide forever, the things that alone are worth the seeking, the loving, and the aspiring after.

IF we really believed that God loved us with the whole heart, what a help it would be to us in our daily lives! We would then feel that we could go at any moment into the presence of a loving Father, who cared as much for us as if he had nothing else to care for. A child may come into the presence of its earthly father, except when the parent is occupied. Our heavenly Father is never so occupied. At all times he will bestow on us the same attention. A child likes to be in the presence of its earthly parents, even though they take no notice of it, and is happy simply because it is with them. How much more ought we to be joyous in our heavenly Father's presence! We need not be always singing. The heart has a silent language. There is too little of adoration—simple worship—at the present time.

YOU remember the way a father pictured a cross to his child? A cross is composed of two pieces of wood. The shorter piece represents your will, and the longer God's will. Lay the two pieces side by side and there is no cross; but lay the shorter piece across the longer, and you have a cross. Whenever our will falls across God's, there is a cross in our life. We make a cross for ourselves every time we do not accept Christ's way, every time we murmur at anything he sends, every time we will not do what he commands. But when we quietly accept what he gives, when we yield in sweet acquiescence to his will, though it shatters our fairest hopes, when we let our wills lie alongside his, there are no crosses in our life, and we have found the peace of Christ.

DWELLING upon our ills is a sin and grows upon us with time if we allow every little thing to disquiet us. No Christian has a right to be dissatisfied with his lot. It is this lack of Christian cheerfulness that leads so many to self-destruction—this brooding over matters insignificant. In the beginning this can be checked, but if freely indulged in it becomes powerful and beyond control. Every Christian should be cheerful. He should practice it if he does not possess it, for it is a grand thing to possess.

THE moment we begin to help somebody, God lightens our labor by causing our hearts to help our hands.

IF able preaching alone could have saved the world, God would have sent some of his angels to do it.

IF you have any religious experience at all, you have something the devil doesn't want you to talk about.

IN his hurry to rule all the world he forgot to rule himself.

BOB AND HIS UNCLE.

WHEN the three met again by the pleasant fire-side on the Saturday night they were a silent and thoughtful trio. A letter had been received saying that a very near and dear friend had died a day or so ago. Thus it was that the talk was not lively and brilliant, but for all that it was interesting.

Their Uncle said that the views of the early Christians about death differed very much from the ones entertained now. In that day they did not take kindly to the word death. When their friends passed away they spoke of them as having fallen asleep, having been laid to rest, having passed over, or something of the kind. They did not seem to fear death and though it may have happened, there is no record of any denial of the faith to save their lives.

Bob said that was the proper way, and Helen added that she doubted whether it was right to grieve and worry over those who had their home-coming. Their Uncle sat silent for a moment, and then said but one word "Wait." They knew that he meant something, and so they waited a moment to hear what he had to say.

Wait, he said, till you are brought to the test. It may be that now one will pass away, and only temporarily shock us, and then another will go and leave us quiet, and then one will go that marks us mentally for all time to come. Just why, it is hard to say, but neither religion nor philosophy enables us to rise superior to the cloud in which we are enveloped. Friends may come with their well-meant almsgiving of sympathy, but it does not bring back the sound of the voice or the touch of the hand that is gone. We go with our friends down the very brink of the river of silence, and we stand there and see them pass out into the beyond, and cannot follow them, nor do they visibly come back to us. The sun shines just as brightly, the birds sing the same, and the gentle winds ruffle the surface of the lake as of old, but there is a root of sorrow in our hearts that will not wither or cease to grow. It is something that no friend can bear for us, no one can help bear the burden. We must walk the path of sorrow alone, and we are never more alone than when we are with those around us. Often they, having had no experience, will attempt with music, and song, and cheery tale, to lure us from the shades, and all without avail, not because we have voluntarily gone into the gloom but because the gloom has come to us and will not rise again on this side of the river.

Wait! Wait and see! When the procession passes down the street, the life and drum mad with glee, and all the people cheering, then comes the picture of the slow moving cortege over the hill to the place of the passed. When sitting silent in the twilight our thoughts will go back to the long summer afternoons, when the bees droned and the birds hid in the shade, and love and love were one in the darkened rooms of a desolated home. When on the Sabbath afternoon we take a walk down by the meadow, with the brook babbling through the overhanging grass, and the meek-eyed cattle grazing, and the yellow golden rod flaunting its sprays in the gentle breeze, and all nature is smiling, there is the feeling, unconquerable, and impossible of forgetfulness, that we walk alone, alone. When the Indian summer spreads its gossamer over the far hills, and the brook bears over its deeps and shallows the fallen, crumpled leaf, and the last bluebird is flying southward, the same pain comes in our hearts and the eyes dim as they did when the yellow dandelion flecked the meadow, and the bluebird and his mate twittered over the started home in the apple bough. When the first snow falls from the dead, dull overhead, and the snowbirds flit, and the children shout, and all through the days when the little fur-balled animals of the woods and the hedgerow curl closer and closer there is the same feeling that something has gone out of our lives that will never come back again.

But, said Helen, isn't there a home-coming, at the last? Yes, said the man thoughtfully, it wouldn't be worth while without that. The time will come when we will go down to the brink of the silently-flowing river. We will see our friends around us, and they will weep, but we will not. We will stand for one last, awful moment, utterly alone on the silent shore, more alone than ever we have been or shall be again, and then our souls will go

sounding on the dim and seemingly perilous journey. It is the line that marks the outer mete and bound of the land of Death, and it is the gloomiest hour of the whole range of time. And when it is darkest, and the night has all fallen, we will hear the laugh, the shout of recognition, the welcome, the new-found country that greets us, and as we sit on the farther shore, gold bound and limitless, we first see the dear one for whom we have grieved, smiling and waiting, and as a child wakes from a troubled sleep in the bright sun of a beautiful earth morning to find itself clasped to its mother's bosom, so may we find eternal peace and rest in the land where Death never comes, and there is no word for loneliness for it is an unknown thing. And the old clock told off the hour for retiring.

THE WANT COLUMN.

It has developed on trial that the Want Column of the 'Nook has proved a great success. It will be continued in the future, subject to the following conditions: Nothing but labor of some kind will be considered. The parties seeking employment, or desiring help, will write a letter of explanation, going into details, and from this the Editor of the INGLENOOK will frame a short advertisement that will ordinarily be allowed to run two issues. The insertion is free, and is done only for those whose families are recipients of the 'Nook as subscribers. It is intended to bring the employer and those seeking employment in closer relations to one another. All letters addressed as ordered in the advertisement are forwarded to their destination as soon as received. If no letters are received, in answer to the advertisement, it may be taken that none have come here. There is a great demand for women as workers. The 'Nook knows little about these advertisers, tells nothing, and will regard everything pertaining to this column as entirely confidential. Those who wish to answer the advertisements should do so at once and not delay. Addresses are not long preserved. This is a speak and go column. Quick action is desired.

WANTED.

WANTED, the address of Sister May Baker, who attended Bridgewater College, Virginia, in 1889-90. Write care of the 'Nook. Communication here for her.

* * *

WANTED: A young brother in Missouri, farmer, penman and bookkeeper, would like work in California. Address: J. M., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

A BROTHER, having knitting machines, desires young brethren or sisters as agents for his hosiery. Address direct, F. N. Weiner, Verdierville, Va.

* * *

WANTED, to take charge of a fruit farm in the South or Southwest. Have had twelve years' experience in orange and other fruit culture. I am in the ministry and prefer locating where I could have church privileges. Address, D. E. S., INGLENOOK Office, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

WANTED, in Kansas, a housekeeper, a sister, without small children. Prefer one between forty and sixty. Am sixty-four. Address, N. M. K., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

WANTED, in Ohio, on a 160-acre farm, a young brother as worker. Want the man for a year. Good wages. Address, J. W., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

OHIO farm boy, 19, high-school graduate, wants work on a farm in Utah, Colorado, or Idaho. Address, C. F. S., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

A BROTHER, twenty-two years old, farmer, would like employment on a farm in Nebraska or Iowa. Now lives in Indiana. Ready at once. Address, P. E. H., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

WANTED, by an Ohio young brother of twenty-three, a position on a farm in Northern Illinois. Address, N. A. R., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

* * *

A BROTHER, farmer, in Virginia, single, wants work as a farm hand in Indiana or Illinois. Address, L. G., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

Our Cooking School.

SUET PUDDING.

BY SISTER SUSIE M. BRALLIER.

TAKE one cup suet, one cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, three cups flour, one cup raisins, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful salt, and spice to suit taste. Steam about three hours.

SAUCE FOR SAME.—Take a small teacup of water, and one-half pint maple sugar. Let simmer. Remove the scum. Take four tablespoonfuls butter, mixed with a level teaspoonful of flour, and one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Boil a few moments and serve with pudding while warm.

Johnstown, Pa.

TOMATO SOUP.

BY SISTER S. F. SANGER.

PLACE over the fire one quart of peeled tomatoes. Stew them soft with a pinch of soda. Work through a sieve so no seeds remain. Set over the fire again, and add a little sugar to suit your taste. Then add a pint of good sweet milk with a large teaspoonful of flour mixed in it, stirring it constantly till it boils. Then add salt and pepper, and butter the size of a walnut. Serve hot over crackers. Canned tomatoes may be used.

South Bend, Ind.

RICE BALLS.

BY SISTER ANNIE KEIM.

TAKE one teacup of rice, cook until well done, then add one teaspoonful of salt, and one well-beaten egg. Make in balls the size of an egg. Roll in cracker dust and drop in hot lard until a nice brown. Serve warm.

Elk Lick, Pa.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.

BY SISTER LILLIE B. CASSELL.

BEAT one egg, add to it one cup sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar (granulated is best), and a large pinch of salt. Stir well, then sift into it two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder mixed with two cups of flour. Mix, and if batter is not stiff, add a little more flour. Lastly stir into it a lump of butter, size of an egg, which has been previously melted. Bake in hot oven fifteen minutes. This quantity will make one dozen muffins.

Washington, D. C.

GOOD BISCUITS.

BY SISTER MATTIE MOHLER.

To one quart of flour add a level teaspoonful of soda, the same of salt; about one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift together and add a teaspoonful of lard. Mix thoroughly with the hand. Into this stir, with a spoon, about two cups of sour milk or enough to make a soft dough. Roll to less than a half inch and bake in a quick oven. In case the milk is very sour use a little more soda.

Warrensburg, Mo.

RAISIN CREAM PIE.

BY SISTER ETTA ECKERLE.

ONE cup of good sour cream, one cup raisins, without seeds, one cup sugar, one egg. Bake with two crusts, and this will make two pies.

Lanark, Ill.

SPONGE CAKE.

BY SISTER ETTA MARTIN.

TAKE two eggs, beat the whites stiff, add most of a cup of sugar, and beat again. Beat the yolks, add the rest of the cup of sugar and beat more. Then put the whites and yolks together and beat. Add a cup of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder, and sift together. Stir into the eggs until smooth. Add any flavoring that is liked, and one-half cup boiling water. Beat quickly and pour into an ungreased pan. Bake twenty minutes and when baked turn upside down to cool.

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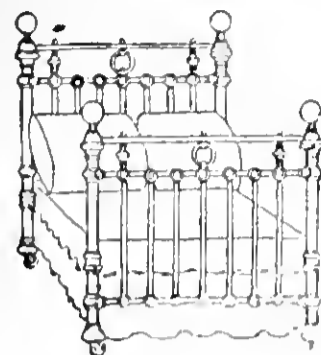
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HE CARETH.

What can it mean? Is it aught to him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can he be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Around his throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss untrifled by any strife,
How can he care for my little life?

And yet I want him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sorrows be.
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares,

Let all who are sad take heart again—
We are not alone in our hours of pain:
Our Father stoops from his throne above
To soothe and quiet us with his love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for he is nigh.
Can it be trouble which he doth share?
O, rest in peace, for the Lord does care.

THE INGLENOOK

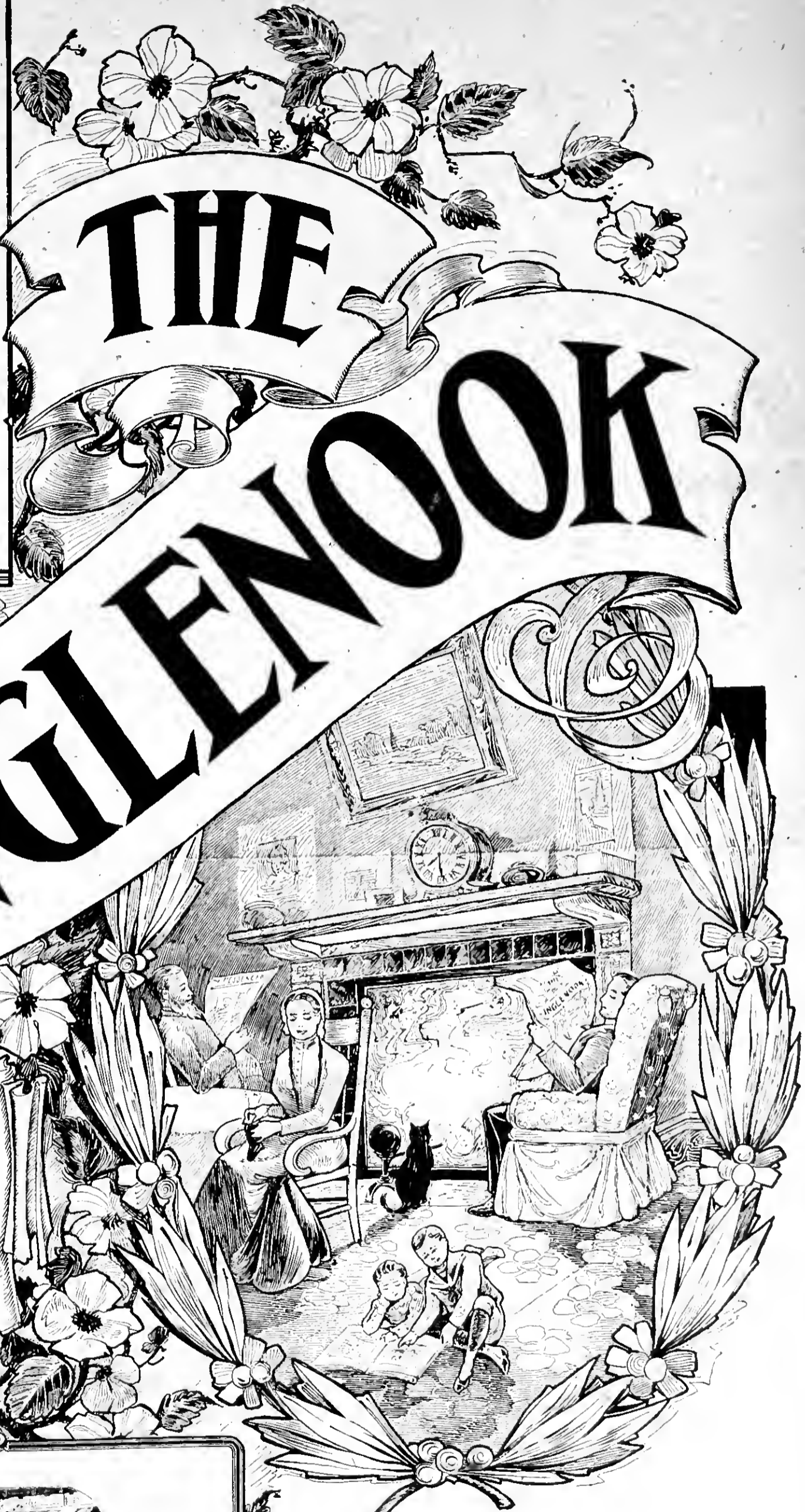
The Inglenook,

Elgin, Ill.

*
VOL. III.

March 2, 1901.

No. 9.



...IN...
FAR-AWAY
JAPAN.

ELGIN, ILL.

...A Rare Opportunity...



THE INGLENOOK

...AND...

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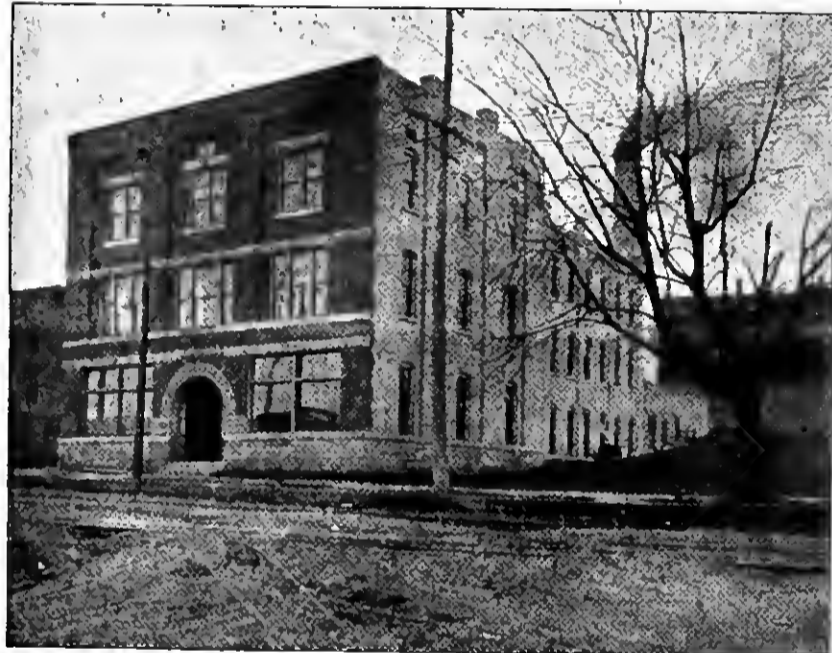
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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., March 2, 1901.

No. 9.

KING EDWARD AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

KING EDWARD was the showiest
Of all that glittered there;
King Edward held the wondering gaze
Of all the brave and fair.

King Edward stood the stateliest
In all that stately scene,
But was his heart the happiest,
His conscience most serene?

King Edward was the lordliest
Of all the people saw—
But did the Lord look down on him
With any special awe?

King Edward was the haughtiest
In all that grand affair,
But was he wisest, manliest,
Of all men gathered there?

The king was robed in gorgeousness,
And heads for him were bowed,
But the bravest heart and the purest heart
Beat somewhere in the crowd.

AMONG THE ITALIAN STORES.

IN going down into Little Italy, one of the first shops you see is the Roman "Grosseria," or rather, this is a thoroughly Italian shop kept by a family from the Roman provinces.

Everything Italian is sold there; indeed, all their macaroni is imported from Naples and Genoa, but this shop deserves the credit of being especially mentioned, not only because it is the largest and best of these "grosserias," but because it is not kept by Neapolitans. Each division of Italy seems to have its trade; the plaster cast vendors come from Lucania; the street musicians are Neapolitans, and so, too, do most of these shopkeepers come from Naples. A few "grosserias" are kept by Genoese, but in the majority of cases you will find that the "padrone" of a grocery shop is a Neapolitan.

This "bottega Romana" (Roman shop) is, on one side a restaurant, on the other a "grosseria," the division seemingly being made by a long counter covered with boxes of macaroni and spaghetti. The new American customers who enter this "bottega" to buy an occasional "fiasco" of "Chianti" give these boxes a casual glance, but not until they are examined closely, with a view to accurate knowledge, can any idea of the varieties of this staple Italian food be conceived.

There were, at least, twenty-five different sizes and shapes and each kind was made in both "bianca" (white) and "giallo" (yellow). This yellow tint the "padrone" said was caused by saffron, which is constantly used as a soup flavoring by Italians.

Most of this macaroni was so oddly different from the plain white pipestem stuff that Americans are used to stew with cheese, that it deserves description. "Lasagne" is a broad macaroni strip, the width of two fingers, with a crimped edge, like old-fashioned Christmas candy. There were many kinds of tiny macaroni shapes to be used for soups: "Stelle" (stars), "lettere" (letters), "rosa marina." This is molded like grains of rice and small, heart-shaped "seme" (seeds). There was a great variety of spaghetti, from a threadlike thickness to the ordinary size, "paste alimentari," from Genoa, and "spaghettini."

All this macaroni is imported directly from Italy, and although its price is about double that of the domestic grade, the demand for it is so great that 100 to 10,000 boxes are sold every year. This fascinating shop holds many other things besides macaroni.

Along the top of the wide dark shelf are ranged earthenware jars of all shapes and sizes. These are the genuine Italian jars that are so useful in Little Italy to cook stews and make gravies in. And because of this usefulness they have a certain picturesque quality that would make them splendid studio property.

On the lower shelves stand row upon row of canned goods: "Conservanera e rosa" (red and black tomato paste), which is diluted with water and served as a sauce for spaghetti; "tonno al olio,"

which is an extremely smelly sort of mackerel preserved in oil; "conserva alimentari," from Naples, and "funghi al aceto" (mushrooms put up in vinegar).

Besides there were anchovies pickled with olives, Spanish peppers put up in oil and caviare. These last are quite expensive and considered as great luxuries by the Italians, who, nevertheless seem to buy them in large quantities.

On the wide counter were the cheeses: "Romano," "Permagano," "Gorgonzola," and a most delicious cream cheese that is made fresh every few days. This cream cheese has the thoroughly foreign flavor you get in the cheese abroad, something between our cottage cheese and Neufchatel, yet with a bitter pungency that both lack.

Back of the cheeses were loaves of Roman bread, a thick, flat kind, quite unlike the knobby, round Sicilian loaves, and nearer in taste to the southern beaten biscuit than anything else. A small glass jar was filled with little round pellets done up in colored tin foils. This was saffron for flavoring soup, and sold, just as it does in the Jewish quarter, for five cents a package.

Great bunches of thyme, "morte della" sausages, and strings of "sausica Bologna," hung in swaying clusters, complete this characteristically Italian shop.

These Romans do not even lack a pink and green parrot, who croons and stretches his head to be rubbed, and even, when he is very friendly, shakes hands. Here, too, you may order the "seme" (seeds) that Italians eat as Americans do salted peanuts. The "seme," probably squash seeds, are dried and salted. "My fatha, he like thaim," said the pretty Roman girl who waits on this counter. "So he always come here every Sat'day night an' I can get you some thain."

Barrels stand along the walls in rows; these are full of beans and peas of all kinds. Italians are fond of using them in soups, and they sell very well, particularly the "ceccia" (chicken peas) and lentils, and when you learn that the price is only four cents a pound it is small matter for wonder that so many are bought, for they are certainly within the range of Little Italy's pocket. Coffee, too, is remarkably cheap, selling at only ten cents a pound, while its poorer substitutes, chicory and cocoa shells, are even less.

They were obliging and polite and showed peppers and cheeses and queer brown seeds called "girgolana," which no one but a "low Calabrian" would eat. Later in the year this "padrone" will sell the long, smooth "cocoza." This "cocoza" is shaped very much like our American summer squash, but it is smooth instead of rough and of a pale green color. They are grown somewhere in New York State by an Italian, who makes a specialty of raising the same vegetables that would be grown in Italy, and who sends them fresh every week.

The outdoor markets are as interesting as the indoor "grosserias." On Thursdays men stand with baskets of "anguille" (eels) and razor-backed clams that no one else but an Italian would ever think of eating, selling these fish for the Friday dinners. Every day Little Italy eats crabs. Two or three dusky Neapolitans sit beside huge baskets of these "uve" and sell them three for five cents.

At sunset Little Italy sits on its doorsteps and eats them, until the sidewalks are strewn with claws and shells. "Limonata" stands dot the square, and there are men who push around large carts filled with "cent" candies, and covered with a wire netting to keep out the fingers of marauding little Italians, who would otherwise pick and steal. But the most-fascinating shop of all has a lurid sign representing a soda glass frothing with coolness, and labeled "ice-cold soda, all flavors, one cent a glass," and in this shop, too, Italian children can buy a cent's worth of ice cream, served on a piece of brown paper.

Later in the summer there will be the large carts

filled with green and red peppers, that the Italians will buy and stuff with garlic and meat, or fry in oil.

But Little Italy is full enough of delights and bargains now. When everything else fails, it would be a good place to live, for a pound of macaroni only costs ten cents and goes a very long way, radishes are sold for a cent a bunch, and cherries are only eight cents a pound. Little Italy has the advantage of being inexpensive.

BLIND MAN AS GLOBE-TROTTER.

"THE most interesting charge I ever had was a blind man," said the head of a "personally conducted tourist agency" a day or two ago.

"He went to California and Alaska with me once, and to Europe another time," continued this Baedeker in the flesh, "and he was wonderfully appreciative of all the usual 'wonders.'"

"It's true he had his son with him, a lad of sixteen or thereabouts, who used to go into ecstasies over the peaks of the Sierras or the beauties of the Riviera, but then the old gentleman derived a lot of pleasure independently of his family guide and mentor. He would sit in the private car and listen to the comments of the other travelers and occasionally drop a word that astonished the rest of us, coming from a blind man.

"He would say he got tired of sitting at home. I suppose conversation in a limited family circle soon exhausted itself to a man of mature mind and keen fancies; so he used to drop in here and say he guessed it was time for him to take another trip. We'd fix up a route to suit him, and off he'd go again, tickled over the prospect of pastures new as a boy with a new pair of red-topped boots."

CHURCHES ON WHEELS.

NOT the least remarkable feature of the new Trans-Siberian railway are the cars fitted up as churches which accompany the trains on their long journey of 6,000 miles across Northern Asia from St. Petersburg. The service is that of the Greek church. Besides the priests a pope, or some cleric, specially nominated by the holy synod, travels about from station to station in each of these church cars. Each car has the pointed arch characteristic of ecclesiastical architecture. In the interior of the car is an ikonostasis, or wall of sacred pictures, and the whole of the interior is fitted up in very costly fashion. Over the entrance provided for the congregation, which is called the imperial door, is placed a picture of the Annunciation, as is customary in every sanctuary of the Greek church. At one end of the car a minute belfry is fitted with two very sweet-toned bells, which tinkle merrily as the train wends its way across the snowy solitudes of Siberia.

CONTRARY to general opinion, Sarah Bernhardt's first name is not Sarah, but Rosine. During the days of the commune, in 1871, the public records in several arrondissements of Paris were burned, to be reconstructed under a later regime on simple verbal declarations, often absolutely fanciful. The birth of Sarah Bernhardt was registered in a book destroyed with many others by the flames of the commune, so that she can exercise the woman's privilege of making herself any age she pleases, without contradiction from an ungallant document. The opinion of chroniclers, however, is that Sarah was born in the month of October, 1844, in a house of the Rue de l'Ecole de Medemine in the Latin quarter. Her mother, Mlle. Julie Bernhardt, was a Jewess of rare beauty. She had gone with her parents to Amsterdam, but the home life seemed so dull to her that, at the age of fifteen years, she left the house one day and never came back. She had even persuaded her sister Rose to go with her. They went to Paris. Rose was very skillful as a modiste, and so they decided to open a little shop in the Latin quarter.

Correspondence

SURVEYING AND HOW TO BECOME A SURVEYOR.

BY JOHN ZUCK.

In Two Parts.—Part Two.

We here first take occasion to state that the first settlers of this country and their successors had their lands surveyed and properly described by metes and bounds, their location as to State, county and township, as beginning at some marked rock, tree, stream, stone pile or corner of some other man's land, and then described by course and distance, along the adjacent landholder's lines, until the lands to be bounded have been described. This was done with a compass to mark the course in degrees, and a chain to get the distance from one corner to another. The compass, called the mariner's compass, was invented in the fourteenth century, after which navigation and the discovery of America soon followed, and the march of progress has been steadily onward, until to-day the little instrument, though much improved in its attachments, has become the guide of the mariner across the trackless ocean or the caravan over the drifting sands of the Great Sahara, with as much precision as our public highways guide us from one town to another.

Surveying also embraces platting and calculating contents of land, with some knowledge of topography. But how shall I become a surveyor? This is a question which I cannot, in this short article, go into detail, but will only give a few hints on the subject. I might as well remark right here that while it is not a very lucrative business it is one of immense value and importance, as upon the surveyor often hangs the peace of neighbors as well as of states and nations. He may be a great peace maker or a great disturber of it. I have seen both kinds. In giving these hints I begin with the man's natural ability rather than his acquired knowledge. He should possess a good, keen eye, be a close observer, have a rugged physical constitution, capable of enduring hardships, "swift to hear and slow to speak," with quite a sprinkling of good judgment—which means brains and common sense—be apt to learn and not too lazy to practice knowledge, and with these he may, with success, begin acquiring the theory and practice of surveying.

Having acquired a fair knowledge of arithmetic, and giving especial attention to mensuration, he should have a knowledge of algebra, geometry, and plane trigonometry. These, with some standard text-book on surveying, will give information sufficient, with the proper instruments in hand, to begin the practical work of surveying, which consists in retracing old lines, computing contents of either regular or irregular surveys, protract surveys and make such subdivisions of land as may be required.

Next to the text-books stands the practical surveyor. The young surveyor should not fail to place himself under the care and guidance of a practical surveyor who is in actual service,—one of considerable experience, as by so doing much valuable time will be saved and lessons quickly learned, which others spent a lifetime to secure. Many things come to a surveyor in practice that are not taught or explained in the text-books.

Then the young surveyor should be conversant with the laws governing his work as well as the records and plats of the original surveys, and those made by his predecessors. Deeds and titles of lands should be examined and the "old settler" is often a most efficient auxiliary. However, this last named helper must be used at times quite carefully, as much depends on what and who the "old settler" is.

We shall allude to one danger, which, if not avoided, will bring ruin to his—the young surveyor's—usefulness in life, and we shall call it by a well-known term—the "big head." Many a promising young surveyor has lowered his standing by assuming to know more than he actually did, and to practice his hypocrisy upon the humble bystander.

A good illustration of this kind occurred years ago along the South Mountain in Pennsylvania, when an old nunnery brother, of the Seventh Day Baptists, approached a young engineer at work on the railroad. Snowberger was an old man of very unassuming appearance and seemed to take considerable interest in the young man's compass,

when he was told that he should be careful or that thing, the compass, would bite him.

"Oh, no," said the old surveyor—for such the old man was—"I am not afraid of *that thing*, I have made a better one than that. Your instrument is out of adjustment and needs repair."

The big head flattened out, became humble, asked for defects, sought information from the old man, as well as his aid in fixing his instrument.

But, my dear reader, this article has grown beyond the limit intended and will now close with the hope that some thoughts may have been dropped that may be helpful to the coming man—the youth of the present—the surveyor of the future.

Clarence, Iowa.

HOW A POPE IS MADE.

BY T. T. MYERS.

In the first centuries, the Bishop of Rome was chosen, like Bishops elsewhere, by the suffrages of the clergy and laity of the church at Rome, with the coöperation of the neighboring Bishops. It is as chief pastor of the church at Rome that the Pope holds his dignity and prerogatives. It belongs to that church to create its own pastor.

The importance of the Episcopal office of the Roman church led the Roman emperors to intermeddle in the selection of a person to fill the place. After a varied history Pope Nicholas II., in 1059, by a decree, devoted the prerogative of electing a Pope upon the Cardinals.

The term "Cardinal," for our use, is applied to the clergy of the churches at Rome, which all stand in close connection with the Lateran, the mother of churches. The number of college Cardinals has varied from time to time. At one time it sank to seven. Pope Sixtus V., in 1586, fixed the number at seventy, corresponding to the seventy elders of Israel. The college, however, is seldom full. It will thus be seen that the college of Cardinals, whether they reside in Rome or not, by whom the Pope is elected, are clergy of the Roman church.

The Cardinals who are appointed by the Pope, are a kind of council, the business of the papal administration being mainly distributed among them. But their main prerogative is the choosing of the Pope, who, it is supposed, must be one of their number.

The institution known as the "Conclave," can be traced back to the thirteenth century. The name is derived from *Clavis*—a key. The name is justified from the fact that for the election of a Pope the Cardinals are under lock and key, that they may be compelled to fill the vacancy in the papal office. Clement IV. died in 1269. The strife between the French and the Italian factions among the Cardinals prevented the choice of a successor for two years and nine months. Gregory X who was finally chosen, was moved in consequence of these disorders, at the general Council of Lyons in 1274 to establish fixed regulations for the proceedings in the case of the death of a Pope. He may be considered the founder of the Conclave.

When the Pope dies the Cardinals wait for ten days only for the arrival of the absent members. No notifications are sent out to absentees. At the end of this time the Cardinals are to enter into Conclave where the Pope died. They form in solemn procession, in order of rank, bishops, priests, deacons, and proceed to St. Peter's where the mass of the Holy Spirit is sung, after which the election sermon is delivered, in which the Cardinals are admonished to lay aside all personal preferences and look to God that a shepherd may be speedily chosen who shall be qualified properly to fill the place.

At the chapel of the Conclave the Dean of the Cardinals reads the Apostolic constitution relating to the election of a Pope, and each Cardinal takes in turn an oath to observe them. The most important officers of the Conclave are a governor and marshal who keep strict charge of the door. No other business is permitted in it except what pertains to the election of a Pope.

There are three modes of election. The Pope may be chosen by "acclamation," sometimes called "inspiration" or "adoration," when all the Cardinals gathered turn on one person for the office. Another mode of election is that by "compromise." This is to obviate a deadlock in the Conclave. The other and most general method is

"by simple ballot." A vote of two-thirds is requisite for an election.

The voting is secret. The ballot is in three divisions. In the upper part each Cardinal writes his name and title. This he folds down and seals, and it is not examined unless it becomes necessary to verify the ballots. In the lower division he writes a number and a motto, so that he may identify his ballot if necessary. This he folds up and seals. The middle alone is visible to the tellers, in which he writes the name of his choice.

The voting sessions are held in the Sistine Chapel. Two ballots are taken each day, the first immediately after the morning mass, the second in the afternoon.

When the votes are ready to be given, the Cardinals advance in order of rank, where the tellers stand, each Cardinal kneels and offers a short prayer, and while holding his ballot over the great silver chalice that serves as an electoral urn he repeats in a loud voice the electoral oath, "I call to witness Christ the Lord, who will judge me, that I choose him whom I judge before God should be chosen, and I will do the same on the accession." He then causes the ballot to slide into the chalice, salutes the cross and returns to his place.

When the votes have been verified and counted and when it is seen that a Pope has been elected, the Dean of the Cardinals goes to the Pope-elect, and in a loud voice asks, "Do you accept the election canonically made, to the Supreme Pontificate?" The new Pope responds and also makes known the new name he wishes to take. His Cardinal robes are removed and the Pontifical garb is put upon him. The Chamberlain puts on his finger the Fisherman's Ring, and all the Cardinals, kneeling before him, kiss his hand and foot, and receive from him the kiss of peace. The senior Cardinal deacon goes to the balcony and says to the people: "I announce to you a great joy. We have as Pope the most eminent and most reverend — Cardinal of the Holy Roman church, who has taken the name of —." And thus there has been made a new Pope.

Upland, Pa.

THE LIFE OF BIG GUNS.

THERE have been some interesting and mysterious stories in circulation about the short lives of the big guns that are used in our battleships and coast fortifications. One of the yarns most frequently told is that the thirteen-inch gun, which carries a ton of metal for twelve or fifteen miles, can only be fired 100 times with safety, because the tremendous pressure destroys the cohesive power of the metal, and thus weakens it, and renders it liable to explode. These stories have got into books, and the "100-firing fallacy" is accepted by some of the ablest authorities on ordnance. The big Krupp gun at the Chicago World's Fair was an object of even greater interest, when visitors were told that it had been fired sixteen times, and couldn't be fired again without danger of explosion, because the metal of which it is made had become "nerveless."

Admiral O'Neill, chief of ordnance of the navy department, says this is all humbug. "The only damage suffered by the big guns from frequent firing is the wearing out of the rifle grooves," he says, "and that is easily repaired. The gun can be either rifled over again, or it can be 'tubed'—that is, a rifle tube can be fitted into the bore, as is frequently done in England, and the gun is as good as new."

"There is no such thing as a gun getting 'nerveless,'" continued the admiral. "The metal of which it is made is not injured by firing. Some of our guns have been fired 100 times without showing any injury or wear. We do not know how long they will last, except that the rifling has to be renewed when it is worn out, but we have never had a gun wear out in our navy, and therefore cannot speak from experience, and many of our guns have been fired several hundred times."

The ordnance experts of the army estimate that the twelve-inch guns on the coast fortifications can be fired 200 times without being relined, but this is only speculation. They have never had any experience in that line. None of the big guns belonging to the United States has ever worn out.

THE solar orb would appear blue to anybody who should view it outside of this planet's atmosphere.

Nature & Study

FISH CULTURE.

It would be difficult to say when the first attempt at artificially propagating fish was made and equally as difficult to tell when the first lake, pond or river was stocked with a new species of fish, for both events took place a great many years ago, the latter preceding the former by a long period.

Whereas in these first attempts not more than a dozen fish could be transported at a time, now the fish commission cars take thousands and thousands of fish at a load and carry them safely to their destination. These cars are fitted up with all the appliances that years of careful study and thought given to the subject could devise and which an abundant supply of money can secure, for the nation's law makers recognize the value of the fisheries of the country and are liberal in the appropriations for the benefit of the commission that has these in charge.

The exteriors of the cars of the fish commission do not look unlike the ordinary combination passenger coaches, such as are run on the trains of the Bucksport branch and the "Scoot trains" between Bangor and Oldtown, excepting that the lettering along the sides, close up under the eaves, which tell that it belongs to the fish commission, are much smaller than those on the regular cars of the railroad companies. But go inside and you will find a great difference. If the car is light and bound to some one of the many fish hatcheries all will be silent inside, except for the conversation of the men that make up the crew of the car. If loaded and bound to some point where the young fish, "fingerlings" is the name by which they are known, are to be "planted" you'll hear the monotonous "chug," "chug" of an air pump and the rapid thumperty thump of the steam engine that drives the pump.

The cans containing the fish are made of zinc, ten gallons in size and hold 100 fish. The usual load of a car is 120 cans, all of which are stored in the lockers. A rubber hose extends from the air pump to each of the 120 cans, the end of the tube that enters the can is plugged with a bit of porous wood through which the air enters the water of the can in several small streams, if such term is allowable, causing perfect aeration and permitting the transportation of the fish for hundreds of miles without changing the water, so long as the air pump is not allowed to stop and no food is put into the cans to contaminate the water. Ice is used in large quantities to keep the temperature of the water in the cans just right.

Salmon are never fed in transportation and will stand a journey of a week without suffering. On the other hand, bass will, at the end of three days without food, begin devouring one another.

The crew of the car live aboard it, eating and sleeping there, the berths being arranged above the lockers, the whole being a comfortable place in which to live.

In the work of cultivating fish the first step is to gather the eggs from the females. This is done in practically the same way at all hatcheries. Nets or seines, forming pounds, are strung in some favorable locality and the fish are taken out and to the hatchery. Here the females are picked out and stripped of the eggs—that is, the eggs are removed from the fish. The operation is about as follows:

The spawn-taker, clad in waterproof clothing and wearing woolen mittens, sits on a stool and on a box in front of him is a clean tin pan holding about ten quarts. A female fish is dipped from one of the floating pens in which the fish are confined and brought to the operator, who seizes her by the tail with right hand and places the head beneath his left arm, with the back uppermost, the head high and the vent directly over the pan. The eggs flow out into the pan in a continuous stream. Toward the end the flow slackens and the operator must assist nature by a slight pressure of the left hand. The number of eggs secured from a single fish is large, sea salmon often giving as many as 16,000 to 20,000 eggs.

The work of stripping the fish is done in the fall, and the eggs are kept in the hatcheries all winter, being carefully watched and do not hatch until March or April. After the eggs have been removed from the female fish a male is captured and

milt deposited on them, after which they are taken to the hatchery to be cared for during the winter. This caring for means the constant watching for and removal of dead eggs and otherwise seeing that the eggs are not spoiled.

The matter of food for the young fish is an important one and requires much work and careful attention. Chopped liver forms one of the universal foods for the young fish, but different hatcheries use different foods.

After the fry has hatched it is necessary that they be given the best of care, for thereon depends the success of the fish culturist's work. If the young are neglected, but a minimum number reach maturity, while good care brings the maximum to the age where they can be liberated in the waters of lakes and ponds. To accomplish this it is necessary to have a large volume of fresh, pure water, highly aerated, that is, water containing a great amount of air. That is why it is always arranged to have the hatcheries located on the banks of rapidly-running streams, and the troughs are so arranged that the water in passing from one to the other always makes a small waterfall. The reason is that rapidly running or falling water gathers a greater amount of air than does water that is still.

A QUEER COUPLE.

HERE'S something for the 'Nook guessers. Two animals met down in the meadow, one night, and they had a talk, that is they talked as much as animals ever do. Now these two were funny specimens of the animal kingdom, and every boy and girl knows them. One of them, the larger, was making remarks about the smaller. It was not a breach of good manners, they were just talking about things they didn't understand, no more than you or I do. The big one remarked to the little one that he had a brand new pair of legs, and the little fellow remarked that it was the strangest thing in the world. When he was hatched out of an egg he had no legs at all, and that after he had wandered around awhile these legs had come to him, and that he didn't know but that there were other things going to happen him. The larger animal said that he himself was the only animal in America built on the same plan, and that the other day he had been at a friend's house, and she showed him a recently arrived family of half a dozen, and the queer part of it was that they had no hind legs at all, though they grew out after they had been in this world a time. And the big one told the little one that these cousins of his were no larger than a pea, and looked just like grub worms, and while the parents had as neat a fur coat as you would see anywhere, the youngsters were as innocent of hair as the little fellow himself was.

The little chap said he was dissatisfied with his clothes, too, and that he thought of making a meal of them one of these days, which in reality he actually did, and he became considerable of a dude with some highly-marked clothes which he wore, and to cap the climax he thought he could sing no little. The big one, who was a hundred times as large as the little fellow, said that his cousins would get a new suit too, but that it wasn't a necessity now, for while they hadn't a hair on them they were covered with fur and would remain so till their hind legs had grown out.

Now there isn't another animal in America that will answer the description of the larger one, as given, except this one, and it is—What? The little one talked about isn't a part of the answer; it is the larger animal that wants a name. What is it? Everybody knows it when they see it, but all may not know the peculiarities described herein.

AMBERGRIS.

SINCE the days of "Sinbad the Sailor" men at sea have sought as diligently for "ambergris" as miners in the mountains have dug for gold.

At one time this strange substance was worth twice its weight of gold.

The New Bedford whaling fleet was the principal source of supply for not only all of America, but the greater portion of Europe.

The Arctic whalers who went out of New Bedford and Nantucket years ago frequently returned with sufficient ambergris to make them rich and retired citizens for the rest of their lives.

In Boston it sold at that period for \$28 and \$30

an ounce, and as it was frequently found floating or taken from the whale in masses weighing from forty to two hundred pounds, the "rakeoff" of the captain and crew getting these lumps was something worth going to see and hauling on the main sheets a few days or a few months as it might happen.

Capt. Stull, of New Bedford, who is without any doubt the best posted prospector for ambergris and who has gathered more than any man alive, while out with a whaling vessel sighted a school of "spermers" and made straight after them.

A short distance from the school he passed a weak-looking whale rolling about on the surface of the sea, as if hurt or diseased. The captain and crew gave it the "goby" for the fatter ones ahead, and in a spirit of fun upon their return threw a harpoon into it, and towing it into port, sliced out, much to their surprise, 250 pounds of the finest ambergris.

"So much has been said and written about the untold wealth coming to those who are fortunate enough to find a school of ambergris-bearing whales, that it seems almost a sin to spoil the pretty fable now; but, while ambergris still holds an important place, the inventive chemists have given the market an artificial ambergris which practically supersedes the real stuff, and is not only cheaper but cleaner and more quickly handled.

"Like artificial cinnamon, artificial musk, civet, etc., ambergris is now so successfully imitated that for my part I prefer the imitation to the original article.

"Why? Well, it comes in a state that needs no cleansing; it is almost instantly soluble in alcohol and ready for use. Its retentive properties are greater and more reliable in every way and, finally, there is no residuum.

"The property of ambergris is that of a 'fixative' or a gummy substance to form a base and hold a volatile odor obtained from various sources, principally from the perfume sacs of flowers.

"Ambergris is secured when found as a secretion of the liver or intestines of the spermaceti whale.

"It is found in two forms, gray and black, and is a solid, opaque, waxy or jelly-like substance and having when heated a faintly fragrant odor.

"It softens in the heat of the hand, is melted at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and is for the greater part soluble in alcohol, when it assumes a semi-resinous appearance.

"While we still get a great deal of it from New Bedford, a lot from Honolulu and parts of the Indian ocean, the artificial ambergris gum is now so largely in use, and the price at which it sells—\$8 an ounce—so much of a contrast to \$24 an ounce for pure ambergris, that most manufacturing perfumers prefer it in every way."

PRICE OF SPIDERS.

A DEALER in natural history specimens, who has a little shop in the east end of London, has discovered that there is a market for spiders. The spiders are sold by the hundred, the prices ranging from fifty to seventy-five cents, and the buyers are small firms of wine merchants.

These merchants stock their cellars with new, freshly-labeled wine, sprinkle dust upon the bins, and admit the spiders, who weave their webs from cork to cork. The cobwebs naturally lead the customers to believe that the wine has been stored for years, and higher prices are therefore obtained.

The insects are collected from all parts, and some of the large ones of the garden variety are particularly prized, as they weave a particularly strong, thick web. When received, these spiders are placed in a large cage of very fine wire netting, and are fed daily on small insects.

NEVER CLOSE THEIR EYES.

THE sleeping of fishes, if they may properly be said to have such a habit, is as yet a puzzle. It is altogether probable that they do sleep, though they never close their eyes, simply for the reason that they have no eyelids. Probably many fishes slumber while swimming in the water, reducing the exercise of their fins to an automatic minimum. But it would be a mistake to suppose that a fish does its sleeping at night necessarily. On the contrary, many species are nocturnal in habit, feeding in the night time.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

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INJUSTICE.

Why is it that 'tis but when lips are pressed
Reluctantly to sorrow's cup of tears,
Or when, with anguish torn and grief oppressed,
The red-hot iron of affliction sears,
We say, Thy will be done?

Why do we not, when fullest joy is ours,
When Life and Love, enraptured, hand in hand,
Tread buoyantly a path all smiles and flowers,
Time's hour glass sifting only golden sand,
Say then, Thy will be done?

SEE THE BRIGHT SIDE.

As a man thinks so he is. If one gets in the habit of a thing it becomes a sort of second nature, and the way we start is about the way we finish except that the habit is exaggerated. Too many people are chronic and constitutional grumblers. They see only the dark side, they think dark, and come to live on the shady side of life's street. It is a mistake.

There is always a worse side than that nearest the individual. It is a mistake to think that any one of us has sounded the depths of human woe. Take the worst off person, according to his estimate of his surroundings, and he could readily be placed in a position compared with which the former would be a pleasure. There is always a sunny side, and we would do well to get as near as we can to this, for in doing so, naturally enough, it comes nearer to us. The writer knows how hard it is to go through life singing, with pebbles in the shoes, and hidden pins scratching, but it can be done, and it should be.

If there isn't anything to sing about in our surroundings, at least we can keep from wailing. Or, if it is an absolute necessity to be finding fault go out behind the house and tell it to the winds. Now, the next time you are tempted to grumble, remember the bright side and talk of that.

NOTICE.

ALL the publications of the Brethren Publishing House are impersonal, and may be addressed to the House. But if there is a communication or article intended for the 'NOOK, or its Editor, if such fact is plainly indicated on the article or on the accompanying letter, or both, by the words "For the INGLENOOK," confusion will be avoided, and the letter will come directly to the place intended. Money, subscriptions and the like, should never be sent to the Editor, but to the House, and communications intended for Editors or individuals should not be mixed in one common letter. All general letters are opened by one man in the Accounting Department and are pigeonholed according to their place. Where communications are mixed they have to go the rounds individually, and where they are on separate slips they are put in the Editorial boxes and reach their destination directly.

WHEN the Editor described the rabbit, the coon, and the chrysalid in a recent issue he was not prepared for the storm of answers. An Illinois man got in first and won the prize. The whole scheme was too easy for the 'NOOKER, who is, naturally enough, bright and not easy to blind. Now we have one in this issue not so easy to catch up with. Correct guessers will have their names printed in the paper. Now go in to win.

"WE have provided a cover for the INGLENOOK and placed it in our reading room, which has many patrons. We find that it contains much good and useful material, and we have good reason to think that it will be read by many."—*Public Library, Wisconsin.*

"WE prize the INGLENOOK more highly from week to week. May it live long and leave us wiser and happier."—*Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.*

THE action of some of the railway companies in deciding to remove the train boy from their service apparently marks an inevitable step in evolution. In the days when travel was much slower and dining cars were rare the train boy was almost a necessity, and he certainly did much to ameliorate the hardships of travel. His regular visits through the car were a diversion; the bananas and candies and cigars which he dispensed for a consideration afforded refreshment to the physical man, and the varied collection of paper-backed novels which he distributed with a discerning eye to the probable tastes of each traveler helped to while the time away. Now these comforts are more easily accessible. Most travelers lay in a supply of literature before they start, and if they do not patronize the dining car or carry their own lunches they can generally get a meal of some kind at the railway stations. Thus has the train boy's occupation gone. No more will the passengers be importuned to buy literature from this weird collection of fiction, no more will the car floors be littered with the unsanitary debris of banana peels, peanut shells and apple cores. On the whole, the change seems to be only a natural and proper result of improved conditions of transportation.

MRS. CARRIE NATION is a grandmotherly old woman who has her home in Kansas, and has won a national notoriety by going around the Kansas saloons smashing things generally. She is accompanied by others, men and women, in sympathy with her crusade. Her way may not be legal, and is not, but neither is the saloon business legal in Kansas. The movement has spread, and it is likely that, as a result, a wave of prohibition will sweep over the land, or at least in the West. The liquor traffic presents many difficulties, but the 'NOOK ventures the prediction that in time the business will be removed from the sanction of the law. It may be a long time in coming, and it certainly will not be accomplished in Mrs. Nation's way, with a hatchet, but it is bound to come as a matter of protection to society. Speed the coming.

WHY is it that there is an indisposition among women to go out to service in other people's houses? It amounts to an aversion so fixed that it is a most difficult thing to find a youngwoman ready to work for others. Asking a workingwoman the other day about it the reply was that she wasn't going to be anybody's "hired girl," but when requested to tell what else she was when she worked in a factory or store there was no answer. The facts are that all honest labor is equally praiseworthy, and some of the best women the 'NOOK knows are "hired girls." In a pleasant home the safeguards are infinitely better than in a factory where so many people are fortuitously assembled. But it all goes for nothing. The average girl would rather slave under a masculine boss than be part of a well-ordered home. There's no accounting for tastes.

SEE here, Pa and Ma, don't be too hard on that gangling, careless, thoughtless, pinfeathery boy or girl of yours. Some day, in raking around some forgotten rubbish, one of them might find an old tintype of you when you were as verdant as the little green silk just shooting from a roasting ear, when you wore brass jewelry, and sat for the picture hand in hand. You'll be surprised at the turn they'll take a little later on. Give them a chance, says the 'NOOK.

LAST week was a red letter one in the usually monotonous life of the 'NOOK Editor. One mail brought some red roses and exquisitely fragrant buds of the magnolia fuscata from far Pasadena, and the next a cabinet picture of two dear friends on Bedford street, Johnstown, Pa., not a day older in heart than when they started out on life's journey together years ago. The flowers are in the "Accepted" drawer, and the picture is on the wall. And there is a song without words in the Editor's heart.

THERE is a lot of good books ahead for the reader who has sufficient mental and physical agility to get around and get up clubs for the 'NOOK and for *Good Housekeeping*. The way to miss it is to put it off. It is a combination that can be worked as well with outsiders as with members.

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

What is sugar of milk used for?

Mainly for making homeopathic pills.

Are the small silver plating outfits offered for sale any good?

Very little, beyond the uses of a toy. Good work requires expensive appliances.

How many words are there in the English language?

Nobody knows. A living language is not a fixed quantity. Words come and go.

How and where do the Chicago Brethren baptize?

In a "pool" in the church. There is no other way available in a place like Chicago

What are the animals described for naming in a recent 'NOOK?

The rabbit, the raccoon, and a chrysalid. Many answers were received, and Illinois won the prize.

What is smokeless powder?

Just what the words imply, a powder that gives off little or no smoke when it is burned. The advantages are many.

What are the so-called Dowieites?

Followers of John Alexander Dowie, of Chicago. They are people who believe in faith healing, and are organized into a church.

In making an almanac does each publisher have his figures worked out for him specially?

Never. One or two men in the country make a business of it, and the publishers of almanacs buy the plates and print from them.

Why is it rainless in arid regions in the West?

It is not absolutely rainless anywhere on the earth, and in our West the backbone of the Rocky Mountains has most to do with it.

What are common paints made of, the kind used by boys in school?

Ordinarily they are made of clay, colored and stamped out. Water is used as a diluent, and Germany is the home of the manufacture.

What kind of articles are most wanted in the 'NOOK?

Look the publication over and send us something akin to what you see. Above all else avoid wordy preaching and top-heavy subjects.

What is the area of the land on the earth, in detail, by continents?

Indeed we have been so busy at other matters that we have not yet had time to survey the earth. Suppose you consult a school geography.

Why is not divine healing taught and practiced to-day as it was in the days of the Apostles?

It is claimed to be so done by quite a number of people, who are associated into organizations, such as churches and societies. As to the merit of the claims the 'NOOK has no opinion to express.

Are the recipes in the INGLENOOK of any practical value?

Rather more, we take it, than the untried and impossible ones in the cook books. We have seen the recipes reduced to practice here in Elgin among those not members, and with great success and satisfaction.

Where can I buy pure olive oil for anointing purposes?

It is difficult to procure. Write to some friend in California and get the address of some olive oil maker, and write him about it. It is expensive. There might be some business in securing a supply of the real thing and advertising it for sale.

Where can a boy learn gunsmithing?

In a practical gunmaker's shop. The day of gunmaking along the old lines is now little more than a name, all good guns being made by machinery operated by large companies. The gunmaker, like the watchmaker of to-day, is little more than a repairer.

THE MONEY SIDE OF AN EVANGELIST'S LIFE.

BY CHAS. M. YEAROUT.

WE find the evangelist and evangelistic work reaching far back into the apostolic times. The evangelist has been an important factor in carrying the Gospel into all the world. His love for his Divine Master, and unsaved souls who are out in the cheerless world, away from the Father's tender care prompts him to go, and in going he sacrifices home associations and comforts, and gives his all into the service of the Lord. He has a higher aim and object in life than making money. Money is never a weight on his hands to prevent his successfully running the Christian race course. He has his eyes constantly fixed on Jesus.

The work and experience of the evangelist is varied,—sometimes pleasant and inviting, associated with pleasing environments and happiness, and sometimes perplexing problems confront him which human wisdom fails to solve. Under these trying circumstances he looks beyond human power and knowledge for guidance and help.

One of the problems confronting the faithful evangelist is how to support his family and meet his financial obligations.

In my earlier evangelistic work in the West, the country being new and undeveloped, and the majority of the people poor in this world's goods,—many of them living in sod houses, from a financial standpoint the work was a failure. Often my traveling expenses were not paid, but many a "God bless you" and "the Lord reward you," were given by devoted hearts, and truly the Lord gave the blessings or we had starved. The eminent preacher, Paul, expresses the experience of the evangelist when he says: "For I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need."

The life of the evangelist is largely one of sacrifice, especially is this true when applied to the evangelist of the Brethren church. As a rule they receive no specified sums, but are supported by donations and free-will offerings of those to whom they preach, and in some places these are ample and liberal, at other places the actual traveling expenses are not met, and this goes hard with the poor preacher who has a loving, self-sacrificing wife at home with some little boys or girls, or both, who are depending upon husband and papa for clothing, and something to satisfy natural hunger. Often the faithful wife and children are deprived of the comforts of life, because somebody has failed to give the preacher what he ought to.

The conditions from a financial standpoint have changed somewhat in later years. The church membership is being educated up to the necessity of more liberally supporting those who give their life and entire time to the ministry of the Word. Many of our evangelists are now working under the direction of Mission Boards who see after their temporal wants and pay all expenses. But none of the workers known to me are getting a salary, but simply a support for the evangelist and his family, and he has no occasion or opportunity to violate the admonition of the blessed Savior: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

Having been engaged in evangelistic work for over sixteen years, I have merely received a support or living during all this time, and would have suffered sometimes had it not been for the administration of loving brethren and sisters over the Brotherhood, who supplied our temporal wants. The faithful evangelist has no opportunity of hoarding estates or wealth for his children, he seldom has anything "laid up for rainy days," and when he gets sick or unable to attend to his ministerial duties, the contributions and donations stop, and as a result he becomes an object of charity, and must suffer for the necessaries of life, unless loving hands and hearts for whom he has labored, and sacrificed his time and health administer to his wants.

The evangelist must be an unselfish man, and have the honor and glory of God, and the salvation of precious souls for whom Christ died, more at heart than earthly treasure or earthly stores. When a man enters the evangelistic field with the full intention and purpose of heeding the injunction of the Master: "Go ye into all the world, and

preach the gospel to every creature," he disqualifies himself for making a livelihood by any business that takes his time and attention from his ministry. For "it is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word." God has ordained, that they who preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel.

The evangelist should be amply provided for, so he is not handicapped or cramped financially or involved in debt. Being financially involved, and unable to meet his obligations disqualifies the evangelist to preach: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another," and has been the downfall of many good, faithful brethren, upon whom the salvation of souls rested heavily: They overreached themselves in their earnest desires to carry the Gospel to those who were starving for the Bread of eternal life. Some, however, are extravagant, and do not husband as carefully as they might their scanty incomes, and, as a result, come to want.

Taking all together, the life of an evangelist from a money consideration, is almost a failure; but from a spiritual standpoint there is a great reward in reserve for them in the distribution of final rewards in that glorious day.

Fred, Va.

THE TRUNCATED MAN.

THIS remarkable person, who was exhibited in Paris at the time of the Exposition, is one of the rare examples of a human being who has been from birth deprived of his arms and legs; he was born in France in the department of Morihan (Brittany), his father and mother being in easy circumstances and living upon a small farm. Both the parents are of good constitution and physically normal. Their son, now about twenty-five years of age, has no apparent trace of arms or legs, and hence is generally known by the name of l'Homme Tronc, or Trunk Man. Outside of this remarkable peculiarity, the rest of his body does not present any marked variations from the normal; the head is somewhat large in proportion to the body; the capillary system is but little developed, and the head shows a premature baldness. His parents have always taken great care of him, and he lives in a normal way (apart from the use of his members), as none of the essential organs of life are wanting; he eats, drinks, and digests like another person, but if left to himself he would undoubtedly die, as it is impossible for him to move his body in order to procure food. It may be thought that his condition would react upon the mind, and that he would be of a sad disposition and place but little value upon existence; on the contrary, he seems to be satisfied with life. The writer questioned him upon this point and he responded that he was quite contented with existence; he does not suffer from want of occupation, as might be supposed, as he has different kinds of work to keep him busy. One of his chief occupations is that of making small tables and chairs, and other objects, by nailing together pieces of wood which have been previously cut out for him. He takes a nail in his mouth, plants it in the wood and drives it in very adroitly; he also threads a needle with his mouth, and can take up a glass or metal cup which is given him to drink and empty it without spilling a drop. He seems to be sufficiently intelligent, without being particularly so. At the time of the Exposition he was put on exhibition in a small hall near the grounds.

A STRANGE HAPPENING.

BY WM. MOHLER.

THE autumn and winter of 1874 will not soon be forgotten by the people then living in southwestern Missouri. The past summer the farmers' crops failed. When autumn came there was no harvest. The vegetation that did not perish during the great drought was badly damaged by insects. On account of the short crops and low prices the two previous years there was but little money in the country. Barns, cribs, cellars and storerooms were without food for man or beast, want and hunger were on every side. In their distress the people appealed to the East and North for help. These appeals were liberally responded to. Money, food and clothing were given to the poor, and thousands of dollars were sent to be loaned to the honest poor for a term of two years without interest. These

donations and loans were a very godsend to the needy people. The years following were years of plenty. The greater part of the loans was returned before the notes were due.

But with all the care that was used some money was loaned to people who never intended to return it. Among them was a man by the name of David H—who lived near Chilhowee, Mo. Being in a business that took me among the farmers of that community, I was given these notes to try to collect the money on them. I called on Mr. H—a number of times. He never failed to speak about the ingratitude of the man that refused to pay back the money loaned as this was. He was very profuse in his promises to pay the note soon, but he always failed to keep his promises. I was not long in finding out that this man was not in the habit of paying his debts if he could help himself. One night he loaded his "belongings" in wagons and left the country without giving his nearest neighbors good bye. He disappeared so completely that not one of his many creditors was able to locate him.

One evening, some two years later, a blind man, led by his boy, knocked at our door and asked for lodging for the night. While with us he handed me a paper and asked me to read the directions for taking some medicine he had procured of a neighboring doctor. Instead of giving me the directions he gave me the name and address of the absconded Mr. H—. Upon my inquiring how he came by this paper, the blind man said that it was given to him by a man with whom he had ridden several miles. When he thanked him for the ride the man gave him this paper saying that if he ever thought of the man that gave him the ride here was his name and address.

I sent Mr. H's note to an officer living at the address given to collect for me. In a short time I received the full amount of the note with interest from the time it was due.

Now did some unseen power aid me in collecting this money or was it an accidental chain of circumstances? The giving of one's name and address to a blind man that did not ask for it is an unusual thing to do. After carrying the address for a hundred miles the blind man gave it to the person that was collecting money loaned to help the needy. And the strangest part of all is that the address was received when the man had the money and that he paid the note.

Falls City, Nebr.

WHAT IS PHOTO-ENGRAVING?

PHOTOGRAPHY is the basis of modern process engraving, whether it be half-tone or zinc etching. In brief the process is as follows: The copy is placed on a camera board and a negative the size the cut is to be is made from it. A piece of metal, copper or zinc is sensitized and a print is taken on it through the negative. By chemical manipulation the white portions of the cut are then etched out with acids, leaving the printing portions in relief. On half-tones the surface of the metal is first coated with a hard enamel that greatly increases the wearing qualities of the cut. After the cuts are etched, the margins and large white spaces are routed out by mechanical means, the metal blocked on wood, type high, when the cut is ready for the printer.

THOSE who are sedentary, studious, debilitated and sickly are, with very few exceptions, those who are the earliest visited with gray hair. The agricultural laborer, the seaman and all whose employment consists of or involves exercise in the open air and whose diet is necessarily simple, are those whose hair latest affords signs that the last process has commenced, that the fluids have begun to be absorbed, the textures to dry up and become withered. All whose employment renders much sitting necessary and little or no exercise possible; all who, from whatever cause, have local determination of blood, particularly if toward the head, are the persons most liable to carry gray hairs. It is well known that mental emotions and violent passions have in a night made the hair gray. Instances of this are numerous. They are in the same way to be understood and explained. They are owing to the increased determination of blood, stimulating the absorbents into preternatural activity and causing them to take up the coloring matter of the hair.

Good Reading

FIRE FIGHTERS NOW HAVE MANY WEAPONS.

A TEAM of powerful, fast-galloping horses, a long wagon that swings over most of the street crossing in turning a corner, half a dozen men with red helmets, and a lot of ladders are only part of a fire truck outfit. There are many other important things which the average onlooker either cannot see or does not understand. A large fire-fighter of this kind recently built carries a surprising amount of hardware and curious apparatus. The two tin-cutters are used to cut and rip up tin roofs. The two iron balls, each at the end of a long cord, are used by firemen on the roof of a burning building who swing them so that they strike and break glass windows beneath and let out smoke or gas. As few windows as possible are broken, for firemen can be seriously hurt by falling glass.

On a reel at the back end of the truck, under the ladders, is a length of hose which can be connected to any fire hose because the couplings can be made large or small enough to fit any size. The most interesting nozzle carried is the "distributor," which has an attachment that whirls around as the water passes through, something like a lawn sprinkler. It throws quite a large amount of water for twenty-five feet in every direction, and is used on cellar fires by dropping it through a hole cut in the first floor. The "cellar pipe" is a curious long pipe with two bends which allows it to be turned in any direction and throw water into places that could not be reached by a straight pipe. The "sub-cellar pipe" is straight and about twenty-five feet long. One end is curved and has a nozzle; the other end has handles attached to it. The curved end is pushed through to the back cellar door, through the narrow opening under the back porch, and men turn the pipe by means of the handles until the water is thrown in the right direction. There are two fire extinguishers for putting out small fires or checking large ones where the truck arrives before the engine. A portable fire escape is carried, by which a fireman can lower himself or another person from a building. Each of the two life guns can throw a bullet with a line fastened to it over a building 300 feet high.

There is a net, something like the diving net of a circus, which is spread out, so that people in a burning building can jump into it. On the longest ladder is a life car, which is shaped something like a toboggan. It is hoisted up the ladder by means of ropes, pulleys and cranks; people get into it and it is then lowered to the truck. Two smoke masks are carried, which protect the firemen in thick smoke. Flags and red lanterns are carried, to be used as signals to elevated railroad trains, and there are also two white lamps. Every truck has in its outfit a gas key by which the gas can be cut off from a block in which a fire occurs, as the meters in the burning building are apt to be burnt off and let gas escape. There are half a dozen cotton hooks for handling rags and other baled goods. There is a lock opener and also a door opener. The old style door opener was a big, heavy battering ram, which it took four men to handle. The opener used now is a stout, steel bar, about four feet long and clawed at both ends. One end is stuck into the floor and the other into the door, and by working a kind of a pump handle attached to a ratchet the bar is lengthened so that the door is pushed from its fastenings. The bar is light and easy to handle and does much less damage than a ram.

The main extension ladder is ninety feet long, and eight men can raise it, by means of cranks in thirty-six seconds. There is also a fifty-foot extension and a fifteen-foot "junior" extension ladder. The "junior" is handy to use inside a building, as it can be folded up and carried on the shoulder of a fireman into very narrow places where a solid ladder could not be used. Of common ladders there are two thirty-five feet long, one twenty-foot and one ten-foot ladder. There are four sixteen-foot scaling ladders, each with a long beak at one end. The beak is hooked over a window sill so that firemen, with the aid of scaling belts, can climb straight up the side of a building. There are thirteen hooks, with handles ranging from six to twenty-five feet long. These hooks are used for pulling

down burning ceilings or roofs, pulling up floors and the like. On the truck are also four axes and two hammer-headed picks for picking holes through brick walls. This big truck is a little over sixty feet long, carries ten men and weighs about six tons.

Most large trucks nowadays carry all the things mentioned except the life car, which is an uncommon feature.

PICKING BLACKBERRIES FOR MARKET.

BY A. B. UPTON.

It was at Van Buren, Ark., that the writer first saw a field of blackberries as grown for the market. There were only about three acres in the field, and the owner did not care to handle them himself, so he sold the fruit on the bushes for two hundred and seventy-five dollars to some speculators, but rust struck the berries before they were ready to pick and the speculators got only sixteen dollars back from their speculation.

Near Fayetteville, Ark., a gentleman from Illinois has about one-fourth of an acre. He sold eighty crates from this "patch" and it netted him seventy-five dollars in one season.

At Liberty, Mo., it is said, that there are great fields of blackberries, but as the writer has never been there he can tell nothing about them.

At Columbus, Kans., the writer visited a large field the last season and noticed the methods employed in picking and preparing the berries for market.

The field was divided off into sections and to each section was a "row boss" and over these there was a "field boss" who had the hiring and firing and general supervision of everything. To each row were placed two pickers, one on each side. They were then instructed to put all overripe berries in a box by themselves, were warned not to pick green berries, not to leave berries fit to be picked and to be sure and fill their boxes full. They would be paid one and one-fourth cents each quart picked, and would be paid at the close of the picking season. As soon as one row was picked the pickers would hasten to another, and if they worked real hard they could earn as much as seventy-five cents per day apiece.

Some of the pickers would fill their boxes too full and when they got to the crate house the packers would remove the top berries and place them in an empty box and would, in the course of the day, obtain twenty or twenty-five boxes extra that they did not have to pay for.

The crates of berries are hauled to the shipping point on springs, the same as are strawberries. The springs are fastened, in a good many cases, to a frame that will just slip inside of a wagon box and the berries are placed on them. Sometimes, though, the springs are placed under the wagon box; in that case they are of a special kind, made of the best steel and coiled.

The berries at Columbus are expressed to small dealers in various cities and towns, as the amount picked each day would not justify shipping in refrigerator cars.

For each quart picked the picker is given a ticket, with which he can trade for anything that he may want in the grocery, meat, or dry goods line. I also suspected that some of them were trading their tickets for "wet goods," although I may have been mistaken, for Kansas, you know, is said to be a prohibition State.

Elgin, Ill.

LEARNING TO WEAR EYEGLASSES.

A YOUNG man who had purchased a pair of eyeglasses at a local optician's, the other day, was complaining to the clerk that he couldn't keep them on.

"They are continually falling off," he said, "and are really getting to be a first-class nuisance. Don't you think it would help things if you tightened up the spring a little?"

"No, I wouldn't advise you to alter the spring," replied the clerk; "it's so tight now that it is scarring your nose. If you'll only be patient for a few days I think you'll learn to wear these glasses all right. Come in at the end of the week, and if you are still having trouble with them I'll fit you out with a pair of spectacles."

"What do you mean by 'learning to wear' those eyeglasses?" asked a man who happened to be standing within earshot, after the customer had walked out; "is it a trick that has to be acquired by practice?"

"Certainly it is," replied the clerk. "Wearing eyeglasses is something that has to be learned, just like riding a bicycle—in fact, the comparison is pretty good, because both are simply feats of balancing.

"The shape of the nose has very little to do with it," continued the clerk, "and isn't worth taking into consideration in selecting a pair of glasses. But if a man has a nose like a prow of an armored cruiser, he couldn't make eyeglasses stay there at first attempt. Until he acquired the knack of keeping them in place by balance, they would be falling off every time he made a sudden movement, no matter how tightly he screwed up the spring.

"Once the trick is mastered, however, there is no further trouble. People who wear eyeglasses habitually, and who may be regarded as experts, keep the spring very loose. The glasses rest on the bridge of the nose as lightly as a feather, but they never come off.

"I once saw a near-sighted man fall down two flights of stairs and get up with his glasses still firmly in place. How is it done? Dear me! I don't know. How do people learn to walk the tight rope?"

NOT A PUTREFYING BODY.

MRS. KELLY presides over a cozy flat on the west side and with proper pride has a true housewifely joy in looking after her home. One day last week she noticed a most peculiar odor permeating the flat. When her husband came home that evening he coughed and sniffed about uneasily.

"What is that smell, Bess?" Jim inquired.

"I have noticed it all day long," answered the wife. "I don't know what it is. I looked all around, but could find nothing."

"Well, it is fierce," said the husband.

Jim prowled about the flat and poked into the closets and under the bed and all kinds of odd places, trying to run down the source of the smell. He went out in the hall leading to the street stairway and then the smell became more pronounced. He and his wife both sniffed long and carefully and came to the conclusion that a rat must have died under the flooring of the stairway. So the next day Jim made a vigorous protest to the landlord. The owner promised to look into the matter and personally made an investigation. The owner sniffed and sniffed and finally as an expert decided that the rat theory must be the correct one. So a carpenter was called in and the flooring was pulled up at an expense of \$5.75. But the decaying remains of a rat or other animal were not to be found.

For a week the odor was a mystery. It became more and more intense until there threatened to be a general exodus of the tenants of the building. The board of health was appealed to and a brass-buttoned representative from the city hall visited the building without finding anything.

One day the wife of a neighbor living above the Kelly flat called upon Mrs. Kelly and during an afternoon's gossip inquired:

"Have you noticed the smell of our keg of sauerkraut?"

Mrs. Kelly gasped for breath a moment and then remarked politely: "Why, no; I haven't noticed it particularly."

"Well, I am so glad," replied the neighbor, "for I thought it might bother you a little. My husband is very fond of sauerkraut and so we are curing a keg of it. We have the keg in the pantry and the window is left open to give plenty of air. It is all ready now and I will send you up a plate of it."

"I never could bear sauerkraut or the smell of it," Mrs. Kelly was quick to explain. "My husband is the same way."

"Well, it is too bad," said the neighbor, "for it is perfectly lovely. You don't know how good it is until you try some of it."

Mrs. Kelly told her husband that night when he came home. They both will try and struggle along without any of the lovely sauerkraut.

"One thing would please us better, however, and that is that we might get two 'Nooks' instead of one each week."—Virginia Letter.

MAKING ROPE.

MAKING rope by hand is almost a lost art in this country. There are only two rope walks in the United States where it is practiced at present. One of these is at the Charlestown navy yard, which, by the way, is the only rope walk owned and operated by the United States government. The products now made by hand are used principally for serving fire rope, rigging and other ropes needing protection from the weather or from rubbing. They are all started. Included in the so-called serving cords are marline, houseline, hambroline, round line and two and three-yarn spun-yarns.

The Charlestown rope walk uses three kinds of hemp—Russian, Manila and Kentucky. At present rope is being made from all three. The variety which comes from our newest possession is the lightest in color and of fine quality. Recently a cargo of 400 tons was imported from the Philippines by the government. The Russian product is a medium in color between the light Manila and the dark Kentucky hemp. The former is finer than the latter in quality, but is not nearly so strong. Kentucky hemp is tough and coarse.

The raw product is delivered at the factory in great bales weighing nearly 300 pounds. The first step in the manufacturing process is taken when the bales are broken open and the "heads," or bunches, of hemp are taken out to be hackled, or combed. Only a few of the old hands can do this work, as it requires a thorough knowledge of the amount of combing different qualities of hemp need in order to be ready for the spinners. A hackle is simply an immense comb with long teeth which stick up several inches from its back.

The man who does this work takes a head of hemp and, standing some two or three feet from the comb, tosses the fibers upon it and draws them through the sharp teeth. This is kept up until all the short fibers are culled out; then the bunch is reversed and the other half put through the same process. When the head of hemp leaves the hands of the hackler it consists of only the long, strong fibers, and is ready to be spun into rope. The heads of fine, long, hemp fibers are passed along to the spinners' loft, where the actual ropemaking commences.

The manufacture of rope is a picturesque art, and the almost extinct hand spinner is the quaintest and most interesting feature of it. The hand spinner's loft is in the attic of the main building, and is a room some 400 feet in length. At one end is "the wheel," a large balance wheel used for furnishing power to turn four hooked spindles which are set in a frame nearby. A boy turns this wheel. At intervals down the "ground," as the loft floor is called, are racks with pegs that guide the turning threads and keep them in place.

When the spinners have wrapped a bundle of hemp fibers about their bodies they look not unlike men with life preservers on. In his right hand the spinner holds a woolen cloth to aid him in guiding the strands as they slip between his fingers. With the inner part of his hand he gathers the threads and regulates their bulk as they unwind from the bunch around his waist; with his thumb and forefinger he shapes them.

Slowly he walks backward as the threads are spun, the wheel giving them the necessary turn. Each of the threads is sixty fathoms long. The coil of fiber about the spinner's body is sufficient to make forty-eight threads, and in doing his day's work the spinner walks eight miles, four ahead and four backward. When three threads have been spun they are put together between a new set of pegs, and a man holding in his hand a cone-shaped piece of wood having three grooves cut the length of it, and called "the top," placing a thread in each groove, walks rapidly up the ground toward the wheel.

As they pass through the grooves the wheel gives the required turn to the three threads of the cord. After the cords are finished they are put in a rack and kept there until seventy-five or eighty have been collected and a turn put in them. Such a bundle of cords is called a "junk," and weighs from 350 to 400 pounds.

The "junk" is now sent down to the tar house and immersed in a trough filled with hot tar. On being removed from the tar it is passed through a curious mechanical device called a horseshoe nipper, which squeezes all the surplus tar from the

bundle. The nipper derives its name from the fact that it is shaped almost like a horseshoe.

The "junk" now goes to the yarn house to season. This seasoning or drying process requires from five to six weeks, but oftentimes, when there is a rush order on hand, it is allowed much less. After the "junk" has seasoned it is spread on the ground and the turn taken out of it. Finally the cords are strapped up into coils. "Strapping," as it is technically termed, is winding the cords on a reel. The man who does this holds in his hand a short piece of tarred rope, which he twists several times around the cord that is being wound on the reel, thus giving a purchase that enables him to wind it very tight. This piece of tarred rope also serves to smooth the surface of the cord, giving it a glossy appearance obtainable in no other way.

So compact has the bundle now become that it retains its shape when removed from the reel. When the strapping is finished and the reel removed the bundle of cord is ready for shipment. It is thirty years since hand rope making was in its prime in the United States.

BARK OF THE WITCH HAZEL.

IT was in a drug store, where they were talking about the proposal to create a witch hazel trust. The manager of the store took up a bottle of the distilled witch hazel and pointed at the picture of a lot of naked South American Indians engaged in bringing to the distillery huge bundles of twigs. From this picture the natural inference was that this was the way in which the shrub from which the witch hazel or hamamelis of commerce is extracted was brought to the distilleries in some wild and hardly habitable region. "That picture," he remarked, "is one of the pretty little fictions of trade that have created a decided impression. It has, I have no doubt, brought to the concern shrewd enough to adopt it many thousands of dollars in profit. But it was all a 'fake,' as we call such things nowadays. As a matter of fact, the great bulk of all the witch hazel distilled is made in factories along the Short Line division of the New York and New Haven road. The bark from which it is distilled is all harvested in the New England States, near where the distilleries are located. The savages that bring the bark to the factories bring it in farm wagons. The nearest they come to being untutored savages is when they are at their homes engaged either as country farmers or charcoal burners. There has always seemed to be a great mystery about this popular astringent that is used in about every home in the country. Few know or stop to think that it is distilled from the bark of one of the most common of our wild shrubs. Now that the talk of a trust to control the manufacture of the extract has reached the papers, the facts as to witch hazel are appearing. I have had several of my customers ask me if it is true that witch hazel is not an imported remedy, but merely a 'Yankee herb concoction.' It is a fact that it is entirely a Yankee industry, and all the bark from which the distillation is made is gathered in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The latter State is the chief source of the supply. Madison, Guilford, Clinton, Westbrook and the contiguous Connecticut shore villages have a lot of families that are mainly supported by their harvestings of witch hazel. It is there that the most popular of the proprietary brands of the astringent is all made, herb gathering, Indian labels and all."

SOMETHING.

BY MINNIE FLORY.

ABOUT one year ago,
When the winds were bleak and cold,
Something came to our home
With new beauties to unfold,
It talked about the folks
Who inhabit this old earth,
And how they strive and struggle
To get their money's worth.
It talked about the heavens,
Of the sun and moon and stars,
Of the bugs and animals
And of the lovely flowers.
This little something is clean
And has a healthy ring,
Its hands are full of "what-nots"
That seem to know everything.
And when we feel a hunger
For something more than a book,
We go to the secretary
And get the INGLENOOK.

Centre, Ohio.

Sunday School

THE TOUCH OF SYMPATHY.

ASK God to give thee skill
In comfort's art,
That thou mayest consecrated be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy.
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters are needed much
Of Christ-like touch.

—A. E. Hamilton.

CHRISTIAN citizenship requires that a man shall forever be on the alert in smaller as well as larger things. If he sleeps, enemies sow tares. If he is at home in war time, enemies yonder try to defeat his friends on the line of battle. If he goes to the field, enemies at home are as busy as is conceivable to do all possible harm in his absence. The old battle-hymn is ever in order: "Arise, my soul, arise, and put thine armor on." Foes abound, and it does seem as if they are growing meaner all the time. However, vigilance and undying courage are all we need. Really, we need as little sleep as the enemy does. If he violates the night, he may harm his constitution and not "live out half his days."

Do you not understand the taciturnity of God? Do you not see why it is that he does not blazon his name in the sky, or accost you with words—why he bosoms you in his arms, and turns his face away, and waits, and is patient and silent? Have you had dreams of Nirvana and sickly visions and raptures? Have you imagined that the end of your life is to be absorbed back into the life of God, and to flee the earth and forget all? Or do you want to walk on air or fly on wings, or build a heavenly city in the clouds? Come, let us take our kit on our shoulders, and go out and build the city here.

"BE glad! Make life a jubilate, not
A dirge. In storm, as in sunshine, sing!
The clouds hide, in their somber folds, the smile
Of God. Trust, sing and wait! The mists will turn
To gold; the angry winds be still, and peace
Brood like a gentle spirit o'er thy life."

—Mettie Crane Newton, in Examiner.

MANY of us have needed the rod of correction. If your heart is aching and your home desolate, it would be well to stop and ask whether this is not God speaking to you in this way because you would not hear in any other.

PERHAPS our lot is cast in a narrow, galling groove. Yet better this, surely, than that we should dribble in all directions into mere slush and mire, come to worse than nothing ourselves and swamp our neighborhood.

WHAT we call personal religion, the religion of a man's life, is the effort to draw nearer to God, to know him, to listen to what he has to say, to tell him what is in our heart.

GOD never has built a Christian strong enough to stand the strain of present duties and all the tons of to-morrow's duties and sufferings piled up on the top of them.

"LIVES of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

IT is within reach, but a ladder-length away, only an upper room in the Father's house, connected by a staircase with this basement room of earth.

THE nearer the soul is to God the less its perturbations, as the point nearest the center of a circle is subject to the least motion.

IF I can put some touches of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, then I feel that I have walked with God.

THE bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone.

MISTRUST a man who doesn't believe in domestic happiness.

BOB AND HIS UNCLE.

WHEN the three met together on last Saturday night they began to talk about the different religious systems that had found a hold in the world. Their Uncle said that before Christ came on the earth, in the Holy Land and in some other places, the Jews were a strong people, having their capital city at Jerusalem, and the Romans and the Greeks, in their countries, were also a religious people, but with this difference. The Jews believed in the great and living God, while the others named had numberless gods which they worshiped. In the matter of culture the Greeks and the Romans were far enough ahead of the Jews, and in fact in almost every other material way. The Romans had conquered them, and oppressed them a good deal. Reference is had frequently, in the Bible, to the barbarian, and this word has come to mean now some person not civilized. In Bible times it meant only an entire stranger, one of a different nation, and if such were shipwrecked on their coasts they simply killed him, divided what he or all of them might have been possessed of, and that was the end of it. There were other systems of religion in other parts of the world, but the Bible story has most to do with the Romans, and their methods, because they were the dominant people at the time of Christ.

Here Bob asked his Uncle whether the Roman carried his laws into the conquered provinces, say in the Holy Land, when they occupied them. The man said that the method was to garrison the principal places with Roman soldiers, or with soldiers serving in the Roman army, and appoint a territorial governor, as we would say in these days, as the representative of the conquerors, and to a certain extent they made the laws or at least so many of them as they deemed necessary to the preservation of their power and influence among the people.

Here Helen asked whether her Uncle could specify one of the Roman regulations, and he said that the Jews were not allowed to inflict the death penalty without the sanction of the authorities. He further said that any sort of sedition or opposition to Roman supremacy was sure to be followed by a cruel retribution.

Bob asked whether there was any recorded instance in this regulation of the Romans that had gone into effect. His Uncle said that in the case of Christ it was clearly shown. When the Jews hunted him down and tried Him before their tribunal, and had determined on his death, before they could put it into effect the endorsement of the Roman procurator, or representative, must be had. This is why the Lord was taken before Pilate, and the accounts of what happened are tolerably full and complete in detail.

It was not so easy to convince Pilate that he should at once condemn Christ. In the first place he had nothing in common with either the Jews or the Christian followers. He cared nothing about either, and not being prejudiced, he would be slow to act with harshness in the case. It is likely, said their Uncle, that had not politics been dragged into the case Pilate had not given his consent, at least not so readily.

It appears that the Jews were allowed to settle ordinary cases in a way to suit themselves, and in accordance with their laws and customs, but they could not order their victim crucified. So, when they brought Christ before the Roman governor to hear the case and give the final condemnation, it was necessary to give the case a political twist, which was done by stating before him, the Roman, that Christ had been going around among the people, proclaiming himself a king, when, as they said, lying while they said it, that they had no king but the one at Rome, Cæsar, the chief under whom Pilate served, and whose interests he was expected to guard. Pilate examined Christ and found no harm in him, but the accusing Jews stuck to it that he was no friend of Cæsar's if he allowed people to go up and down the country proclaiming himself King of the Jews. So reluctantly the order for the crucifixion was passed with the word that he cleared himself of any real participation in it.

Both Bob and Helen said that this explanation threw a new light on the situation, and that it also served to explain the writing over the cross, proclaiming Jesus the King of the Jews. Yes, said

their Uncle, Pilate evidently determined that as they had Christ condemned on that ground, knowing that they were playing a part in doing so, he would carry out the idea to their discredit. So he had the sign made in such a way that all on-lookers would be able to understand, and while the Jews tried to get it changed so as to read that it was what Jesus "said," Pilate stuck to it, and cut them very short in saying substantially that what he had done was going to stand—that if he was said by them to be their king he, Pilate, would help them out with the idea.

After studying a time over what had been said, Helen asked whether it was quite the right thing to utterly condemn Pilate for his part in a thing that had to be. All that came to pass had been foretold, and somebody had to take part in it, and was it right to condemn the necessary instruments in the successful rendition of the event? The old man rubbed his head, looked into the fire, took a glance at the clock to note the hour and see how long he had to talk to get away with the time, and so avoid the question, and then he began to say that in the settlement of a question of ethics there were so many sides to consider, that it was not always certain that we had all the factors of the problem before us, and that—wh-i-r-r went the warning cluck of the clock, and that their absence, continued the man, and then it struck and broke up the circle.

WANTED.

WANTED, in Ohio, on a 160-acre farm, a young brother as worker. Want the man for a year. Good wages. Address, J. W., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. *

* * *

A BROTHER, farmer, in Virginia, single, wants work as a farm hand in Indiana or Illinois. Address, L. G., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. *

* * *

A SISTER wishing to work in a private home in a city in Northern Illinois, where there are church privileges can find a pleasant place by addressing, W. V. P., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. *

* * *

WANTED, position by a stenographer and book-keeper, with nearly two years' experience in office work. Can handle double-entry set of books, and operate Smith-Premier typewriter. First-class references furnished. Address, A. B. C., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. *

* * *

WANTED, in Indian Territory, a teacher, a brother, over twenty-one, married, having a first-class certificate in the State he now resides. There are no public schools in Indian Territory and patrons supply teachers. Applicant must be good penman. Address, G. A., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

* * *

WANTED, in Ohio, a young or middle-aged brother to work on a farm. Also a young sister to do housework. Place near our church. Address, C. L. P., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

* * *

WANTED, position as housekeeper where there are no small children. Now live in Kansas. Address M. G., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

* * *

WANTED, in Ohio, a married man to work on a farm, work the year around, where there are good schools, church privileges, etc. Brother preferred. Address, W. A. H., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

* * *

WANTED, a farm hand in Iowa. Good community, church privileges, and good pay. Address, M. G., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

* * *

WANTED, a brother minister in Iowa wants to hire a young brother for entire season's work of 1901. Work will begin about March 15, and continue till about Dec. 1 or later. Want a man that can handle all farm implements used on Western farms, and one that can milk. Wages \$18 per month. Give reference from former employer if convenient. Answer at once. Address, J. D. M., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

* * *

WANTED, correspondence with brethren where a singing teacher is desired, by an experienced teacher. Address B. W. P. H., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

Our Cooking School.

BAKED CHICKEN POTPIE.

BY SISTER ANNA M. MITCHEL.

CUT up and stew slightly a couple young and tender chickens, but don't cook them soft. Make a crust with flour, lard, sweet milk and baking powder, same as for pie crust but not quite so short. Roll out the crust and line a baking pan, put in the chicken and a layer of sliced potatoes, salt, pepper and butter (the more butter the better). A handful of thyme or parsley cut fine and sprinkled over helps it. Cover with crust and then pour the chicken broth over the top so that it will not get too dry while baking. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

Newburg, Pa.

CHICKEN POTATO PIE.

BY SISTER SARAH A. SELL.

PARE potatoes, cook soft, mash, put salt, pepper, butter, cream, parsley, one egg; stir well. Take flour, one egg, salt, lard, baking powder, sweet milk. Make dough, like pie dough not so short, roll, cut in pieces seven inches square; put two spoonfuls of the potatoes on the half of the dough; turn the other half of the dough over and make moon pies. Take the broth of the cooked chicken, put your pies in and boil twenty minutes. You will find it a good dinner. This is one of our harvest dinners.

Newry, Pa.

BAKED BEANS.

BY SISTER WINNIE E. DUNCAN.

TAKE one and one-half pints of navy beans, soaked in clear water over night. Put on to boil in cold water, boil till thoroughly done. About eight o'clock put in the oven a two or three pound pork roast. When done remove from pan, make a thickened gravy in the pan where the meat has been roasted, then put in the beans. Salt and pepper and mix well. Bake in a moderate oven.

Denbigh, N. Dak.

CORN BREAD.

BY SISTER MELL E. WENGER.

ONE pint bolted corn meal, one pint wheat flour, one pint thick sour milk, two eggs, one-half cup sugar, butter the size of an egg. Stir all together, then add one teaspoonful soda stirred in a little milk. Bake in moderate oven.

South Bend, Ind.

POTATO SALAD.

BY SISTER HANNAH F. DUNNING.

TAKE one-half dozen medium-size potatoes, boil tender, and as many hard-boiled eggs, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, chop together, salt and pepper to taste, a little celery seeds (mustard seed will do). Mix together, then slice two hard-boiled eggs on top.

Denbigh, N. Dak.

FAT CAKES.

BY SISTER MARY MURRAY.

THREE tin cupfuls of sweet cream, one tin cupful of sour cream, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of cream tartar. Use eight tin cupfuls of flour or enough to make a dough stiff enough to handle without sticking to the fingers. Then roll out in squares and fry in hot lard. Cut dough with cake cutter, using something round to cut holes in the middle of the round cakes. Make diamond-shaped holes in the square cakes.

Laurel Hill, Pa.

LEMON PIE.

BY SISTER ANNA MARTIN.

ONE grated lemon, one pint water, one egg, one cup sugar, one cup sugar syrup, one tablespoon flour, then cook two minutes. Then divide in five ordinary-sized pie plates lined with pastry. Dough for top. Take one cup of white sugar, one teaspoon soda, half cup butter, half cup sour milk, flour to make stiff, roll and cut in strips.

Weaverland, Pa.

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Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them; and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land;
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter then your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-giver,
He will make each seed to grow,
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

THE INGLENOOK

INGLENOOK

The Inglenook,

Elgin, Ill.

VOL. III.

March 9, 1901.

No. 10.



ELGIN, ILL.



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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., March 9, 1901.

No. 10.

VICTORIA'S FAVORITE BIT OF VERSE.

[The following quaint verses appeared anonymously in an obscure Scotch paper, and it is said that of all the panegyrics and tributes in prose or verse ever written of her they pleased her most.]

SHE NODDIT TO ME.

I'm but an auld body
Livin' up in Deeside
In a twa-roomed hit hoosie
Wi' a toofa' beside;
Wi' my coo an' my grumphy
I'm as happy's a bee,
But I'm far prouder noo
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi't—
I'm gey trig an' hale,
Can plant twa-three tawties,
An' look after my kale;
An' when oor Queen passes
I rin oot to see
Gin by luck she nicht notice
An' nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,
An' the blinds were aye doon,
Till last week the time
O' her veesit cam' roun';
I waved my hit apron
As brisk's I could dee,
An' the Queen laughed fu' kindly,
An' noddit to me!

My sou sleeps in Egypt—
It's nae ease to freit—
An' yet when I think o't
I'm sair like to greet;
She may feel for my sorrow,
She's a mither, ye see;
An' may be she kent o't
When she noddit to me!

SECURITY COMPANIES.

In this modern commercial age there are very few large corporations or firms that do not require their principal employes to be under bond. It is a mistake to suppose that this bonding of employes embraces only those that handle money or are in a position to make default of trust funds. The bonding process has been extended to embrace all classes of employes. It is an indirect system of keeping a moral espionage over every employe who has a position where fidelity is indispensable.

In other words the bonding of employes has become a great moral force in the commercial, industrial and financial world. It is the check that keeps many a young man in the straight and narrow path of duty, when other moral influences are of no account. It is the key that opens many an avenue of promotion to the thoroughly conscientious and faithful employe. It is the Gibraltar of safety to corporations and employers, on the principle that a bonded employe realizes that he is under espionage at all seasons. Clergymen have preached sermons on the moral value of the fidelity bond. The great corporations and firms that make use of the surety bond do not do so from philanthropic motives. Theirs is a cold business proposition, but it is the fact of there being no sentiment in the surety bond that gives it its greatest moral value.

Formerly private bonds were the rule. That is to say, when an employe was given a position of trust he was required to find one or more private bondsmen. If the latter were willing to take the risk the young man got the position, otherwise not. The system of private bonds had its drawbacks. Often the applicant for a position could not obtain persons of sufficient financial responsibility to go upon his bond. This was frequently true—and is still true in some isolated cases, where employers cling to the old methods—even where the applicant had a faultless record. The result was the blighting of his hopes for improving his position. All this has been changed by the modern custom of using the big guaranty companies for the bonding of employes.

Private bonds are no longer used by the banks, the big railroad companies or other large financial

or industrial corporations, except in isolated cases. In the commercial world the change has been slower, but even here the large wholesale firms and corporations are turning over the bonding process gradually to the guaranty companies. The growth of the latter within the last ten or fifteen years has been tremendous. The first guaranty company business to be transacted in the United States was by a Canadian company, with headquarters in Montreal. This original company is still doing an extensive business in the United States. It has been followed by ten or a dozen similar companies, some of which have added casualty insurance to the indemnifying bond business.

The annual business written by these guaranty companies in the large commercial centers runs far into the millions. The advantage claimed for the employer is that the guaranty company is more responsible than the private bondsman, and in addition that it exercises a continuous moral espionage over the bonded employe, which is not done by the private bondsman. The advantage to the employe is that if his record is straight no matter how poor and friendless he may be he can obtain an indemnifying bond from one or other of the guaranty companies without trouble and thus have way of preferment opened to him.

The employe who is bonded by a guaranty company is never exempt from strict supervision. His habits are known. The company knows where he spends his evenings and his surplus earnings, if he has any. If he gambles or drinks the company knows it at once. If he develops a tendency toward extravagance beyond his regular income, either in dress, jewelry, livery bills, wine suppers or even house expenditures, the company knows it. If he visits a race track and bets it is immaterial to the company whether he wins or loses. The fact of his betting is duly entered up against his record on the company's books. If he develops a tendency to late hours and roistering companions every detail of his supposed *sub rosa* dual life is entered up on the official record.

All this requires a complete and comprehensive system of espionage on the part of the company that is responsible for the employes' fidelity. Each company maintains a most efficient corps of private detectives, inspectors and agents. They cover the United States like an immense secret service army. In the large commercial centers like Chicago, where most of the bonding is done their work is precise, incessant and systematic. The bonded employe, whose habits may have placed him under suspicion, goes out of an evening. One of the boon companions that go with him on his round of pleasure may be an agent of the guaranty company that is on his bond. The next morning the company has a written report of every place visited by the young man the night before, the amount of money he spent, the number of times he drank, the card games he played, the bets he made and all other details up to the time he went to sleep at home or elsewhere. If the record shows culpability or even approaches the danger point the young man may be surprised to receive an invitation to come to the guaranty company's office. He may be aghast at being there confronted with his own record in black and white. There is no sentiment in the interview. He is told that he must either mend his ways or the company will withdraw from his bond. If he is wise one warning of the kind is generally sufficient.

Some employes think it a mark of degradation to be bonded. Others take a more sensible view. They are fully aware of the espionage that it entails. In spite of this knowledge some of them grow careless and reap the penalty. But the average bonded employe has a double incentive to faithful work and cleanly, simple habits of living. He knows that to lapse from this standard will injure his record with the company that is bonding him and he also knows that the path to preferment lies in keeping his record above suspicion.

THE FALLACY OF BOILS.

"It is an unshaken article of belief with most people that skin diseases are almost always catching, that they show that the sufferers themselves or their parents are no better than they should be, that they indicate that 'the blood is bad,' that you must be careful or you will 'drive it in,' and the patient will die if nothing more, and that a boil is worth \$5 in doctors' bills saved. They are all wrong, teetotally wrong, on the very best medical authority," says Harvey Sutherland in *Ainslee's*. "Not more than two or three of the hundred or 'so skin diseases catalogued are catching, and the chances are that the eruption is as innocent and as innocuous as a cold.

"If there is such a thing as 'bad blood,' medicine has not found it out. Next to nothing is known in regard to the condition of blood in disease. Chemical and microscopical study has utterly failed to show that there is any difference between the blood in health and the blood in cutaneous disorders. Certain of them are symptomatic of nervous breakdown, and imperfect digestion causes others. Tomatoes, bananas, strawberries, shellfish and other articles of diet, harmless to most of us, cause a rash to break out on others. Evidently the medical profession does not fear 'driving the disease in,' for the treatment for cutaneous affections is now wholly local.

"A boil is an acute inflammation of the tissues surrounding the hair follicle and is due to some infection of the follicle by a germ, generally the staphylococcus pyogenes aureus. I thought you might like to know the name. Boils come upon the just and unjust, on those who have good blood and those who have bad blood. What forms inside the tormenting thing is not the strained out impurities of the blood, for pus does not exist in the blood. It is of local formation.

"A boil is not worth five cents, let alone \$5. It is just what your untutored imagination says it is, a nuisance. If anybody owed me \$5 and could either pay it in cash or boils, whichever I preferred, I should take the cash every time, even at a discount. I think I should get more comfort that way."

HARD TEST IN PRONUNCIATION.

An exercise in pronunciation was placed on the blackboard at a teachers' institute, a prize being offered to anyone who could read and pronounce every word correctly. The book offered as a prize was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in the pronunciation made:

"A sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel he engaged the head waiter as a coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not now forge letters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."

MEDICATED STREETS.

WATERING carts of a certain Irish town are decorated with patent medicine advertisements. An innocent Irishman from the rural districts looked at one the other day, and remarked: "Faith, it's no wonder X— is healthy, when they water the streets with —'s sarsaparilla!"

Correspondence

THE SHADOWS OF CITY LIFE.

BY LIZZIE HOWE.

It is said that no one should visit the haunts of evil in a large city unless he has a definite work to do, a mission to perform, that he cannot come out without being more or less contaminated. For the same reason, we would not if we could, picture the darkest shadows of city life for the indiscriminate reader. One need not, however, go to the cellars and the attics to see the shadows of city life. They are apparent on every side.

Chicago has a population of almost two millions. There are about six thousand saloons, with less than one-tenth as many churches and missions. Geographically it is divided by the river into the north side, the south side, and the west side. The "fashion" and the most wealth (not all) is found on the south side and the north side, where also is found the deepest poverty and degradation. On the west side are found thousands of labor-bought homes. Here also, especially in winter, are the unemployed, some of whom could not find work if they would, others would not if they could, and many when they can and do work make the omnipresent saloon their savings bank. Then there is the class of men who fill the cheap lodging houses. In my daily walks of two or three miles, I pass dozens of idle men who come to the city to winter and in the summer go to the country to tramp and camp.

For depth of shadow in Chicago life one must look to the foreign element. Among them may be found a certain degree of isolation and therefore of crowding, also of contented squalor, jealous of inspection and interference. There is Chinatown where are found the opium eaters, the Italians who live in the most uninviting and filthy places. To get to the main floor of these homes one must climb down many steps, hence the name of the locality "The Dive." Here may be seen large bunches of bananas suspended from the ceiling. Fancy the atmosphere in which this fruit hangs for a week or more before it appears yellow, ready for the fruit stands! The latter are controlled almost entirely by the Italians. Then there are the colored people whose besetting sin is gambling.

But the dens of evil are not confined to the foreign element. In the midst of this great city there is a district known as the "Dismal Swamp." In this part may be found sixty saloons within two blocks. Each saloon pays an average of five hundred dollars a year rent, five hundred dollars a year city license, besides the United States license, also one thousand dollars a year for wages and expenses and fifteen hundred dollars a year for stock in trade, making a total of possibly four thousand dollars a year, and to sustain the sixty saloons a year the sum of two hundred and forty thousand dollars is paid within a distance of two squares. These are the lower and medium grades of saloons. The higher are more brilliantly lighted and decorated. The lower are smaller and more filthy. All have their card tables, music and dancing, and it is claimed by slumworkers that fifty per cent of the people in the saloons are women, an awful thought.

It is the evidence of philanthropists and missionaries that strong drink is the cause of most of the misery and wretchedness found in our large cities. When we recall that the drink bill of Chicago alone is stated at one million dollars a week, we see the possibility of much poverty. The latter does not spring so much from misfortune as from drink.

Then, too, in the great competition in business, wages are so low that children of even the better homes are taken out of school very young; the boys to run errands, carry messages and in various ways employed; the girls entering the factories and department stores. The latter especially are frequently led into lives of sin and degradation as a means of adding to their small allowance for food, fuel, rent and clothing. There are some good girls, God help them, but it is hard for them to endure the temptations.

Women, in order to help earn bread for the family, go out scrubbing, take in washing or sewing. Many sew for the factories and the department stores at the following rates: Women's calico wrappers, 60 cents a dozen; and plain overalls, 30 cents

a dozen; men's shirts and overalls, 60 cents a dozen each; boys' waists, 25 cents a dozen; and in the "sweat shops," where girls only are employed, the wages are still lower. In the latter the girls receive nothing the first month, and when more experienced, fifty per cent of the girls receive but one dollar a week. Usually from five to ten times as many workers are crowded into the "sweat shops" as the city ordinance advises. Here it is claimed that poverty and drink are parent and child; poverty the parent. The workers indulge in the stimulant to maintain their speed of work. The inspection of the work is close and constant. A failure entails a doing over of the job; spoiling a garment, as tearing or ripping seams, leads to deduction from pay.

Many women now in the city fill the places of men. While this is in some respects a blessing, it is also a curse. Business and office men are thrown into closer and more constant association with other women than with their own wives. They plan and scheme their business with the former, and as a result of the daily contact and the natural heart of man which is deceitfully wicked, the home ties are broken, the sacredness that should be there is lost and the evil one accomplishes his work. O, for the purity of the home!

Because of poverty many families are obliged to live in very small quarters. They crowd into one or two rooms, frequently in only one room. Here they sleep, cook, eat, wash, iron, are born, sicken and die. These considerations suggest dismal pictures as one fancies a life so spent. The present condition, too, of many families is the result of ill management. With the latter is found more wretchedness than with those who make an honest effort to find work.

336 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

VISIT TO A COAL MINE.

BY RUFUS E. ROBINSON.

MANY boys never saw a coal mine or ever visited one, so I will tell of my visit to one in the 'Nook's State.

While taking my vacation last summer, I was permitted to visit a large coal mine at Roanoke, Ill.

As we neared the mine we noticed a large mound. On arriving we found it to be slate, rock, dirt, etc., which had been separated from the coal and piled up there for the past nineteen years. This is hauled by steam in a large iron wagon, with a steel cable up an elevated track, some three hundred yards to the upper end of the track, and there is a self-dump to empty the wagon. From this pile of dirt we had an excellent view of the surrounding country, as we were about one hundred feet above the level.

We visited the engine room and saw the two mighty engines that did the hoisting.

The shaft is five hundred feet deep. The coal dumps are about twenty-five feet above the ground, in a large room, built on pillars, directly over the shaft.

The coal is hoisted in carts holding about a ton, placed on a large cage.

There are two cages; one goes up while the other goes down. These cages both have self-locks on them, so if the large wire rope they are drawn up by should break, they would stop immediately.

When hoisting coal it only takes seventeen seconds for the cage to reach the top, 500 feet, but when men are on it takes fifty seconds, according to laws of the State, sixty seconds for every 600 feet.

The men, about 190, go down at seven A. M. They are counted by the cage boss, as they go down, six in number at a time. When the cage is ready he gives a rope a pull which taps a bell in the engine room, and down go the men to work.

At three thirty P. M. the men quit work, and come up. In this time they will have mined about three hundred tons.

The air shaft is about one hundred yards from the main shaft. Here a large fan is going round and round which furnishes air for the miners while at work. This air shaft is provided with an engine too, and in case of fire, or main shaft being out of fix, is used as an escape shaft.

We were permitted to visit the interior of the mine.

At eight thirty, after the evening work was attended to, we were lowered into a place that seemed to us could be no darker, and down, down, we went, until we landed at the bottom where there was a bright light to greet us.

We first visited the stables where the mules are kept, which are at two different places. They seem to be content living in their dark home.

We also saw the miners' cats which live in the mine, and as mice are numerous, they fare well.

We were contenting ourselves by pushing the coal carts from one entry to another until we found ourselves almost a mile back from the shaft under the town, but we could not realize we were so far from any other human being as we were.

We saw the two large hydraulic pumps used to keep the water out of the mine.

We returned to the shaft where we were again taken to the top. When we looked at our watches we saw we had been in the depth of the earth two hours. We were guided by two miner boys.

Mansfield, Ill.

FROM THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND ROSES.

BY GRACE GNAGEY.

It is about two years since I left my Meyersdale, Pa., home, and arrived in California. We now live in Pasadena, a town of sunshine and roses, numbering about 13,000 population. In this town there is not a saloon, and the streets, to the stranger to the climate, are very beautiful, as there are many flowers, and orange trees loaded with fruit and blooms. There seems to be a great deal of wealth here, and the prices of nearly all things are higher than back East. A girl who works in the kitchen gets from twenty to thirty dollars a month. There are many Chinamen cooks employed here. The Chinese also have the laundries, the small stores, and they are great gardeners.

It has been colder here than I expected to find it, and there has been considerable rain, a thing needed badly during the past three or four years. There is no church here, and we are required to go to Los Angeles, where there is a church, and a congregation in which all visiting brethren and sisters are made to feel at home.

This is the country in which to spend one's winters if he would get away from the cold and inclement weather of the East. Still there are disadvantages in living here as well as in any other portions of the country. There is no locality combining all the advantages and desirable things of life to the entire exclusion of the disagreeable. But this is where roses and sunshine abound the year around, and if you were here you could have all the orange blossoms you wanted.

Pasadena, Cal.

TRAINS DELAYED BY THISTLES.

TRAINMEN in some parts of South Dakota have a new difficulty to surmount in the shape of vast masses of Russian thistles, which collect in drifts on the tracks. The weeds are blown into cuts, where they become interwoven so closely that sometimes trains are delayed for hours. The locomotives might push their way through but for the fact that the rails become slippery through the crushing of the oily fiber and seeds, the wheels refusing to revolve even after a liberal application of sand.

SOME men are so excessively acute at detecting imperfections, that they scarcely notice excellences. In looking at a peacocks train they would fix on every spot where the feathers were worn, or the colors faded, and see nothing else.—*Archbishop Whately.*

* In our house, speaking of having read something unusually good and interesting, as well as rare, is equivalent to saying, it was in the INGLENOOK.—*J. D. Myers.*

THE INGLENOOK is too good to be filed in my house. It goes to others that they, too, may enjoy the feast.—*D. B. H., Kansas.*

LAST year there were imported into the United States over 1,000,000,000 grains of quinine, costing over \$1,500,000.

Nature Study

THE HABITS OF THE WOODCHUCK.

BY T. E. FISHER.

THIS animal is an inhabitant of America from Hudson Bay to South Carolina. Where I live it is popularly known as the "groundhog."

The woodchuck is of a dark brown color, about eighteen inches long, including a bushy tail about six inches long. The upper lip is very short, and the two front teeth very long. This gives him a very fierce appearance.

The woodchuck is very voracious, feeding mostly on vegetable foods. It is very fond of sweet corn. Sometimes it will almost destroy the small patch of the farmer before it can be killed.

The woodchuck makes a very peculiar cry, consisting of a shrill squeak, followed by a sound resembling the flutter of a bird. It hibernates, that is, sleeps through the winter.

It is claimed by the believers in signs that on the second day of February the woodchuck comes from his hole. If he sees his shadow on that day he will be so frightened that he will run back, and stay for six weeks, during which winter shall continue in full force. But if he does not see his shadow he will remain out, and winter will be at an end.

The woodchuck is very cunning and hard to kill. Only a double-spring steel trap or two set together will hold it.

It is hard to shoot the woodchuck, as he is always watching and never goes far from his home. He often sits at the mouth of his home like a prairie dog, and when approached he will suddenly disappear. The hunter can then go near the hole and shoot the "hog" as he comes out, which he will do in a short time. When pursued the woodchuck will run for the nearest hole, but if he cannot reach it he will climb a small tree. If brought to bay the woodchuck will fight fiercely, and many a dog has been badly bitten by him.

The farmer does not like the woodchuck, because it eats his crops and makes its burrows in his fields.

ANTS HAVE A LANGUAGE.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, as well as many other scientists, has of course studied the ant, but it has been given to a Frenchman, a M. Ferel, to make a discovery as regards ants that proves them to be possessed of an intelligence far greater than has been hitherto supposed.

And this discovery is nothing more or less than that ants are capable of producing sounds intelligible to their fellows, and even audible to our ears—in other words, that they converse with one another.

The way M. Ferel proved this was as follows:

He made a glass funnel, one end smaller than the other, which he placed, the small end downward, in the center of a square of plain glass some six inches wide, fitting closely enough to prevent the little insects from crawling out underneath.

He then took a number of ants in a bunch about the size of an ordinary horse chestnut, free from any foreign substances, and, lifting up the funnel, dropped the cluster of insects inside.

While the ants were still in a state of bewilderment, and before any of them could reach the edge of the glass, the experimenter covered it with another square, similar to the one already in use, and which had been surrounded a short distance from its edge by a rim of putty.

This effectually confined the little insects and prevented their being crushed.

The two plates of glass were then pressed together to within, approximately, the thickness of an ant's body, but closer on one side than on the other, so as to hold some fast and incapable of moving, while others could move about in their narrow prison where they liked.

On applying this box of ants to the ear, as though it had been a watch, M. Ferel was astonished to hear a regular and continuous buzzing noise, somewhat similar to the sound made by water when boiling in an open vessel, though sometimes a higher note would be struck by one or another of the ants.

Further study of the box of prisoners revealed many interesting facts. The free ants were seen to advance to the sides of the ones that could not

move, and to endeavor with all their strength to release the prisoners. It was then that the sounds made by the ants became louder and more stringent. It was evident that these sounds conveyed some meaning, for a palpable difference was to be found in the minute utterances, which must have been intelligible to the tiny captives.

Then came the problem. How was the sound made? M. Ferel proceeded to at once make minute investigations, and submitted live ants to the scrutiny of a very powerful microscope.

Here, again, an interesting discovery was in store for the investigator. The sides of the little insects were found to be in one particular place rough and scaly, resembling—though, of course, on a tiny scale—the teeth of a saw. It was by rubbing this that the ant made the sound that had rewarded the scientist's research.

M. Ferel then took a couple of ants and confined them in the glass box already described, imprisoning the one and giving the other liberty to move.

The ant that had free use of his limbs became at once intensely excited. It rushed about, making what must have been—taking into consideration the comparative size of a man and an ant—a terrible noise. The modulations of the insect's mode of expression were plainly heard by the scientist.

Then, having apparently exhausted an exceedingly copious vocabulary, the ant, in despair of liberating its companion, dashed at it and killed it. This was evidently to the insect the only course left open.

MORE THAN ONE KIND OF IVORY.

THE elephant is no longer the only animal which can produce ivory, according to the official decision of the United States general appraisers. Ivory dealers and those who work in the material have known this for a long time, but the makers of the tariff do not seem to have been so well posted.

Testimony from ivory dealers was introduced at the investigation to show that the tusks of the hippopotamus furnish just as good ivory as do elephants. It was also shown that the boar, narwhal, right whale and alligator were producers of ivory. Even the western hog gives up many an ivory tusk to the butchers in Chicago packing houses.

The ivory question arose a few weeks ago, when an importing firm tried to bring in a consignment of umbrella handles made of hippopotamus teeth. The importers objected to paying duty at the rate of 35 per cent ad valorem, which is the ivory rate, and contended that the hippopotamus teeth should be assessed at 20 per cent, as they were not mentioned in the tariff. The decision was against the importers.

This does not mean that there is no difference between elephant ivory and hippopotamus ivory. Ivory workers who understand their vocation can distinguish a difference even between the various kinds of elephant ivory before it has been polished and worked over.

When it is carved, often experts can determine from just what animal the ivory originally came, but the ordinary purchaser can see no difference. Hippopotamus ivory answers every mercantile purpose as far as it goes.

That it is not considered as valuable as elephant ivory is due to the fact that it can be used only for smaller articles. The hippopotamus teeth received in this market weigh from one-half a pound to three or four pounds. The elephant tusks range from 100 to 250 pounds. Narwhal tusks range from 5 to 25 pounds.

When manufactured into small articles the hippopotamus ivory brings just as much as any other kind. As far as that goes, however, the tusks of the American hog bring more than does any kind of ivory, if weight alone is considered. If they were sold at the regular ivory rate of \$4 a pound they would bring about four cents each. They are sold by the piece, and average 25 cents each. The pig teeth are hollow, but will take a very high polish, and can be used in many ways. It is said that 20 per cent of the hogs killed produce valuable tusks.

The long, thin, yellow tusk of the narwhal does not bring nearly as much to-day as it did 150 years ago. A century ago people believed that the walrus was connected with the fabulous unicorn, and the horn or tusk was supposed to possess many

magical virtues. For instance, it was regarded as an antidote for all poisons, and kings kept a horn in their dining rooms, believing that it would warn them if their food had been poisoned. Whalers and hunters of the north are glad to sell them to-day for \$75.

A PREHISTORIC PICTURE.

ANIMAL and vegetable life were both abundant and profuse. Uncouth shapes of sloth-like creatures crept in a torpid way along the upper branches; strange lizard and tortoise forms slunk away under the dense fern-growth. Upon the fleshy stalks of drooping vines hung the chalices of great carnivorous flowers, painted in lurid colors, filled to their spiny prehensile throats with honeyed nectar, seductive and fatal snares for insects and the smaller birds.

Under this arching canopy of green, amidst all this voluptuous, seething life, the future lord of nature, yet ignorant of his power, crept warily along, untouched by the splendor of his environment, following some strange and undetermined craving of his physical self.

As he advanced the path ascended, vegetation grew less dense, and the forest less thickly set with giant stems. At length a wall of gray and lichen-stained rock rose before his view. A scattered heap of bones before the entrance to a cavern denoted the habitation of mankind, and at the cave-mouth, kneeling before a fragment of granite, busily engaged in cracking with a stone the thigh-bone of some animal, in order to extract that earliest of human delicacies, the marrow, was a woman.

RENEWS ITS BARK.

THE cork tree is an evergreen, an oak, querous suber, about the size of our apple tree and grown largely in Spain for commercial uses. The bark is stripped in order to obtain the cork, which is soaked and then dried. The moment the bark is peeled off the tree begins to grow another cork skin, and each new one is better than the last, so the older the tree the better the cork. The trees are stripped about every eight years and so strong does it make them that they often live to the age of 200 years. After the bark is stripped off it is trimmed and dried and flattened out. Then it is packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

A SPIDER-WEB FACTORY.

A SPIDER-WEB factory is in successful operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris. Here ropes for the military balloonists are made from spider-web. It doesn't seem to be a pleasant operation for the spiders, but does not involve their destruction. They are arranged in groups of twelve above a reel, upon which the threads are wound; and they are not released until they have furnished some thirty or forty yards of thread each. The outer sticky cover of the thread is then removed by washing. Eight of the washed threads are taken together; and from this cords are made, which are stronger and much lighter than silk cords.

AX IN A TREE'S HEART.

WHILE a large oak log was being sawed into lumber at L. C. Beem's mill, Richwood, Ohio, the circular saw ran into an obstruction in the log, which completely wrecked the saw and endangered the lives of the workmen. The log was chopped into and almost in its heart was found the steel bit of an ax, which must have been broken off there at least thirty years ago, as indicated by that number of concentric growth rings surrounding it as a center.

COFFEE AS A BAROMETER.

A cup of hot coffee is an unfailing barometer, if you allow a lump of sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the air bubbles rise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will either rain or snow, and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position changeable weather may be expected.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty to them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

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A LITTLE FATHERLY TALK.

THE Editor of the 'NOOK wants people to write for its columns. It is not that we are short of "I send you herewiths," for they are lying about the room in profusion. But the short, incisive, well-told articles are none too common. One of the mistakes people make is in thinking that they have a call to enlighten the world. They think everybody is waiting to read some commonplace, indifferently told whine, on an abstract subject that is mostly wind, and what is sense in it has been told a hundred times by a hundred others, infinitely better. The writer, who has had more or less literary experience for a lifetime, would shudder at the thought of being required to prepare an essay on some of the subjects a seventeen-year-old takes up with inimitable ease and proceeds to finish with original grammar if not original ideas. A good deal of the alleged writing sent in to a large office reminds one of nothing so much as children playing with pieces of broken dishes in the yard, making believe that they are housekeeping. Those who send that sort of thing here do it at their own risk. There may be places where this is called for, but it is not at the INGLENOOK office.

Well, what then shall be done? We will try telling it, though it is not easy of expression. This is a pretty big world, and there is a great deal of it, and the happenings incident thereto are by no means common property in the way of information. These are the things wanted, and whoever sends in an accurate account of what will be new and entertaining to the multitude of interested readers of the INGLENOOK will be sure of a warm welcome. If these things are not available in your neighborhood that simply shows your inability to see a mountain and your general emptiness. They are everywhere, and there is not a locality on the widespread earth that has not its news and newsy information to him who has eyes to see it and a pen to write it out. The other day a man walked into the office here and laid down a piece of "jack," the ore out of which zinc is smelted. It is found in only a few places in the United States, and an account of it would be most interesting. Yet the average man living in its section would in all probability be unable to see a mountain of it, much less catch on to the story of its discovery, its methods of mining and reduction, the price, and its uses, but this same man would go home and prepare forty pages on the immortality of the soul, and send it on here, when it would be perfectly evident that he did not know what he was talking about, and his screed would be monotony itself.

And the moral of the whole story? It is simplicity itself. There is not a farm in the country where animal happenings are not going on continually, and they are out of the ordinary, and the birth of the plants, the nesting of the birds, the food of the worms on the trees and the ever-recurring miracle of the seasons constitute endless material for the most interesting articles. It is not so much a gifted pen that is wanted, but eyes, eyes to see with, that are required to interest and instruct the reader. Take these common subjects and work them up into readable communications and see how quickly they will be accepted. Although a great improvement has been made manifest in the character of the articles received for consideration, there is yet room for more advancement along these lines, and the method is outlined herein.

A great many people are fearful lest their writing and their grammar lose them their chance of appearing before the public. In answer to this it may be well to remember the fact that there are a hundred thousand school children who can write a more legible hand than the average magazine contributor, and there are tens of thousands of school attendants who know more of the rules laid down in the books, yet they are but children beside the au-

thor whose writing is terrible, and whose grammar is not laid down in any text extant. Yet these popular writers win the attention of the public, and hold it. Why? Easy enough! It is what they say and how they tell it. And the most readable of them never explore futurity for their subjects, but stay on the earth and are read by the earth.

HOW CARRIE NATION LOOKS.

"NONE of the printed pictures of Mrs. Carrie Nation convey an accurate idea of the woman herself," said a man from Topeka, Kans. "She is about fifty years old and the first impression she makes is one of extraordinary strength and sturdiness. She has immense, broad shoulders and long, muscular arms, and I dare say would be able to hold her own in a row with the average man. Her face is square and heavy, her jaw powerful and her dominant expression one of grim determination. This is emphasized by her eyes, which are a peculiar pale, cold blue in color and have a singularly belligerent gleam whenever she becomes aroused. Anybody who has ever met Mrs. Nation must have remarked these curious eyes of hers and on more than one occasion I have noticed their intimidating effect in an argument.

"She has been preaching prohibition for a number of years in Kansas, and at the town of Medicine Lodge, where she lives and where I first met her, she has been a local celebrity for a long time past. She was always willing to stop everything and discuss the liquor question and in the course of years had accumulated an immense quantity of statistics, under which she would promptly bury anyone who was rash enough to take up cudgels with her. She has exact data as to pauperism and crime in every State of the union on her tongue's end, together with elaborate figures relative to the volume of the liquor traffic, and can put up a swinging, camp-meeting type of argument that is very effective, especially with a country audience. All this, by the way, she has learned from her husband, Dave Nation, who was a lecturer, stump speaker and all-around agitator of some caliber at the time she married him, but who has been in bad health for a long time past and compelled for that reason to remain in the background.

"Dave Nation is rather an undersized man, with narrow shoulders and a sandy beard. He is decidedly intelligent, and, while he has had only a limited education, he has done a great deal of general reading and in a casual conversation leaves the impression of a man of wide information. He was at one time editor of a successful country paper. The Nations have a good farm near Medicine Lodge and I have always understood that they were in fairly well-to-do circumstances."

HERE'S THE KIND OF TALK—LIKES IT AND HELPS.

"THE INGLENOOK is my ideal, and if I can assist in keeping up its high standard it would be gratifying."—*Indiana Letter.*

If you expect to visit Elgin and you take the Chicago and North-Western R'y at Chicago, for "Elgin, west side," you will be but a fraction of a minute from the back door of the Publishing House. In one minute you can be in the editorial rooms, or wherever you wish to be, in the building. And we will be all glad to see you.

BOB and his Uncle are crowded out of this issue. It is a question whether or not anybody cares. Have you an opinion about the advisability of continuing the reports of what they say? If the Editor gets your opinion he can very readily advise the others. They are not far away.

Boys, don't be ashamed of your job. Which is to be preferred, the man who can build a locomotive from the rails up, or the millinery drummer back in the Pullman?

"HAD we not renewed our subscription we would have been very much disappointed in the failure of the 'NOOK to come."—*I. S. B., Virginia.*

THE 'NOOK is all right. Wish it could come twice a week. It is very well spoken of in Lancaster.—*W. N. J.*

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

What makes certain furs so valuable?

Their beauty and their rarity.

Is there any circulation of sap in trees in winter.

It is thought that there is, a little.

Is there a way to renew typewriter ribbon at home?

Yes, but the dirt and the trouble come to more than it is worth.

Are visitors to our Publishing House welcome, and are they shown around?

They are always welcome, and can see everything there is to look at.

Are muskrat skins worth anything as a fur?

Yes, but we do not know the quotations. Write a fur dealer in the city.

I wish to visit a certain city, and am not sure of my street address. What should I do about my mail?

Order your mail addressed to the "General Delivery," then go to the window and ask for it as you would at home.

May I canvass for the 'NOOK and the *Good Housekeeping* outside of the church?

Yes, anywhere, and you would likely do a thriving business in towns.

I can make a superior catsup. Could I find a good market for it?

Yes. But you would have to put it up tastefully. Try some first-class city restaurant as a customer. For such you could put it up in jugs.

What is the reason no two 'NOOKS are exactly alike in character of contents?

Because the intention is to always present a different bill of fare in each. When you know what's coming you begin to find monotony.

If I spoil a stamped envelope in addressing will the post office give me another?

No, but if it is a two-cent stamped envelope, it will, on presentation of the spoiled one, give you a two-cent stamp for it. This applies only to stamped envelopes, not to ones you stamp yourself.

What is the cause of mould on canned fruits, etc.?

Mould is a vegetable growth induced by having all the conditions ready for it in the can. Perfect cooking and a few drops of olive oil on the top of the canned vegetable or fruit, before sealing, will prevent it.

I have an old German Bible in my possession published in 1720, or one hundred and eighty years ago. Does any 'NOOKER have, or know of, an older one?—*John A. Moomau, McPherson, Kans.*

The above opens up a very interesting question of old books, and in the answers, if there be any, let the writers tell where their book was published, whether illustrated or not, and the condition it is in. The fact that a book is simply old does not give it a value, but the other matters herein specified go a long way toward fixing its worth. Certain old Bibles are worth a house and lot. Possibly you may have one.

Should sisters wear the prayer covering when attending services elsewhere than at our own churches?

The other sabbath evening a number of members here attended a special service "elsewhere," and wore the garb thereto. All the difference we saw was that after the service not a few of the elsewheres crowded around, shook hands, and invited a return most cordially. It seems clear to us that an adherence to a sincere belief compels respect and admiration even from those who differ, and this is only human nature, after all.

A query has come to the 'NOOK asking why it is that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. The 'NOOK asks for information,—is the statement a true one? There is poetry in it, but is it a fact? The 'NOOK is inclined to the belief that it is not a fact, but may readily be mistaken. At all events information from observers is asked.

BEST REASONS FOR TRINE IMMERSION.

BY QUINCY LECKRONE.

EVERY soul that has been born into the invisible kingdom of grace recognizes the presence of JEHOVAH in his threefold nature as Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

He has entered into a relationship with these three wherein he is controlled, saved and guided by them.

By the FATHER, he believes all things were created and are controlled, and that the word spoken by Christ was by authority of the Father, "and the word which ye hear is not mine but the Father's which sent me." John 14: 24.

By the SON, he believes this Word was given and that through him he is saved, "And she shall bring forth a child and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1: 21.

By the HOLY SPIRIT he is comforted and guided. "But the Comforter which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." John 14: 26.

My first reason for trine immersion is based upon this truth of the trinity of the Godhead.

It requires three mental acts to believe:

- First, that the Father is the supreme, eternal Head and Lawmaker. 1 Cor 11: 31; John 14: 24.
- Second, that the Son is the Lawgiver, Redeemer, Savior. Gal. 3: 13; 4: 5; Matt. 1: 21.
- Third, that the Holy Ghost is the Reprover, Comforter, Teacher, Witness, and Seal. John 16: 7-11; Acts 5: 32; Eph. 4: 30; John 14: 26.

In putting on Christ, for in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily (Col. 2: 9), there must be three literal acts to properly signify their three mental conceptions of the triune Godhead.

My second reason for trine immersion is based on the fact that baptized believers are said to be, first, in the Father. 1 John 2: 24. Second, in the Son. 1 John 2: 24. Third, in the Spirit. Rom 8: 9.

In order to employ a literal symbol to induct one into each of these three separate personages or attributes of the Godhead there must be three separate acts corresponding to the three separate mental acts required.

In support of this reason we have the commission given by Christ, wherein we are authorized to baptize into each of these persons of the trinity. "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Matt. 28: 19.

The requirements of this commission can only be satisfied, literally, by three immersions.

To illustrate, let us take a sentence parallel in every respect to the commission. Suppose I place before you three cups of paint, red, yellow, green, then I say I want my pencil painted. *Go ye therefore and paint my pencil, dipping it in the cup of the red paint, and of the yellow paint, and of the green paint.*

In obeying my request as I have directed you will give my pencil three several dips, one into each cup of paint; you could not do it otherwise according to my directions. The number of actions required are plainly three. The commission being a parallel sentence in every particular, in phraseology, in parts of speech, and in construction, it must require the same number of actions to fulfill its requirements.

My third reason is drawn from instances of apostolic baptism. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, said to the multitude, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ." Acts 2: 38.

In (not unto) the name of here signifies by the authority of. So likewise in Acts 10: 48, in the house of Cornelius, Peter commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord. The authority of John the Baptist had hitherto been respected but now Peter cites them to Jesus as the authority by which this baptism was to be performed, and looking to him we again turn to the commission, for it is the accepted formula by which they baptized and by which we also now baptize. There is none other given.

My fourth reason is drawn from the fact that baptism is a planting in the likeness of Christ's death. For if we have been planted together in

likeness of his death we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. Rom. 6: 5. Christ in his death performed two acts; one literal—he bowed his head, one spiritual—he gave up the Ghost, John 19: 30, *i. e.*, he yielded, obedient to the will of his Father, and became inactive with reference to the past condition of his life.

We, in our baptism make a threefold renunciation and acknowledge a threefold allegiance.

Our trine immersion signifies:

First, a death to the devil, whose children we were by nature, and a birth unto God the Father, whose children we become by adoption through regeneration. This is one act in two parts symbolized by one immersion.

Second, a death to the works of the wicked one which by nature we followed, and a birth into the righteousness of Christ by the atonement. This is another planting in the likeness of Christ's death symbolized by one immersion.

Third, a death to the evil spirit which by nature controlled us, and a birth by the Holy Spirit of God whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption. This is another act, a planting in the likeness of his death, symbolized by an immersion.

The three immersions constitute the one baptism, *baptisma*, of Eph. 4: 5.

My fifth reason is based upon the use of the Greek words *bapto*, *baptizo*, *baptismon*, *baptisma*.

Baptisma is the noun and it signifies the whole rite, *viz.*, the three immersions and the repeating the words of the formula by the administrator. It does not signify any number of actions or definite mode of immersing.

Baptismon is plural in form and as used by Paul, in Heb. 6: 1, 2, means immersions. He speaks in verse two of the doctrine of baptisms. *Baptismon*. By the language it is clear that but one rite, one *baptisma*, is referred to, for he speaks of but one doctrine, whereas if he had meant to speak of several rites or ordinances differing from each other he would have spoken of the doctrines, which of necessity would have differed in each rite, but speaking of but one doctrine and one rite he mentions it by terms indicating that there are repeated immersions, *baptismon*, dips, in the one rite.

Baptizo is the verb form used in every instance in the New Testament when Christian baptism is referred to. It is used but once in a literal sense in the Greek translation of the Old Testament, and in this instance it is used to indicate a repeated act. Read 2 Kings 5: 10-14.

Bapto, the Greek verb for dip, is used but three times in the New Testament: in Luke 16: 24; John 13: 26; Rev. 19: 13. In each of these places it clearly indicates a single action.

It is apparent, therefore, that the apostles and inspired writers made a distinction in the use of these two words, using *bapto* when but a single act was intended, and *baptizo* when repeated action was intended. *Baptizo* being used in every reference to the Christian rite it is in full harmony with the requirements of the commission and strongly sets forth the repeated action.

My sixth reason is founded on the evidences of the church fathers as ancient historians.

The evidences may be summed up in the language of Philip Schaff, D. D., L. L. D. "The Didache, the catacomb pictures and the teaching of the Fathers, Greek and Latin, are in essential harmony on this point, and thus confirm one another. They all bear witness to trine immersion as the rule, and affusion or pouring as the exception. This view is supported by the best scholars, Greek, Latin and Protestant."—*Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, page 42.

Add to this the fact that every other mode can be traced to its origin several centuries this side of the apostles, and that the historian invariably records that the new mode was an innovation, it makes a strong evidence in support of the time-honored, heaven-ordained, trine immersion taught by Christ and the apostles.

In conclusion, trine immersion fulfills every requirement of a scriptural baptism.

1. It recognizes the trinity of God.
2. It places the baptized into each person of the trinity.
3. It satisfies the language of the commission.
4. It is a planting in the likeness of Christ's death.
5. It is a burial with Christ.

6. It is like Christ's figurative baptism of suffering wherein he bowed three times on his knees. Matt. 26: 39-44; Mark 14: 34-41; Luke 12: 41.

Glenford, Ohio.

THE AUTOBOMILE.

THE 'Nook has been requested to give a few horseless carriage facts for the benefit of those who have never seen one. All right. First, the auto, as it is called for short, is a very common sight in cities. It resembles nothing so much as a horseless carriage. It is a carriage without the shafts. The motive gear is under the body of the carriage.

There are three kinds of autos in common use. There is the one operated by steam, using gasoline for fuel. This kind is heavier, and requires more skill in its operation than the others. In fact it is a miniature locomotive, and the driver must know his engine. It is said that the steam auto can go farther and faster than the other kinds, making, on good roads, forty or fifty miles an hour.

The second kind is driven by a little gasoline being let into the cylinder, where it is exploded into gas by an electric spark, thus driving the machinery. The gasoline is not all burned up and leaves behind it a trail of smell that tells all who follow what kind of a motor it has. The rider gets the speed, and the following the smell. This will finally be overcome.

The last is the electric motor, requiring an electrical plant to charge its motive machinery. This is a kind mostly used in cities.

None of them are any good except on good, hard roads, and if any 'NOOKER has in his head the purchase of a "mobe" he should remember that in their present development they are practically useless on heavy dirt roads. They are heavy, rigid, and have tires of rubber, some of the makes having tires as thick as a small stove pipe. They cost from \$400 up to some thousands. The price will come down in the future, and when there are good hard roads in your neighborhood, and you have the money, and the requisite skill, which is not hard to acquire, the 'Nook gives you permission to get one.

SHOPPING FOR STORES.

A FEW women in large cities succeed in earning a good living and frequently something besides by shopping for the retail drygoods houses in the vicinity of their homes. Almost every big establishment has one—sometimes more than one of these shoppers, who are really detectives in their way. The shopper is provided with handsome gowns and hats by the firm employing her, so that she may have the appearance of a customer who would be apt to buy largely. Her duties are to make a daily tour of rival establishments, ascertaining the novelties in stock and the price, and especially to become cognizant of all bargain sales and reductions in the different departments. The danger in the work of the shopper lies in her probable detection. Once she becomes known clerks and floorwalkers are combined against her and her usefulness is done. She is treated with scant courtesy and the salespeople are instructed to deny her information and to refuse to show goods. She is frozen out and must seek other fields.

One of the cleverest and most successful of these shoppers is absolutely unsuspected. She travels in a brougham and purchases largely, being, to all intents and purposes, a legitimate and desirable customer. She keeps rigid watch on the different stores and enables her own house to undersell the firm's rivals at all times. Having ingratiated herself with some of the salespeople, she even receives information a week ahead, sometimes, of contemplated sales, and on the same day her firm will make a similar reduction.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ONE day, in a town where he was to lecture, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, not knowing him, asked him if he was going to hear Beecher lecture. "I guess so," was the reply. "Well," continued the barber, "if you haven't got a ticket, you can't get one. They're all sold, and you'll have to stand." "That's just my luck," said Mr. Beecher. "I always did have to stand whenever I've heard that man talk."

Good Reading

QUEER CHINESE CALLINGS.

EVERY one is familiar with the Chinaman in his capacity of laundryman and cleanser of the "Melican man's" linen, but this is not the only talent of the Mongolians. Not only as merchants do they flourish, but also as restaurant keeper and small shopkeepers, and in the trades they have made successes.

The barber holds a far higher status in China than among Americans. His position in the celestial empire is very similar to that enjoyed by the surgeon of ancient England. He is dentist, aurist, dermatologist, barber and leech, all combined. Unlike his American cousin, he is compelled to pass through a long apprenticeship, and not until he is thoroughly qualified is he allowed to practice his craft.

In the Boston Chinese colony there are two of these barbers, and their shop is located on the second floor of one of the old houses in Oxford Place, in the rear of the east side of Harrison avenue.

The room used as the barber shop is in the front of the building, and is perhaps twenty feet square. The walls are decorated with examples of Chinese art, and the mantel serves as a rack for numerous papers and bowls. At the end of the apartment is a raised platform or bunk, where customers repose while waiting for their turn.

The business of shaving in the Mongolian establishment is no simple matter. The proprietor, dignified and solemn, is in no hurry, and usually requires considerable persuasion before he will gratify a Fah-kee (American) customer.

The latter is seated upon an ordinary straight-back chair, usually a most uncomfortable one. A cloth is next tied about the neck. This is not the familiar stiff towel of Boston barber shops, but a soft, shawl-like square of silk.

The face and neck are washed, or rather sponged, with lukewarm water, slightly scented with musk, and then dried with a second silk napkin. The shaving resembles our own, the razor employed being the ordinary make. The brush, however, is different, being a curious little affair, very much like the average tooth brush.

The operator lathers two or three square inches at a time without any rubbing, shaves off the growing hairs, and then lathers a second patch of skin. After the face and throat have been scraped in this piecemeal way, the temples and back of the neck are shaved, and the eyebrows trimmed in the shape demanded by Mongolian fashion. The next stage is decidedly peculiar.

From a leather case the barber brings to light an ear razor, a pair tweezers, horn scrapers and cotton brushes. The ear razor is a narrow blade of highly-tempered steel, five inches long, and less than a quarter of inch in width. The tweezers are compass-like in shape and nearly a foot in length.

The scrapers resemble miniature shepherds' crooks, and have neither point nor edge, while the brushes are a duplicate of our aurilaves, substituting balls of cotton for little sponges. With the ear razor the ear is shaved on both the inside and outside.

The skill with which these Chinese barbers shave, and their extreme delicacy defies description, especially in their handling of that delicate organ, the ear. The narrow blade sweeps round, cutting hair, down and dead skin, and ever going deeper in toward the end of the auditory passage. With the scrapers he then removes the debris and all dirt blown in by the wind.

At last the cotton brushes are applied and the ear rubbed and polished until it is smooth and pink. The sensation, strange to say, is extremely pleasant. The third stage consists of removing the hair that grows in the nostrils.

The last stage is the Chinese version of the well-known massage treatment, in which the muscles of the face, scalp, neck and shoulders are pinched, rubbed, pushed and kneaded until they are all moist and almost sore. Then the arms and trunk are taken in hand in about the same style, the fingers "cracked" and the head and body pushed and twisted in a hundred different positions.

A mild patting with the muscular hands of the operator completes the operation which lasts anywhere from ten to thirty minutes, and whose cost is from twenty-five cents to one dollar.

One can easily see from the size of the fee charged by these Chinamen that they do not come under the head of the dreaded "pauper laborers" by any means.

Let us next look in upon the Chinese cook at work in the little kitchen in the rear of the many Chinese restaurants. Everything about the place is neat and clean, as is also the personal attire of the chef.

The Chinese are fastidious about the quality of their food, as well as the manner of its preparation. They use wood for fuel, and seldom coal. They cook rice so that it is very dry, and each kernel is distinct and separate, instead of being part of a pasty mess, as rice is apt to be when an American cooks it. Fish is prepared in a dish that is half soup and half chowder. The meat balls are steamed and are generally made of chopped pork.

One thing that strikes an American at once is the absence of bread. What they serve is bought outside, as is also their pastry. When they cook pork it is seasoned by being soaked or pickled in strong sauces, like Worcestershire.

The brewing of tea is the principal art of the Chinese chef, and it looks to be a very simple operation as he performs the work. The tea is not boiled, but placed in cups, and the hot water poured over it. The liquor thus produced is of a pale straw color and has a delightful flavor, being served without milk or sugar.

These Chinese chefs are especially clever in compounding that curious dish known as "chop sooy," a conglomeration of stewed meats and vegetables.

"Chow mem" is another choice dish, and an expensive one, too. Chicken omelet masquerades under the seductive title of fou young an, and so on until the end of the chapter of the wonderful list of delicacies that are turned out by these clever cooks.

Having seen the barber and chef at work let us look in on the Chinese tailor. If one expects to see an example of tailors working as they do in China, without the aid of machines, and wholly by hand he is doomed to disappointment, for in the little tailorshop where Chinese clothes are made there were no less than four modern sewing machines.

The Chinese tailors have quickly recognized the great value of these machines in their work, and have become very proficient in their use. The work which has to be done by hand is usually confined to garments to be worn on state occasions, as in the case of Masonic regalia, which are very elaborate and beautiful in workmanship and design.

There were three tailors at work in this long, narrow apartment, the farther end of which had the usual raised platform covered with straw matting, on which the "bushel man" was busily at work on one of the voluminous, shapeless garments which serve the Chinese as a coat. Another was at work with a flatiron pressing a garment on a long, narrow board which was placed along the edge of the platform, being raised about six inches higher, however. These irons are heated over charcoal fires in small, air-tight stoves.

The other Chinaman was at work on one of the sewing machines, making considerable noise and fuss about it, due no doubt to the fact that he worked with great vigor and rapidity, at the same time showing a dexterity in its use that was surprising.

A large stock of Chinese cloths and miscellaneous articles used in the manufacture of the clothing were neatly arranged on shelves and in the numerous drawers built along both sides of the shop, and to judge from appearances these tailors are a busy lot of men.

These are some of the more important trades which are followed by certain Chinamen, but there are a few others which, although less in evidence, are no less necessary to the comfort of the Mongolian resident of Boston, such as the shoemaker, hatter and so on, who, taken all together, make a busy colony.

THE COALING OF A BIG LINER.

COMPARATIVELY few people have knowledge of the labor of coaling a modern transatlantic steamer. The *Coal Trade Journal*, New York, has recently made some researches into the question and presents an interesting array of statements. That pa-

per takes the Deutschland as an example. That steamer carries for a six days' trip 5,000 tons of coal and consumes from 750 to 800 tons a day, at the rate of one and one-half tons an hour for each knot of her speed. On one day recently that steamer burnt 832 tons of coal in twenty-four hours.

In coaling her in New York four lighters work on each side. These hold from 400 to 800 tons. It is the usual process getting this 5,000 tons of coal aboard—hand shovel, bucket and steam winch. Time, two and one-half to three days.

The coal laborers are paid ten cents an hour extra for Sunday work, but that only means \$1 extra for ten hours. Within a couple of hours of the steamer discharging its passengers the coal is being raised and shot into the bunkers. Thence it is carried as needed in small cars running on rails to the firerooms. No less than 1,600 feet of track is required for this service.

RATS.

THE proprietor of a Market street retail business-house was telling how he was getting rid of the swarms of rats that have infested his store. "I have two office boys," he said, "and a part of their duty is to set the rat traps before they go home in the evenings. I found that they were neglecting to do this, so I offered a bounty of five cents on the head of each rat that was brought to me. I could afford to do this, because my stock is perishable, and the rats were destroying it. Before going home at nights the boys would set their traps, and the next morning they would be rewarded. At the end of the week they had nearly doubled their salaries, for they usually brought two at a time, saying the rats were so plentiful that they were trapped in pairs. Pretty soon I began to smell a rat, literally. It was my custom to take the carcasses and throw them into the yard. One morning I came down early and caught the boys in the act of taking the same old rats from the ash pile and palming them off on me as though they had just been caught. I have new office boys now."—*Philadelphia Record*.

BELL MADE FROM PIPES.

THERE is a remarkable bell in Tokio, Japan. The bell is made of bronze-like metal, and has a pleasing musical ring. On the outside of the bell is inscribed in four languages—English, French, German, and Japanese—the following: "This bell, cast in the city of Tokyo, Japan, Dec. 10, 1892, by Tsuda Sen, is made from the metal of tobacco pipes of more than a thousand men, once slaves, now free men." A woman missionary in 1892 waged war on tobacco smokers and persuaded more than 1,000 men to give up the habit. They therefore had no further use for their metal pipes, and they were melted down and cast in the form of a bell.

SECRETS KNOWN TO THE CHINESE.

IN the making of confectionery it is said the Chinese possess secrets that Europeans would like to get hold of. They can remove the pulp of an orange and substitute jellies of various kinds and no one can detect by the closest examination that the skin of the orange has ever been cut or disturbed in the least. And they fill eggs, or their shells, with nuts and sweets and the egg to all appearance is as whole and sound as a fresh-laid one.

HIGH SPEED IN THE NAVY.

WITH the exception of torpedo boats and a few small pleasure craft the American built Russian cruiser Variag is to-day the fastest vessel afloat, having recently gone through a seven and a half hours' trial run at a speed of from 23.6 to 23.7 knots, or 27.14 to 27.75 miles an hour. The best hourly trans-Atlantic record, which now is held by the Hamburg-American line steamship Deutschland is 23 knots, or 26.45 miles, and this affords a very suggestive standard for comparison.

MOISTURE NEEDED BY OAK TREES.

AN oak tree of average size, with 700,000 leaves, lifts from the earth into the air about 123 tons of water during the five months it is in leaf.

IT'S ALL PURE GUESSWORK.

THERE are many things to be taken for granted before we can believe that it is possible to communicate with Mars.

1. That the planet Mars is inhabited.
2. That it is inhabited by beings having a written or spoken language, or both.
3. That these people are as well up in astronomy as we are.
4. In order to base any hopes on the experiment with the kite man, we must believe that the people of Mars (or some other planet, the particular one not being material to the main question) have not only discovered wireless telegraphy, but have carried it much nearer to perfection than anybody on this planet has done.

All these things are pretty hard to determine. We may imagine, asseverate, debate about them at will, weigh possibilities and probabilities, but at last we must come back to the bold and uncomfortable fact that we know nothing about them. Whatever we say about them is pure guesswork. But if all of them were positively known with scientific accuracy, the difficulties in the way of communicating with Mars or any other planet would still be enormous. We have and can have not the slightest knowledge of what sort of language the people of Mars speak. It is safe to say that they are not in possession of the Morse alphabet or anything like it. If they sent us signals they would be wholly unintelligible. If they could write or print words in their language upon any substance attached to an instrument we could not read them. Mars has an average distance from the earth of nearly 50,000,000 miles, but it sometimes gets within 35,000,000. Wireless telegraphy will have to make great advances before it can cover a distance like that. If we are ever able to signal the planet Mars in any way and get a return signal it will be a very interesting event in the annals of the world, but we shall not be able to understand the people in the least.

PAYS TUITION WITH HONEY.

SYRACUSE University has a student who pays for her tuition and for all her other expenses while taking the course by her own industry and that of the busy bees she impressed into her service during the summer. At the State fair, recently held, she received the first prize for bees and several prizes for honey.

Miss Mary Mills has eighty swarms and takes entire charge of them herself. They are kept in a vineyard on her father's farm, not far from Syracuse, as they can be captured more easily on the vines than on trees when they swarm. The working costume of the young woman is simple, but sufficient, consisting of denim bloomers, waist and short skirt. The color chosen is brown, as bees are supposed to have a special liking for it and are less likely to attack people who wear it. With it she wears a farmer's straw hat, enveloped in a brown silk veil tucked carefully into the waist of her gown. Sometimes she wears kid gloves when the bees are swarming, but frequently works without them and is seldom stung. One is quite safe, she says, when perfectly calm and self-possessed, but the bees are keenly alive to nervousness and quickly resent it.

Miss Mills does all the carpenter work required, extracts the honey, much of which is sold as a syrup, and manages the business from start to finish. The care of her bees occupies about three days of the week and the remainder of the time in summer she devotes to jelly making and fruit canning, in which she does a brisk "order" business. Her skill in these branches won several prizes at the fair.

The money earned by Miss Mills has been saved for the study of music, which she intends to make a special study in college. Her business will be continued, as it requires little time in winter, and the Saturday holidays will enable her to do all that is necessary.

"We could not possibly do without the INGLENOOK, and wait anxiously for its coming each week."—E. L., Illinois.

"We do not think that there is any other paper that comes up to the INGLENOOK."—L. Hope, Kansas.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

To cure a cold first stop eating. The system is overloaded with impurities and they must be eliminated. Fast until these poisons can be disposed of in a natural way. Take long walks, drawing in many deep, full breaths; exercise every muscle of the body, that the circulation may be quickened and every part of the body thoroughly cleansed by this accelerated circulation. Bathe at least once a day, rubbing the surface of the body briskly all over for five or ten minutes. After missing from two to three meals, if a ravenous appetite is acquired, it is, of course, desirable to indulge this appetite, but in moderation. Under no circumstances should the stomach be gorged, and those foods which are unwholesome or but moderately nutritious should be avoided.

DEBTS INHERITED IN INDIA.

It is the universal custom all over India for a man whose monthly income is perhaps \$3 to spend as much as \$300 on the marriage of his daughter. This sum he borrows from the local money lender, a veritable blood-sucker, whose minimum rate of interest is 24 per cent, which is only accorded to thoroughly well-to-do people. The ordinary peasant, small shopkeeper or domestic servant pays one anna per rupee per mensem in the way of interest, and as 16 annas go to the rupee it will be seen that this works out to 75 per cent per annum. As a rule it is more than the borrower can do to pay off his interest, and so the debt goes on growing and is handed down from father to son, a terrible load which is never got rid of.

ROCKING-CHAIRS IN GERMANY.

In the missionary work which the United States is doing in Germany the introduction of the rocking-chair should not be forgotten. Think of a grandmother or a maiden aunt without a rocking-chair, or the piazza of a yacht club without these gently tilting aids to maritime greatness and true civilization! Germany has advanced with great strides for the last thirty years, and has now arrived at the stage when it demands rocking chairs, which America is selling willingly to the empire. H. W. Harris, the United States consul in Mannheim, writes to the State Department that in some parts of Germany rocking-chairs are still unknown, but that there is a gradually growing demand for them in most parts of the empire.

SPARROWS NESTING IN A CLOCK.

In the face of the clock of the parish church of St. Matthew, Bethnal Green, London, are two small holes, which from the pavement do not appear large enough to admit even a tiny bird. Yet these apertures have been chosen by sparrows as nesting places, and the birds can be frequently seen flying to and from their strange abode. The operations of the sparrows do not appear to have affected the time-keeping accuracy of the clock.

It is estimated that the average tonnage of mail originating in Chicago daily, except Sunday, is about thirty tons, and that there is transferred through the streets of the city, from railway station to railway station, daily about 300 tons, none of which touches the post office, but is transferred in due connection from incoming to outgoing trains.

Chicago has grown to be the greatest mail order center in the United States. The weight of third and fourth class matter dumped into the post office in June last was 1,341,622 pounds. Almost every kind of article is now regarded asailable, and one corner in the great building looks much like a country store. Such articles come into the office for distribution in the city as well as for dispatch to other places. Goods are received from foreign countries that are subject to examination by officers of the customs. Even some of the importing merchants use the mails for their purposes.

The weight of second-class matter, such as newspapers and periodicals, handled by the post office is about 4,500,180 pounds. The weight of the letter mail will average 35,000 pounds daily.

HE that may hinder mischief, yet permits it, is an accessory.

Sunday School

Oh, how many hearts are breaking
Oh, how many hearts are aching
For a loving touch and token,
For the word you might have spoken!
Say not in the time of sorrow,
"I will soothe their grief to-morrow."
Prove your friendship lest they doubt it;
Go at once; be quick about it!
—Josephine Pollard.

THE sacred writers have a good deal to say about secret faults. This ought to be the great point of conflict with us all. The rule in spiritual as well as in material life is that it works from the inside out. No tree can live if its life is all above ground; and, on the other hand, the vigorous root, hidden out of sight, will sooner or later manifest itself in leaf and fruit and flower. When we are careful to make and keep right the part of our lives that the world will never see, we need have little fear that the outward life will be far out of the way. A man, whose work was pushing him, found an opportunity for gaining time by slighting a piece of work. The contract specified that a certain kind of finish was to be put upon the woodwork. By a mischance, some of it was to be put up in a place where it would be practically hidden.

"No one will ever know it if you do not finish it according to the agreement," one of his workmen suggested.

"I would know it myself," rejoined the master workman.

One need scarcely be told that he was a man who could be trusted. The man who wanted to be honest in his own eyes was not one who would deal dishonestly with others.

WHILE the Scriptures continually warn us against being self-centered, there is a self-forgetfulness that is decidedly dangerous. We are not prepared to look honestly or impartially upon the lives of others until we know ourselves. When Jesus used the illustration of the mote and the beam, he enjoined the inward look. How was the man to become conscious of his own defect save by stopping to study himself? Again, Paul, in giving directions for the restoration of the erring brother, inserts this significant clause, "considering thyself." In other words, understand your erring self, and you will be in a fair way toward understanding your erring brother. Concerning the observance of the Lord's Supper, we have the word, "Let each one examine himself." One is not fit for either services or service so long as he is afraid to meet his real self alone.

STRANGE as it may seem, there is no deception which the average man finds so easy to successfully carry out as that of self-deception. We are able sometimes to persuade ourselves that we are right in heart, and that our motives are pure, even after we have given our associates reason to doubt that this is true. But how is self-deception accomplished? Partially by adroit reasoning with ourselves, but more by the avoidance of an honest look into our own hearts. Instead of practicing introspection, we resort to all manner of devices to keep from seeing ourselves.

IT is not a good plan to be continually looking back and lamenting over the failures we have made. It has discouraged and disheartened people many times. When the devil has discouraged a soul, he has done a good day's work, and he is well aware of it. It is well to regret our mistakes and failures, but not to dwell upon them as though we had nothing better to think of. We think of ourselves too much. We need to look away to Christ, "the author and finisher of our faith," the one perfect pattern.

THE desolate regions of glaciers, ice-floes, icebergs and mountains of ice floating without purpose, in cold and pathless waters of the north, had a new glory for him whose soul was dominated by a boundless instinct for beauty and grandeur. "The masters painted for joy, and knew not that virtue had gone out of them"; . . . "The masters of English lyric wrote their songs so."

THE sincere alone can recognize sincerity.

MANUFACTURE OF PEPSIN.

"THE manufacturers of pharmaceutical supplies used to make their own raw pepsin," said a chemist who has had long experience in that line of work, "and it was one of the costliest and most trouble, some jobs in the business. Commercial pepsin is made, as you know, from the stomachs of pigs, and it was difficult stuff to prepare in a general laboratory. Some years ago, however, the big packing-houses took it up as a side line, and at present they practically furnish the world's supply. They found they had been throwing away material worth thousands upon thousands of dollars every year, and now all of them have large and finely-equipped dispensaries devoted solely to the extraction of pure pepsin. They sell it in bulk to the manufacturing chemists, who use it as a base for dozens of different preparations, all designed to promote digestion. Some of it is put up in a liquid form, like the familiar 'wine of pepsin,' some is pressed into tablets, and a good deal of it goes to the chewing-gum people. The pure article, as it comes from the packing-houses, looks like flakes of mica, if you can imagine mica light brown in color. It absorbs moisture very rapidly and soon becomes sticky when it is exposed to the air.

"The packing-house pepsin is very much superior to most of that formerly produced, for the simple reason that it is made in such quantities that the big firms can afford to devote more time and pains to its production. Moreover, the price has been reduced fully 50 per cent. The successful manufacture of this article has led the packers into collateral lines," continued the chemist, "and at present most of them make a number of medicinal preparations from the blood and glands of the animals butchered. The profit is very large, and I am told that the laboratory of one establishment cleared over \$100,000 last year."

OX RACES IN GERMANY.

AN ox race is held annually in many of the provincial districts of Germany. The entry fee for the race is very small, but each ox entered must be ridden by its owner. Furthermore, the rider is not allowed to have either whip or spurs and he must ride his animal bareback and depend entirely upon his voice to guide the beast. It is here that the skill of the rider comes into play, as everything depends on the training of the ox and the ability of the owner to direct its movements, despite the distracting noises of the other competitors and spectators. As the oxen do not race on a track to direct them is no easy matter. The rider who can force his lumbering steed to go in a straight line is certain to win.

A PET MULE.

A MULE named Jim has for years been employed in a coal mine at Dalton, Ohio. The mine boss lately decided to transfer Jim to another mine. Four hundred miners objected and struck work. Until the mule is returned to the scene of his former labors the miners refuse to handle pick or shovel.

THAT COOKING SCHOOL.

I WOULD like to say something to the 'Nook man about the way that school is run. I want to say, first, that yesterday I was out all day and missed my dinner, so, last evening, when I walked through the kitchen, I cast a side glance over the cook's shoulder, and there she was dishing out something from a big bread pan, heaping it on a big turkey plate, that made my mouth water. I asked what it was and silence meant, wait and see. So when I sat down to the table and the boys were a little slow, I said, "Hurry up, boys, when a person misses his dinner he doesn't like to wait," all the while having an eye on that dish. Well, when all was ready I said, "Now, Fanny, let me have some of that 'what is it?'" "Why," they said, "that is pie." "Well, pie then." She gave good measure, just like women always do. If you want a half cupful coffee you are almost sure to get it full. Well, it tasted all right, and ten around such a dish soon made inroads in it, and I asked for just a little more, and my call meant pie. There were beef liver, potatoes, pie crust, etc., an INGLENOOK dish.

Now I am not quite satisfied that the sisters alone have a right to say how to cook things. Some things we men folks like that we could tell about. But, no, they say, you musn't. I tried to find out some things, and if the Editor would allow me I would tell them. I wanted them to tell me how to make Dumpf Knoff (steamed pudding). I got the whole secret, and next week is *Fastnacht* and then we want *Fastnacht* cakes. If the Editor will allow, I may sometime get some recipes in edge-ways or in another column. I admit I don't know near as much about cooking however, as of sampling when it is cooked.

A. B. C.

Astoria, Ill.

[All right. Send on your recipes and we will try to manage getting them in. When it comes down to the actual facts, all the world's greatest cooks are men, and even the 'Nook Editor, but no, we will not take advantage of our position to do even honest boasting. We are compelled to omit the weekly recipes this issue on account of the two readable articles that take up the space, but next week will bring the usual grist of good things.]

ABOUT A SUPPER.

Dear Emily,—

I MUST tell you what happened me the other day. Pa and Ma had gone away, visiting, and had left me alone in the house. Everything went along all right, and what with reading, cleaning up and doing some sewing, the time passed till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I saw our Uncle John drive up in a buggy. With him was a strange young man, and not so very young, either. I saw by the way Uncle John hitched the horse, and fixed things generally, that they were going to stay for supper, and nobody about the house but me. My heart went pit-a-pat, and I was flustered when they came in. Uncle John introduced me, but I did not catch the name, I was so scared. He asked where Pa and Ma were, and I told him they had gone visiting, and would not be back till late. He said he was sorry, and that he hoped to get supper there, as they were going away on the train, but, he said, it would make no difference. Why, said I, you can get your supper, sure. But though I said it, I wasn't so sure of it.

Then I went out into the kitchen, after asking them to excuse me. Now, said I, to myself, you're in for it, if you aren't quite seventeen, and I laid hold. There was a good, hot fire in the stove, and the first thing I did was to cut three good-sized portions of ham, cutting it pretty thick, and trimming off the fat. These I put in the skillet, and set it to frying slowly. Then I cut three pieces of bread and set them to toasting, and while this was going on and the coffee steeping, I hurried up and mixed some biscuits. These I cut out, and put them in the pan, and into the oven of the stove. Then I had things going and I set the table, putting on a clean, snowy cloth, and placed the dishes and things. Then it occurred to me that a flower or two would help, and I went to my room, pinched off a spray of geranium, and with a few green leaves, put them into a little vase on the center of the table. I had to fly around to do it.

Then, while the ham was frying, the biscuits baking, and the toast toasting, I got a large plate, poured some cream on it, and when the toast was done a nice brown I laid the pieces in it till they had taken up all they would, and then I put them on a plate, and put it on the stove where it would keep warm. By this time the ham was nicely browned, and I forked it out carefully, and poured the fat, or most of it, in a bowl in the pantry, put some milk in the pan, dumped in a bowl of hashed cold potatoes that I found in the cupboard, and set them to stewing and steaming. Then I took half a dozen eggs and poached them nicely, and put two on each of the three pieces of toast. By this time the biscuits were done, thirteen of them, and as that is an unlucky number I broke one open, and it was just right every way, and I don't think I could do it that well again if I tried. Well, I put things on the table, and it looked pretty nice. I had garnished the ham with some parsley we had growing in the cellar, and when all was on the table it didn't look bad. There were the garnished ham, the eggs on toast, the hashed potatoes, the heaping plate of snowy biscuits, the maple molasses, the butter, the coffee pot, and the clean white dishes.

So I called the men out, after touching up my hair a little, and they sat down. The strange man kept talking, and showed signs of beginning, and

Uncle John sat back and looked at me. Then there was a moment's quiet, and I nodded to Uncle and he asked a blessing. That strange city man seemed a little confused, and then my Uncle reached over to the plate of ham and raked, yes, that is the word, raked off a piece on his plate. The city man helped himself with a spoon, and the same with the toast. Then, when I had helped them to coffee Uncle John poured it out in his saucer and ringed the clean new table cloth in half a dozen places with his cup, while the other man used his cup to drink from. The stranger noticed it as well as I did, but he said nothing, and of course I didn't.

They ate up everything in sight, and the stranger remarked that not for many a day had he partaken of such a meal. Uncle John, who was leaning back in his chair, said nothing, but reached forward, and with his fork jabbed the last biscuit and began eating again. I thought I had to ask the city man whether he would have another, with my hand on the plate, and he said no, thank you, and, Emily, if he had said yes I'd have dropped through the floor, for there wasn't another biscuit that I knew of for miles around. I didn't risk asking Uncle John.

When Pa and Ma came home I had made up my mind not to tell for a while, at least, but Ma missed the eggs and I had to tell it all. Pa, who was listening, said that if two dead people were found in the morning I would know how it came about. Ma sniffed, and said she was sorry that she had not been at home, and I said nothing, but I knew, and that's better than guessing.

The next day Pa went to town and when he came back he had a large, long, pasteboard box, with my name on it. I wanted to take it upstairs and open it, but Ma said No, open it here where we can see. In it were a dozen magnificent roses with long stems, and there were a dozen great carnations, and some long fern fronds, all wrapped in oiled paper. There was a card in the box and on it was penciled "In recognition of an unsurpassed supper." Pa grinned, and Ma looked foolish, and said the man must be a simpleton. I am wearing a red rose in my hair while I write.

JENNIE.

WANTED.

WANTED, in Indian Territory, a teacher, a brother, over twenty-one, married, having a first-class certificate in the State he now resides. There are no public schools in Indian Territory and patrons supply teachers. Applicant must be good penman. Address, G. A., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. *

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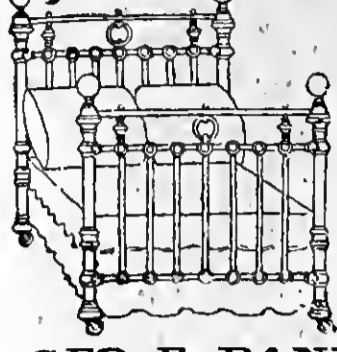
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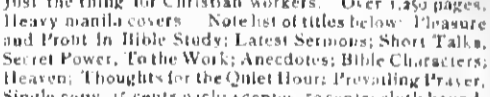
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They say that greatness is no more,
That all the wise have gone before,
And only trouble is in store—
I don't believe it, though.

They say there are no saints to-day,
I don't believe it, though;
They say we tread a downward way,
I don't believe it, though;
They say there's only gloom ahead,
That night is long and day is dead,
That all men's sweetest joys are fled—
I don't believe it, though.

Men had their troubles long ago,
And that's what I believe;
The Lord still loves us here below,
And that's what I believe;
Old Homer, of the sightless eyes,
And Caesar lie 'neath other skies,
But greater men than they will rise,
And that's what I believe.

THE

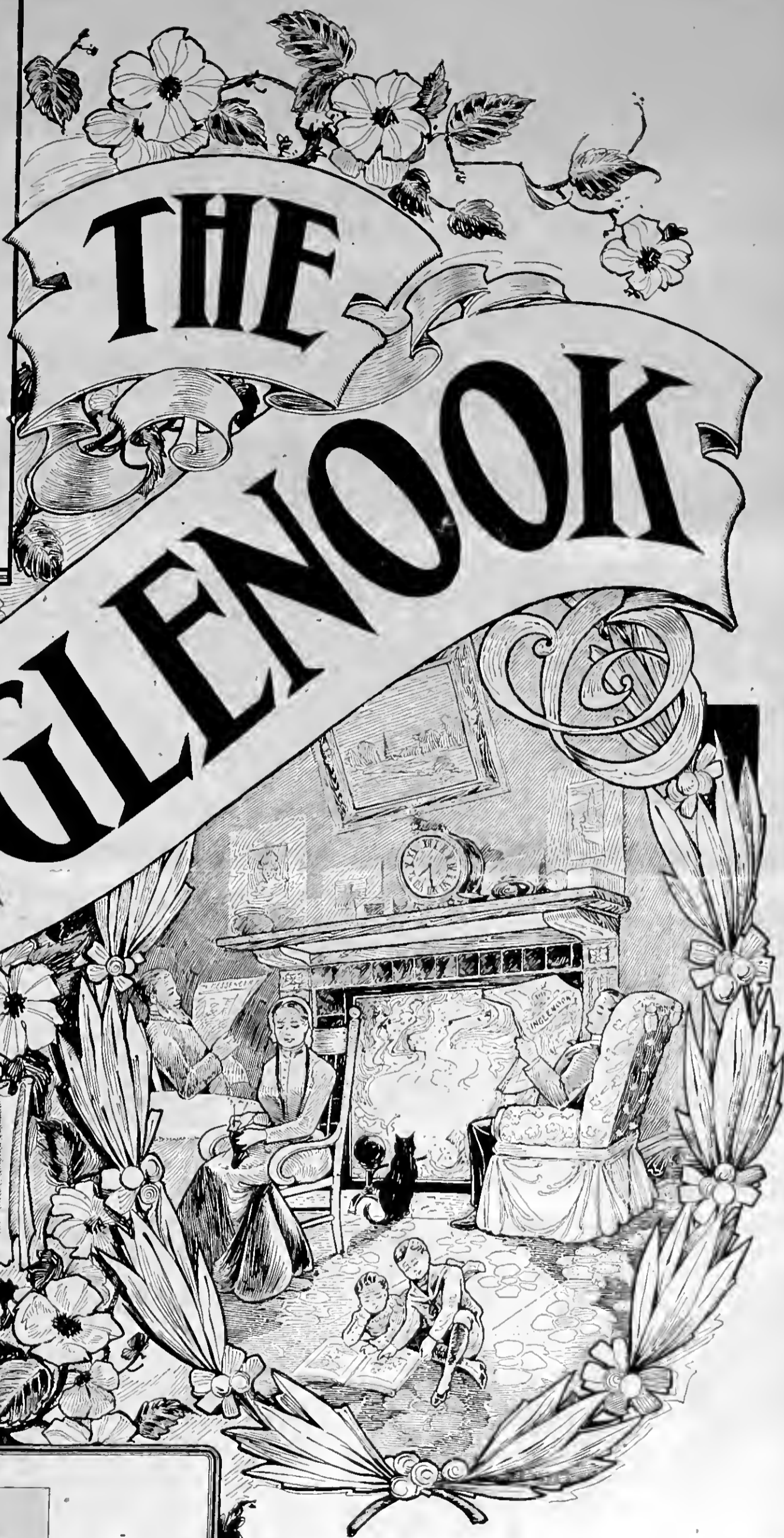
INGLENOOK

The Inglenook,
Elgin, Ill.

VOL. III.

March 16, 1901.

No. 11.



Lock No. 6,
Muscle Shoals Canal,
Tennessee.

ELGIN, ILL.

...A Rare Opportunity...

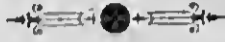


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Gospel Messenger for 1901



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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., March 16, 1901.

No. 11.

HOLY SPIRIT, ABIDE WITH ME.

WHEN my wisdom in its folly
Would forsake the olden ways,
Ere the old faith is forsaken
For the false and fatal rays,
Holy Spirit, abide with me,
Abide with me.

When my heart begins to falter,
And the seas of doubt to roll,
Ere the proud and godless knowledge
Of the world-wise fills my soul,
Holy Spirit, abide with me,
Abide with me.

When my mind in dreams is drifting
From the truth's eternal springs,
Ere my soul is helpless driven,
Like a bird with broken wings,
Holy Spirit, abide with me,
Abide with me.

—W. Covington Hall.

HOW THE LITTLE ONES TRAVEL.

WHEN the long through train pulled into the Union station with a hissing and roaring of steam and wheels and the army of tired passengers hurriedly debarked and hastened for the gates, one of the train porters whistled and called to a uniformed attendant who was waiting to carry handbags to the waiting-rooms.

"Oh, Bill," called the porter, "here's a couple of 'tags.' Gimme a hand."

Down the steep steps of the car he helped a tiny boy of six years and turned him over to the attendant while he reached up again for a little girl about two years older. They were plainly but neatly dressed and from the lad's coat and the little girl's dress depended upon the breast of each a common shipping tag, which twirled and fluttered in the breeze. The attendant turned it over to read the directions. "Davenport *via* Rock Island," he repeated. "All right, Tom. Is the transportation all right?" "Fine," said the porter. "Through from New York. Have to give them the bus fare, though, I guess."

"I'll fix that with O'Brien," volunteered the attendant. "He'll haul 'em over to the Rock Island all right."

All this time the two children had been standing patiently waiting to see what would be done next with them, gazing round wonderingly at the big train shed, the hurrying crowds and the panting engines. Taking a hand of each, the attendant led them toward the waiting-rooms and they trotted along as confidently as though they had known him all their brief lives.

"You come right along with me," said the railroad man in a soothing way, "and we'll see about getting something to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, sir," piped both children.

"Well, well, we'll have to fix that up," went on the man in the blue uniform. "Come right along here," and he turned toward the lunchroom.

"We've got another dollar yet," said the girl in a motherly way, taking out an old purse from her dress pocket. Beside the long, folded blue tickets was a paper dollar.

"Never you mind about that dollar," said their guide. "You'll probably need that before you get to Davenport."

The little boy had not said a word. He was evidently in a daze over the whole affair or supremely confident that everything was all right. In the lunchroom half a dozen trainmen were stirring their coffee and a number of passengers were snatching a bite to eat.

"What you got, Bill?" asked a brakeman. "Those your family?"

"No; a couple of children going to Davenport on 'tags,'" said Bill. "Bright-looking youngsters, ain't they?"

They were helped up on the stools and while a waitress set forth a lot of things to eat one of the passengers, a white-haired old gentleman with his

wife hanging on his arm, was attracted by the odd-looking tags.

"What are these for?" he asked the train attendant.

"Oh, these children are being sent from New York to Davenport and the folks down east tagged 'em so they wouldn't get lost," explained the railroad man.

"Do you mean that these babies are traveling alone?" demanded the old man.

"Oh, yes. It's quite common," said Bill. "We get 'em every month or so."

"Poor little dears!" exclaimed the motherly old woman, watching the big, round eyes with which the boy observed the preparations for breakfast.

"Where are their parents?" asked the old gentleman.

"Dead, I guess," ventured the trainman. "Anyhow, they're being shipped from an orphan asylum in New York to a farmer in Iowa who adopted 'em. They'll be all right," he added, as he saw the look of concern on the faces of the old couple. "The boys will take care of 'em all along the line. You see, most of the boys have got children of their own and they're in such a business that they never can tell what'll happen to 'em or when it's going to strike, so they have a soft heart for orphans and they keep an eye out for 'em."

By this time the children were diving into the breakfast with a will, and a thought was suggested to the old gentleman, who seemed to be quite worked up over the situation.

"Let me pay for this check," he suggested, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Oh, that's all right," said the attendant. "It doesn't happen too often, you know, and I can stand it once in a while, 'cause I've got children of my own. I'll fix 'em up for the 'bus ride to the other depot, too."

The old man and his wife looked at each other and she nodded brightly to him, although her eyes were shining with tears.

"Well, give them this anyhow," said the old man, slipping a dollar into Bill's hand; "they may need it some place."

"Sure I will," said the attendant, and the old couple hurried away to catch a train, after giving one last look at the little ones solemnly munching their toast.

When the meal was ended the little ones were taken into the ladies' waiting-room and turned over to the matron, another motherly woman, who was used to taking care of little ones traveling with "tags." They were introduced to the washroom and fixed up a bit after their long ride and then, as they had a wait of several hours before the other train was due to leave, they slumbered peacefully in a corner of the room behind a screen. Meanwhile Bill had "fixed it" with O'Brien, the 'bus driver, that they were to be whisked over to the other depot without charge, that there might be no possibility of their getting lost on the streets or street cars, and a few minutes before the Rock Island train was ready to pull out they were turned over to another friendly railroad man, who placed them in the car and called the attention of the conductor and brakeman to them.

"Keep an eye on 'em," said the attendant to the brakeman, and he said he would. So good an eye did he keep on them that before the train left half the people in the car knew the little ones were traveling alone from an orphan asylum to a strange home in the West and they were loaded down with apples and popcorn and other truck. One woman insisted on renting a pillow from the porter for the little lad; another bought a pictorial magazine for the girl, and by the time the train pulled out the homeless waifs were as comfortable as kind hands and loose change could make them.

LADY—Where is my trunk?

Baggage Man—I couldn't find any trunk, mum, but I've got the handle with the check on.

WHY MOUNTAIN AIR IS HEALTHFUL.

It is well known that the chemical composition of the atmosphere differs but little, if at all, wherever the sample is taken; whether it be on the high Alps or at the surface of the sea, the relations of oxygen to nitrogen and other constituents is the same. The favorable effects, therefore, of a change of air are not to be explained by any difference in the proportion of its gaseous constituents. One important difference, however, is the bacteriological one.

The air of high altitudes contains no microbes, and is, in fact, sterile, while near the ground and some 100 feet above it microbes are abundant. In the air of towns and crowded places not only does the microbic impurity increase, but other impurities, such as the products of combustion of coal, accrue also. Several investigators have found traces of hydrogen and certain hydrocarbons in the air, and especially in the air of the pine, oak and birch forests. It is to these bodies, doubtless consisting of traces of essential oils, to which the curative effects of certain health resorts are ascribed.

Thus the locality of a fir forest is said to give relief in diseases of the respiratory duct. But all the same, these traces of essential oils and aromatic products must be counted, strictly speaking, as impurities, since they are not apparently necessary constituents of the air. As recent analyses have shown, these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached, until they disappear altogether.

HEAVY SCISSORS.

PERCY W. SMITH of this city has a pair of scissors which weigh probably forty pounds. They are cumbersome and rudely made, yet these same scissors once had a keen edge, and were used in the very delicate work of cutting nap from cloth. Mr. Smith bought the scissors, or cropping machine as it formerly was called, of Jenkins Palmer, a blacksmith living at Chenango Falls, N. Y. Mr. Palmer saw the cropping machine used in the '30s, and years afterward bought it as old iron. Seventy years ago practically all cloth was homespun, and after the weaving had a coarse nap, which was moistened and pressed and allowed to remain for the women's clothing, but which was trimmed off for the men. The operation of cropping, therefore, became quite a handicraft, and to use scissors weighing forty pounds and leave a uniform and well-cleaned surface required considerable dexterity. The man who was to do the cropping seated himself in a chair beside a wide board, and a broad strap passed around his neck assisted in holding the shears steady. The cloth was brushed with teasels (a burr about as large around and half as long as a corn cob) to loosen any knots or threads, and then was sheared—a second man pulling the cloth steadily along the board. The present method is to burn the nap, which leaves an absolutely even surface.

STATUARY FOUND IN THE SEA.

Two different but equally remarkable theories have been formed respecting the large number of ancient Greek statues in bronze recently reported by divers to be lying at the bottom of the sea off the islands of Cythera, writes an Athens correspondent. One is that they formed part of Lord Elgin's acquisitions, and that the ship conveying them was wrecked off Cape Matapan. Others think that they are a cargo of sculptures of which ancient Rome in her pride of conquest had rifled the treasure houses of subjugated Greece. A Greek warship which was sent to report on the matter confirms the discovery. Divers declare that there is a huge pile of statues lying covered with sand and mud, and several small ones were brought to the surface.

Correspondence

COST OF A TRIP TO EUROPE.

BY D. L. MILLER.

If you want to cross the Atlantic and visit the historic lands of the Old World and are deterred because it "costs so much money" this article may be read, and the facts and figures studied, with profit to yourself.

A trip to Europe can be made with a small sum of money, provided you have common sense enough to save your money by paying strict attention to details in spending it. If you lack in this important requirement you better stay at home, for money does slip away from the traveler who is careless as to details, and it would be unpleasant to be stranded in a foreign land with an empty pocket book, with no way open to replenish it.

Money can be saved by traveling in small companies. A good plan is for a few congenial friends, with the same aims and purposes in view, to travel together. Don't make your company too large. A half dozen is enough. Don't place yourself under the care of a Tourist Agency. If you do the Agency will secure the saving and you will pay the bills. Your little party will always be able to secure low rates at good hotels, for in Europe it is allowable to bargain for rates. You will rarely need a guide and when you do the expense divided by six will amount to only a trifle. Don't be afraid to ask questions; you may expose your ignorance but that is a good way to get rid of it.

Crossing the Atlantic is a great bugbear to some people who would like to see Europe. "If I were over and back I wouldn't mind the going, or the expense," is what a good many friends have said to me. Crossing the Atlantic Ocean, these days of quick ocean voyages, is of no more importance than a journey half way across the United States by rail. The man who travels from the Eastern or Central States to Denver, Colo., climbs to the top of Pike's Peak and visits the canyons of Colorado and returns, will have taken greater risk to life and limb and spent more money than if he had gone from New York to Southampton and spent the same length of time in Europe.

The cost of a voyage across the Atlantic will depend upon the passenger himself. He may travel third class from New York to Southampton for \$23; second class, \$35 to \$45, and first class from \$60 upward, the difference in price depending upon the ship and the kind and location of the cabin. Fifteen years ago the third class, or steerage, was a dirty, ill-ventilated hole on the lower deck, into which the emigrants were crowded, more like cattle than human beings. Now all this is changed on the best ships. For \$28 each, a man and his wife may have a clean, comfortable stateroom to themselves, with good bunks furnished with wire mattresses and sufficient bedding. They eat at tables covered with clean cloths and are served by neatly-attired waiters, with an abundance of good food. The dining-room and staterooms are lighted with electricity, and are kept clean and wholesome. Four meals are served each day, and no one need go hungry when the following bill of fare is provided:

"Breakfast.—Corned Beef, Hash with Potatoes, Fresh Bread, Butter, Tea and Coffee with Milk.

"Dinner.—Noodle Soup, Boiled Beef, Turnips, Potatoes, Fresh Bread, Stewed Apples and Rice.

"Tea.—Cold Meat, Pickles, Fresh Bread, Butter, Tea, Marmalade or Jam.

"Supper (8 P. M.).—Cheese, Biscuits, Gruel.

"This fare is varied from day to day, but is never worse than this, and on Sunday there is an extra vegetable or two, and Plum Pudding with Sauce; Fresh Fruits."

When one can travel for less than one cent a mile and have fairly good hotel accommodations thrown in, it would seem that nothing further could be asked in the way of cheapness.

The second cabin is of course much better than the third, and the first correspondingly better than the second. In the great ocean liners there are suites of rooms with private bath rooms and every luxury that money can purchase. These cost for a single passenger as high as \$650. Only those who have more money than they know what to do with, or those with less wealth and little sense, who ape the rich, travel in this way. Those who go across second, or even third class, will doubtless get as much out of a journey in the way of real enjoyment

and from an educational standpoint, as those who travel in the greatest luxury. Bayard Taylor, the great traveler, made his first trip across the Atlantic in the steerage, when the steerage was almost unendurable. The writer has traveled over a great portion of Northern Europe third class and did not find it uncomfortable.

Last summer a friend and brother, living a hundred miles east of Chicago, crossed the Atlantic, visiting Liverpool, London, Paris, Geneva and other parts of Switzerland; thence he traveled through Italy, stopping at Naples, Pompeii, Florence, Venice, and crossing the Alps passed through Bavaria, made the tour of the Rhine, stopped in Holland, and then *via* Rotterdam made his way again to London and *via* New York to his home. The several months' travel cost him \$187.50. And he might have saved money if he had made part of the way on a bicycle which is much less expensive than traveling by rail.

If you do not object to traveling third class by rail and steamer you may spend six months in a tour of Germany, Belgium, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, France, England, and Scotland, provided you are willing to spend three hundred dollars and spend it not lavishly but with ordinary common sense.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY EMMA E. KINDIG.

PERHAPS the readers of the INGLENOOK would like to hear something from the State of California and of sunshine, flowers and showers. As it has been blessed with plenty of rain this winter, I cannot think of words to express the beauty of Inglewood, where I live. There are hundreds of acres of beautiful grain which will be ready for harvest in a few months. The farmers use a great deal of grain to make hay, as they cannot raise timothy here. They raise alfalfa here, and it can be cut the year around. The first Christmas I spent in California I heard a mower cutting alfalfa, which seemed very strange to me. I could not realize, the first winter I was here, that it was really the winter season, it was so very warm, and the flowers blooming all the time.

Of all the places I have seen in California there is none quite as good as Inglewood. It reminds me of my own native State. It is only seven miles from the coast, just a nice drive, and driving is so delightful here. Inglewood is taking quite a boom now. There are quite a few of the Brethren locating here, and there is a churchhouse going up soon. The Brethren are going to begin building soon.

I am perfectly delighted with the country, but there are some people who come to California who do not like it, the same as everywhere else, but the majority do like it and stay. There are excursions coming in this last week every day and the city of Los Angeles is full to overflowing.

Those who come out think this is a grand and beautiful country, and the ocean is a grand sight. I love to sit on the sand and watch the big breakers come in. They crack like a clap of thunder. The fishermen coming in will have as high as five hundred fish in one boat, and other grand scenes are the beautiful orange trees, loaded with the golden fruit which is so much admired by strangers.

Inglewood, Cal.

WHERE OUR FURS COME FROM.

THE women and men of America who sit at home at ease in their pretty fur-trimmed dresses or face the cold with fur-lined coats, do not half the time know or care where the luxurious skins come from, or realize that the freaks of fashion in preferring one to another cause alterations in the lives of whole armies of trappers and hunters in northern climes, to say nothing of the fluctuations in the markets, and sudden increase in the price of one almost valueless fur, or depreciation of one that is intrinsically better worth buying. For instance, ten years ago ermine skins did not fetch quite 25 cents first hand, but for the last seven or eight years they have been worth at least eight or ten times as much.

Furs come from all parts of the world, but principally from the arctic regions of North America and Russia, and especially from Siberia, where

those that are really finest and most precious are taken. For the rest, China sends us the Thibet goat and a yellow kind of sable; Japan sends martens and badgers; South America, the ground rat; Chili and Peru, the chinchilla; Australia and America, the opossum—a very common marsupian on both continents, whose fur is in great demand in England, judging by the fact that in 1898 1,300,000 of its skins were bought for the London market.

The muskrat is answerable for a great many cheap boas, necklets and trimmings, which really look and wear well, and generally pass for sable. The creature abounds in the forest of North America, and from two to three millions of them are caught annually. If they were not checked in this manner they would overrun the northern hemisphere in hordes and droves, and no Pied Piper could drive them away.

Fashion favors fox fur just now, and 150,000 fox skins were disposed of last year in New York alone, most of them from the North American continent. But there are foxes and foxes, the so-called blue being an animal caught just when his coat is in process of transformation into the white one that he wears among the arctic snows. The silver and black foxes are most valuable of all. They are only found in the extreme north, and even they are by no means plentiful.

England bought something like 28,000 bear skins last year from America alone, and an immense quantity of wolf pelts, which were dressed and sold under the name of bear. Northern Europe provides the squirrels, which, instead of being brown, like ours, are gray in the great forests that stretch from the Baltic sea to the Pacific shores, and get darker as they go farther east, becoming almost blue in some parts of Siberia, and black in Japan. In the forests of the Ural, the petit gris is the equivalent of money, and in and around Petchora the natives reckon the value of all kinds of goods in squirrel skins.

Next to the demand for the gray squirrel may be reckoned that for the arctic hare, and it is very desirable that their skins, as well as those of the gray squirrels, should neither be torn nor blood-stained. So the tribes who hunt them generally use bows and arrows, the arrow being tipped with a round ball of wood or bone, which stuns, and often kills, the creature without wounding it. Gunpowder is so scarce and dear in these northern forests that only a few rich hunters have guns, and they are of so antiquated a pattern that even the old flintlocks of the early nineteenth century are up to date in comparison.

Black cats with very jet-black coats are bred for the fur market in Holland, and there is no warmer or more durable coat than pussie's. We are believed to have bought and disposed of 35,000 during the last twelve months. But where cats are counted by thousands in America, rabbits are reckoned by millions, and the majority of them are used up by hatters and glove manufacturers. Quite a small proportion of them—some 8,000,000 or so—are used for linings, or transmogrified into a very good imitation of sealskin at about quarter of the price.

MUD OF HEALING QUALITY.

HEALING mud is found in Sweden and on the shores of the Black sea, in the department of Landes in the south of France and at St. Amandles-Eaux in the north; in Piedmont, Venetia and other parts of Italy; in Hungary, Poland and, best known of all, in the famous German and Austrian spas. Speaking generally, a mud or "moor" bath, to use a less objectionable and quite as accurate title, is composed of peaty, boggy turf which contains stimulating chemical properties and which, after being carefully prepared, is mixed with the mineral waters of the locality where it is used. For the comfort of intending bathers it may be mentioned that the mixture is not adhesive, but leaves the skin easily under the warm douche which precedes the cleansing bath. The period of immersion ranges from half an hour to five hours and the same mud serves throughout the course.

SOME idea of the enormous extent to which pocket-picking flourishes may be had from the fact that in London alone over 100,000 men, women and children exist on what they can relieve other people of.

Nature Study

THE PORCUPINE.

BY VIRGIL C. FINNELL.

SINCE so many seem to be unable to distinguish between the porcupine and the hedgehog, we shall endeavor to show why the term hedgehog should not be applied to the porcupine, as it has been by some of the 'NOOK's contributors.

To be sure they have many resemblances, such as being four-toed, having spines, and being able to roll themselves into a ball for defense. But notice their differences.

The porcupine is a rodent, living on bark, roots, etc. The hedgehog subsists almost entirely on insects, small quadrupeds and reptiles; the former have but twenty teeth and grow to the length of three or three and one-half feet, with spines eight to fourteen inches long, while the latter have thirty-six teeth, are seldom more than eight or ten inches long with spines one to two inches in length. These differences, together with the fact that while the porcupine, only, is found in the United States, yet they are both found in England, the southern portions of Europe and Asia, and most of Africa, should set at naught the notion that the two are identical.

A few days since, I saw a specimen of the Canadian porcupine which was killed in this vicinity. It is claimed by some to be the first one ever killed within the State, which, however, seems to be a mistake.

In appearance it conformed very nearly to the description given in the *Columbian Cyclopaedia*, which says: "The Canadian porcupine has soft, dark fur beneath the longer hoary hair, with white, dark pointed spines, which are barbed and sometimes produce fatal inflammation in the animals that venture to attack; but it has no power to shoot its quills, as is sometimes said. The wounds are usually inflicted by a stroke of the tail. It lives on the bark of trees, which are killed by its gnawing. It nests in hollow trees and hibernates in cold weather.

"In general appearance they are stout of form, ungainly, heavy and pig-like, with a grunting voice.

"The muzzle is broad and blunt, the ears short and rounded, the tail, short, thick and flattened.

"In this species and in the yellow-haired porcupine, which is smaller and occurs from the Missouri river to the Pacific, the tails are non-prehensile, *i. e.*, not adapted for holding or grasping as are those of the monkeys.

"Besides the species already mentioned, there are: The Prehensile-tailed of South America and Mexico, the common ones of southern Europe and most parts of Asia and Africa, which are quite large and have black spines with white rings around, the tufted-tailed of India and Malacca, and the largest of all, with its white quills is found in India, also."

The porcupine is harmless unless attacked, is nocturnal, burrows in the ground and becomes torpid in the winter.

The quills or spines are used by the Indians for trimming buckskin garments and ornamenting mocassins. They are also used in making penholders and various articles of commerce. The animal is sought chiefly for its spines, though its flesh was brought to the markets of ancient Rome and is considered a delicacy among the Indians.

Morgantown, W. Va.

DATE PALMS IN THE WINDOW.

THE schoolgirl was eating dates. "What queer looking seeds," she said. "I wonder if they will grow. I believe I will tuck a couple down in one of mamma's flower pots and see what comes of them." That was in the fall. Nothing came of it apparently and the incident was forgotten. Eight months afterward two dark green spears of vegetation came up in a pot of geraniums. Scarcely wider than a grass blade, they were evidently not grass, for they were of a leather or parchment-like texture, and were creased lengthwise, as though they had been folded in a tiny bit. They were allowed to grow a year where they were. Then, as they were getting two and three leaves apiece, they were shifted into deep,

narrow pots by themselves. Palm roots do not spread out to any great extent, but they do like deep anchorage, and grow much faster when a depth of pot is granted them.

A drainage at the bottom of these pots was secured by filling in with broken crocks. A mellow soil, made moderately rich and porous, suited the little dates amazingly.

All palms grown from seed show for the first year or two only long, slender, plaited leaves, pretty, but not at all like the mature leaves, or character leaves, as the florists term them. Now the character leaves of date palms are of pinnate form, something like a sword fern, only the segments are longer and more gracefully arched and reclining.

The seedlings spoken of grew so rapidly that at two years of age they had eight and nine leaves apiece, and were decidedly ornamental.

Merely press the seeds into the earth in which potted plants are already growing. The earth is in the right condition as to heat and moisture, and the seeds will be sure to germinate. They are slow about this, however, taking from three months to a full year to grow.

It is as well to let them remain where they are for the first twelve months. The tiny palms in beginner's hands are not apt to do well in pots by themselves. The growing plants beside them keep the soil sweet, and the moisture that supplies the one supplies the other.

After a year, however, the little dates are of sufficient size to do better by themselves. Good drainage and deep pots are the secrets of success with them. Shower the foliage often, keep from frosts and the hottest sun, and your date palms will become specimens of beauty.

FISH BURIES ITSELF.

A FISH of curious habits exists in New Zealand which has apparently hitherto escaped the notice of naturalists. The fish is called by the Maories the kakawai. Its habitat is very extensive in the North island, and it may be found on the Wairarapa plains, the Forty-Mile bush, etc.

It is generally discovered when a man is digging out rabbits or making postholes in the summer time, and it lies at a depth of a foot or two feet under the soil. The character of the soil, whether sandy or loamy, does not seem to matter.

The fish is from two to three inches long, silvery, shaped like a minnow, but rather more slender and tapering. It appears to be dead when exhumed, and if dug up in the summer and put into water it dies at once.

If, however, it is brought to daylight in May or early June (the end of autumn), when the rains are beginning to make the soil thoroughly wet, and put into a tub of water, a curious thing happens. After a day or two it casts its skin, which sinks to the bottom, and the fish plays about bright and lively.

When dug up in summer there appears to be a growth of skin, or perhaps of a dry, gummy exudation, which seals up the head and gills. Apparently this enables it to æstivate through the dry weather, and seals the fish as an Indian fakir is sealed up before he goes in for a long fasting burial.

Of course, in winter there must be marshy spots or pools in which the fish can swim and propagate, but often all evidence of such natation disappears in summer, and the hot, dry, waterless plain seems the last place on earth in which to find a fish.—*Spectator.*

ANTELOPES HARD TO OBT.

IT does not take the amateur antelope hunter very long to find out the acuteness of that animal's eyesight. The deer is simply nowhere in this respect, and some hunters of experience declare that the pronghorn antelope possesses even a keener eyesight than the ostrich or giraffe, both of which are famous for their keenness of eye. And he is almost equally keen of scent as hearing. For these reasons the antelope hunter must be a persistent, tireless horseman and a good shot. As civilization approaches upon the animal's territory his senses become keener and his suspicion of human beings intensified.

It is exceedingly difficult to approach within 500 yards of the band of antelopes unless one is favored by the character of the country and observes all the nicer rules of intelligent still hunting. It is better to select a rolling, broken bit of country, where one can take advantage of the natural rise and fall of the land, though the game, preferring the flatter prairie, may not be so plentiful there.

The approved method of hunting the pronghorn is from the saddle, and the most important point to be observed is to keep out of sight, with the wind well in your face, if possible. The antelope seems to be able to feel the vibration imparted to the ground by your horse's hoofs, and to be particularly shy of a horse's neigh, or the sound of his shoe striking a piece of stone, so it is well to leave your horse picketed in the bottom of the draws and make your way hatless to the top of the ridges and take a careful look over. The greatest caution is here necessary, for these little fellows are not often caught off their guard, and take alarm at the slightest suspicion of danger, starting off with the speed of a railroad train to a safer locality. After that it is like following a whirlwind to attempt to overtake them.

He likes the tender grass in the bottom of some swale, where there has been the slightest suspicion of moisture earlier in the summer, and it is well to approach such places with the greatest care. Remember, the failing is always to overshoot, so hold well down on his shoulder and well ahead if he is on the run. He is possessed of remarkable vitality and is almost certain, unless hit in a vital part, to get away from even the best mounted hunter.

Flagging the antelope, of which much has been written by the early hunters, is now no longer resorted to, nor do experienced hunters believe the game can longer be successfully decoyed in this way, constant harassment having made the animal extremely cautious of approaching within range of the lure. There are still many instances, however, of the animal's acute curiosity being the means of getting him into trouble. A story is told of how a fine buck approached to within 160 yards of where a hunter was concealed and so surprised him by suddenly stepping out over the crest of a knoll where the antelope was not expected that the hunter missed him point blank with the first cartridge and allowed him to scamper off unmolested until he was out of shooting distance before trying the second.

Coursing the antelope with hounds is possible only from the fact that the animal is not long of wind, for at his own distance he will easily hold his own with the very fleetest dogs and fairly distance any ordinary pack.

INEBRIETY AMONG INSECTS.

BUMBLE BEES, butterflies and beetles are habitual drunkards. In some of the Southern States these insects alight on certain plants, drink heartily from the blossoms and fall to the ground stupefied.

After a while they rise and fly around, just as drunken men would do if they had the power of flying. Their antics are especially amusing unless one does not know what is the trouble—in this case the suspicion that the insect world has gone crazy is uppermost.

A scientist who had observed the drinking and its results collected a teaspoonful of the pollen to see if it would affect a man the same way. He swallowed it, and in a few minutes found his pulse beating faster and a rise of temperature. Then he distilled some of the blossoms and gave himself a hypodermic injection in the arm. He became decidedly dizzy as a result. By further experiments he found an oil derived from these plants which affects human beings and animals alike.

WHEN TREES REACH MATURITY.

AUTHORITIES on forestry say that seventy-five years are required for the oak to reach maturity; for the ash, larch and elm, about the same length of time; for the spruce and fir, about eighty years. After this time their growth remains stationary for some years, and then decay begins. There are, however, some exceptions to this, for oaks are still living which are known to be 1,000 years old.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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IS THE WORLD CIVILIZED?

It all depends on what you mean by the word civilized. If it is meant that the people at large are civil, one to another, then it may be said that the world, or at least a portion of it, has grown civilized, either as a matter of policy or principle, or both. But if it is asked whether the world has accepted the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount as a rule of practice then the answer is emphatically that the world has not attained the higher levels.

From the time of Christ down to the present hour there has hardly been a day, if indeed there has been one at all, when war has not found a place somewhere on the face of the earth. Of recent centuries it has been the so-called Christian nations who have been doing the most of it. At the present writing some of the alleged Christian nations are engaged in unholy projects of conquest and subjugation. There is a travesty on Christianity connected with later wars that seems never to have received the attention due it.

Two nations not agreeing on some matter proceed to settle it by going out into the field and killing one another. Before the battle chaplains are engaged in prayer that they may maim and kill their fellow-man. After the fray God is thanked that they have succeeded in killing enough to make them master of the others. Is this Christian? Is it civilization? It is war, and as a famous soldier said, "War is hell." As long as men engage in killing they cannot claim to be fully civilized.

THE BEST.

THERE is an old song, one verse of which runs:

"If I were a cobbler, it would be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me."

The writer of that song evidently believed in honoring one's occupation, no matter how humble that occupation might be.

He was like a poor, ignorant woman who once came to the writer's house seeking work as a charwoman.

"I do beautiful scrubbing," she said, "beautiful scrubbing. Nobody can scrub a floor cleaner than I can. And I never leave a speck on windows I clean."

She honored her work, humble though it was. She had the spirit that should characterize every worker. There was as much honor in doing her humble work well as there would have been in some far more ambitious task. She made full use of such capacity as God had given her, and this was all he asked of her. It is all, is it not, he asks of any one of us?

Never do anything by halves, my boy. Better to leave it undone. Cultivate a spirit of absolute thoroughness and accuracy in the performance of even trifling things. Nothing less than perfection will do if you are true to yourself and to those by whom you are employed. Slovenly work is worse than no work at all.

OUR OWN STANDARD.

HE was wise who wrote, "Half the sting of poverty or of small means is gone when one keeps house for one's own comfort, and not for the comment of one's neighbors."

Deny it as we will, few of us have the moral force to set up a standard of our own, based upon our own incomes and our own particular home environment. We commit the folly of regulating our expenses by the income of some one else. If the Browns across the street hang up expensive lace curtains, we are discontented until lace curtains have gone up to our windows, no matter how much smaller our income may be than that of the Browns. If the Smiths put down a velvet carpet our neat

and pretty ingrain becomes an eyesore to us. We are extremely mindful of what our neighbors will think about many things that ought not to concern them in the least. We have no standards of our own. Our dress, and even our tables, must be regulated by the standards of others. We have not the courage nor the independence to be indifferent to the comment of our neighbors. This form of moral cowardice is causing many families to live beyond their incomes. They can face debt and forfeit their self-respect easier than they can face the unfavorable comment of their friends and neighbors. The extent to which this imitation of others is carried would be ludicrous did it not bring so much unhappiness in its train. It is frequently the direct cause of the discord and discontent and debt that have driven happiness from the family hearthstone. Let us have a standard of our own, based upon our own tastes, our own incomes, our own needs, and let us cheerfully and bravely adhere to this standard, heedless of that dreadful bugbear, "What will the neighbors say?"

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

"I send you the name of ———, who is serving a sentence of eighteen years in this prison, and who is but seventeen years now. Thank Miss B—— for her kindness to one of the unfortunate ones.

Sincerely,

Matron.

THE above is from the Woman's Prison, and the sister who sent a dollar for the 'Nook a year to a prisoner will understand that, by the above, a poor girl will have her eighteen years of solitude brightened weekly. If you would know more of its deeper meaning read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew and see whether there is not some mention of prisons, and a following "inasmuch." For every dollar sent us for the purpose the 'Nook will go to some lonely cell.

ONE of the most interesting papers to make its weekly visits to our exchange table is the INGLENOOK, a live, up-to-date paper with something new, interesting, and instructive in each issue. It is published by the Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill., subscription price, \$1 per annum. A dollar invested in this paper will bring its investor many times the price of his investment in pure, wholesome food for thought. It matters not whether you are big or little, old or young, the paper will fit you, as it is made to fit all classes.—*Republican Gazette, Gove Co., Kansas.*

THE attention of our readers is called to the Illinois Central Railroad, advertised on cover. This is a thoroughly equipped line, and those having occasion to travel from Chicago to Omaha or the reverse, will find it an expeditious and pleasant road worthy of patronage.

"I suppose your regulation coat keeps you away from a good many desirable places," said the drummer.

"Perhaps it does," the brother replied, "but it also keeps me out of a good many more undesirable ones."

HERE and there, this issue of the INGLENOOK will be sent out in duplicate and where an extra copy is received it may be given out where it is thought some good may result. This refers to subscribers receiving two copies.

WHAT do you do with your back number INGLENOOKS? It is advised to file them carefully. If there is any interest attaching to them remember that they cannot be replaced.

IT is better to be alone than in bad company, but some people could hardly make it worse than when by themselves.

EVERYTHING may come to the man who waits—except another man who owes him money.

THE woman who is out in the garden getting cabbages is certainly getting ahead fast.

HEART failure in church people is often caused by thought of work.

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Why is imported macaroni better than the domestic?

It is because of the difference in the wheat.

Why does most of the cold weather come out of the Northwest?

It is a fact that has never been fully understood.

Is liquid air used to any extent in the arts?

Not as yet to any considerable amount. It has a great future.

Is it difficult to learn root grafting?

It ought to be acquired in five minutes with a competent teacher.

Is there such a thing as a recognized "lady's weight"?

It is said to be 110, but there is no standard that can be recognized as final.

What is rosin made of?

When the sticky sap of the southern pine is distilled for turpentine the residuum is rosin.

I would like to get into the service of a railroad as brakeman. What is the best method of procedure?

Apply, with your recommendations, to the Superintendent. Influence will help more than anything else.

What are the Unions of workmen?

Organizations of people having a common trade, banded for the protection of themselves and their craft.

It is said that in some sections skunks are used for food. Is this correct?

Yes, they are so used in Canada, and perhaps other places, and they have to be instantly killed when intended for food.

What is a linotype?

A machine for setting type. It is operated like a typewriter and is rather complicated, too much so for a description here.

Would it pay to acquire some little known language for the sake of working over its literature in English?

We think not, for the reason that the literature of a people is like its food, peculiar and characteristic, and not sought by aliens.

Is it a difficult matter to get into the United States army?

Not if you fill the requirements physically, but what do you want in the army for? It is a good deal harder to get out of it than to get in.

Which is the more affectionate, the cat or the dog?

Cats take to localities more than to persons, dogs attach themselves to individuals. Dogs will readily move with the family, cats not so readily.

It is said that at canneries larger and better fruit and vegetables can be put up than at home. Is this so, and why?

Yes, it is true because out of 50,000 bushels at the cannery to select from, there is a wider range in size, etc., than there is at home from the small amount at hand.

What is printer's ink made from?

There are many kinds, ranging in cost from a few cents a pound to as many dollars, each color of which is made differently, and each manufacturer has his trade secrets.

If a man could, for a day, live ahead a thousand years, what would he likely find?

He would not likely be able to understand the language of those around him, nor would he know the meaning or use of half the things he would see. He would be in a wonderland, like a child.

Is it right to give children some odd pet name, other than their own in their homes?

Right or wrong there are few real homes where children are not thus named, and in later life, when the family are out on the hillside the survivor who accidentally hears his boy name has a moment of quiet, deep thought.

VANISHING FROM THE WEST.

TWENTY years ago, or even ten or five years since, the mustang and the jack rabbit were two of the commonest pests in the West. On every plain and mesa, in each spot where a particle of green feed found a livelihood, beneath the shelter of a dusty sagebush or a thorned mesquite, the little, hardy, shaggy cayuse and the long-eared, alert and rapid jack rabbit browsed in peace and quietude. A rider across the arid wilds of the great Southwest could count, if he desired, hundreds and thousands of the wiry, wild horses, and from every bush a jack hurried away from the path of the traveler, a gray streak, scurrying over the sand and gracefully sailing over obstructing brush—the kangaroos of America.

Now not a mustang can be found in a day's travel, or a week's, and only an infrequent jack breaks in on the monotony of a desert ride. Ten years ago 200,000 mustangs were scattered over the ranges in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. As the bicycle grew in favor the horse decreased in value, and the mustang became an outcast and an outlaw. He intruded on the cattle ranges and was shot for his pains, the cowmen intent on saving the feed for their stock. He ventured among the sheep flocks and the coyotes feasted on his carcass. Everywhere he was a worthless reprobate, an interloper and valuable only as a target for the revolver of the vaquero. By inbreeding the species grew smaller and the mustang's finish was perceivable.

The extremely low price of high-grade Eastern horses put the cayuse out of service and his only haven of refuge was among the Indians. The red men harbored him, fed him and tamed him, and today on the reservations can be found the last of his race, disappearing as did the buffalo, but from a different cause. His extermination was rapid and somewhat of a mystery. Many stockmen attribute it merely to degeneration, but closer observers assert that many thousands of ponies of the desert were surreptitiously converted into canned beef, and are even now being served over Eastern tables and army messes as a select product of the cattle range. Be that as it may, the mustang is no more, and has been replaced by a higher and finer breed of the equine species. Over plains where once roamed the vast herds of mustangs, which, by the way, were doubtless the offspring of horses brought over soon after the Spanish invasion—now feed as fine horseflesh as can be found anywhere in the world. Several years ago a great importation of Oregon mares, the sturdy stock of the rough Northwest, was sent south. At the same time a number of fine stallions from Kentucky and Indiana were shipped to the Southwest. The outgrowth has been that Texas and Arizona are rapidly becoming known as important factors in the horse trade. The offspring has been a well-proportioned, strong and extremely hardy horse. Over the rocky hills and the gravelly plains the horse of the Southwest has had his traveling and developed his strength and capability for rough work. The dry, healthful climate has developed his lung power, and in the south African war English officers found the American horse of the Southwest the strongest, hardest and fastest in the rough work of the Boer campaign. In such esteem, indeed, is he held that eastern buyers are scouring the horse ranges and paying the highest prices for him, while British and German army buyers give their preference to him. In many localities cattle-men are evolving into horsemen, and the steady demand and high prices promise well for a business that five years ago was undreamed of.

As to that other pest, the jack rabbit, his extinction is only a matter of no great length of time. Civilization is crowding him out, and the aborigine is slaughtering him, and between two fires he cannot last long. The dogs of the settlers are thinning him out, and jack hunting is a popular sport. A fleet pair of grayhounds in a half-day's hunt have been known to kill half a hundred rabbits, and the Indians slaughter them at even a more rapid rate. Rabbit hunts among the redskins are frequent occurrences, and sometimes hundreds of reservation reds will participate in the chase. Such a sight is one never to be forgotten by an Easterner. Usually spreading over a wide territory, the Indians gradually close into a small circle, and as the affrighted packs scurry back and forth they are either killed by the blunt arrows from the Indian bow or are finally rounded up in a compact mass,

where they are clubbed to death. Sometimes a different method is pursued, and with relays of horsemen the rabbits are run down and killed. In either case the result is the same, and a great feast is assured for the night. Sometimes many hundred rabbits are slaughtered and between this cause of decrease and the gun of the white hunter the jack rabbit, in spite of the remarkable fecundity of the species, is doomed to eventually become a past feature of the life of the Southwest.

QUEER FACTS ABOUT COLORS.

DID you ever notice that there is no blue food? We eat things green, and red, yellow and violet; flesh, fish or plants in all colors of the rainbow, except blue. Many deadly poisons are blue in color, such as bluestone or the deadly nightshade flower. The color stands in our slang for everything miserable and depressing. But this is only one of a thousand queer facts about colors.

Heat a bar of iron and the particles of the metal are set in motion, shaking violently one against another. Presently the surrounding ether is set in motion in large, slow waves, rolling through the air like the waves of the sea, until they break upon our skin, and give us the sensation of heat. As the iron gets hotter other waves are set in motion in immense numbers, traveling at more than lightning speed, and these break upon the eye, giving the sensation of red light.

The red-hot iron, getting still more heated, throws out other sets of waves still smaller and more rapid—orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, all the colors of the rainbow. The eye cannot tell one from another; the whole bundle of rays mixed up gives us an impression of white. That is the glow from the "white hot" iron, and such is the light from the still greater brightness of the sun. Sunlight is a bundle of rays of light—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet all mixed together. The mixture of all colors is white light, the absence of all colors is utter darkness.

Now, pass a ray of sunlight through a drop of water, and the colored rays are split up and thrown in different directions. The sunlight shining through many drops of falling rain after a shower is all split up into colors, and the result is the gorgeous rainbow. The scattered spray of a sea wave, of a waterfall or a fountain, makes little rainbows, caused in the same way.

Each kind of light has its own special uses. The red rays of light make the leaves of the trees to grow, and hasten all rotting and decay. Moreover, if you cut off the red rays plants will grow with golden brown leaves instead of green.

The sea is blue because the water reflects the blue rays of light, but shallow seas are green because the blue light is mixed with the yellow reflections from sand and stones at the bottom. Green is a mixture of blue and yellow. In this green light of shallow water all seaweeds grow, and for want of the red rays they have golden and tawny leaves. Green and red seaweeds are the exception, and blue seaweeds are as rare as blue leaves. At this rate, land plants grown under green glass ought to turn golden brown, like seaweed. They do. Experiment has shown that under green glass plants grow nearly as well as under clear sunlight.

Under red glass nearly all plants grow four times as quickly as under white light, grow to four times their usual height, and throw out a fine display of green leaves. This is clear proof that the red rays of sunlight cause the green leaves to grow. This discovery will be of immense help to gardeners who want to force their plants, and to farmers trying to induce early crops of vegetables.

Blue glass has a directly opposite effect. Plants will neither grow nor die; they languish, and yet remain alive. The blue makes them sleep. The effect is exactly that of moonlight and starlight, when all plants take their natural rest.

PREPARES MEMORIALS.

"I know a little woman in St Louis," said an artist of this city, "who has gradually drifted into a very curious vocation. Briefly told, she earns a living by engrossing resolutions of respect for the dead. I confess that calls for a little explanation," continued the speaker, smiling, "but I really mean exactly what I say. The lady is a water-color

artist, with marked ability for decorative work, and in connection with teaching it at a school she used to make a good many designs for embroidery, tapestry and so on. That gave her some little reputation, and about ten years ago a local Masonic lodge that had lost its presiding officer engaged her to reproduce its official resolutions on illuminated vellum as a gift to the family. She did a beautiful piece of work, and it attracted so much attention that it was not long before she received another order of much the same character.

"I have heard the story from her own lips, and, as I remember it, the second commission came from a large corporation that had passed resolutions of sympathy and respect upon the death of its president. At any rate, she was given carte blanche and prepared a magnificent scroll, which naturally became another advertisement for the specialty. After that orders gradually multiplied until she was finally forced to give up her classes and all other work and devote herself solely to decorative engrossings of the kind I have described.

"That was six or seven years ago, and constant practice along one narrow line has rendered her extraordinarily skillful. I called upon her when I was in St. Louis last summer and she showed me a memorial volume which she was preparing for the widow of a prominent railroad man. It contained copies of resolutions passed by secret societies, commercial bodies and the railroad company itself, and the decorations reminded me strongly of the richly illuminated missals of the mediæval monks.

"The book was really a unique work of art. The little decorator told me that she gets her orders from all parts of the country and confines herself strictly to this one specialty. She has never been exploited in print, so her reputation is due entirely to word-of-mouth praise, and it is strange how far it has traveled. She admitted laughingly that it was rather a gruesome way to make a living, but said it beat teaching all hollow."

SETTLING STRIKES IN CHINA.

It is not often that a labor strike occurs in China, but when it does the employer has a most expeditious way of settling matters. A strike which occurred in Canton recently was settled by the employer in two hours. It occurred in a "sunpau," or native boat-building establishment, where about eighty men were employed.

They received the liberal remuneration of twenty cents per day, working from daylight in the morning until sunset. Even on this scanty pittance some of them actually saved money and started establishments of their own.

At the time the strike took place rice, their staple article of "chow," became very dear; consequently the boat builders asked for a raise of five cents a day. The employer objected, and at once laid the case before the mandarin. The employees in the meantime refused to work.

After hearing what the employer had to say the mandarin at once gave him authority to shoot all those who refused to work. Armed with this authority the employer went back to his "yard" and commenced blazing away with his old blunderbuss, but by the time five of his men were stretched out the rest were at work and peace and quietness prevailed.

POISON IN GROWING PINEAPPLES.

THE juice of the green and growing pineapple is accredited in Java, the Philippines and throughout the far east generally with being a blood poison of a most deadly nature. It is said to be the substance with which the Malays poison their kreeses and daggers, and also the "fingernail" poison formerly in use among the aborigine Japanese women almost universally. These women cultivated a nail on each hand to a long, sharp point, and the least scratch from one of these was certain death.

THE butterfly was not always a beautiful thing; but even the worm will turn. In one of his punning plays—speaking of hot cakes—John Brougham says: "It is the grub that makes the butterfly!"

SYSTEMATIC deep sea dredging has demonstrated that organic life is to be found in the lowest depths of the ocean.

Good Reading

SKIM MILK FOR MECHANICAL PURPOSES.

BY P. S. RAFF.

THE 'NOOK referred to the waste of skim milk, with a fortune to some one who will discover some mechanical or other use for it. We are sorry to say some other person got the 'NOOK' fortune, who, we do not know.

If we had the skim milk that is running away at Elgin, in eastern Pennsylvania there would no doubt be great rejoicing among the pig fraternity, as our skim milk here, or rather the most of it, is manufactured into cheese for mechanical purposes, leaving nothing but whey with probably seventy-five per cent of water added to go around, or the patrons of creameries get the refuse without charge to take home for the pigs. We presume Illinois pigs would turn up their noses at this kind of stuff, and walk away in disgust.

The skim milk is run from the separator into a tank, is then treated to a solution of sulphuric acid to curdle the same while sweet, and is then pressed, ground and dried, and put in barrels ready for shipment. This dried curd is used for different purposes; making glue, glazing paper; also it is said to make buttons. A Philadelphia man has applied for a patent to take sugar of milk from the whey remaining after the curd is taken therefrom. Sugar of milk is used for medical purposes by homoeopathic physicians.

Norristown, Pa.

PERILS BY SEA.

EVER since St. Paul recounted in one of his epistles the perils with which he had been confronted, laying emphasis on "perils by sea," there has been in all persons' minds a livelier idea of the dangers constantly attending those who "go down to the sea in ships." These dangers have been lessened, but by no means abolished, by the marine inventions that time has brought along with itself.

Ships are builded larger and stronger and their numbers have been vastly multiplied. But there are no paths on the ocean to which ships can surely keep, either going or coming. Collisions are ever liable to occur, and when one huge bulk collides with another huge bulk at sea the crash is terrible and the loss of life is correspondingly great. Perils from this cause have increased in awfulness, if not in number, with the growth of ocean-going steamships to their present size.

Some years ago a maker of ocean charts for one of the great Atlantic steamship lines, referring to the facts that steamships now are indestructible by fire and, because of compartments in their structure, cannot fill with water and sink, declared that collision was the only remaining danger at sea. He was mistaken, for since he wrote there has not been a disastrous collision on the Atlantic ocean, while there have been a number of terrible wrecks on fog-hidden rocks in its vast expanse.

The wreck of the steamer City of Rio de Janeiro at the Golden Gate, San Francisco, on Friday morning was one of the greatest disasters of the kind of recent record. From the particulars that have been forwarded it is difficult for one to be reconciled to the loss of so many valuable lives. The harbor of San Francisco is one of the safest as it is one of the most magnificent on the globe. A thousand great vessels might ride securely there at anchor in a storm or safely move about in fair weather. Fogs are frequent and dense everywhere on the Pacific coast, and these constitute the principal danger to mariners. They are commonly recognized as such and at most times avoided. A few years ago a coastwise steamer was lost in a fog on the rocks not far from Santa Barbara, in southern California, but no similar disaster has occurred on the coast since then until last Friday morning.

And it must be said that this disaster need not have occurred. The city of Rio de Janeiro had, after a tedious voyage of six thousand miles, entered the harbor and had come to a secure anchorage. It was night or so early in the morning that daylight had not appeared. The harbor was filled with thick fog, but it was certain to rise and drift away in a few hours. Then nothing could hinder the vessel from making its wharf and landing its

hundreds of passengers amid the greetings of relatives and friends.

It is not explained why the captain did not hold the vessel at anchor till the morning broke and the fog cleared away. Perhaps he so desired to do, but allowed himself to be overruled by passengers impatient to come to land. But then, as is reported, most of the passengers were still in their beds. It was not until the vessel had struck on the rocks that the crew were sent to waken them. Alas! One hundred and twenty of them awoke in terror, only to be thrown into another world.

It is hard to cast heavy blame upon a brave captain in such a case, but happy for Captain Ward is it that he did not survive the appalling disaster. He was perhaps guiltless of anything worse than an error of judgment, but had he survived he could not have lifted his head up among men.

The last great wreck on the ocean has not been recorded. Neither science nor mechanical skill has greatly reduced the immemorial perils by sea. Again and again, in the years to come, and doubtless to the end of time, will the human imagination be powerfully appealed to by ocean disasters and human hearts be agonized by the loss of relatives and friends in the whelming surges of great waters.

HE MAKES HARPS.

IN a tiny shop at the rear of a tenement an elderly son of the "Vaterland" passes his time in making that weirdest of all weird musical instruments, the aeolian harp.

These instruments are made of the thinnest of wood, usually cedar, white wood, cherry or mahogany.

They are about two or three feet in length and about twelve or fourteen inches in width, with a depth of several inches, and are, with the exception of the bridge posts, hollow boxes, so carefully jointed as to make them "wind tight."

When the box is complete a large aperture is cut on the top, and on the sides and ends narrow slits are sawed or a series of holes bored in fanciful design.

Over the top of the box, running from end to end, are stretched a number of fine catgut violin strings.

The wind passing through the slits or holes upon the sides or ends finds its way upward and out through the large aperture on the top, and as it sweeps across the strings, produces a series of sounds not unlike the effect produced upon the human ear by a great church organ heard in the distance.

Then, again, when the wind has lost its force, and is low, or there is but a summer breeze passing through the box, the sounds emitted from the strings would lead anyone ignorant of their source into the belief that he heard a chorus of human voices chanting away off.

The proper position for the instrument is upon a window sill, with the lower sash holding it in position by its weight. Half of the box is outside and half inside the room, the window, as a matter of course, must be upon that side of the house facing the quarter from which the wind or breeze is coming.

There are two patterns, a "single strung" window box and one with a "double tier" of strings, the latter being known as a "double dutch."

This instrument is without any doubt the most wonderful as well as the richest in its varied effects of string, wood and metal.

There is yet another form, known as the "Franz Keuchler harp."

It received its name from its inventor, a hermit on the summit of Mt. Penn, Ringing Valley, Pennsylvania, where he lived alone in a log house for many years.

Above this box house he had erected on six poles as many of these harps, with vanes attached to them to insure they would face the mountain breezes.

The effect when a strong mountain breeze was passing through them can scarcely be described by the pen, but it was much as if a dozen and one of the largest of church organs were being played upon at once, or, at times, like an enormous chorus of singers chanting far down in the valley.

This sort of an instrument is often placed over the roofs of summer cottages and camps, and

nothing could be sweeter than its sounds, when the tired camper lies down to peaceful slumber while the roving night winds sweep out from the swaying pines and across this weird wind harp.

Throughout the Black Forest of Germany there are thousands of these harps to be found upon the roofs of the forester's cottages, and in the "Blue range of Pennsylvania" among the Dutch farmers and timber men one will frequently find these wind harps elevated twenty or thirty feet above the huge log houses on spruce or pine saplings stripped of their branches.

RAISING MINKS A VALUABLE INDUSTRY.

WHAT promises larger profits than are earned by Belgian hares is an industry of a Lake Mills man, E. N. Harvey. For some months past Mr. Harvey has been raising minks and disposing of their valuable fur to manufacturers at a good price.

The mink farm, which is the first one known to exist, is thirty-four feet long by twenty-two feet wide; the outdoor yard is ten by twelve. The shed is a spacious building, with small boxes for the little animals, and the open yard plenty large enough for them to run around and enjoy themselves. They prefer to come out during the evening and receive their daily portions of meat at that time.

Nothing but meat and all kinds of game are given them to feed on. "Whenever I have a sick chicken," said Mr. Harvey, "I take him right over to Dr. Mink, and he does the bleeding in the good old-fashioned manner." Sure enough, when a chicken, a small rabbit or anything alive is thrown into a pen the fierce little rodents are after it in a minute. It takes about five minutes of good sprinting to catch a lively rabbit. Once caught, the mink digs its strong teeth into the rabbit's jugular vein and sucks out the blood. After the blood is exhausted the game is left and the more timid females come and tear the animal to pieces and eat the flesh. However, they will never eat flesh when blood can be obtained. A chicken is treated in the same brutal manner; right under the wing it is clutched by the mink and the blood drawn out. A large trough of water is placed in the yard during the summer, and is used as a natatorium. "It is great fun to watch them swimming at early evening," said Mr. Harvey. "They all go in for a good time and strive to catch the frogs I place in the water for them. Once in a while they get to fighting, and when they are ready for a fight they are terrible."

At present Mr. Harvey has about twenty minks, but next summer there will probably be about 200 or more. The dark ones are most valuable and fetch a good price. The sum paid for the pelts is about \$3 each, and sometimes more. Much difficulty is experienced by Mr. Harvey in keeping the animals in captivity. The fence is so arranged that it is impossible for them to jump over. The owner of the novel establishment has received letters from people all over the country who are interested in the new industry. In connection with the raising of Belgian hares, minks can be raised to great advantage, as many hares die before reaching maturity. The dead rabbits can be fed to the minks, who will eat almost anything of flesh and blood, whether it be dead or alive.

The average mink is about a foot long and very slim. A female is able to crawl through an opening half an inch wide.

MEASURE OF COIN.

MONEY is measured by troy weight, in which twenty-four grains make a pennyweight, twenty pennyweights one ounce and twelve ounces one pound. The silver dollar weighs 412½ grains and \$1,600, as near as it can be expressed intelligently in print, weighs 71.614 pounds, or a fraction over seventy-one and one-half pounds. In avoirdupois the same would weigh 58.928, or nearly fifty-nine pounds.

A GENERATION ago sugar constituted nearly one-fourth the grocery trade of the country, but to-day, owing to the wonderful increase in the trade of canned goods and grocers' specialties, the staple occupies a greatly inferior rank, its sales being perhaps no more than one-twentieth of the total sales of groceries.

THE OSTIAN GATE.

AND out through this gateway walked Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, to receive his crown of martyrdom at the hands of Nero's headsman, and from the hands of the Righteous Judge the "crown of righteousness" which he knew awaited him. His glance may have rested for a moment as he passed upon this great pyramid of Caius Cestius, which stands by the gate, the only witness of to-day that looked down upon the triumphal procession which escorted to the block the greatest human figure in all history. A petty officer, a file of common soldiers and a preacher. With such poor materials offered him any stage manager to-day would shake his head in scornful derision if the task was to "stage" a dramatic show of glory, power or even the pathos of human tragedy. And indeed it would make but a poor show of pasteboard and tinsel and colored lights, especially if it were the ambition of the dramatic artist to produce a "spectacle" that would run at least fifty and maybe 100 nights. But it did very well for a triumph that has lasted 2,000 years and that thrills millions of lives to-day often as the story of it is told.

This Christian preacher on his way to the place of execution might have read on the pyramid that cast its great shadow across his way, as we read to-day, that the Caius Cestius Poplicius buried there was a praetor, a tribune of the people, and one of the Septemviri of the Epulones "appointed to provide the sacrificial feasts of the gods." And he might have read that this mighty tomb was builded in 330 days in accordance with the will of Cestius, by Pontius Mela, his kinsman, and Pothus, his freedman. The pyramid shone glittering as snow in its bravery of white marble then, for the tribune had been a silent dweller of that "windowless palace of rest" less than a hundred years. Not quite a hundred years! What a venerable, time-touched mausoleum that would be in our own dear land of newness, in which even now there dwells a strange race of Americans who loftily sneer at the vulgarity of "modernity" and talk of "vener."

So easily and so accurately can we identify the tomb of this heathen tribune, for it has stood there with its unobliterated inscriptions more than 2,000 years. But when we turn to overtake the little triumphal procession, the file of soldiers, maybe the little group of friends who dared to see the preacher die, we have lost it. While we tarried to read the inscriptions on the pyramid of the praetor the pageant has moved on, and we cannot overtake it. The spectacle of a man led to his death under Nero was one too common to excite much attention, and we vainly question this man and that in the throngs that jostled along the Ostian way. Somewhere beyond the city walls the march was halted, a brief minute there was of official preparation, a signal to the expert swordsman, as the soldiers stepped back, and then they returned to the city unhampered with the care of the prisoner. The "ambassador in bonds" had shaken loose his chains and returned to his "continuing city"—his own country. We do not know where last he knelt upon this earth. Three churches men have builded at a desolate place called "Tre Fontane," and they say, "Here died St. Paul." Good enough guesses, any one of them, or all of them, maybe, but only guesses, after all. At one of these churches, "San Paolo alle Tre Fontane," they show you the pillar to which Paul was bound, the marble block upon which he was beheaded, and the "three fountains," for which the church is named. Because, they tell you, when his head flew off at the stroke of the sword it bounded three times, and each time, as it struck the earth, it cried thrice, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" At each point where it touched the ground at once there gushed forth a fountain of living water. And the water of the first of these fountains was warm, the second tepid, the third cold. They are all cold now, but then, you know, it happened a long time ago. All or none of which you are entitled to believe.

The magnificent church which was builded to commemorate the martyrdom of St. Paul, the church of "St. Paul's without the walls," is about two miles from the city gate, standing in solitary grandeur on the edge of the desolate Campagna. In the winter a few monks abide in the monastery, but the breath of the malaria is a pestilence that drives away even these faithful worshipers in the summer. When we visited it the receding waters of a recent

inundation added to the dreariness and wretchedness of the desert which surrounds the church. It is almost impossible to realize that this part of the Campagna was once the garden that Pliny describes "of fertile plains, sunny hills, healthy woods, thick groves, vines, olives, noble flocks of sheep, abundant herds of cattle, wealth of rivers and streams." To-day the lava beds of Arizona and the bad lands of Dakota and Montana are garden spots in comparison. But inside the church one forgets all the utter dreariness of desolation without. You look down upon the great nave 306 feet long, 222 feet wide; four ranges of granite columns, eighty in number, surmounted by mosaic portraits of all the popes; each portrait five feet in diameter. Beneath the baldacchino under the triumphal arch which separates the nave from the transept—a relic of the old basilica, builded in the year 440—we are told rests the body of St. Paul. The baldacchino is supported by four pillars of oriental alabaster, the gifts of Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. And at the ends of the transept are two altars of malachite, presented by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

Ah, well; maybe St. Paul does sleep under the pillars of alabaster presented by the Pasha of Egypt. It is a good place for a martyr to sleep in this splendid church. It is not so cold as the Roman prison in which he shivered when he wrote to Timothy to bring with him, when he came, "the cloak which I left at Troas." Any place on the Campagna would have been good enough, and holy enough, and sufficiently "consecrated" for Paul's resting place after his head was taken off. Men were cruel and pitiless to him while he lived. He was "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," and his bitterest enemies were his own brethren. He was a Roman citizen, and a Roman emperor put him to death, doubtless at the instigation of these same "brethren." I don't see why God should permit men to give costly and glorious sepulture to such a man after they had hounded him to his death. A monument that has lasted through the storms and shocks of 2,000 years may do very well for the tribune Caius Cestius. But "the world was not worthy of" Paul, and church or cathedral or pyramid cannot be builded large enough to enshrine his name or memory. Better that he should hallow the earth, unconsecrated by any poor human formula, where Nero's soldiers left him as they slew him. After all, it isn't where or how a man dies; it is how he lives. That writes his epitaph. A man's dying words may be inconsequent and weak, as the words of a dying man are like to be. But his living words—these tell forever the story of his life.

REINDEER ARE DOING WELL.

FAR away, amid the snows of Alaska, Uncle Sam owns a reindeer farm. It has been conducted on unostentatious lines and very few people have heard anything about it, yet it has accomplished a tremendous work. In a certain sense it has been the salvation of the native Alaskan and has been the direct means of saving the lives of probably 100 American miners. The reindeer has proved an invaluable substitute for the horse, cow, sheep and goat. It can do more work for its size than any other animal in the world. To all the Alaskans the reindeer is their "all in all." It is at once their servant, their meat, clothes and shelter. The first shipment of reindeer to Alaska consisted of sixteen head and was made in 1892. To-day there are about 3,000 head and they are widely distributed over the country.

There are now reindeer stations at the following places: Point Barrow (the northernmost point in Alaska, on the Arctic ocean), Point Hope, Cape Prince of Wales, Teller Reindeer station, Point Rodney, Golovin bay, Eaton and Tanana. The animals are very hardy and require little care; their food is of the simplest—consisting mainly of what is known as reindeer moss, which grows in abundance all over Alaska. They are very prolific, and at each station many reindeer are born every year. The fawns are very gentle and make excellent pets. To Alaska and her people the reindeer is far more precious than her gold.

THE Philadelphian—Isn't the mud on this street a trifle deep?

Chicagoan (proudly)—Deep? It is the deepest mud on any paved street in the world!

Sunday School

BIBLE STATISTICS.

THE following is an account of the number of books, chapters, verses, words and letters contained in the Old and New Testaments:

Old Testament Books 39, chapters 929, verses 23,214, words 592,439, letters 2,728,100.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job 29.

The middle verse would be 2 Chronicles 20: 17, if there were a verse more.

The word "and" occurs 35,543 times.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times.

The shortest verse is 1 Chronicles 1: 25.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

New Testament—Books 27, chapters 260, verses 7,959, words 181,258, letters 838,380.

The middle book is 2 Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is Romans 13, if there were a chapter more.

The middle verse is Acts 17: 17.

The shortest verse is John 11: 35.

Old and New Testament—Books 66, chapters 1,189, verses 31,173, words 773,697, letters 3,566,480.

The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible is Psalm 117.

The middle verse is Psalm 118: 8.

IT is not enough that we are in good repute with the world, though that is important. Even the fact that we are active in good works is not enough. Let us stop sometimes, and, with an honest, inward look, question "Why?" Is the fruit which the world commends, the fruit of the Spirit, or have I borne it out of love for the glory of man? There may be such a thing as too much introspection, but the average Christian does far too little of it. "Know thyself" furnishes the key that will unlock many doors that would otherwise have baffled us. We gain nothing by putting away from us the fact that the real self must one day stand the test of God's unerring searchlight.

WE are just crossing the bar from the world's most wonderful century into one that will doubtless be more wonderful still. This century has witnessed marvelous greatness; may the next witness marvelous goodness! The nineteenth has been a period of stupendous material achievement—great bridges, tunnels, "skyscrapers," ironclads, trusts and combines; let us pray the twentieth century may be an epoch of spiritual culture, that we may see the nations progressing in grace and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, God's kingdom universally coming, and his will being done everywhere on earth as it is in heaven.

LET us become thoroughly indoctrinated in the principles of the old Jerusalem Gospel. There will be many religious isms, fads and fancies spring up in the twentieth as there have in every preceding century, but if we can give the people the truth as it is in Jesus, they will not go off after this "new wine," for they will say, "The old is better."

THE Sabbath, the Bible, the church, are of value only as instruments to ennoble men, and they are honored according as they are used for this purpose. A man may be very religious, and at the same time very mean. Jesus was regarded by the Pharisees as irreligious, yet he pleased God. The manliest man is most like Christ.

WE must ever remember that there are three things from which we cannot escape—the eye of God, the voice of our conscience, and, finally, the stroke of death.

GENERALLY but little "peace of mind" remains with the man who has given his neighbor a "piece of his mind."

WERE it not for the cross of Jesus Christ, the record of no one's sins could ever be crossed out.

PEOPLE are never so happy or unhappy as they imagine they are.

NICKNAMES OF STATES.

ALABAMA—Cotton state.
 Arkansas—Bear state.
 California—Golden state.
 Colorado—Centennial state.
 Connecticut—Nutmeg state.
 Delaware—Blue Hen state.
 Florida—Peninsula state.
 Georgia—Cracker state.
 Illinois—Sucker state.
 Indiana—Hoosier state.
 Iowa—Hawkeye state.
 Kansas—Sunflower state.
 Kentucky—Blue Grass state.
 Louisiana—Pelican state.
 Maine—Pine Tree state.
 Maryland—Old Line state.
 Massachusetts—Bay state.
 Michigan—Wolverine state.
 Minnesota—Gopher state.
 Mississippi—Bayou state.
 Montana—Stub Toe state.
 Nebraska—Blackwater state.
 New Hampshire—Granite state.
 Nevada—Silver state.
 New Jersey—Jersey Blue state.
 New York—Empire state.
 North Carolina—Old North state.
 North Dakota—Flickertail state.
 Ohio—Buckeye state.
 Oregon—Beaver state.
 Pennsylvania—Keystone state.
 Rhode Island—Little Rhody.
 South Carolina—Palmetto state.
 South Dakota—Swing Cat state.
 Tennessee—Big Bend state.
 Texas—Lone Star state.
 Vermont—Green Mountain state.
 Virginia—The Old Dominion.
 Washington—Chinook state.
 West Virginia—The Pan Handle.
 Wisconsin—Badger state.

STAMPS FOR OUR MAIL.

In the matter of postage stamps, it is estimated that on an average every man, woman and child in the United States will use fifty-three postage stamps during the year 1901, forty of them being of the popular two-cent denomination. The total number consumed will be over 4,000,000,000 and nearly 1,000,000,000 of these will be of the one-cent variety. One person out of every ten will send a special delivery letter in the course of the present year.

The first process in the manufacture of stamps at the money mill is to count the sheets of blank paper, which are purchased by contract. This work is done by women, who, indeed, perform most of the labor in the bureau of engraving and printing, simply because they have proved themselves more capable than men for business of this department.

Each sheet is the proper size and shape to make 400 printed stamps, with a small margin. After they have been counted the sheets are moistened by laying wet rags between them at intervals of twenty, and next morning, when the rags are removed the sheets are ready for printing.

These plates, always horizontal, travel around the four sides of the square at a moderate rate of speed, passing in turn beneath an ink roller. Each of them is engraved with the faces of 400 stamps and after being inked by the roller goes under a mechanical rubber, which removes most of the ink.

Then the plate is cleansed of all the rest of the ink save what is in the graven lines by a man who rubs it with cloth and his bare hands, and finally it goes under a dry, cloth-covered roller, which, a sheet of white paper being interposed, does the printing. All of these processes are accomplished four times inside of half a minute.

A girl supplies the fresh white sheets as the plates come around to her in quick succession, and another girl takes them out, fresh printed, as they appear on the outside of the cloth-covered roller, piling them neatly as she does so.

Then the sheets, so new and beautiful with their bright-colored impressions, are carried to another room to be counted, after which they are laid on racks in wire cages on wheels and hauled into steam-drying rooms to stay over night.

On the following morning they are taken into the examining room, where each of them is carefully inspected for defects. Torn or otherwise imperfect ones are rejected, but all fragments are carefully stuck together, so that each sheet may be accounted for. Each person in this department of the money mill is expected to examine 12,500 sheets in a day's work.

DEATH'S VISITS IN SLEEP.

THE frequent occurrence of apoplexy during sleep was illustrated in the case of Colonel Albert D. Shaw. He had made a patriotic speech during the evening and had retired in apparently good health. In this instance there was a combination of causes to bring about the result—a banquet, mental excitement, probable indigestion and a coincident lowering of vital tone.

In some respects the circumstances were similar to those attending the demise of Henry George, who was likewise stricken after forced efforts on the platform.

Why the accident in question should occur at a time when all the bodily functions are seemingly at rest is at first thought somewhat difficult to explain. When, however, the arteries of the brain become brittle by age the slightest change of blood pressure is often enough to precipitate a rupture of those vessels and cause the escape of a clot either upon the surface or into the substance of the brain.

High mental tension, being always associated with congestion, is in itself an active predisposing cause of apoplexy. This condition is apt to continue during a more or less troubled sleep, and with an overtired nervous system there is less resistance to overstretching of the cerebral arteries than during the waking hours. Nature, instead of rebounding, simply succumbs. The fullness of the vessels increases until the final break occurs.

Generally the effusion of blood is sufficiently large to be followed by instantaneous death, causing one sleep to pass quietly into the other. As evidence of this peaceful ending, it is often noticed that the patients are found as if in natural slumber, comfortably lying on the side, with bed clothes undisturbed and with countenances perfectly calm.

POVERTY is not an ideal condition of life in any form, but the most deplorable of all the kinds of poverty which curse the world is the poverty of the mind and of the soul. To be without a home of one's own, without a bank balance, without costly furniture, without what the world calls wealth is not to be compared with poverty of those who have no ideals above what they see about them, no lofty thoughts or noble aspirations, no hunger for knowledge, no love for reading, no taste for art, literature or music, except of the lowest type, which appeals to the sensual, no ambition to rise into the higher regions of their nature. This is the saddest of all the varieties of poverty, and it sometimes co-exists with the possession of property, just as mental and moral wealth often exists with very meager worldly possessions. Pity the poor and help them in every possible way; but let us especially pity and seek to help those who are paupers in ideas and bankrupt in moral ideals.

RAISING sunflowers is a paying enterprise in Russia. The seeds are salted and regarded a fascinating edible. At street crossings in all the provinces of Russia there are stands where peddlers with big baskets sell the salted product of the big sunflower. A good crop of sunflowers as it stands in the field is worth \$25 an acre.

WANTED.

WANTED, by Michigan man, first degree ministry, clerkship in grocery store where there are adjacent church privileges. Have had experience. Address, K. C.; care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. *

* * *

WANTED in Iowa, farm hand, \$20 a month and more to a good man. Address, A. K. P., Care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

* * *

WANTED, in Iowa, brother as farm hand. Twenty dollars a month till fall. Winter job then. Address R. B. O., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

Our Cooking School.

APPLE CAKES.

BY SISTER SARAH A. CROWL.

TAKE ten or twelve sour apples, according to size. Pare, cut out core, and then cut around the apple, in slices one-half inch in thickness. Now take one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, three eggs and sweet milk to make this amount into a batter as for pancakes, but not so thin. Then take lard and fry as doughnuts, dipping the apples in the batter, covering them with it. Then fry in hot lard, eating maple syrup with them. Serve hot or cold; best hot. Excellent for dinner.

Nappanee, Ind.

FIG CAKE.

BY SISTER JOSIE SLONIKER.

TAKE one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one-half cup cornstarch and the whites of six eggs. Bake in layers and fill with fig filling which is made as follows: Chop one pound figs, add one-half cup sugar and one cup water. Stew until soft and smooth. Spread between layers and ice the whole cake with boiled icing.

Burroak, Kans.

APPLE PUDDING.

BY SISTER LOTTIE E. SHICK.

PAKE, core, and slice six or eight large apples, good cooking apples are the best. Grease your pan and put your apples in. Then make a dough of one cup sugar, one cup cream, one cup milk and two and one-half cups flour, with two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder well sifted into the flour, and pour over the apples. Then bake in a moderate oven about one hour. Serve with sugar and cream while warm.

Waterloo, Iowa.

DOUGHNUTS.

BY SISTER LILLUS E. MAHAN.

TAKE one cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, and one egg well beaten together. Grate half a nutmeg into this, and add one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder in two cups of flour. Add as much more flour as may be needed to make a soft dough. Do not roll, but pat out with the hands. Fry in hot lard.

Elgin, Ill.

GINGER SNAPS.

BY SISTER KITTY NEHER.

TAKE seven cups flour, one cup sugar, two cups molasses, one cup butter, one egg, one tablespoonful good vinegar, one teaspoonful soda, and one teaspoonful ginger. If the ingredients are cold it may seem hard to mix in the full amount of flour, but it should be in if possible. These, if properly baked, very much resemble those in the bakeries.

Palestine, Ark.

IMITATION MAPLE SYRUP.

BY SISTER ADALINE H. BEERY.

PUT one dozen large clean corncobs into a granite kettle, cover with three quarts cold water, boil an hour or more until the liquid becomes dark. Remove the cobs, strain the liquid and return it to the kettle. Add two pounds of light brown sugar and a bit of alum the size of a small hazel nut. Boil as you would jelly, until it becomes the consistency of maple syrup. The alum prevents the syrup from returning to sugar. Try this on your griddle cakes. It does not get stiff in cold weather.

Huntingdon, Pa.

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WHEN the stars have grown dim above us,
And the curtains of night are drawn,
All the sky is ablaze with banners
To welcome the dewy dawn.
O'er the hill-tops, and restless ocean,
There is shining a silver trail;
But the sun finds its *height* of glory
When it shines in the lowest vale.

There are lives that are grand and noble,
And they glow with a steady flame,
As they soar to the hills of Honor,
Or illumine the sea of Fame.
But they gleam with celestial glory—
With compassion that must prevail,—
When they shine, with a saving pity,
On the lost in life's lowest vale.

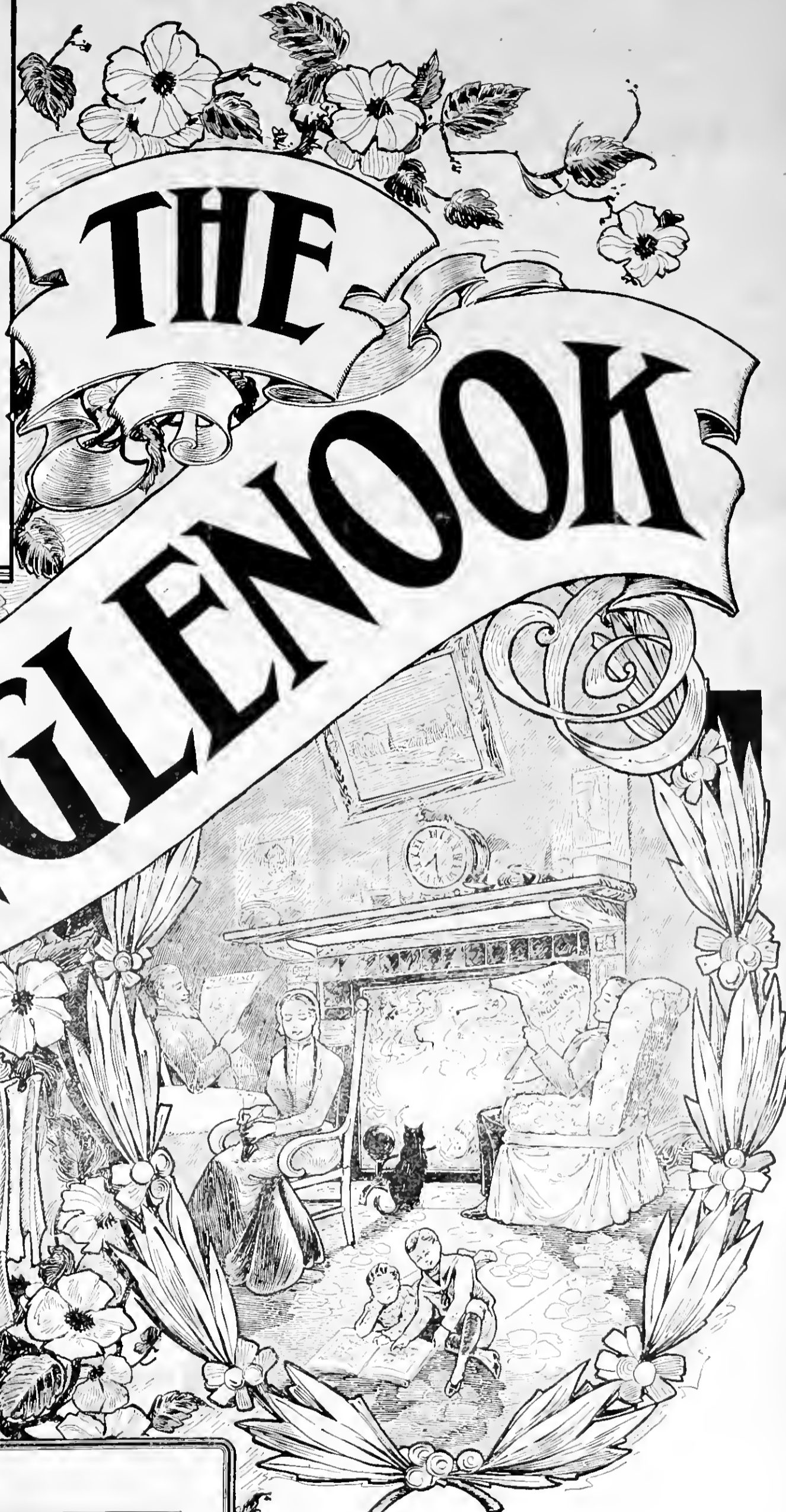
THE INGLENOOK

The Inglenook,
Elgin, Ill.

VOL. III.

March 23, 1901.

No. 12.



ELGIN, ILL.

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Gospel Messenger for 1901



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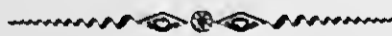


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Brethren Publishing House,
PUBLISHERS,
Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.

THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., March 23, 1901.

No. 12.

DON'T BE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

DON'T be in too much of a hurry
To credit what other folks say,
It takes but a slight little flurry
To blow fallen leaves far away.

The tongue is an unruly member,
Full of deadly and poisonous bane;
Its babble sears worse than an ember,
By thousands you number its slain.

Would we on the sins which we're certain,
Lurk down in our hearts unseen,
Bring them forth to the world without curtain,
Not trying the slightest to screen?

Or give ourselves just the same measure
Of charity which we've bestowed;
Wouldn't talking be less of a pleasure
And living be less of a load?

'Twould take, my dear friends, how much longer
If we would speak well and not ill,
While the soul would grow nobler and stronger,
Its Maker's design to fulfill?

Or what if your neighbor has fallen
A trifle from what he once was,
Consider it isn't your calling
To go about picking up flaws.

Don't take the defensive by saying
I've told only just what was true;
'Tis a game at which more might be playing,
If the truth were all told about you.

We've plenty at home for inspection,
A deal more than some will admit;
Our own lives have not been perfection,
How far they have come short of it!

We but journey this way once forever,
What's done once is done and for aye;
Then why not with earnest endeavor,
Leave a record of beauty, I pray,

With no word of ill toward a brother,
No action we'd like to disown,
For if we cannot love one another,
Why not silently let them alone?

Don't be in too much of a hurry
To credit the news of the day,
For a deal of life's fret and its worry
Is prefaced by two words, "they say."

THE SECRET SERVICE.

OF course there is a much more of secrecy about certain details regarding the secret service division than there is about a city detective force. The number of agents employed in various localities as well as their identity are matters known to but very few persons and are not published in annual reports or other public documents. The efficiency of the service would naturally be seriously impaired if the personality of the agents were as well known to lawbreakers as that of the city detectives is to the class of thieves with which they constantly come into contact. A branch of the secret service division is maintained in each of the large cities, where a chief agent is in charge, representing the secret service division so far as the public is concerned.

The secret service agents are a separate and distinct body from the "revenue officers" who figure so prominently in Tennessee and Georgia magazine stories, hunting for illicit stills and getting filled with lead by the unthinking mountaineer. While their work is, of course, "secret service" in the proper acceptance of the term, so is that of a certain branch of the war department and of other departments of the government which require "confidential" information. The secret service division proper, of which Chief John E. Wilkie is such an efficient head, is principally engaged in running down spurious money to its lair and capturing the folks who try to make money too rapidly.

Every year a few new counterfeit notes make their appearance in various parts of the country, usually in some big city where their disposal is an easy matter, but the total amount of "queer" money put out has not been nearly so large of late as it was in years past. Either the counterfeiters are being gradually gathered into the penitentiaries, leaving no successors to take up the business, or they are abandoning the pursuit for one with less danger of detection and punishment.

When a "new" counterfeit makes its appearance

and is detected by the expert tellers in a bank it is at once sent to the secret service division in Washington, where it is carefully examined—under a strong magnifying glass if it is well executed and therefore "dangerous." Every error in its appearance is noted, the character of the paper on which it is printed, the process by which it is produced, whether steel engraving or photogravure, is all set forth in a warning circular for distribution to banks and similar institutions, because the officials do not know how many of the "queer" notes may be in circulation. Meanwhile a pair of agents from the nearest branch of the secret service division—usually from that in the city where the spurious note is turned up—are detailed on the case.

What they do and how they do are things which make the service what it is—secret. To tell them would be to put the counterfeiters on their guard against certain methods of exposure, and therefore such things are never told. But the agents work night and day if the case proves a puzzling one, which it would appear to a layman to be at the very best. A bad note is handed in at a bank window with a lot of other money. The agents are to discover who passed it in and hunt him up; find out where he got it and if he knows, go after that clew. If he does not, what do they do? If he proves to be a respectable business man who takes in a considerable amount of money every day and is absolutely unable to say who gave him that particular \$5 or \$10 bill, what are the secret service men to do next? That is their little secret and hard enough they find it sometimes.

When the "plant" of the counterfeiters is finally located, by means best known to those in the service, the agents wait for an opportunity of descending upon it at the very moment when it is in operation, that they may not only capture the men and the plates, dies, etc., but also secure positive evidence of the guilt of the prisoners. That is the ticklish and critical moment in the long, hard chase after the lawbreakers, for if they suspect the mission of the intruders they may be prepared for them with guns, and a vacancy on the force of secret service agents may result.

The counterfeiters who produce spurious bank notes and bills from finely-engraved plates are usually of a much higher order of intelligence than the fellows who make bad coins with plaster of Paris molds. Therefore the latter are, as a rule, easier to trace and capture. They do not cover their tracks so well or use such approved methods of blinding the authorities to their existence. In many cases they are foreigners with but a slight and imperfect acquaintance with the laws of this country or the methods in vogue for tracing criminals of their peculiar genus. Sometimes they prove to be men who have been engaged in making and passing spurious coin in the old world, where the business is carried on to a much greater extent than it is on this side, and they imagine they will as easily escape detection here.

Their apparatus is by no means as costly or as near perfection as the costly plates and paper used by note forgers. It usually consists of a few cheap plaster of Paris molds for casting coins ranging in apparent value from a dollar to a nickel, or even a cent, and a small furnace and melting pot for preparing the base metal which they use. The work turned out is of poor quality and easily detected even by laymen, while the work of the high-class note and bill counterfeiters escapes detection until it falls into the hands of an expert in a bank. The makers of bad quarters and half dollars, therefore, are sought for usually in the cheaper portions of a great city—in the tenements or back alleys, hidden away from prying eyes. The product of their rough molds is passed upon the keepers of small stores in their neighborhoods, who are as a rule unsuspecting. Most of the smaller spurious coins would never stand even the casual inspection of a street car conductor.

In a few isolated cases the secret service men are

called upon to trace lawbreakers who print and sell spurious postage or revenue stamps; but these cases are quite infrequent. Just why, it is difficult to say. It would appear that the production of postage stamps or postal cards would be far easier and less liable to detection than the making of bad money. The difficulty doubtless lies in disposing of the product after it is made.

Considerable work is caused the division by people who have no criminal intentions, but who do not know it is against the law to make or have for any purpose whatever any duplicate or representation of United States money. Therefore, several firms have got into trouble through making and selling paper weights which appear to be a cluster of \$20 gold pieces. Although they are all brass and cast in a solid piece, they come within the law. So do all confederate money issued with advertising on the reverse side, imitation bills of every kind, some of which are used in commercial colleges to teach the students business and banking methods. Indeed, the treasury department has caused the arrest of offenders for causing monster \$100 bills to be painted on the side of a six-story building.

WANTS LIFE OF SOLITUDE.

To live alone on a barren rock among the Midway islands in the Pacific is the strange ambition of Frank G. Hopewell, a cable operator, whose home was in New York. Mr. Hopewell gave up a position with a cable company in order to join a surveying party under Lieutenant Commander Pond, who will shortly leave San Francisco on the tug Iroquois for Honolulu.

The party will make surveys and prepare charts of the route of the proposed Pacific cable. When the work is completed and the cable is laid there will be created the position of chief cable operator for the station to be established on the barren rock referred to. It is that position which Mr. Hopewell is desirous of obtaining.

"There is still some question whether Congress will," he said, "provide for the laying of the Pacific cable, even after the preparations already made and those that are going forward. Still, the cable will be laid, if not by the government, then by a private enterprise. So well founded is my belief that I have made application for the station on the Midway islands.

"And yet no one is authorized to make promises of positions. There will be two and perhaps three operators at the station, which will probably be located on what is known as Eastern island, the smaller of the two. It is about half a mile by three quarters of a mile in area.

"I like comparative solitude and am not fond of strangers. I have lived all my life in a great city and now I want a change. I have never known what it was to enjoy absolute quiet.

"You must understand, of course, that I will not be cut off from communication with the world. On the contrary, I will always be in touch with everything that goes on everywhere. A cable operator always is."

MANY of the characters in the Chinese language are very suggestive of the relationship between husband and wife, and leave no doubt as to the subordinate position which the woman occupies in Chinese domestic life. The part which the Chinaman plays in securing his bride is vigorously illustrated in the word to seize, the character for woman crouching under the Chinese symbol for claws, while the character for wife, indicated by a woman placed beside a broom, is evidence of the Chinaman's opinion with regard to the proper position of his helpmate in his household.

In the world strife, now waging, the victory cannot be by violence; and every conquest under the prince of war retards the standards of the Prince of Peace.—*Ruskin*.

Correspondence

FRANKLIN GROVE, ILL.

WHEN the Editor of the INGLENOOK got ready to start to Franklin Grove on a visit of acquaintance with the Brethren living there, he asked how large a place it was, making inquiry of some of the office people who had been there. One replied that it was "about as big as Geneva," and the next said that it "was something less than Geneva," and considering that the writer had never been at Geneva, and that the reader probably never heard of Geneva, Ill., it was not very instructive, but we will let it go at that—about as big as Geneva, a little more or less, "about."

Here are a few things we saw, and that we are sure of. Franklin Grove, Ill., is on the Chicago and North-Western Railway, about three or four hours west of Chicago, and it is the first railroad town on that line of road, first west of Chicago, where the Brethren have taken possession. It is called Grove because there are trees all through the town, and around it, and natural forests in places. About fifty years ago, more or less, a Bro. Emmert began the upbuilding of the church at what is now known as the Emmert church, some four miles west of the town. Then they grew in numbers and grace, and as the people got rich on the fat, black, slightly rolling prairie, they moved into the town of Franklin Grove, and settled there. That makes it a town of retired farmers, and everybody knows what that is,—a place where there is a general diffusion of competency and comfort. There are three houses of worship, one, the largest, in the town, one at Emmert's, a truly rural church, and one at Ashton, about the same distance, four or five miles out of town. There are seven preachers, all more or less active, and two of them are within sight of the end of the journey. The membership is about two hundred, and is compacted pretty well in and immediately around the town. It is said to be one of the best and richest churches in Northern Illinois, and its generosity is on a par with its means, which is not always the case in places.

When they built the town church they did what considerable more than half the Brethren do under like circumstances, they located it out on one remote edge, where there was a good long, unfindable reach of walk on boards, gravel and mud to get at it. And then they have been sorry ever since that it was not put in the center of town, where it should have been. There seems to be an instinct in the hearts of the average membership to steer clear of houses and get out into the open, and the writer confesses to a liking for the old church surrounded by trees, and if there is a babbling brook near by, one with singing ripples, and a deeper pool, it is an ideal place.

The building is one of the old-fashioned, regulation Dunkard churches, on the usual style, where you walk in the house from the front, or go down around behind, and walk in the basement. The interior is marked by a severe neatness, and is capable of seating five hundred people without crowding very much. The sisters sit on one side, the brethren on the other side of the house, the deacons on the first row of seats, and the ministers in a row according to seniority. It is the old style, and at a service where it is strictly of a church character, it is opened by the deacons reading a chapter. It is the good old way, and a remarkable thing is that the church, while adhering to the old ways, has an intelligence of membership that I take to be as high as the best if not a little over the average. There does not seem to be any uneasy element holding on to the church with one hand and reaching out worldward with the other. As it now stands, and if they keep it up, there will never be any dissension from the established faith take root and spread as a bad weed from Franklin Grove as a center. But they want to be careful, for anything ever dropped by a church, from its method of government, or its practice, in favor of the new-fangled, is never picked up again. If any changes are made in church methods they should be most carefully considered, for if they do not measure up to the requirements there is no going back to the old ways.

The Sunday school meets in the afternoon, and a most noticeable feature is the presence of so many of the older ones, about as many gray heads as curly

heads in the Sunday school, which is a good sign. When people get so far on that they can learn nothing it is time for them to get out of the way of others who are anxious to help and he helped. In the evening, before the regular service there is an hour of prayer meeting, social meeting, or whatever you may choose to call it. These social prayer meetings are good things. There is a subject chosen, and each one who wishes reads a verse, or portion of the Scripture, bearing on the subject, and, if he feels like it, comments on it briefly, and what with a hymn now and then, a prayer, and the talks, the hour goes by on wings.

The town is largely a Dunkard place, and on one street near the church so many of our people live that it is called Dunkard Avenue. Here is where Sister Martha Click, of Washington missionary fame, now lives, as Sister Martha Senger, who in turn is the proprietor of a famous and successful medicine, and here in Franklin Grove is where Dr. Fahrney, now of Chicago, the proprietor of a medicine of world-wide renown, once lived.

The surrounding country is what might be expected of a Brethren settlement, good soil, good people, and healthful surroundings. The writer once heard a man say that if the Brethren knew nothing else they knew good land. And they know several other things, beside. There are sixty-three *Messengers* going into Franklin Grove, and there are, well, a good many and a growing list of 'NOOKERS there. From time to time as we go around among the churches, as we think of doing, we expect to tell what we see, and how it strikes us, for the benefit of the 'NOOK reader who has never seen these centers.

FATTENING GEESE.

BY ELBERT McCUE.

I SEE that everyone is writing about everything else but fattening geese. I thought that the 'Nook boys and girls would like to know how it is done. I am twelve years old, and papa has been fattening geese for several years for the Jews. I was with papa the other day and heard the Jew tell him how they fatten geese in the old country. I thought I would try it. It is a good job for boys to keep them out of mischief, and if they don't tend to their business they will get bitten.

You put six geese in a pen, eight by ten, and give them all the water they want to drink, and cook their corn for them. Let them eat at their will. When they will eat no more stuff them. You put a cloth around one and sit down on one end and open his mouth and stuff it down with your finger, and stuff them three or four times a day. You can make one double his weight.

I guess the 'Nook boys and girls will take my job and go into the business.

The hired man was in town the other day with one and saw the Jew, and he said that it was a fat goose. And he said it had a fat liver, and that he would give half a dollar for a big goose liver. I guess since I got the subject started some one else will give me information on the line.

Juniata, Nebr.

[The Editor wants to congratulate Elbert McCue for his intelligent perception of what is certainly new and out of the ordinary to the average reader of this paper. We wish there were more of his kind. He can make a second most interesting article by interviewing his Jewish friend and getting the methods in use in the "old country" for fattening geese, and why they are in demand, not only for the livers, but the uses of the fat itself.]

MY EXPERIENCE AS A COOK.

BY E. J. FORNEY.

ABOUT three years ago, while in the State of California, I had my first experience at cooking.

The man I was working for was the owner of a large hay-press, and he had the help of six or seven men to run it.

Now in the Western States it is the custom for a man who runs a machine, and has men under him, to board them. So we took our tent, beds, and kitchen, which was on wheels, right along with us, and wherever we worked we were at home.

Now it may seem very funny to have a kitchen on wheels, but it can be done, nevertheless.

My furniture consisted of a table, bench and stove.

My cooking utensils, few in number in proportion

to what a woman has in her kitchen, consisted of a spider, kettle, coffee pot, and small pail to dip water with. You can see that my outfit was not costly, but very useful.

In the morning I would get up, chop my wood, start my fire, and get the breakfast while the men were feeding the horses and getting ready for the day's work.

For breakfast we had fried potatoes, pork chops, fried with onions, bread, butter and coffee.

After the men had finished their breakfast, I would clear my table, wash my dishes, and put everything in order for the next meal.

Having finished my dishes, I would put a nice pan of beans in the oven to bake for dinner. After doing this I would go out where the men were working and would help them with whatever they had to do. Of course I would go to the kitchen now and then to see that the fire was kept burning so that things would be ready for dinner.

Dinner consisted of baked beans, veal loaf, boiled potatoes, and for dessert we had oranges, apricots, peaches or bananas, all very plentiful in that country. As a rule I had enough left from dinner for supper, so that meal was easily prepared.

After supper was over and dishes washed we would soon go to bed in the tent, and, as a rule, sleep very sound. On a few occasions we were roused from our slumber by the yelp of the hungry coyote and by the noise they made you would think they were tearing each other to pieces, but when we came to find out there would be only three or four that made all the noise.

After a week of cooking, and working out on the prairie, we moved nearer home, so that we could go home for our meals, then I was not needed as cook and was put to work around the machine. I enjoyed my week as cook very much, and would like to try it again, if given the chance.

Elgin, Ill.

WATER WITCHING.

BY KATH MULLIGAN.

PROBABLY few people outside of certain rural districts, ever heard of the local science known as water witching or hunting for water. Yet it is a well-authenticated fact and has been frequently demonstrated in a practical way.

Where this faith exists, a man wishing to dig or drill a well, will not select a place for it until he is sure that there is water about.

He takes a forked branch, one that is living, stripping off the leaves and holding it before him in both hands, proceeds to hunt for water. If the branch turns around in his hands in spite of his efforts to hold it steady, it is a sign that there is a strong stream of water beneath. This has been tested many times, and if the well has been made at the place indicated by the water witch, it always proves a good well of water.

Branches selected from either peach, hickory or witch hazel are all considered equally potent in finding water. Can anyone explain why the branch turns when above water and no other time?

Conodogwinet, Pa.

WHAT "BEDLAM" MEANS.

THE word "bedlam" is a corruption of the word "Bethlehem" and originated as a synonym for chaos at the time when the house of Bethlehem, occupied by a sisterhood in London, became an insane asylum. The treatment of the insane in the early part of the sixteenth century was not well understood and it was necessary to frighten the patient out of his lunacy. All sorts of awful expedients were resorted to, among them "surprise floors," which slipped from under the feet; "surprise baths," and flogging at the periods of most severe illness. Hence the name "bedlam," the result of incorrect spelling, possibly, came easily to stand for awful things.

THE hailstone is onion-coated, and the layers vary in texture from snow to hard ice, indicating that they are all deposited under the same conditions, and proving conclusively that the hailstone was not made in one operation; that is, the stone must have been maintained in the atmosphere for some time before it grew to its full size.

Nature & Study

DO PLANTS LIKE MUSIC?

BY B. R. OWN.

AMONG the many new things coming to light in recent years is the idea that plant life is partial to sweet music. And why may this not be so? In many, many ways is plant life like human life. The sap courses through the plant much like the blood through the body. The sensitive plant hints at a remarkable nervous system. Both plant and animal life grow most perfectly in the light. In reproduction there is great similarity.

If in these particulars and others plant and human life are so much the same, is it a step too far to think that the sap of the plant, upon receiving the sound impressions of good music, does not course more rapidly through the plant, the bud burst more quickly, and show a brighter and better hue, just the same as the blood flows more freely and the eyes sparkle the brighter because of the same beautiful strains? A Boston musician has observed that his sensitive plant will open and stretch abroad its leaves, drinking in the sweet strains of music like sunshine. But as soon as he happens to strike a discord the plant gives a tremor and closes. Another noted musician who is a great lover of flowers says that the plants in his studio grow much more profusely than those in any other part of the house.

Chicago, Ill.

NURSERY FOR ALLIGATORS.

It is said that the first alligator farm thus far known has been newly established near the town of Seven Bridges in Georgia, with a stock of thirty-seven saurians. Three hundred acres of swamp land have been secured and are being fenced in by the owner, who expects to make a quick fortune by the enterprise, owing to the growing scarcity of these reptiles and the steady market demand for them. Indeed, under such conditions as those described, it ought to be practicable to breed alligators in large numbers, wading birds and other enemies being kept out by means of a close fence. Big turtles and large fishes are likewise deadly foes of the baby saurians, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, and their depredations must be guarded against.

Unfortunately, the alligator is a very slow grower. It is about six inches long when hatched and only twice that size at the end of its first year. Fifteen years are required to reach a length of two feet and a ten-footer may reasonably be supposed to be fully sixty years of age. Hence it is apparent that the enterprising Georgia gentleman is not likely to earn a fortune by the production of alligator hides. The best he can hope to do is to rear baby alligators, for which, as curiosities, there is a good market. They bring about fifty cents apiece.

The female alligator builds her nest near the water's edge, of a series of layers of mud and grass, between which she places her eggs. Decomposition of the vegetable material generates some heat and helps the sun to hatch out the young ones, which immediately start for the water. Inasmuch as such nests are not inconspicuous objects, they are constantly robbed by professional hunters, who sell the eggs. This is one reason why alligators are becoming scarce, their practical extermination in Florida being, apparently, not far distant. The business of slaughtering alligators has been carried on with much eagerness for many years in that State, an average hide being worth sixty-five cents, teeth from \$1 to \$2 a pound and the living animals of large size \$2 a foot.

INSECTS THAT STING TREES.

THERE is a large class of insects of the same order with the bees and wasps, which spend their time stinging trees and bushes instead of small boys. They are not vicious in their habits, nor do they intend to do the trees any harm. Incidentally they do much good for humanity. Certain species of the gall-flies sting the oak trees and produce an ugly-looking wound that grows into a large wart or protuberance. The tree in its effort to heal over this sting sends a good part of its sap to the spot, and in doing so infuses considerable tannic acid in

the protuberance. The galls consequently take on a commercial value in some countries where they are used for making dyes and inks. In parts of Syria, where the oak galls are very numerous, there is quite an industry dependent upon these oak galls. Boys, girls, men and women go forth to gather the galls, which are paid for at the dye and ink works according to their size and quality. The same class of galls can be found in any wood in this country, but in much more limited numbers.

The oak apples which country children gather from the twigs of the oak trees are the result of a fly's sting, which causes the tree to produce an apple instead of a leaf. In the heart of this ball there is a small worm which in time eats its way out. The tree in forming the oak apple supplies it with a sort of honey or nectar which the worm lives on. This nectar and covering are highly prized by every country lad early in the summer. The oak ball is gathered when young, and the outside shell is eaten entire; then the inside silky pulp is sucked a moment to extract the nectar-like juice. A few weeks later the ball gets hard and unpleasant to the taste, the worm emerges from its silky bed, and the whole product of the tree is worthless. Some of the oak balls are hard at the beginning and unfit for eating.

In the woods many trees are covered with galls. Some reach an enormous size, and others are merely slight warts on the leaves. The trees do not seem to be injured seriously by the stings of these gall-flies. Of late years, however, some which are not so innocent have appeared on orchard trees. The cherry and plum trees, in particular, when stung by gall-flies, sometimes have a wound that produces a dry rot, and in time a limb of the tree may become so seriously affected that it will drop off. The sting of some gall insects causes the sap of the trees to discolor the wood, and in some cases this discoloration of the wood is of great commercial value.

MAY BE THE MOST VENOMOUS REPTILE.

PERHAPS the most deadly and aggressive of all reptiles is the mamba, an extremely slender snake which is found all over Africa. In color these venomous serpents are either black or green, and they attain to a great length, one ten feet long, however, being no larger than a man's wrist. It was one of these terrible creatures that killed the late Col. Montgomery of the Welsh Regiment, one of England's most gallant soldiers.

Col. Scott, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, has just written an account of the affair, which is given verbatim:

"On looking over my notes of the case," he writes, "I find we had crossed the Tugela River to the Zululand side. After luncheon Col. Montgomery and his adjutant (Capt. Reid) went out to shoot quail. When they were some distance from the camp they dismounted and threw the saddles over the ponies' heads, as is the custom in South Africa, and then went into some long grass. Soon after Col. Montgomery felt something prick his leg, which he took to be a thorn, but in a few seconds he felt a great shock to his system, and called out to his Adjutant that he had been bitten by a snake, and that he was to ride into camp for me. As soon as Capt. Reid told me what had happened I turned my pony (I was mounted at the time) toward the place indicated, and in a few moments I saw Col. Montgomery riding toward camp at a canter. He at the time looked like a drunken man on a horse, as he was swaying from side to side to such an extent that I momentarily thought he would fall off. When I got to him I and others helped him to dismount. His legs immediately collapsed, the result of paralysis, by which it may be seen he rode in by balance only. The injury was sustained at 4 P. M., and we helped him off his horse at 4:10 P. M. Already he was pale, nervous, very sick (vomiting profusely), had cramps and a feeling that he was going to die. Everything that medical skill could devise was done for him, but nothing was of any avail. Just ten hours after the accident he was dead. The enormous strength of jaw possessed by the reptile is shown by the fact that the fangs passed through a cloth colonial gaiter, colonial riding breeches and drawers. Col. Montgomery was buried in Zululand, at the Mission Station."

FARM FOR RAISING FROGS.

SOME Boston capitalists propose to promote frog raising in the Bay State on a scale unprecedented in this country. An organization has recently been formed, under the name of the Massachusetts Frog Company, and land has been purchased for carrying out the company's undertaking. Artificial ponds, varying in size and connected by a series of locks, are being made for conducting the system of cultivation. They will be lined with cement, and the smallest will be ten feet long and three feet in width. In these ponds the process of breeding will take place, and at certain stages of development the little creatures will be transferred to ponds of greater dimensions. At the age of two years the animals should reach maturity.

The food required for the frogs is of an extremely simple character and will cost very little, and it is expected that ultimately the company's investment will yield big returns. From 20,000 to 40,000 frogs will be grown annually, and if it is deemed advisable the yearly output will be increased to 100,000. While the product will be available for all the uses to which frogs may be put, dead or alive, the principal demand is expected to come from colleges and medical schools. It is averred that in the past such institutions have, through their inability to procure desirable specimens of the sort, been seriously handicapped in the prosecution of experiments in medical research. Schools in the East, for example, have frequently been obliged during the winter months to send to California for the animals which, upon their arrival here, have been unfit for analytical study. The Massachusetts frog breeders intend to remove the cause of all this inconvenience by supplying frogs in abundance the year round.

SEALS KEPT AS TAME PETS.

AROUND about Eastport, on the coast of Maine, it is a common thing to have a seal for a pet. The younger seals are taken for that purpose, and some of them become very tame. A gentleman who has recently visited that region told of one that was captured by a man whose house was 200 feet or so from the shore. This seal used to spend most of its time on this man's veranda, making the distance to and from the water readily. The house was close by the road and people used to pet this seal as they went along by. It spent most of its time out of water, but when it went back into the sea and then came ashore again it was certain to find its way back to its owner's house.

Some of these seals, the narrator said, would follow their owners about like dogs, so far as their limited powers of locomotion would permit, and they became very tame. They were, however, likely to die in these unusual conditions. Whether they were out of water too long for their good or whether it was the feeding or the petting or what that killed them, he couldn't say, but after awhile they would get some affection of the eyes and when a seal got that it was pretty likely to go.

Hunting these hair seals was great sport, he said. They are, of course, very different in their skins from the Alaska fur seal, but the fur of younger hair seals is much finer and softer than that of the old ones, and down in Maine the fur of these younger hair seals is sometimes made up into waistcoats.

An ordinary scythe, apparently growing out of a pine tree as a part of the natural growth of the trunk, is a curiosity to be seen at Blissville, a hamlet not far from Springfield, Mass. The following story gives a rather pathetic explanation of the phenomenon: Augustus Bliss, the eighteen-year-old son of the village miller, was one of the many volunteers in the service of his country in the year of '62. When called to join his company, then at the front, his scythe, which he had been using but a short time before, was left hanging on a small pine tree at home. Young Bliss never returned to his home, but died on a Southern battle field, and his scythe was left hanging on the tree, where he had placed it. Thirty-eight years of growth have transformed the little pine into a forest giant and embedded the scythe in its trunk. The handle, forced from the scythe by the growing tree, is supported in its original position by a small framework.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

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GOOD-BY.

ONE more issue of the INGLENOOK and then good-bye to the family on the cover. They will be washed up, and sentenced to a lifetime of incarceration in the vault where dead and used up things go. They did good service in their time, but all things move in this world, and this time the family get out. That stiff-backed man, the sleepy woman, the cast-iron cat, and the boy reading the 'NOOK will all spend their lives in darkness from this on.

Then comes the new magazine form. It will be in colors, and each week there will be a new picture on the cover. The first issue of the magazine will have a pretty little girl for a starter. In consideration of her being chosen for this position of honor she agrees to be guardian spirit of every good 'NOOK reader. That the new form is an improvement we will leave to your own good judgment. Suppose you write us a letter telling us what you think of the new order of things, when you see it. Do you think the little girl on the cover any improvement on the sister who has been hunting the lost stitch for six months back?

TOO LATE NOW.

LOOKING out from our office window for months past we saw a young mother nursing a baby. It is a common sight all over the world, and poet and artist have vied, one with the other, to express the holiness of the beauty of mother and child. It might readily have been that the writer could have given the little one a flower, or a red apple, but it was not done. This morning there is a bunch of white ribbons knotted on the door of the house where the baby lived, and it is too late now for either fruit or flowers.

The baby has gone, and knows now more than any of us. It has escaped the winters of life; it has gone leaving an ineffaceable scar behind it. We did not know its name, or even its sex, but with all the world it is known that no shadow is longer or deeper than that cast athwart our lives by a little coffin. It is when these little ones leave us that we stop to think of what we might have done and which we mainly leave undone. The writer would sooner have a little one gone on ahead with the memory of a flower or an apple in its mouldering hand than to hear the ramp and roar of applause from the crowded auditorium. One passes and the other lives. But it is too late now, too late. It is best to remember as we journey through this life that we shall not again pass this way, and it is not the great things we may do, but the little things done that count in the final summing up. The flower and the red apple are small things of themselves, but they show the heart of the giver. When those we see have silently passed and we look into the dead face, or note the vacant place, then it is that we remember what we might have done,—when it is too late. The remedy lies in doing now, not in waiting till it is forever too late.

OUR SEASONS.

WE had contemplated saying something about the seasons of the year, viewed from an INGLENOOK angle of observation. Here at Elgin Nature is doing its preliminary yawning and stretching prior to awaking from its cold sleep of months. There are the growing signs of a let-up from cold and icy hands. Then we remembered that the INGLENOOK has no seasons, and we will tell you why.

Seated at our table, littered with the flotsam and jetsam of literature, there comes to us a letter from some Pacific coast point, and some contributor to the happiness of the day encloses orange blossoms and a withered rose, both plucked out in the open. The next letter is from icy Montreal, telling how the ground is so frozen that they cannot bury their

dead till the following May. In the next communication is a reference to tasselling corn down on the Gulf coast, and the next, from the East, remarks that the ice is soon to go out of the rivers and Spring is expected. And so it goes.

The 'NOOK has no seasons, or, it may be said, has all of them at once. Scattered over the country are over a thousand post offices where there are single subscribers, and when the paper is taken home, if that sleepy sister on the cover would look out of the window, instead of watching the children and dropping stitches, she would see green corn, icebergs, the mountains of Switzerland, the roses of the Pacific, and the fjords of Norway, and, if she wanted warming, she gets it in faraway India. So we have concluded that it would be most unseasonable to write aught of the seasons for a constituency that has them all.

THAT NATURAL HISTORY PUZZLE.

THE following persons, in the order named, have correctly answered the puzzle in a recent issue of the INGLENOOK:

S. S. Blough, Pittsburg, Pa.
Miss Maggie Hummer, Hagerstown, Md.
Elma Lilligh, Mulberry Grove, Ill.
L. B. Harshbarger, Johnstown, Pa.
Jesse Mohler, Warrensburg, Mo.

They say that the animal whose peculiarities were described is the opossum, and they are correct. Others have answered, but only the above named were correct. Shall we try again in some other department of natural science?

PLANT A TREE.

THIS Spring if every 'NOOK reader were to plant a tree, consider what a forest there would be were they all to be seen growing together. There are people who never think of planting trees, believing that it will be too long a time to wait for results. The writer knows a man who went on a farm when he was thirty years of age, and it had no orchard. He reasoned that he would have no enjoyment of trees that he might plant, and he lived on the same place till he was eighty-two, and then died, without an orchard other than the seedlings that struggled along, here and there, in the fence corners. Plant a tree, reader, and if you want to do better, put out a number of them. They'll be growing while you are asleep, Jock.

SPEAKING of rejection slips, here is one with which Chinese editors are said to soften the feelings of their unsuccessful contributors, says the *Book World*:

"Illustrious Brother of the Sun and Moon! Look upon thy Slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live. We have read thy Manuscript with delight. By the bones of our Ancestors we swear that never have we encountered such a Masterpiece. Should we print it His Majesty the Emperor would order us to take it as a criterion and never again to print anything that was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before Ten Thousand Years, all trembling we return thy Manuscript and beg of thee Ten Thousand Pardons. See! my hand is at my feet and I am thy Slave."

A FEW people will get this and the succeeding issue of the INGLENOOK as samples. They need not fear that they will be called upon to pay for them. They are sent that we may become better acquainted. If after a week or so they find it a good paper, one they like and believe in, we will be pleased to enter them as regular friends of the publication. If they find that they do not want it no harm is done. It is worth more than it costs, and we throw in, for all new subscribers, the illustrated monthly magazine, *Good Housekeeping*, each worth a dollar a year, but the *two together* only a dollar to new subscribers.

SUBSCRIBERS' attention is called again to the unequalled offer to receive the monthly magazine, *Good Housekeeping*, in connection with the INGLENOOK. See the advertisement on the cover, and act at once.

In solitude the mind gains strength and learns to lean upon itself.—*Sterne*.

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Will a mocking bird sing as well in captivity as when wild?

It is said to do better.

* * *

Are the catalogue department stores in Chicago reliable?

Yes, very. They could not afford to defraud.

* * *

What is meant by the "survival of the fittest"?

That the weak die and the strong survive as a rule.

* * *

Is the coming of the birds a true index to future weather?

No, they make the worst kind of mistakes at times.

* * *

Have any answers been received as to whether it is darker just before dawn?

No. It is colder, and that is readily explicable, but the 'NOOK does not believe that it is darker.

* * *

Is there any way to tell a venomous snake from a harmless one?

As a rule the venomous snakes have thick, triangular heads, while the harmless ones have oval heads.

* * *

What is light made of?

Nothing. It is a mode of motion in the surrounding ether. Heat is the same thing, but with a different motion.

* * *

Will any of the hair restoratives make gray hair of a natural color?

In an exact sense not one of them will do it. They are all disguised dyes, and tell their story to every close observer.

* * *

Is it true that the rattlesnake, the owl and the prairie dog live in peace in the same hole?

No. It is a very unhappy family. And when the snake and the dog lie down together the latter is generally inside the snake.

* * *

How can I learn to be a trained nurse?

By entering a training school at some hospital where learners are taken. Without a natural taste for the work you would fail.

* * *

How are trains distinguished by railroad officials?

They are numbered, in-bound having even numbers, out-bound odd numbers, or the reverse, but the numbers are never mixed.

* * *

Do you suppose the Chinese will ever be fully Christianized?

Not until their habits of thought and action are radically changed. The present war will do much to set back the efforts of the missionaries.

* * *

Is there a remedy for an ugly wart?

Touch it with common castor oil and keep it up. It will go away, the time required varying from a few days to as many weeks. The oil acts by softening the skin so that it may be rubbed off.

* * *

Does an even temperature follow the parallels of latitude?

No, it varies wonderfully. That a locality is farther north than another is no indication that it is that much colder. Some parts of the northern Pacific coast have a temperature about the same as North Carolina.

* * *

A tree falls in the depths of the forest, where there is no human ear to hear. Is there any sound?

None. There can be no sound without an ear to hear, just the same as there can be no taste without an impression on nerves. These things are effects, requiring something on which the effect falls to complete the act.

* * *

Is it morally right to use a hair dye?

As the 'NOOK looks at it there is no moral side to it. If men or women see fit to dope their hair with some sticky dye that turns it a dirty yellowish brown it is nobody's business but their own. Considering that nobody is deceived but the party of the first part, where is the harm? Would you deny some gray-haired old relic the harmless delusion, especially when he is "looking around" for number two, or, possibly, number three?

HOW TIN PLATE IS MADE.

BY WM. N. FISHER.

UNTIL about ten years ago, this industry was confined to Wales, and the United States imported millions of dollars worth annually. Then, by the passage of the "McKinley tariff bill," it became apparent, to some of our public-spirited men, that tin plate could be manufactured here. To many outsiders the project seemed feasible, to others only an idle dream. However, time and energy have verified the most sanguine expectations of the promoters of the scheme, and the industry, which eight or nine years ago was called an infant, has grown to be a very formidable adult. Single plants in the United States employ two thousand persons, at wages ranging from \$1.15 to \$12 per day, and the monthly pay roll aggregates \$125,000 to \$130,000.

When operations began in the American mills, the skilled labor was performed by Welshmen, who had been imported from the mills in Wales, but American labor is gradually superseding them.

You have no doubt seen the bright sheets of tin, properly called "tin plate," for they are not solid tin sheets at all, but, like a gold watch, plated. The main body of the plates is steel. The article would be of little value if it was pure tin.

The steel used is shipped to the mills in the form of billets—which are about six by eight inches in diameter and six to eight feet long, weighing 800 to 1,000 pounds. These are taken from the car by means of compressed air cranes, and are shoved sidewise—one pushing those in front of it, while others are being added—into a large furnace forty feet long. At the farthest end of the furnace stands a heater, who allows the red-hot billets to drop out, when properly heated, on a roll train, which carries them bounding along to the bar mill, which is provided with two sets of rolls. The billet passes through the upper set, which makes it much thinner and longer. We will call it a bar now.

It is then lowered and passed back through the lower set of rolls, then raised again and passed through the upper set, and so on until it passes through the rolls five times, when it is lifted by large steel arms and thrown across to the finishing rolls. After passing through these, it is a bar ten inches wide, and eighty to one hundred feet long.

It is allowed to remain a few moments under a long, leaking trough of water to cool, then thrown across to the steam shears where two of the bars are sheared at a time, into what we will term "tin plate bars," in lengths ranging from eighteen to twenty inches. During this time no human hand touches the iron. As the plates are sheared they drop into a large steel car, which is pulled by a dummy engine to the hot mill room where they are placed in large heating furnaces and heated to a bright red heat, not too hot nor too cool. If too hot the bars will weld together when doubled, as they pass through the rolls, and they will also stick if too cool. The heater delivers the bars to the rougher, who passes them four to eight times through a set of rolls until the desired gauge is reached. These rolls are twenty-three to twenty-eight inches in diameter, and from twenty-four to forty inches long. Then eight sheets are placed in a pack and the doubled ends sheared off. They are reheated four times and each time passed through the rolls. They are then finished into various sizes, usually fourteen by twenty to fourteen by twenty-eight inches. We now have black, stiff, rigid sheets of steel, which resemble the sheet iron from which common stovepipe is made.

In this department we have none but skilled laborers, whose work is very hard, and a very hot job it is. They are under the jurisdiction of the "Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers," who negotiate the wage scale for each year.

The plates are now taken in large stacks to the "pickling room," via the electric crane route. Large vats filled with a strong solution of sulphuric acid, are ready to receive the plates, which are immersed in the solution. The object in this is to remove the oxide that collects on the steel.

The plates are now stacked into large cast iron boxes with cast iron tops, holding two to three tons, and they are then lowered by the electric crane into the annealing pit, which is covered over with a "crown" made from fire brick. Here the steel

is subjected to an intense heat, from six to ten hours. Then it is allowed to cool slowly. When cold the top is removed and the sheets taken out. The object in this annealing process is to soften the steel and make it pliable.

Now the sheets are passed twice through revolving, cold rolls, to give them a straight, smooth surface. They are then packed into annealing stands, and given the second annealing for the same purpose as the first.

They are now taken to the white pickler and given a second pickling, to prepare them for tinning, being kept in vats, or boxes of clear water, to prevent rusting. Here the plate wheelers, with wheelbarrows, take them to the tinning stacks and place them in small vats adjacent to the tinning machine, containing a weak solution of muriatic acid. This gives perfect cleanness and smooth surface for tinning.

Pure pig tin,—which is found in small quantities in Deadwood, S. Dak., but the main supply coming from Australia and South Sea Islands—is the article which gives the finish, and which plates the steel sheets, giving them the name "tin plate."

The tinning stack is in two departments, viz, the flux box and tinning pots. The flux is composed of muriatic acid, spelter and sal ammoniac. The bottom of this box has a set of rolls which the tinner passes the sheets down into (through the flux), and in turn the rolls pass them up through the tinning pot. The object of passing the sheets through this composition is to prevent explosions. Many a poor mortal knows what results when moisture is introduced into melted tin or lead.

The tinning pot contains the tin in a molten mass and a set of tinning rolls. The sheet comes up through them and emerges through a covering of pure palm oil, when an operator catches the sheet with a pair of tongs. The palm oil is used to give the plating an even surface, and also serves to keep the tin and the rolls warm.

The tinning process is now complete. The plates are then thrown into the branner, where they are passed through either bran and lime, middlings or sawdust. They are passed from the branner to the finishing or polishing rolls, the rolls being covered with felt or sheepskin. This removes all grease or dirt.

From the finishing rolls, on large trucks, the plates go to the sorting room. Here one hundred girls and women sort them into the various grades, which are primes (first quality), wasters (second quality), and menders, which are returned and re-worked.

The beautiful, bright, mirror-like plates are now packed into boxes of 112 and 225 sheets. This article is called the "Coke brand," and is used in the manufacture of fruit cans and the cheaper tinware. A more expensive brand called the "Charcoal brand" is made by using lead in plating, instead of tin. This is used for fine tinware and for roofing purposes, as it withstands the weather much better than the Coke brand.

After the plates are boxed, the boxes are stenciled with the basis weight, size and grade. The finished article goes to all parts of the world. The British soldiers in South Africa are using condensed milk from the United States in cans made from American tin plate, as are the soldiers in the Philippines.

*Mexico, Ind.***LIGHTNING AS AN ARTIST.**

AMONG the mysterious things which lightning sometimes does is the imprinting of pictures upon objects not prepared in any way so as to sensitize them to light. This action of lightning has been observed and commented upon for many centuries and as yet it is a great puzzle which really seems to have no satisfactory solution. Gregory Nazainzen, the theologian, declares that in 360 A. D., crosses were imprinted, during a severe thunderstorm, upon the bodies and clothing of the men working upon the rebuilding of the temple in Jerusalem. Another well-authenticated instance of the kind was at Wells cathedral, England, in the sixteenth century. In the progress of divine service several severe claps of thunder were heard, which so frightened and bewildered the worshipers that they prostrated themselves on the ground. Intermittent flashes of lightning lit up the cathedral, and though no one was hurt it was found after the storm was over that

crosses had been imprinted upon the bodies of all those present.

But the "Sign of the Cross" is not the only device which has been imprinted upon persons and objects by lightning. Trees or parts of trees are the most common manifestations of this weird photography, while instances are on record where representations of coins, horseshoes, nails, birds, cows, numerals, words, metal combs and chair backs have been imprinted on the human body. In Candelaria, Cuba, a young man was struck dead by lightning and upon his being picked up it was found that a horseshoe was photographed on the back of his neck. Close to the spot where the man was killed a horseshoe was nailed up over the window of a house and in some way this was supposed to be the cause of the impression found on the dead man.

Some years ago, near Bath, England, six sheep that were in a field surrounded by woods, were struck dead by lightning. When the sheep were skinned it was found that a portion of the surrounding scenery had been photographed on the inside of their skins. The trees and foliage were reproduced beautifully, and clearly defined. In 1853 a little girl was standing at a window watching the progress of a thunderstorm. A vivid flash of lightning struck the child and imprinted upon her body an exact image of a maple tree which was growing just outside the window.

Perhaps the most startling experience befell a boy near Manchester, England. In the midst of a rising thunderstorm this boy climbed a tree to rob a bird's nest. There came a flash of lightning which threw him to the ground, and he ran home frightened, though little hurt. Shortly after it was discovered, to the astonishment of the neighborhood, that a perfect image of the tree had been imprinted on the boy's breast. The identical bough which bore the bird's nest and even the startled bird hovering above it were all clearly portrayed by the lightning's flash on the boy's skin.

GUIDE TO A BLIND MOOSE.

A good animal story comes from the region north of Minneapolis. It is that of a blind moose cared for by one of his mates and taken by him to feeding grounds, kept from wolves and cared for as tenderly as a baby.

Last fall some hunter shot this big bull moose and instead of killing him succeeded only in putting his charge where it put out the sight of both eyes. He was seen shortly after by woodsmen who have had opportunity to watch the animal more or less during the winter, and they have been much interested in his career. The moose does not appear to have suffered greatly from the loss of his eyes, and is sleek and fat. He is a magnificent specimen, with antlers that branch full six feet, standing higher than a horse and weighing probably not less than 1,300 pounds.

Moose yard during the winter season in places where there is abundant brush and when the feed of one yard is about exhausted they make another some distance away and there they travel in circles as before, eating the small trees and branches clean of tips and buds. If alone and forced to shift for himself a blind moose would soon die from starvation. But to this big moose there has attached himself, not a cow, but a younger bull, and the two are in constant company, say those who have seen them at various times and have been able to compare notes. The younger moose is the guide and friend of the maimed one. One woodsman who watched them for hours one day, when the wind served and the conditions were right, says that the younger led the old one to the best bushes about the yard. It had then been eaten pretty clean and was soon to be deserted, and it was with some difficulty that the young animal was able to lead the other to clumps of twigs. The moose showed the greatest sagacity in following and was almost able, probably by an abnormal development of the sense of smell, to go without any assistance.

Love one human being with warmth and purity, and thou wilt love the world. The heart, in that celestial sphere of love, is like the sun in its course. From the drop on the rose to the ocean, all is for him a mirror, which he fills and brightens.—*Jean Paul.*

Good Reading

SCIENCE OF TAKING COLD.

THERE has been a noteworthy change of medical opinion in recent years as to the subject of taking cold. In no other country is this matter of such general importance as it is in the United States, where catarrhs, acute and chronic, are so common as to be almost universal. The explosive clearing of the throat which is characteristic of an American audience has been commented on by English and French visitors, and the surprise has been great that pneumonia should be so much more prevalent and fatal here than it is in foggy and muggy England. An understanding of the conditions under which a cold may be contracted should prove of especial value at this time of the year.

It is a popular idea that if one be amply provided with warm clothing, wraps, a mackintosh, rubbers and an umbrella little risk is run of taking a cold, yet it is a matter of frequent experience that in spite of all reasonable precautions a catarrhal affection may be developed or pneumonia set in. The fact that weariness, depression of spirits, fright, anxiety or something which has affected the nervous system unfavorably has preceded the attack is frequently overlooked. When free from every form of nervous debility a person may expose himself to draughts, dampness and other usual causes of colds and escape entirely, while at another time, when weary or depressed from any cause, he may become the victim of a fatal attack of pneumonia from a much slighter exposure. The nervous origin of colds seems to be recognized by all the physicians who have made a special study of acute diseases of the lungs and throat.

It is explained that the temperature of the body is maintained by the nervous system and that the least failure or relaxation of nervous energy causes a change of the bodily heat and impairs the power of the body to resist the approach of disease. It is a wonderful fact that under any change of outside temperature, even if one go from the arctic regions to the equator, the heat of the body remains at about ninety-eight degrees. But for its regulation by the nervous system the heat of the body could not remain constant, as every muscular exertion would raise the temperature. Weariness, anxiety, depression and the like lower the amount of nervous energy and render the body susceptible to colds from the least exposure by disturbing the process of regulating the temperature. While warm clothing and all the common means of protecting the body are important, it is even more important to avoid needless exposure if the nervous system be not in its best condition.

HARDY JAPANESE BABIES.

ACCORDING to modern scientific ideas as to the careful treatment of babies, those of Japan would seem to have a hard time, and yet there are no healthier nor fatter looking little mortals on the face of the earth. We insist on a fixed temperature, on sterilized milk, and all sorts of improved things, while the Japanese baby gets a good dose of nature and seems to thrive on it.

It is dressed and undressed in a frigid temperature in winter, and in summer its tender little eyes are always exposed to the full glare of the sun as it is carried on its mother's back.

It is to be feared, however, that this latter treatment often does affect the eyes of the children, though they get over it later in life.

The Japanese are a very cleanly race in all main particulars, but these do not always embrace the little baby faces, which are sometimes quite smutty. This suits the baby all right, in fact any baby would tell you that it was far more humane than that compulsory treatment with unsolicited soap and water.

Perhaps this is the reason that the Japanese babies are said never to cry. Such a statement is an exaggeration of the truth; while they are good natured above the average, they can bawl as loudly as anyone when occasion demands.

It would be impossible to find a more fascinating sight than a clean Japanese baby in its fresh robes. These are made of crepe of the brightest and gayest design and color.

In winter the small head is covered with a worsted cap of the same shades. The bright black eyes look out of a round face, which has the most exquisite coloring of brown and deep red, and the black hair is cut in all sorts of fantastic ways, just like the hair of the Japanese dolls imported into this country.

The whole family takes the deepest pride in the baby, and especially the father and mother, who are often foolishly indulgent. Some parents seem incapable of denying their children anything, and many is the household entirely ruled by a small tyrant of a girl or boy. In this way there are often spoiled children in Japan.

The babies of the lower classes are generally carried on the back of the mother or little sister, sometimes the small brother is obliged to be the nursery maid.

The "kimono" is made extra large at the back, with a pocket large enough to slip the baby in, and its round head reaches the back of the neck of the person who is carrying it. It is not an uncommon sight to see children, who are barely old enough to toddle themselves, burdened with a small brother or sister sleeping peacefully on their backs.

At first you open your eyes in horror, and expect to see the small one stagger and fall beneath the weight, but apparently none of its movements are impeded, and it plays with the other children as unconcernedly as if not loaded down with another member of the family.

At Nagasaki, among the women coalers who coal the ship, you see many with babies on their backs in this way.

The mothers work all day in the rain, or the sun, or the snow, and their baby sleeps indifferent to everything, the top of its head alone visible, while the movements of the mother do not seem in the least hindered, and she accomplishes as much work as the men. It seems as if the babies of this class were born Stoics!

ODD FLOWER IMPORTATION.

IN the cargoes of the great Atlantic ships are often consignments of flowers whose maiden names seldom or never appear in the treasury reports of custom house returns. A few like the Easter lilies of Bermuda come over in large quantities, the demand for them for church decorations being the basis of a large industry. Others express sentiment or homesickness. Our Irish citizens have to have shamrocks for St. Patrick's day, and even for Christmas and New Year's. These are usually shipped via Queenstown.

The French and Belgian citizens of the metropolis import immortelles. Strictly speaking these should be used only for funerals, but as a symbol of home the mercurial Gaul often employs them as a decoration for his sitting room and even his salon. The Swiss colony imports that odd Alpine plant, the edelweiss. It is pretty on the bleak crags of the Swiss hills, but when it is dried and packed in little pasteboard boxes it looks more like a toy made of cotton wool than a thing of beauty.

Patriotic Scotchmen have shipped small quantities of heather and broom. The quantity is much smaller to-day than in former years, owing to the business enterprise of Yankee florists, who now grow both these weeds in large amounts. Within one hundred miles of New York there are at least one hundred fields covered with the two plants, which are regularly visited by homesick natives of the Highlands.

The Chinese evince sentiment as well as love of good living in their floral importations. They bring over both New Year's lilies and tea flowers. The former is a variety of the narcissus, and is the Chinese symbol for the new birth of the sun, as well as of the year. At this time of the year every laundry and store conducted by our almond-eyed citizens has in its front windows at least one dish half filled with white gravel and water, on top of which rest from two to four of the lily bulbs. They grow rapidly and come to bloom in time for their great national feast.

The so called tea flowers are not flowers of the tea plant, but an aromatic herb, which derive their name from the fact that they are used to give an increased aroma and flavor to tea. When growing, they are snow white, with a perfume as rich as that

of an orange blossom. When dried they are yellowish white, but even richer in odor than when alive and fresh. One ounce of the blossoms is mixed with a pound of tea. When the mixture is drawn the steam fills the room, and, indeed, the house, with its sweet and penetrating smell.

Mexicans, Californians, and other people from the southwest like curious little vegetable forms known as resurrection plants. They come from the deserts or semi-deserts of Mexico, Arizona and New Mexico, and are doubtless the result of the singular climatic conditions of that part of the country. They seem dead, but beneath the shriveled exterior retain their vitality for weeks and months—some say for years. Placed where they can be watered, they undergo an instant change, and in a short time the cells have expanded and the plant is alive and flourishing.

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

IN every township where the prairie dog lives—and that includes about fifty counties in Western Kansas—special elections are to be held for the purpose of choosing a commissioner for the extermination of the pests. The poison, which is bi-sulphide of carbon, is to be paid for by the State, and the poison will be purchased by the State Secretary of Agriculture, and will be sent to the commissioner. He will saturate the bi-sulphide in cotton and push it down the holes where these little animals make their homes. The dirt is then tramped down around them, and this is said to be the last of them.

This experiment has been tried by a number of farmers in Western Kansas, and has proven a great success. It invariably kills the dogs, and no other dogs ever burrow another hole where the poison is once placed.

In Scott and Kearney counties there are dog towns at present twenty miles square. The dog holes are not further than twenty feet apart any place in the town. Once this tract of land was a valuable farm, but the dogs came into it and killed off the crops every year until the land was abandoned. One sure way to kill a prairie dog is to pour water down his hole until he comes to the surface and then shoot the little animal.

But this was an endless job and as fast as one dog was killed two were born to take its place.

Then efforts were made to fill up the holes with dirt and rocks, but this was as endless a job as the other. Then the farmers hired little boys and girls to stay at home and watch traps set above the holes to catch the dogs when they came to the surface. After a while the little fellows got so smart that they would only come to surface in night times and then they would cut down the corn and wheat crops in a single night.

It is estimated that no less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually is sacrificed to these pests and that two million acres of land has been made worthless by prairie dogs.

EASTERN SNAKE CHARMERS.

THE larger proportion of people interested in handling and charming snakes are totally ignorant of the following safeguard, practiced by jugglers in the far east. It may seem perfectly practical to one that charming plays the principal part in catching and handling venomous snakes, but in reality these men are safe. After a snake has been caught it is worried until ready to strike, then some soft substance, such as cotton batting, is tied on a rod and thrust before it. The snake continues to strike and sink its fangs into the wad which absorbs the deadly poison, then when the native thinks he has extracted enough or all to warrant safety from the snake bite, he draws the fangs out, thus making the snake harmless, beyond biting, which can not prove poisonous. The fluid which passes through the fangs of snakes is secreted in a pouch in the head, and after that is drawn in the foregoing way a fresh supply is formed. The jugglers study that point and therefore know about when the deadly fluid is gone. We can well understand any snake being charmed under those circumstances, and it goes to prove the falsity of any risk taken by those wonderful eastern jugglers.

MANY a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.—Hare.

DREDGING MACHINES.

EACH spring as soon as the river is free from its winter fleet a score of low-lying, dingy dredges creep out and begin rooting about in the mud with their long iron snouts. When they have found a place where some great schooner, lumber-laden, might ground its keel, they anchor fast and scoop up the mud in dripping bucketfuls, emptying it into a near-by barge. And they root and burrow day in and day out until the Chicago river is once more a navigable stream according to the blue arrows on the maps of the naval department.

It is a sulky, wayward river. Above the city, where it is not hemmed in with impenetrable rows of piling, the water gnaws greedily into the soft banks and the sand and clay are carried downward toward the lake, only to be dropped helplessly just where the government of the United States has ordered a perpetual depth of eighteen feet of water. And this is not all. The city's sewers ooze a stream thick with silt and filth, most of which plays for awhile in the water and then sinks to the bottom. When the layer becomes too thick the dredges come out—they are paid by the city of Chicago—and clear the channel.

Several varieties of dredges are used; one, the dipper dredge, which scoops out the mud as a man would with his curved hand; another, the clam-shell dredge, which goes down like an open clam-shell and comes out closed with the load inside; and third, the new hydraulic dredge which thrusts its snout down into the mud, sucks it up and vomits it through a long tube into a barge or upon the shore. The old-fashioned bucket-ladder dredge has been used very little of late years.

The dipper dredge is a comparatively simple affair. It consists of a huge iron scoop at the end of a long arm, and hung to a heavy derrick at the end of the barge. The machinery is run by a powerful steam engine, situated in the back part of the barge, where it helps to balance the heavy strain of the dredging operations in front. The scoop is let down almost perpendicularly into the water, and is scraped along the bottom of the river by means of a chain fastened to the arm sweep. When it is full of mud the derrick raises it, swings it over the barge and then, by withdrawing a link catch, the bottom is allowed to drop open and the load of mud slides out. This system of dredging is quite common in Chicago; nearly everyone is more or less familiar with it. Not only silty mud but gravel, clay and even large stones can be removed by the scoop with the greatest ease and with considerable rapidity.

The clam-shell dredge is made of two separate scoops hinged together at the upper part. The arm which holds it is shot down almost perpendicularly from the derrick, and the edges of the scoop sink into the mud. As soon as the derrick begins to draw up, the edges are pulled together, inclosing the load of mud. When it is swung over the barge a simple device opens the jaws and the load is discharged.

The newest and the fastest dredge, especially in soft soil, is the hydraulic dredge. Several of these are used in the drainage canal where it traverses the old bed of the Des Plaines river. The bottom there is pure muck, which varies from five to twenty feet in depth, and no device could be better for doing the work than one that burrows and sucks.

The dredges are mounted on barges 105 feet long and thirty-three feet wide and the operating machinery consists of a battery of four large tubular boilers which supply steam to a 250-horse power Westinghouse engine, coupling direct to the shaft of a six-foot centrifugal pump. At the bottom of the long hollow arm which reaches from the barge down into the muck there is a revolving cutter which is operated from above by a pair of horizontal engines. This revolving cutter is one of the most important parts of the dredge. It consists of a hollow cylinder five feet in diameter and four feet long, the bottom and sides of which are provided with steel knives that burrow into and loosen up the mud so that it may be easily drawn into the suction pipe.

The operation of dredging is simple. When the barge is in position a huge spud, or timber, shod with iron and fastened to the stern, is driven into the bed of the river. The "swinging lines" are thrown out at each side to prevent the barge from

moving from side to side. When the engines are started the cutter revolves and tears up the mud, which is sucked into the 20-inch pipe and carried quickly upward. On reaching the surface the liquid mass is discharged into a pipe leading to a mud scow, or it may be forced almost any distance through the pipes to the shore. Some of the mud from the drainage canal is driven more than 1,000 feet, the snakelike line of piping being supported on pontoons. When the water drains off this mud assists materially in strengthening the canal walls.

When the dredge has sucked out all the mud within reach the machine is brought to a standstill at the center of the cut, the long anchor spud is raised and a pushing spud is lowered to the bottom of the river and forced backward by means of a hydraulic cylinder, thereby pushing the barge forward and bringing it into position for another attack on the mud below.

Where the river bottom is soft enough to be readily cut up by the revolving cutter there is no machine that can begin to compete with the hydraulic dredge in rapidity of work. More than 165,000 cubic yards of mud was recently pumped out in twenty days' time by one of these dredges.

WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING.

MANY men make their living by buying up the cast-off wrapping paper and pasteboard boxes from the janitors or large stores and sorting and selling the paper and boxes to east side dealers. Many others buy the newspapers that accumulate in office buildings and sell them for wrapping paper, and even turn them into money at the paper mills, though the price paid is low.

A business peculiar to the east side is that of buying and selling pawn tickets. The men in this line seldom redeem the pledges and realize on their sale. They buy the tickets at five to ten per cent of the amount named on the ticket and sell them at ten to twenty-five per cent of the amount loaned. Only articles of considerable value are inspected before the sale or purchase of the ticket, for the pawnbrokers charge twenty-five cents for any such inspection. If the face value of the ticket is small the speculator relies on the judgment of the pawnbroker.

A profitable business is done in old metals. If a dwelling is torn down the speculator receives from the contractor the right to all the old metal in the debris, sometimes for a mere nominal sum, as in most cases the contractor is glad to have it carried away. The debris is carried away and sorted, and the copper and lead are disposed of at a handsome profit.

A number of men are engaged in a door-to-door canvass, buying small articles of silverware. The poorest people, in the most wretched parts of the city, usually have something in silver, a spoon, a charm or a thimble, it may be, and in case of distress, if eviction for nonpayment of rent is impending or ready money is needed for immediate medicine or for drink, the silver-buyer makes a profitable purchase.

There is also the man who peddles cinders to people too poor to afford coal. He obtains his supply from the places where the elevated road dumps its ashes, picking out the half-burned coals and peddling them in a push cart.

An old Italian, who for nearly fifty years has been peddling matches in restaurants and bar-rooms, especially in the "tenderloin," is reputed to have grown rich and is said to own several houses. Other types are fast dying out, such as the man who used to peddle sawdust to saloon keepers, but an Irishman who has supplied many offices and shops with feather dusters for the past thirty-four years is still at his trade. These dusters are made in Vesey street. Such turkey feathers as cannot do duty as ostrich feathers are bought in Canal street and resold to the duster-makers in Vesey street.

ECCLESIASTICAL PUNISHMENT.

SEVERAL members of a church in Kutztown, Pa., having fallen behind with their dues, the board of directors have decided that in the future the bell shall not be tolled for a funeral in any family which has not paid up its indebtedness and a year in advance beside.


 Sunday School

CHERISHING IDEALS.

WISDOM speaks in the injunction to "hold fast to that which is good." We understand the necessity of this in worldly possessions. If we have diamonds, beautiful pictures, shapely statues or vases, we cherish them carefully; but how carelessly we let enthusiasms, ideals, and visions slip away! As for a priceless vase on the mantelpiece, and an interest, an enthusiasm, in the heart,—is there any comparison between what these two things will add to life? Mazzini says, in one of his essays, that many people, at the outset of their careers, are full of poetry and noble enthusiasms, but they gradually become prematurely old, and lose them all. He adds, "They think themselves becoming solid, practical, when they really are becoming sordid and common." Let us flee from this city of destruction of life's ideals! Let us escape, if we may, from that estate of which Oliver Wendell Holmes gave illustration in the story of Elsie Vener: "There is no fate sadder than that of the man over whose dead soul in his living body—*requiescat in pace*—has been written."

HOW TO FILL UP A CITY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A WORK that is impracticable for the church to do, because it is so split up into denominations, is being done for Chicago by the Bible Society of that city. This undenominational society is planning to enlarge its house-to-house work, and has called to its management an old city pastor, the Rev. R. D. Scott. Although Chicago's 605 Protestant churches have 166,262 communicants, and 183,525 in the Sunday school, there remains about a million of unchurched people in the city, according to the society's estimate,—excluding infants and infirm persons. With 'fully fifty thousand men directly engaged in public places of resort, whose influence is demoralizing and tends to crime," this society evidently has all the field for work that could be desired!

We often see a thing, and yet do not possess it. You often see beautiful fruit displayed behind a plate-glass window or in some shop, and the hungry little boys look and long for it, but they cannot reach it. If you were to tell one of them who has never seen glass to take some, he might attempt it; but he finds something invisible between him and that fruit. Just so, many Christians can see that God's gifts are beautiful, but they cannot take, because the self-life comes in between, even though they cannot see it. What glorious blessings we should have if we were only willing to give up the self-life and take what God has prepared for us—not only righteousness, not only peace, but the joy of the Holy Ghost!

God is free. Go out doors and see for yourself. Are not the trees wayward and whimsical? Is not the wind let loose, and is not the sea savage enough? Do not the birds wheel and turn as they like? So does God do as he likes. He is not caught in his body; neither are you. You can move if you try; have faith. Have faith in God.

The greatness of the modern spirit is its humility. It keeps close to the puissant ground; it will walk in the real world. Do not be deceived by the brag and flourish; the heart of the age is humble. And it is only by humility that you can enter into its meaning, utter its longing, or fulfill its faith.

The spirit of the age is saying to its children: Have faith. Make yourself at home. This is your own house. The laws were made for you, gravitation and the chemical affinities, not you for them. No one can put you out of the house. Stand up; the ceiling is high.

The pessimist has found many alleged confirmations of his gloomy doctrines in this age. A forward look into the new century reveals it to be a golden age of optimism.

Among those counted as Christians in the United States, it must be remembered that many are positive sinners.

A SWEET LIFE GONE.

SINCE the INGLENOOK started I wonder how many young subscribers have passed to the great unknown.

Mabel Clare Forney was born in Omaha, Nebr., in the year 1881. Dec. 26, in 1893, she came to the church and was baptized at Falls City, Nebr.

She was of a mild and lovable disposition, thereby winning many friends which she always held in great esteem. She also loved good books and good reading. She was a subscriber to the *Young Disciple* for several years, and one year she secured a block of olive wood of Bro. D. L. Miller, which she always greatly prized, keeping it in a box among her "keepsakes." And when the INGLENOOK started she was among the first to subscribe at this place. She took such a delight in the recipes, trying a good many of them, and after she took sick she was afraid someone would destroy her papers.

She was married to Bro. Elmer Rench, March 17, 1900. She had been ailing several years, but after we came out here to Arizona she seemed to improve until the last of January. She then got worse very fast. Heart trouble was the main cause until about five days before she died she also had appendicitis, and we moved her to a hospital at the doctor's advice, but they all said that an operation was out of the question on account of her heart. She lived three days after moving her. One of the ladies at the hospital said of all the deaths she had witnessed there hers was the calmest. She died Tuesday, the nineteenth of February, aged 19 years, 1 month and 24 days.

We ought not question the acts of the All-wise Being, but when we look around and see weak-minded men and women living on, we cannot but wonder why it is that He picks out those that are so dearly loved and the ones that influence us most for good. But we mourn not as those that have no hope. She chose the Lord in her youth and so she has the blessed promise of eternal life.

But it is a great blow to us notwithstanding. In all her sickness, although she suffered so greatly, I never heard her complain once and when she was dying she said she was glad she had lived a good Christian life, and told us all good-by. She even told what to do with her "keepsakes." She said to divide them among the children and to give her marbles to her little brother. She said he had always wanted them. And so she died as she had lived, at peace with her God and every one.

HER MAMMA.

[The evident earnestness of the above leads us to print the obituary, the first of the INGLENOOK's family to pass away. She has simply gone before.—THE EDITOR.]

USE SIMPLE WORDS.

We read with interest that certain young and hopeful persons are to be "united in the holy bonds of matrimony," and this not altogether novel announcement suggests the influence of the marriage ceremony upon the use of language. Trains start at 12 o'clock, and then somebody is said to be married at that hour, but, as a rule, though it may be 12 when the cars start, it is "high noon" when the clergyman makes his declaration to and about the waiting couple. Nobody has yet explained what makes the noon "high," but the fact is accepted as an incident of the occasion. Just so, while now and then some people are "married," it is expected of them either that they shall be "united in marriage" or in the "holy bonds of matrimony" or else be "joined in wedlock." And weddings are not alone in their stilted phraseology. Take funerals.

Generally we are told that the "solemn burial service" of the Episcopal church was used. This is always a relief. Friends might have selected the humorous service of some other church or have had service for baptism of infants, and, when it is made clear that they had a solemn and a burial service at a funeral you realize that they have done the proper thing by the one who has "passed away."

That phrase recalls the story they tell of the late and much-esteemed Judge Pardee, of the supreme court and of Hartford. Some lawyer speaking of an expected witness said he had passed away. "Died, sir," said the judge. "In this court people die, not pass away." Similarly, meetings are "holden" and wills are "proven," and people who

use those terms seem to think that additional weight is given thereby to the statements they have to make. The fact is that the simplest language is the clearest and the strongest.

THE STORY OF MURPHY.

BY EMERSON COBB.

IN the spring of 1899, while with a playmate, by the roadside, a little starving kitten made his approach, begging our acquaintance.

He was not a tramp, he was an ordinary cat of a common gray-striped color, but he seemed to have a strange way of showing his abilities, and we saw he had been abused by some one, and was cast away and lost.

We pitied him, picked him up, carried him home, and I asked Mamma to let him share supper with the other cats. This he was permitted to do, and it was here he played his first pranks.

Although he was just a kitten he drove all of the other cats away from the platter in a fair fight.

This made us, and all the cats, respect him. His success as a fighter gave him the name of Murphy, after the prize fighter by that name. Mamma took him up and began to pet him, which he very much appreciated. He was very playful and we thought he really tried to entertain us. We offered him milk in a spoon and to our surprise he enjoyed it.

So we tried a harder lesson. We fixed a nipple on a bottle and he seemed to understand it, and drank the first time it was offered to him. This was funny to us, and we kept it up almost daily, which made him grow very fast. After some training he would stand upon his hind feet or sit upon his haunches, and hold the bottle with his paws and drink until the milk was gone. He allows us to dress him in coat and hat to dine, after which he will lie down for me and play sick; while doing this, the appearance of the bottle will not disturb him.

We are very sure that he is pleased when we have him play his pranks for visitors. He always shows signs of joy when applauded. He almost smiles.

Another amusing trick of his is to box with another cat we have. The other cat has to be held in position, but Murphy sits upon a stool alone and boxes with first one paw and then another.

Murphy rides the horse or cow, enjoys boggy rides, but is extremely afraid of dogs. He does many other little tricks and shows a great degree of intelligence outside of his teaching. He does not like to hunt, and has never caught but two mice in his life to our knowledge.

The reason I write this story for THE 'NOOK, is because of Murphy's superior intellect as an individual, rather than any teaching he ever received, for though we have five cats and have tried to train them all, Murphy is the only one who deserves a diploma.

Pyrmont, Ind.

WANTED.

WANTED, a few young women for nursing in a hospital in Illinois. Two years course. Best surgical and obstetrical training given, and one hundred dollars given with diploma. Address, S. E. H., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

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WANTED, a brother or sister to work on salary or commission in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, or Nebraska. A permanent place for the right persons. Address J. M., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

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WANTED in Indiana, near South Bend, a man to assist in caring for an old gentleman and to do light chores. Address, C. V., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. **

* * *

WANTED in Iowa, farm hand, \$20 a month and more to a good man. Address, A. K. P., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. *

* * *

WANTED, in Iowa, brother as farm hand. Twenty dollars a month till fall. Winter job then. Address R. B. O., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill. *

Our Cooking School.

MARYLAND BISCUITS.

BY SISTER MARY A. WEYBRIGHT.

TAKE five pints flour, one teacup lard, a reasonable amount salt, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half pint milk, one pint water, and beat hard with a rolling pin one-half hour. Make out by hand in small biscuits, and stick with a fork several times. Bake in hot oven.

Double Pipe Creek, Md.

BUNS.

BY SISTER ELIZA SLIFER CAKERICE.

AT noon soak one yeast cake, then add one quart warm water, one egg, one small cup sugar, one-half cup butter. Mix to a stiff batter, and let it raise till bed time. Then mix not quite as stiff as bread dough in the morning. Mold out in tins and let raise three or four hours. Bake in quick oven.

Conrad, La.

DOUGHNUTS.

BY SISTER LIZZIE M. LIGHTY.

TAKE one cup of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two thirds cup of milk, two even teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one even teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to roll, salt and nutmeg. Fry in hot lard.

Meyersdale, Pa.

A QUICK CAKE.

BY SISTER ALMEDA CASKEY.

BREAK two eggs in a teacup, then fill up with rich sour cream, add one teacupful of sugar, one of flour, and a level teaspoonful of soda. Mix all together and beat thoroughly. Bake in layers and dress it with one-half teacupful of sugar wet with sweet cream, put in a pan and boiled thick. Stir to keep it from burning, and flavor with vanilla or banana.

Lenox, Iowa.

HONEY RECIPE.

BY SISTER W. K. CONNER.

PUR one-third of an ounce of alum in a pint and a half of water and bring to a boil; then add four pounds of white sugar and boil about three minutes. Strain while hot, and add a teaspoonful of the following: five drops of rose oil into one pint of alcohol (or a proportionate quantity of each). This makes about one-half gallon.

Bridgewater, Va.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

BY SISTER FANNY E. LIGHT.

BUY ten cents worth of Irish sea moss in the drug store, then take a piece the size of a dollar and wash it in cold water, and put it in one-half pint sweet milk and boil it till it thickens like cream. Stir all the time. Then strain, and season with a little sugar. Serve while warm. As soon as it cools it gets stiff, but it can also be eaten cold with cream and sugar.

Manheim, Pa.

A RECIPE is asked as to how mustard may be prepared as a condiment, using home grown seed. This is hardly worth while, considering the cheapness of the manufactured product. Let Ohio try this.

Take a heaping tablespoonful of ground mustard, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, and sufficient vinegar to make a thin mustard, allowing it to stand a time for the absorption of the vinegar, adding more vinegar, if needed. Now take a heaping tablespoonful of finely-grated, fresh horseradish, and with a fork beat this into the mustard until thoroughly incorporated. This is one of the best and most expensive condiments, when you buy it. It should be made in small quantities, as it loses its horseradish flavor in time. This is an improvement on the horseradish or the mustard taken separately, and a little of it, freshly prepared, goes a long ways. Useful on smoked meats in early spring.

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I regard the book a most excellent work and worthy a place in every home.—*L. T. Holtinger, Pyrmont, Ind.*

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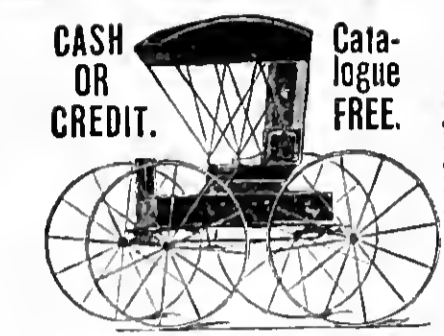
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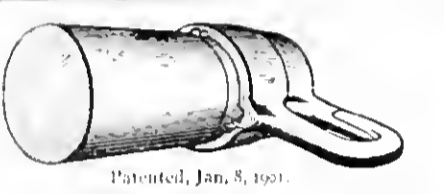
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Prize winners, Elgin, December, 1900. W. Rocks, first, second Pullet, 96, 95, tie for third 95 1/2, second Cockerel, 94, third Cockerel, 93 1/2, and first pen, 1900. S. C. W. Leghorns, first, second hen, 96, 95 1/2; third Pullet, 95 1/2; first Cockerel, 95; first Cockerel, 94, not entered as pen. B. N. Pierce, Judge. Also have specials, viz: Second highest scoring pair 95; low, highest scoring Cockerel in show, for highest scoring Fowl; for best trio of W. Rocks; for best trio of S. C. W. Leghorns, against strong competition. Prize-winning stock for sale. Thirty S. C. W. Leghorn Cockerels, two Cocks, fifty pullets and five W. R. Cockerels, scoring from 92 to 96, with score cards if wished. Cheap if taken at once. Eggs from pens scoring from 93 to 96, \$2.00 per fifteen. Satisfaction guaranteed. English King-neck Pheasants.



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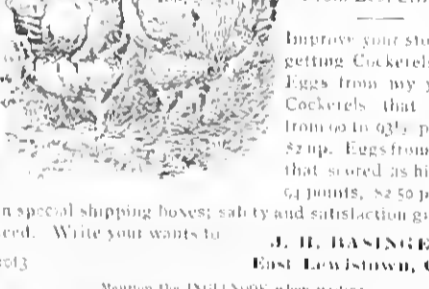
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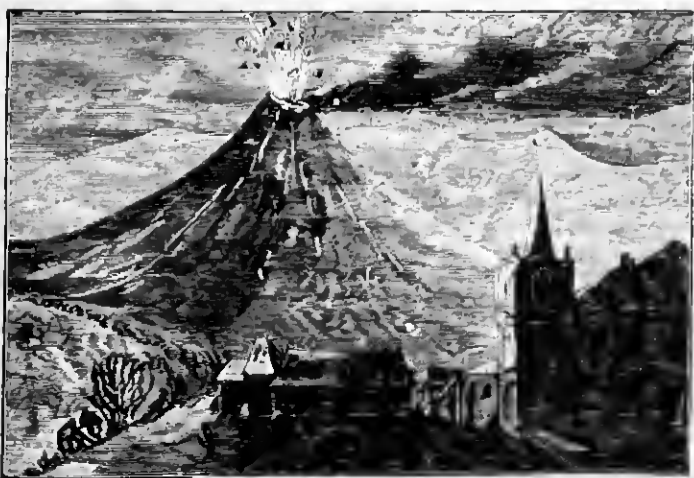
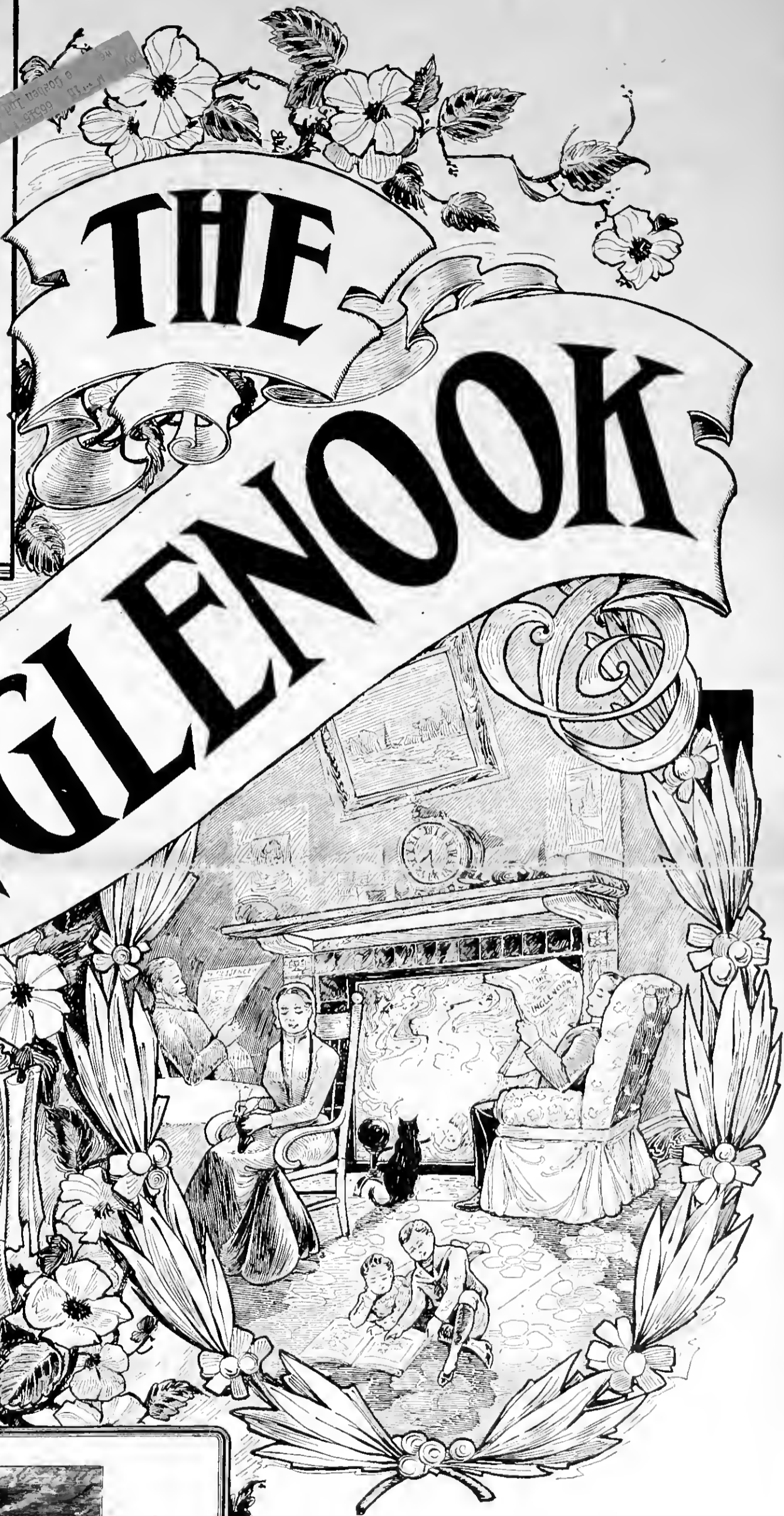
NEVER miss a chance to smile—
Health is found in hearty laughter;
Tears and sighs can wait awhile
And bring their sorrows after.

Smiles are buoyant helps to loiter
In the rosy paths of dawn,
When every hour with hope seems brighter
Than the one just past and gone.

Smile, then, friend, and show your cheer;
Let laughter ring its merry peal;
There's too much sorrow ever near
To crush the joy each heart should feel.

THE
INGLENOOK

The Inglenook,
Elgin, Ill.
VOL. III.
March 30, 1901.
No. 13.



...A...
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ELGIN, ILL.

...A Rare Opportunity...



THE INGLENOOK

...AND...

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A High-Class Monthly Magazine, Conducted in the Interests of the Higher Life of the Household.



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The one sending in the largest list of subscribers to this combination offer before May 31, 1901, the time the offer closes, may have \$5.00 worth of books or papers of his own selection FREE. The next largest list \$4.00 worth; the next \$3.00 worth; the next \$2.00 worth; and the next \$1.00 worth.

This combination offer is of such a nature that we cannot present *Good Housekeeping* to our subscribers of 1901, on the basis of their subscription already in. But if you wish to have part in the combination, send in your dollar, *Good Housekeeping* will come for one year, and the time on your subscription to the INGLENOOK will be moved up one year.

Do not forget that *Good Housekeeping* is a MONTHLY, and that you may not get your first number for four weeks after sending in your subscription. If it does not come in that time, write us, and we will look it up. At all events we guarantee you will get twelve numbers.

A sample copy of *Good Housekeeping* will be sent to any address on receipt of eight cents in stamps, which should be sent to the publishers at Springfield, Mass., or Chicago, Ill. Remit by post office or express money order, check, draft or registered letter to

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Gospel Messenger for 1901



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Brethren Publishing House,
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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. III.

ELGIN, ILL., March 30, 1901.

No. 13.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall—
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Watton

DINING CARS.

"It takes the nicest sort of calculation to run the domestic gearing of dining and sleeping cars that are gone for days out through the country beyond the manager's reach," said a railroad superintendent. "What a good housekeeper does every six months we do every few days, that is, clean our premises from kitchen end through to parlor compartment, outside and in. Those special trains leased for long trips cannot be got at so frequently, but at the home station each car, as it gets in, is switched off on a siding and treated to as thorough a scrubbing, polishing and airing as any New England household gets in the spring.

"Pillows, mattresses, blankets, rugs and curtains are hung to the winds. Windows and brasses cleaned. Kitchen apparatus and tableware rubbed up. Furniture brushed and polished. And the outgoing car, waiting ready for orders, looks another thing from the jaded, towled roadster that arrived some hours before. A whole brigade of brushes, brooms, cloths, tubs, fluids, soaps, disinfectants has been in requisition, and the head cleaner must give strict account of all. Otherwise much waste would ensue.

"Every berry, every pound of meat and butter, every loaf of bread, item of milk, cream, sugar and other provisioning for the dining car is carefully inventoried when the train comes in, and the list compared with the list of supplies sent out and the number of meals served. Only by discipline and rigid vigilance is any domestic economy maintained on these moving houses.

"Special and private cars and special trains are coming more commonly into use, and careful, discriminating caterers and attendants are additionally valuable to road owners. All commissary supplies furnished for special cars or trains are charged for according to the actual consumption, and 20 per cent added to cover cost of handling. These cars are usually paid for by the day.

"On the regular train service it is not always that a dining car and kitchen goes through to the train's destination. The dining cars are the heaviest of the lot. Say a dining car goes out from a certain point this afternoon with a through train; it serves dinner and is switched off at some convenient place, to be hitched later to the train which starts out at midnight without such provisioning, but whose passengers will want breakfast. This plan permits the passengers to taste the creations of several cooks on their journey across continent.

"Other trains carry their dining cars right through, particularly if the route is a short and direct one. When a road operates rival dining cars under different conductors, it is easy to ascertain which caterer is generally the most economical and satisfactory, although one car may serve a set of passengers who order profusely and waste much—three kinds of meat and two kinds of soup for one person, things they cannot consume—and the other caterer may fall in with considerate patrons.

"The increased knowledge of chemistry and preserving inventions, has somewhat simplified dining car housekeeping. Admirable canned soups and bouillions can be kept handily, and served hot and appetizing in a few minutes. Evaporated cream, proof against all jostling, overheating, or long con-

gealing, is a modern convenience. Fine puddings, minces, preserves, pickles, sauces, relishes, are all twofold better because put up under better conditions for keeping than formerly. First-rate canned vegetables now very nearly counterfeit the garden growth. Berries, grapes, fruits, even the most delicate, are now practicable, because of the marvelous improvement in refrigerators. The best built refrigerators, perfectly insulated, and guarded against all corrosive conditions, prevent even the daintiest shellfish from losing flavor.

"Then, instead of alcohol as fuel for the lamps and great boiling urns, a superior mineral sperm oil is used—oil so safe that it will actually put out a fire if thrown on the flames. It takes good force of heat to start such oil burning, but once started, boiling hot water is perennially at hand. Space is the great consideration with dining car housekeeping.

"The snug way in which the fruits, salads, dressings, etc., are packed in their respective lockers would astonish the hotel cook or waiter used to plenty of room. And the dishes, plate, silver and glassware all must be kept in individual racks to avoid damage when the train makes sharp curves. Within twenty inches of the steaming kitchen range are the refrigerators holding all needfuls, and which must be opened and shut every few seconds to take out and replace things, for nothing can be left out in that intense heat. Five waiters, the cook and the conductor form the dining car's crew.

"The main portions of a dinner are begun when the cook comes on board an hour or so before starting time. A 45-pound roast is put on, the soups set simmering. As soon as the majority of tickets are sold the conductor is informed of the number, and he causes the quantity of other food to be prepared according to his judgment. If any known party of people is to come aboard at some other point he is telegraphed to that dinner for that number may be got ready.

"In all standard provisions there is no waste, but in meats and perishable articles no calculation can be made close enough to avoid loss. Much bread is thrown away or given to the cleaners and helpers about the station. And there are waste fowls left over or dishes requiring long preparation that are left untouched because the number of passengers was less than expected. The buffet car loses extensively in such matters, the patronage being uncertain, and already cooked food bound to be provided in case of call.

"The efficiency of the service," said the superintendent "is tested by special agents. These board the cars simply as passengers, note any imperfections and report to us by letter. When there are many lines extending over a large territory such an agent is not recognized by the train people. He buys a meal like any passenger and looks out for flaws and defects. A printed list of questions that will help him to tell us what we want to know is furnished and he answers them candidly. If the partitions between state rooms and compartments creak when the door is opened or closed he tells us, and the fault is remedied.

"If the carpet is worn anywhere or the vestibule lamps don't burn clear, we are informed. Also whether the attendants are solicitous or indifferent to passengers' comfort. If the porters are slack in assisting people to take the train, in placing steps for their convenience, etc., we learn the fact through the place where the misdemeanor happened, be it a thousand miles away. If a porter hands a passenger a check without using a salver we know it.

"There are only a few ladies' maids in the extra smart drawing room cars, and some on special trains that go out to Mexico and up through Canada. Of these conscientious service is exacted. Women look after the laundry work and the cleaning of bedding at the terminal stations, but owing to the limited space men's services are preferred, they being able to do with less conveniences than women."

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT REPTILES.

A REMARKABLE defense about lizards has recently been the subject of investigation by a prominent member of the Academy of Sciences in Los Angeles, Cal. To save its life he has discovered the California lizard will sacrifice its tail, imparting to the abandoned caudal appendage a temporary life of its own, which enables its owner to escape.

"I noticed first," said he, "that many of the lizards had lost their tails when I caught them, and when I had a collection of twenty or more I found that I had a singular assortment. Some of the little creatures had no tails; others stumps an inch or two long. One had two tails, or stumps, growing, and the greater number had new tails in process of growth. The enemies of the lizards here are snakes, and the roadrunner, a bird, but it appeared somewhat remarkable that so many lizards should have escaped with merely the loss of the tail. It was evident, judging from my collections, which included four kinds of lizards, that most of the lizards attacked got away, but that they escaped by deliberately releasing the tail never occurred to me until I actually saw the operation.

"I kept some of my lizards staked out by long cords in the sun that I might watch them. One day a cat had discovered the unusual herd of them, and as I sat watching them she came creeping by. A small lizard with a blue patch beneath its mouth attracted her attention, and she bounded toward it, struck at it, but missed, her claw hitting the ground a few inches away.

"The lizard darted off to the full length of the cord, leaving to the amazement of the cat, and I may say myself, its tail, which squirmed, leaped and twisted as though possessed of life of its own. The squirming tail attracted the attention of the cat, which, assuming it to be the lizard, seized it, only to find that the tail was an active partner to the latter's plan of escape. For two or three minutes the tail leaped and struggled, and as it was two inches long its simulation of a living animal or a small lizard was complete, so exact indeed that the cat was deceived and devoted her attention to it, allowing the animal itself to escape.

"This solved the mystery of my lizards with stub tails; that had all lost their tails in adventures of this or a similar kind, and the trick had saved their lives. I am confident that it is not an accident, but that it constitutes a well-defined feature of the defense of the lizard."

TWO OLD CARPETS SOLD FOR \$8,500.

WHEN a carpet gets to be a half-century or more old, you usually expect to be able to pick it up for a song—perhaps a song of a few sixpences—in some second-hand shop; but sometimes you will find yourself mistaken, which would have been the case had you been at a recent second-hand carpet sale in Lisbon.

Two carpets sold there were four centuries old, and yet they were not bought for rags. They were carpets presented by the Infanta Donna Sancha to the royal convent of St. Antonio in 1500, and were put up at auction to raise money with which to repair the convent.

French and German bidders were the most anxious, and the carpets were started at \$4,400. A Frenchman finally got them for \$8,500, and was congratulated on his bargain.

A NASHVILLE drinking man one morning told his family of a wonderful dream that he had the previous night, in which he saw three cats, one fat, one lean, and one blind, and he wondered what it meant.

"I know," promptly responded his little son; "the man that sells you the whiskey is the fat cat, mother is the lean cat, and you are the blind cat."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Matt. 21: 16.

Correspondence

MAST-FED HOGS IN ARKANSAS.

BY A. B. UPTON.

A READER of the 'NOOK asks that I tell something about mast-fed hogs. The Editor says make it brief.

First, let us see what mast-fed means. It means, or rather mast means, nuts, roots, fruit, grass, shrubs and shoots that grow wild, and therefore mast-fed means fed on wild nuts, fruit, roots, grass, shrubs and shoots.

The mast-fed hogs are usually of the kind known as "rail splitters," "wind splitters," "hazel splitters," and "razor backs."

They are all of one kind and are long, lean, lank and everlastingly hungry, capable of squeezing through a six-inch crack or leaping an eight-rail fence and almost of climbing a tree.

When real fat this kind of hog will weigh, maybe, one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and as the cost of production is almost nothing, it is therefore almost all profit.

The way it is done is like this. A man will buy or trade for a number of sows, brand them and then turn them into the woods to "rustle" for a living and as they breed at about four months of age and are very prolific, in a year a man can have, from a small beginning, quite a large herd of hogs, without cost, except the original investment in the sows.

The mast of the nut kind are, black and white oak acorns, walnuts, beechnuts, hickory nuts, both shellbark and smooth, yonka pins, better known as chinquapins, and hazelnuts. The fruit is the wild grape, wild plums, wild crabs, blackberries, raspberries, papaws, and persimmons. The grass is mostly crab grass. The roots are of a good many kinds. The shrubs and shoots are green grape vines, green berry bushes, young nut trees and shoots from various kinds of trees.

These hogs are very slow to mature and do not get to their full size much before they are four years of age.

A grower who may wish to start a herd of hogs in Arkansas must select a distinguishing brand or mark, then register it with the county clerk at a cost of one dollar. All hogs must be branded with your brand before they are six months of age or they will be known as wild hogs and belong to the man who may first place his brand on them. It is best, even if the hogs should be kept in a pen, to have them branded.

You can buy hogs for breeding purposes for one dollar a head, and if you have an old fiddle that will squeak nicely, or an old watch that will go, you can make a trade that will surprise you.

When you want to fatten a hog for the table put it in the rail pen and feed it for about six weeks upon corn and you may have a piece of meat that will tickle the palate of even an epicure.

If you wish to sell you can ship to St. Louis or Kansas City, or a buyer will come to you and buy your hogs at so much a pound, but the price is never so high as is northern corn-fed hogs.

The meat is cured for home use by salting the hams and shoulders, then packing in a "gum." The sides are cut up into slabs, salted, then piled up into piles like cord wood and left to absorb the salt, after which the pieces are hung up in the smoke house to dry, and in some cases they are smoked with green hickory or apple tree wood.

One can eat almost any amount of this meat without causing sickness, as would be the case with all corn-fed meat.

The lard never gets as hard as does corn-fed lard, and it is almost as clear as water. It usually sells for eight cents a pound.

Sometimes the hogs get into a nest of wild bees among the rocks and caves, and the honey that is eaten gives the meat a flavor that is unsurpassed by anything in the meat line that the writer knows of.

Elgin, Ill.

PAIN FROM A HORNET'S STING.

THE pain produced by a hornet's sting is caused by a poison injected into the wound, and so instantaneous is its effect as to cause the attack of this insect to resemble a violent blow in the face.

DECEPTION PRACTICED BY A DOG.

BY JOS. H. MURRAY.

WHILE I was visiting in the country at the home of my cousin, W. A. Murray, his father related the following trick that his son's dog, whose name was Tip, had practiced on his dog Dick. The father and son lived but a short distance from each other and old Tip often visited Dick. When winter was drawing near Dick's master prepared for him a warm house at one end of the long porch, but just large enough for him to sleep in.

So when winter came and the nights grew cold the old dog Tip would go up, and when near Dick's good, warm home, he would rush off through the long porch barking and making a noise as though he were chasing some intruder, and out would come the younger dog from his kennel to join in the race, but no sooner would old Tip have him a safe distance from his home than he would turn and take possession of Dick's sleeping quarters, and no amount of coaxing on the part of Dick could induce him to come out that night. This deception was practiced on the younger dog for several cold nights in which he had to stay on the outside without shelter. This experience soon taught Dick that he could not trust his old friend on a cold night, so when old Tip would come up and run off, barking and growling as if almost ready to down his prey, Dick would simply get up and stick his head out of his house and bark, but would not come out, and after several unsuccessful attempts to induce him to vacate, old Tip would return to his own lodging quarters, as much as if to say, "I can fool some of the young dogs part of the time, and some of them all of the time, but I can't fool all of the young dogs all of the time."

Koanoke, Va.

SOUTHERN TALK AND CUSTOMS.

BY F. L. W.

COMING from the North the strangeness of some words and phrases used in the South impressed me, and after a residence of ten years they still remain strange. Among them I will mention a few which will undoubtedly interest many who have had the same impressions. I had the idea that our language was spoken uniformly. Instead of the usual "How do you do" of the North it is "Howdy." Upon a person calling for business or pleasure at a place he will invariably stop at the gate and with a "Hello" arouse the inmates of the house. Ask a Southerner where a place is and he hardly knows what you mean, as he would ask "which way?" Here is a sample of the answer. "He's done gone to Pull-tight," or "Hoe Cake," to "carry" a team and wagon to move some one to-morrow, which is always Sunday. The custom is to move on the Sabbath. Two wagon loads of "plunder" just passed the house to remind us the custom is not even on the wane.

A great many customs are gradually leaving them however, as the association with Northern people show them other ways to which they take a liking and therefore adopt. "Thar" for there is one word the older inhabitants will not loosen their hold on, bringing it out as flat as possible.

[The above is nothing new to the visitor to remote sections where all things are strange to him. There is this to remember in all such cases, and that is that the speech and manner of the visitor is just as many oddities. Language, at least in remote sections, is never a frozen and fixed quantity, but in practice is continually shifting and changing. Even among the educated in remote sections there is always an indescribable turn and manner of speech, an accent, that is very marked. There is absolutely no authority to settle whether Maine or Georgia is correct in their use of words. There is always a good reason for the peculiarities in speech and customs among strangers. The thing to do is to hear and see, and say nothing aloud. Peculiarity is only a relative matter and knows no geographical limits.]

MOVING A STONE CHURCH.

BY S. S. BLOUGH.

SOME of you have often seen houses moved; but moving a large stone church, a distance of a mile, may be something new to many of the INGLENOOK readers. This is, however, what is being done in this city at the present time.

A few weeks ago on walking down Diamond

street, I was surprised to see before me what seemed at first a great "Moabite stone," Egyptian hieroglyphics, or an Assyrian novel. A second look revealed the fact that St. Peter's was getting ready to move. This getting ready consisted of a careful marking with white paint, of each face stone in the entire building. The church made an odd appearance, when this marking was complete, such a large surface covered with letters and numerals, Roman and conventional.

Now the time has come for the destructive process. A scaffolding is run up to the top of the steeple and a temporary elevator constructed. The stones are carefully removed one by one and brought down on this elevator, while those along the sides are left down through wooden chutes by means of ropes fastened to them. One almost shudders to see the workmen at such a dizzy height as the top of the steeple; but step by step the old pile gives way to human strength and ingenuity and they come down into more congenial altitudes.

Each stone must be carefully handled, so now it is placed on a wagon, heavily cushioned with excelsior several feet thick, also protected from rubbing or breaking and so it is removed to the new location.

Before the rebuilding is begun the stones will all be bush-hammered. This will clean off the paint and soot, and make them new again. They will then be placed in their former position, and the church will be practically the same.

This church has stood in the down-town district for nearly half a century, but is now being crowded out into the residence portion by the large business houses. It will be replaced by a twenty-one story "sky scraper" to be used as an office building.

This removing of an old landmark gives one a tinge of sadness, yet it seems all right when we take into consideration that comparatively few people live in the down-town business districts of our cities.

We also become aware of the fact that when man and money join hands to do a thing, it will be pretty sure to be done.

Pittsburg, Pa.

"CAN'T" AND "TRY."

BY AMY.

CAN'T rings in my head whenever I think of writing for the INGLENOOK. But every time I read it something says, Try to do a little. "CAN'T DO IT," sticks in the mud but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped him. The bees say "Try," and they turn the flowers into honey. The squirrel said "Try," and he went to the top of the chestnut tree. The snow-drop said "Try," and blossomed above Winter's snow. The sun said "Try," and spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches just where he wanted to go. The horse said "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end.

No hill is too steep for Try to get over, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no rent too big for Try to mend. By trying seventeen-year-old Jennie got the unsurpassed supper described in a late INGLENOOK; and, was crowned with magnificent roses, carnations, and long fern fronds. Try strewing flowers over the living so that they may see God's smiles.

BEEES AS GEOMETRICIANS.

THE construction of the geometrically perfect cells is not the only mathematical operation performed by bees. Not only is the construction of the cells carried on by mathematical rule, but many other operations of the insects also. For instance, the collection of the maximum amount of honey in the minimum time and the division of the workers among the plants proportionately to the number of plants of the same species. In the hives the number of bees engaged in ventilation is almost rigorously proportional to the daily increase of weight of honey, etc. Facts of this order relate to arithmetical proportion, while those having to do with cell-building relate to geometrical ratios.

— Nature Study —

THE PAPAWE.

BY I. C. JOHNSON.

The papaw is a fruit that has not been much introduced into the market, although I do not see why. They grow in their native state along the creeks and rivers in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio and Maryland. We used to go about two miles from where I was raised, to Georges Creek, Fayette Co., Pa., to gather them. The bushes or trees grow to be twelve or sixteen feet high, and the fruit grows in bunches, from two to six or eight in a bunch, and I have seen some as much as five inches long and one and one-half inch in diameter. They are not good generally until frosted pretty well, and they have a sweet, juicy taste. A Bartlett pear has very much of the flavor. The skin is thin like that on a new potato. The color is greenish, finally turning to yellow, with some bean-like seeds of a dark brown color here and there in the yellow buttery-like pulp inside. One gets very fond of them soon. Some of the nurseries have the trees in stock, and I think they could be grown in rich, loose soil, anywhere where the cold does not get lower than six or eight degrees below zero, and they would be both a curiosity and a luxury.

Meyersdale, Pa.

GULCH WHERE DEATH IS LURKING.

A RAVINE in the northeast corner of Yellowstone National park, in Wyoming, is known by those living near by as Death gulch. Growsome as is the name, it is exceedingly appropriate. It is a V-shaped trench, cut in the mountain side, and begins about 250 feet above Cache creek. Apparently it forms a natural shelter for the beasts of the forest, as food, water and shelter are there, but entrance to the gulch means death to any animal, for the poisonous vapors that rise out of the ravine are more deadly than the bullets of the huntsmen.

Various expeditions under the direction of the United States geological survey have reported as to the characteristics of Death gulch, the last being by Harvey W. Weed. He said that he had tested the hollows in the gulch for carbonic acid gas without proving its presence. The atmosphere in the gulch, however, was oppressive. There was a strong smell of sulphur and he suffered from a choking sensation, although a strong wind prevailed at the time. At the bottom of the gulch were the carcasses of many animals, some of which had met death but a short time before. These carcasses were of bear, elk, hares, squirrels, etc.

Mr. Weed examined the body of a grizzly which evidently had died but a day before, as its tracks were quite distinct and the carcass perfectly fresh. There was some blood under the nose. Nothing more.

Later on Charles E. George and a Mr. Everett of Boston visited the gulch and made an extended examination. They declare the gulch is a death trap which, while different in many ways from the famous Death Valley of Java, is as certain in its effect. At one end the gulch is comparatively open and the wind sweeps through, but at the other, where it forms a ravine, the gases accumulate and asphyxiate all animals that come within the walls of rock. When Mr. George and Mr. Everett entered the gulch the gaseous fumes were so oppressive that they had difficulty in breathing, yet they entered at the end where the gulch is practically open. They lit a wax taper and found that when placed more than forty inches from the ground it was extinguished. This proved the existence of carbon dioxide gas.

The bed of the gulch and ravine was littered with the bones and skins of animals long since dead. They found twenty-three carcasses of bears, one big cinnamon having his nose between his paws, just as if he had fallen asleep.

The two men didn't dare to go into the ravine. What exploration they made resulted in headaches which stayed with them for hours and pains in the throat and lungs which did not subside for a long time.

For ages this death trap in the Rocky Mountains has probably been luring the inhabitants of the forest to their doom. With the rains of spring the

bones of the dead of the preceding year are carried down to the creek and the gulch cleared for the death harvest of the summer and winter.

What impressed the visitors most, outside of the horror of the gulch, was the danger to visitors who might unconsciously enter the gulch. There was no difference in the appearance of the gulch from other gulches above and below in the mountains, and there was nothing to warn a camper. For man to enter Death gulch to camp means that he has camped in eternity.

The geologists say that the lavas which fill the ancient basin of the park at this place rest upon the flanks of mountains formed by fragmentary volcanic ejects. Gaseous emanations are given out in great volume. These come, the scientists say, from deposits of altered and crystalline travertine mixed with pools in the creek. Above these deposits the creek cuts into a bank of sulphur. In the bottom of the gully is a small stream sour with sulphuric acid.

No wonder the poor animals seeking shelter in the gulch meet death there.

BEES AND THEIR WAYS.

EX-MAYOR WILLIAM WHEELER BOLSTER, of Auburn, Me., has long been engaged in the bee business on an extended scale, says an exchange. For this industry he has always had a great love, and all through his busy life he has kept a few hives, but not until his retirement from the practice of his profession did he devote nearly all his time to an apiary, as now. Mr. Bolster is very much of a naturalist, and has made a special study of bees, until he understands their habits and instincts thoroughly. In fact, it is doubtful if there is another man in Maine better informed in this line than he is. In talking about his favorite pastime, he said:

"I have always kept bees and have closely studied their habits. I understand them, not from books, but from actual observation, and I think practice is the best of schools. One-half that the books tell us about bees is not correct.

"In the first place, let me tell you that the instinct of the honey bee is wonderful. There is no living thing in which the sense of smell is so keenly developed. They are all extremely neat, and will allow not the slightest speck of dirt in their hives. The one great secret of beekeeping, if you expect success, is to keep them in a clean place. Ventilation must also be looked after very carefully.

"Bees are intelligent and can discriminate between different people to a nicety. My bees know me as well as my horses do. When a stranger comes they know it instantly, and if he is not agreeable to them it makes them restless.

"It may surprise you to know how finely organized a bee colony is. No military company was ever better equipped in this respect or under stricter discipline. Human society could be organized no better. A sentinel is always posted on guard, and all approaches are carefully noted and watched.

"The queen is, of course, the head of the colony, the drones and workers constituting the other classes. Each class has its own peculiar duties to perform, and it attends to nothing else. If I go to my hives with strangers I first notice whether the sentinels like him or not. If they take an aversion to the man they try to drive him off. If they have not force enough to do this, they go into the hive and bring out help, and will continue doing this until the whole colony is brought out, if necessary.

"My bees never sting me purposely. If I hurt one he sometimes stings, but this is only in self-defense. I can very easily tell whether they are angry or in good humor by their scent. When angry or excited they throw off a disagreeable scent. Then I look out for war.

"When the bees are happy they make a low, humming noise like the purrs of a contented cat. There is no trouble handling or going around them at such times. They seem to be at peace with all the world.

"The queen is most carefully guarded and protected by the workers. If a queen dies they immediately go to work and raise another one, which takes about eighteen days. During this time they refuse to work and are no better than the drones. They only have one queen at a time, and it is wonderful the intelligence they show in divining all her

wishes. If any trouble comes they all gather around and cover her up.

"I have told you how neat they are in their hives. Sometimes I put a comb in the hives and tie it up with a string. They don't like this at all and get the string out as soon as possible. I have seen a dozen of them at work on a piece of string tugging it out of the hive. They allow no foreign matter to remain inside of the hive any longer than the time needed by them in getting it out.

"The past three years have been bad for the bee business. It has been too dry. In such cases as these I feed them on sirup made by melting sugar. Last year I lost seven colonies by cold. I always put my bees in the cellar during the winter. When I give them sirup I put it in a box at the top of the hive and the bees come up and get it during the night and take it to the combs, where it is put into the cells. I have known them to take away as much as seven pounds of this sirup in a single night. They can see to work in the dark just as well as by day, and they like it better, too. In putting sirup into the combs there is no chemical change. It still remains sirup, but they refuse to eat it until it is first put into the comb."

CANNIBALS.

CAPTAIN MACCO of the South Sea trading schooner Mascotte unloaded a cargo of cannibals in San Francisco. Thirteen genuine epicures in man-meat (they never eat women) were captured on the island of New Ireland, in the South Pacific, last July, and converted into hard-working seamen. San Francisco is the first civilized port they ever saw. The electric lights, the street cars, the congregation of big ships, the crowds of white people running about—all the manifold wonders of a big city, some of which enthrall even our own countrymen—burst upon these poor children from the islands of the sea like a panorama of fairyland.

There was something of a grim joke in capturing the simple woolly-pated heathen who want to eat us, and carrying them across the sea to scare them into everlasting subjection with an ordinary cable car. The thirteen man-eaters from New Ireland, who must have hitherto considered themselves about the only things on the map, to whom all visitors from the rest of the world were mere game for their pot, were last night made to realize by the dazzling lights of a big, civilized city that they really are cutting less than ten cents' worth of ice in the scheme of creation. An electric car came within an ace of running down the whole party before they had got across the water front; an arc-light sputtered into business just as they reached the sidewalk, throwing them into a panic, while a four-horse truck got mixed up with the rear end of the procession and caused a brief stampede.

When the patient mate of the Mascotte, who had the cannibals in tow, had got the flock started out of the melee at the Ferry Building and put them aboard a Haight street car, the sensation subsided into a desperately silent attempt on the part of the savages to hold on to the car seat. All the way out to the Chutes they seemed possessed of a consuming fear that they should fall off and be eaten by the crowds on the sidewalks. When they were finally told to climb off at the Chutes entrance they did so, with one another's support, clinging together like children at every new sensation that confronted them.

The elephants sent the whole thirteen scampering for the gates. The mate soothed their fears and showed them a cage of snakes, which in turn came near precipitating a riot. When the big snakes reared their heads aloft and reached forward, the savage-minded placed no faith in the power of glass to stop them—for large sheets of glass were as new to the savage eye as were the snakes themselves.

Down the Chutes and over the scenic railway the terrified but obedient cannibals of the South Sea were hurried, their eyes all whites and their woolly kinks uncoiling like springs at every plunge of the cars. The cake-walking was in the nature of a relief to their nerves, inasmuch as it came nearer to depicting human actions that they could understand. Their own war dances at home, just after dinner, had been conducted on similar lines and from similar motives. They probably figured that the "walkers" had just dined on an especially noxious trader in beads.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty to them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

AS JOHNNY LOOKS AT IT.

Ma's a vegetarian,
Pa's a faith curist,
Uncle John he says he's an
Anti-imperyalist
Sister Sue's a Wagner crank,
Brother Bill plays golf,
Gran'pa tells what he takes
Fer to cure his cough,
Cousin Jen writes poetry—
Tells us what she's wrote—
Aunt Lavina always claims
Winmen ought to vote,
I go out in the back yard
Soon as they commence,
Me'n my dog's th' only ones
What's got any sense.

START FAIR.

NEXT week will bring the readers the new magazine INGLENOOK. A good many pass it around and the copies are worn out by reading in the neighborhood. This is a very good way, but there are others who do not care to part with their 'NOOKS, and to these we say, Keep them clean and file them away. The best place to keep periodical literature is in the dark, away from dust. There is nothing that will discolor a magazine quicker than heat and dust. The mantle is the poorest place for the file. A bureau drawer is an ideal place. The editions will soon be exhausted and they cannot be furnished for any price. Keep your copies carefully. They will be as valuable ten years hence as now.

Perhaps we will all part with regret from the stiff-backed man, the sleepy woman, and the children on the floor. They have been sent to the ends of the earth, week after week, to be laughed at, criticised and loved, till they have become a part of the household life of thousands. But the new form will soon win its way into the hearts of our people, and the beautiful little girl on the cover, beautiful because she is homelike, with her added wings to typify innocence, asks you to adopt her into your life, and help make the world brighter and better. Each cover page of the magazine will have a different picture. Make up your minds to like the new shape, for there is no other way out of it.

SPRING.

HERE at Elgin, at this writing, the Springtide is on. The bluebirds, and the robins are with us, and out on the prairie the meadow lark is piping its roundelay. There is something inspiring about it, that there are some days, when all Nature is atune, and the time seems one escaped from paradise. The smell of whitewash is in the air, the plum and cherry blossoms are dropping their snowy petals, and the odors of the freshly dug earth are everywhere. Garden making is on, and in the flower beds the early bulbs are shooting out their green points, and soon the flash of color from tulips and jonquil will be abroad to our welcoming senses. The buzz of the busy bee, and the drone of the first belted humbebee of the fields, emphasize the season's advent. One wishes that it might last forever.

Scattered over the country, near and far, roughly estimated, are at least twenty thousand 'NOOK readers, some with gloves and flower seeds, making the coming beds that will glow later on, and others afield with horses and plough, turning over the ribbons of dark soil, making ready for the coming sere and yellow field that is to be where the rustling corn and the bloom-covered pumpkin will make friends when the Autumn comes. We wish that we could walk around among these thousands of workers and tell them of the joys and sorrows in the making of their favorite periodical.

The Spring will leave us, the long Summer afternoons will come, the Autumn will paint the maple again, and then the snowfall. And what we wish

to say last, that it may be best remembered, is that as the seasons march along in their appointed routine, here and there will be folded the weary hands, and many of us will be laid to rest. The Morning Land will, we hope, follow, and it seems to us that it will be forever Springtide over there.

A QUERY FOR YOU, READER.

"A crowd of young brethren and sisters, having little opportunity to get together during the week, meet to have a social time on a Sunday. A young brother has a kodak, and takes a picture of the willing crowd. Did we do wrong?"

The above comes to us as we go to press. We are not clear as to how the answer should be framed, and we ask counsel from our readers. It is a question, that, in one shape or another, is continually presenting itself. There is no need of going into an argument; it can be told on a postal card. It is an honest question, and the party, over a thousand miles away, will eagerly wait the answer. Your advice is asked. Let all who are interested in our young people take a card and write an answer. It is a case of giving and taking counsel. Address the INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill., and out of the answers received we will construct a reply that will represent the minds of the readers of our paper.

REMEMBER THIS.

THE *Messenger* and the INGLENOOK, though published by the same House, and largely read by the same people, occupy different fields of intellectual and spiritual activity. The *Messenger* is the church paper, and contains church news and things pertaining to religious matters generally, while the INGLENOOK is of a literary turn, and is intended as a household magazine. Very frequently articles better intended for the *Messenger* are sent to the INGLENOOK, and in all such cases they are either returned to the writers or turned over to the other paper. It will save disappointment if our readers will remember this fact, and send each publication only such articles as come clearly within the scope of the paper.

WE ARE PLEASED, OF COURSE.

In my youthful days an old brother who was at the head of a large family of interesting sons and daughters, asked me to assist him select a good paper for them. The tone of the ideal paper was to be educational, moral, and religious, free from a certain class of literature. We could not call a paper to mind but an objection was filed against it. That brother has gone to his reward, and his family are in the various stations of life. I now have a family enjoying the INGLENOOK, which is promising to be the ideal paper of that conversation twenty-five years ago. I wish success to the 'NOOK; while it is entertaining and instructive, may it also lead souls to Christ.

S. W. GARBER.

Allison, Ill.

GREAT MEN'S IDEAS OF WOMEN.

REMEMBER, woman is most perfect when most womanly.—*Glodstone.*

Earth hath nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart.—*Luther.*

All I am or can be I owe to my angel mother.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman, rules us still.—*Moore*

Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there.—*Andrew Jackson.*

Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill woman's fond affection glows.—*Sand.*

Women need not look at those dear to them to know their moods.—*Howells.*

Oil and water—woman and a secret—are hostile properties.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Raptured man quits each dozing sage, Oh, woman, for thy lovelier page.—*Moore.*

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love.—*Shakespeare.*

He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—*Ben Johnson.*

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.—*Lamartine.*

Lovely woman, that caused our cares, can every care beguile.—*Beresford.*

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

How often is Eve's name mentioned in the Old Testament?

Twice.

What is carbolic acid made of?

Coal tar.

Is an absolute vaccuum possible?

Doubtful.

Is cannibalism practiced anywhere at present?

Yes, in places it is.

When did Tertullian live?

About two hundred years after Christ.

What is the best cream separator?

Advertisers and manufacturers, take notice.

How wide is a streak of lightning flash?

About one-eighth of an inch, but it appears wider.

Will the new INGLENOOK contain the usual recipes?

Yes, and more of the household features than now.

What became of the universal language experiment of a few years ago?

It failed, and probably always will fail of realization.

Will the inventions and the improvements in the next hundred years be as many and as great as those of the past century?

Yes, and many times more. There are no apparent limitations.

What is the Talmud?

A collection of Jewish laws, traditions, etc., in a number of large volumes.

What does the term carpet-bagger mean?

A term applied to political adventurers who invaded the South after the civil war.

Is it true that the old times were so much better than the new or the present day?

There is very little or no truth at all in it. There was never a better time than just now.

How can I get rid of tattoo marks?

By dying, but your ghost will bear faint traces. There is no cure but excision of the parts.

How can I make sealing wax for stationery?

Take seven parts of shellac, four of Venice turpentine, four of vermilion and melt together.

Please advise us whether ex president Harrison is still living?

This query has been intentionally held for a week. He is dead, dying the day this is written.

What does it cost to get an advertisement in the Wanted column of the 'NOOK?

Nothing to subscribers' families, provided it is in the line of labor. Nothing for sale will be inserted free.

What are capers—used in cooking?

The unopened flower buds of a plant growing wild in the Mediterranean region and cultivated in France.

What is seasickness like?

The writer has found it very much like dying, but nobody ever dies of it. Giddiness and nausea are its features.

Is attar of roses expensive?

Very. It looks like dirty lard and has little or no rose smell, a dilution being needed to bring out the fragrance.

What are the Schwenkfelders?

A small religious body in Pennsylvania, numbering about four hundred, having their origin with Count Schwenkfeld about 1543, in a split from the Lutheran church.

WEALTH FROM SCRAPS.

EVERYONE is more or less familiar, in a general way at least, with the great resources of our country and the progress that is being made from time to time in their development through the various industrial agencies. This is especially true of all that relates to the principal industries which deal with the great staples of mine, farm and factory, as every movement of interest concerning them is a matter of record in the daily press.

On the other hand, comparatively little is known, perhaps, of the many new activities in commercial life that have been called into being by resourceful men of wit, whose perceptions have been sharpened by the hard grind of competition.

All the well-known avenues of commerce and manufacture that are popularly supposed to lead to wealth are overcrowded by eager competitors. But occasionally an observant genius of keen mind breaks away from beaten paths to seek profits in unexplored fields. Thus many a profitable business has been built up by the discovery of new methods of utilizing waste materials or products of nature which heretofore have had no recognized value.

In the former category a notable instance is found in a new process, of recent discovery, and now in successful operation, for treating tin scrap, for the purpose of saving the tin metal which constitutes the coating of the tin plates.

Thousands of tons of tin scrap have been annually consigned to the scrap heaps which accumulate at factories and shops where tinware in its various forms is manufactured. Its familiar glitter is a feature of every garbage dump on vacant lots, and even the practical billygoat, who views all matter from a standpoint of utility, has never solved the problem of its usefulness.

Of the three plants now in operation, using the process referred to, two are located in this country, the third being established in Belgium, where the first experiments were made. All are yielding phenomenal returns in the way of profits. When it is known that tin scrap can be transported across the continent and profitably treated, one may have a fair appreciation of the extent of savings accomplished from what has heretofore been considered absolute waste.

Not only is the tin metal coating thus saved, but when it is removed from the plates or sheets which constitute the body of tin plate the latter can be utilized by the steel mills for re-rolling into some merchantable form of steel. This cannot be done until the tin coating has been removed. Hence the new process not only effects a saving of the tin metal, but renders the remaining scrap fit for use again.

Although the general features of the methods employed for separating the tin metal from the steel are well known, the vital secret, which is carefully guarded by the inventor, lies in certain details of chemical treatment and handling, a correct knowledge of which is essential to successful results. Electricity is an active agent in the process, and it requires a costly plant, equipped with expensive machinery, to carry on the work. But obviously enough detailed descriptions of the plant and process are not obtainable for publication.

FOR DRINKERS OF COFFEE.

THE inhabitants of the United States consume annually, statistics show, 750,000,000 pounds of coffee, and as there are about 75,000,000 inhabitants each of them has to his credit ten pounds in the course of the year. Notwithstanding this a wave of fear passes over the country every little while and the coffee drinkers lift up their voices and say: "Are we not harming our health with drinking so much coffee?" The subject was lately discussed by a number of medical societies. Physicians are pretty generally agreed that the moderate consumption of coffee is not injurious and "moderate consumption" they define as one cup at breakfast, one at noon and one in the evening. Coffee taken plain, without either cream or sugar, they say, is less harmful than the sweetened *cafe-au-lait*, or milk coffee, which, fermenting, is bad for the digestive organs.

Smokers are better off with coffee than without it, as tobacco, being a narcotic, weakens the heart's action, while coffee, a stimulant, strengthens it, so

that the heart of the smoking coffee drinker does not vary, as a rule, from the heart of him who has neither the one habit nor the other. The smoker who does not drink coffee has usually a weak heart. The disciples of the no breakfast faith say that one cup of coffee between two cups of hot water in the morning is better for the health than all the breakfast cereals or health foods advertised.

NEWSPAPER AMBITION THAT OVERLEAPT ITSELF.

THE wild scramble of the New York evening newspapers in endeavoring to beat each other in getting out the first extra announcing the Queen's death calls attention to the queer custom that has grown up among these publications. Instead of waiting, as in former years, for the receipt of a piece of news before setting up the type and printing the papers, several of the evening publications now set up in advance, under tremendous headlines, the announcement of any important expected event.

For example, the papers, from the moment it was announced that the Queen was dying, prepared a complete front page, which was held ready to put on the press the instant the cable dispatch came stating that the Queen had breathed her last. As it was several days after she was stricken before she passed away, new plates had to be cast from day to day to prepare for the emergency. When the news came that Her Majesty was really dead, it was the work of only a few minutes to put the plates on the press, and to turn the papers out on the street. Long before the Queen was formally declared to have passed away the New York extras were being wildly shouted about the thoroughfares.

The preparations for getting ahead on announcements of this kind are often very expensive and trying. In one New York office, for instance, there has been cast every day a full set of eighty stereotype plates announcing the death of Pope Leo. This process has gone on for over six months and will be continued indefinitely. It is doubtful if His Holiness would appreciate this delicate attention, but there is, after all, something fascinating in such enterprise. The plates in the case of Pope Leo are cast at a certain hour every day, taking precedence over everything else, and are stacked in rows alongside the presses ready for instant use.

This remarkable system for getting out the news in advance of the other fellow was inaugurated when two of the large New York evening newspapers started to compete with each other. A fierce and consuming rivalry was inaugurated at once, and not very long afterward was born this unique scheme of advance news.

NO WOOD IN BATTLE-SHIPS.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the naval department of the United States, as already announced, for the construction of five battle-ships of 15,000 tons displacement. In view of the danger arising from the use of wood in men-of-war, as illustrated in the Spanish-American war and the campaign between China and Japan, the Americans will employ very little wood. Metal bulkheads down below will replace wooden partitions, much of the furniture will be of pressed metal, portions of the decks will be laid with linoleum and the chart-house, instead of being constructed of wood, as in many British warships, will be of bronze. Wherever possible wood will be eliminated, and when it is employed it will be rendered noninflammable. All the foreign powers are taking similar action.

It is satisfactory to learn, as the result of special inquiries at Portsmouth, that, although the admiralty are not dealing with this danger in the same sweeping manner as the Americans, improvements are being introduced into the ships of war now being completed. The upper decks of the battle-ships and armored cruisers in hand are being planked, however, with nonfireproofed wood and the cabins are also being paneled with similar dangerous material. It is explained that the bulkheads of the cabins are composed of iron painted with cork paint and wood is used to panel them with merely for the sake of ornamentation. The main and lower decks are covered with a material known as cordosine. It is similar to that used on the destroyers and will not burn. Noninflammable wood is being used as planking in the casemates of her majesty's ship Formidable and her sister ships

and it will be used in the London. The official excuse for the use of so much wood is that in all cases except the deck planking, the woodwork, paneling and cabin and other fittings can be easily unscrewed so as to be either placed below the armor deck or thrown overboard. Naval officers confess that it is possible to imagine circumstances when the time available would not permit of such elaborate preparations for action.

ODD WARES FROM MANILA.

THE acquisition of the Philippines has begun to familiarize the American public with many of the odd wares and merchandise which are found in that archipelago, says the *New York Evening Post*. No part of the world is richer in shells, especially of the pearl and mother of pearl variety. For centuries there has been a steady flow of the latter to China, where they are used in enormous quantities for household decorations. Outside of these shells are others almost as useful. One variety, a sea conch, is cut through obliquely and according to the angle of the saw the resulting segment is a spoon, a ladle, a saucer, plate, cup, or bowl. After cutting they are cleaned and polished, making a handsome object. It looks like colored porcelain, but is far tougher and stronger. A shell spoon or bowl can be dropped without danger of breaking and will withstand hot water and cold as well as wood.

Another variety of shell is employed for buttons. The turbinates are the favorites. They range through a hundred colors and patterns and take a very high gloss. When cut by the natives beauty of surface rather than of outline appears to be the main object. The most popular shape is oblong. Next to this is an oval, and then follow such figures as the rounded triangle, which with eyelets are retailed in Manila for five cents.

DRINKING FROM A SKULL.

THE parish minister of Torridon, in the northern county of Ross, Scotland, has just discovered that "shocking pagan rites" are being followed in the neighborhood of the town.

Many years ago a woman committed suicide by drowning herself in the Baigle river, near Torridon. The inhabitants refused to consent to the body being buried in the Annat churchyard on the plea that if the body was buried in view of Loch Torridon the fish would forsake the waters. The remains were consequently interred in unconsecrated ground about 100 yards from the cemetery, and there they now lie.

What this woman's grave has to do with "pagan rites" has still to be told, however. There is a local belief that epileptics will be cured of their trouble by drinking water from a certain pool out of the skull of a suicide. Such a skull has been kept hidden for many years under the surface soil of this grave, but whether it is the skull of the woman herself is not clear. Those suffering from epilepsy go to the grave in the dead of night, unearth the moldering skull and drink out of it water of the pool already mentioned.

HOW TO MAKE CORNSTALKS USEFUL.

FROM recent inventions and investigations regarding the cornstalk it would appear that this once-wasted product is likely to be of such value as to pay for the cultivation for itself alone. According to results of experiments made by the United States Agricultural Department, the following new uses of the plant have been developed:

A packing for warships; a high grade of writing paper; the basis for a smokeless powder and a cattle food made by grinding the dry corn stalks, leaves and tops to a powder and mixing it with cheap molasses. This new food is pressed into cakes under a hydraulic press and can be shipped as easily as bricks or cordwood. For feeding it is broken up and mixed with water. Actual tests have been made and samples have been sent to agricultural stations in Europe. The reports from all sources are very encouraging. This food will be particularly valuable for our cavalry in the tropics, and the food cakes can be made at a minimum cost in Cuba and the Southern States, where thousands of tons of low-grade molasses go to waste annually.

Good Reading

STAINED GLASS.

Those who see the wonderful stained-glass windows in our churches and the beautiful creations of the window-builders' art which decorate stairway and hall in the artistic mansions along our boulevards, seldom give a thought to the means by which these witching fancies come into being. Yet there is no branch of fine art more intricate in the matter of manufacture or in which closer attention to detail is necessary to secure the desired results. The making of stained-glass windows is not only a learned profession, but a handicraft, or rather a combination of several handicrafts, for it has many branches, the successful combination of which is necessary to secure the desired result.

The manufacture of stained-glass windows is a very important industry, employing great numbers of workmen in large establishments, and involving the investment of much capital, which, however, is regarded as perfectly safe, for the demand for ornamental windows is constantly increasing. Every year a greater number are required for private residences, churches and public buildings, and thus, little by little, the ornamental window factories have enlarged their borders, adding a room here, a new department there, until they have reached their present dimensions.

A stained-glass window factory is like an enchanter's palace, a dream of beautiful color, a miracle of busy, hurrying industry. Everywhere glass, glass; glass in the storeroom, in great plates, six to eight feet long, four to five in breadth, standing on edge in compartments, each kind to itself. Glass in smaller pieces in pigeon holes, like those of a desk, but eight or ten times as large; red glass, blue glass, green, violet, yellow glass; plate glass as rough as an unplanned board, smooth plate glass, highly polished and reflecting light like a mirror. Glass of a hundred hues and tints; glass clouded, mottled like the beautiful artistic marbles of which are made the altars in old cathedrals and the mantels in royal palaces.

Diamond glass, fit for the manufacture of artificial gems; ruby, sapphire, amethyst, pearl, opal glass, rivaling in its hues the gems from which it takes its name. Glass overhead in boxes, sheets and cases; glass in transit, banded to and fro by wizards as though it were so much sheet iron; glass being ground, polished, chipped, cut; glass under foot in bits and fragments of all sizes and colors; it is the realm of the glass magician, where the fragile material is worked into forms of beauty.

The making of a window is an intricate and delicate operation. In the first place, there must be a pattern. Sometimes this is planned, in a general way, by the customer, but more frequently the would-be purchaser, whether the owner of a private house, the pastor of a church or the donor of a memorial window, contents himself with an indication of what he wants and leaves the rest to the artists of the factory. These first prepare a design, outlining the general plan. The design is then tinted to indicate the colors of glass to be employed in its construction. The color sketch proving satisfactory, a plan of the proposed window is drawn of the exact size of the space to be filled.

Every part of the pattern receives a number and is also marked with cabalistic figures to indicate the color and kind of glass to be employed. The plan is then cut into pieces of many different sizes, and every shape of which the mind can conceive, and the result is a heap of paper bits, having no apparent connection with each other. The draftsman, however, has the secret of the combination, for he has preserved a duplicate sketch for the use of the men who, from the scattered fragments, are to construct the window.

The pieces into which the plan has been divided are passed on to the glass cutters, who take sheets of sufficient size, lay the pattern on the glass, and with a diamond cutter reproduce the figure in the glass. This is not done at once, nor at a single stroke, for there is always danger that the glass may break in the wrong place. Little by little the cutter slices away the glass, a piece at a time. With deft strokes he draws nearer and nearer to the bit of paper which is his pattern, breaking off the superfluous glass, sometimes with his fingers, sometimes with a pair of pincers until the edges

of the glass correspond to his pattern, when it and the completed portion are laid to one side and another pattern taken.

The work is done rapidly and the loss from breakage or improper cutting is very trifling, for although the material is frangible, such is the tact with which it is handled that accidents are infrequent. But let an unskilled hand attempt the cutting, and the material itself seems to mock his efforts and breaks lengthwise, crosswise, diagonally, from end to end, any way, every way, but the way he intended it should.

When the glasscutters have done their work the piles of glass designed to enter into the composition of the proposed window are passed on to the men who are to do the building. The pieces resemble a Chinese puzzle, and at first glance the effort to bring order out of the confused mass of shapes and colors seems quite hopeless. But the window builder has the key to the mystery in the shape of the duplicate plan. This he lays flat on his table, and, guided by its markings and figures, selects from his heaps of glass the pieces that he needs for his design, and under his nimble fingers the window begins to take shape and color. The pieces are united by cords, not of steel, but of lead. The material for this purpose is a lead wire which has been drawn into a shape not greatly dissimilar from that of a railroad rail.

On each side is a deep groove, into which the edges of the pieces of glass are placed, while the lead, being readily bent, is curved here and there round the different parts of the pattern, until, having run from end to end, or from one side to the other of the window, it is firmly secured into the frame. The pieces are then cemented to the lead. To render the structure more solid, it is fitted into an outer frame and is ready to be placed in position in the house or church.

CULINARY NOVELTIES.

ATTEMPTS are being made to introduce in Northern markets banana flour, which is manufactured on a large scale in Colombia and Venezuela, as well as in Central America. The process of making it consists of stripping the fruits of their skins, cutting the bananas into slices, and drying the slices either in the sun or by artificial heat, after which they are ground and sifted. Thus treated, a bunch weighing fifteen pounds will yield three pounds of flour. Bananas not quite ripe are used for this purpose, because at ripening the starch in the fruit is converted to some extent into sugar.

In Venezuela the children are largely fed on banana flour, which is considered extremely digestible, and it is even recommended for convalescents and for sufferers from dyspepsia and other stomach complaints. Negroes in Central America dry the fruits and pound them in a mortar, the meal thus obtained retaining its freshness for a long time when kept dry in sacks or in closed vessels. Banana flour is said to be nearly as nutritious as wheat flour, the fresh fruit containing twenty-seven per cent of starch. It makes first-rate griddle cakes, and a refreshing drink is brewed from it.

It is an old story that much more food can be produced from an acre of land in the shape of bananas than in any other form. As compared with potatoes, the proportion is said to be forty-four to one, and as compared with wheat one hundred and thirty-three to one.

Soup vegetables are soon to be put on the market in the shape of dry powders which will possess most of the virtues, for the purposes of the potage, of the fresh articles. Thus the housewife, in preparing this appetizing portion of her day's dinner, will take a tablespoonful of tomato powder from one can, twice the quantity of green-corn powder from another, a judicious amount of okra powder from a third, and so on. It often happens that fresh soup vegetables are not easily obtained, and in such cases these desiccated garden products are apt to be most useful, combining as they readily do with water, milk or soup-stock, and not requiring to be cooked or otherwise manipulated before being used. The invention is a new one and was patented on the first day of the twentieth century.

Tomato powder, for example, is made by taking ripe tomatoes, stewing them thoroughly, straining out the skins and seeds, adding ten per cent of

wheat flour and drying the mixture on rotating hollow cylinders heated by steam. After being scraped from the cylinders, the dried material is reduced to meal and put through a bolting process and is then put up in packages. It is added to water, milk or soup-stock in about the proportion of two and a half ounces of the powder to one quart of liquid.

For similar use, the inventor prepares celery by washing it, freeing it from green leaves and roots, cutting it into short pieces, boiling it for thirty-five minutes, and then reducing it to a pulp by grinding. Ten per cent of flour is added, as in the case of tomatoes, and the mixture is dried, reduced to meal, and bolted in the same fashion. By exactly the same process asparagus powder is manufactured.

The flour is utilized to give additional dryness to the powders, which are said to retain much of the fresh flavor of the vegetables. One advantage claimed for them is that they make it possible to prepare soups with unprecedented celerity.

TOLSTOI'S HERESIES.

THE official organ of the Holy Synod publishes the formal excommunication of Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist and social reformer, which was announced early in the year, as follows:

"In its solicitude for the children of the Orthodox church, to guard them from being led into corruption and in order to save those who have gone astray, the Holy Synod has deliberated upon the anti-Christian and anti-ecclesiastical teachings of Count Leo Tolstoi, and has deemed it expedient, in order to preserve the peace of the church, to issue a circular dealing with the heresies of Count Leo Tolstoi. The circular is as follows:

"Count Leo Tolstoi, to the grief and horror of the whole Orthodox world, has, by speech and writing, unceasingly striven to separate himself from all communion with the Orthodox church, and this not only clandestinely but openly and in the knowledge of all persons. All attempts to dissuade him from this conduct have proved without avail.

"Consequently the Orthodox church no longer considers him to be one of its members, and cannot regard him as such as long as he does not repent and does not become reconciled to the church. We, therefore, place on record his apostasy from the church, and pray the Lord to restore him to a comprehension of the truth.

"We pray thee, therefore, O Merciful God, who dost not desire the death of a sinner, to hear us, have mercy on him and restore him to thy holy church. Amen.

"Antonius,

"Metropolitan of St. Petersburg.

"Theognos,

"Metropolitan of Kieff.

"Vladimir,

"Metropolitan of Moscow.

"Hieronymus,

"Archbishop of Koln and Warsaw.

"Jakoff,

"Bishop of Kichineff.

"Markel,

"Bishop of Boris."

KODAK CENSORSHIP.

THE kodak is being regulated in Washington. Use of it is forbidden not only in the White House, but about the grounds surrounding the mansion. To take snapshots around the capitol is possible only on a permit obtained from the sergeant at arms. The use of cameras in the senate and house galleries is positively forbidden. Likewise the navy yard and gun foundry are closed to amateur photography. And now the propriety of still further limiting the use of the lens and film, except upon license, is being agitated.

DURING a lesson on the animal kingdom the teacher put the following question: "Can any boy name me an animal in the order indentata—that is, a toothless animal?" A boy whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark replied: "I can." "Well, what is the animal?" "My grandmother," replied the boy in great glee.

GROUND GLASS.

In connection with the manufacture of ornamental glass work, there are many associated processes, not only interesting, but some of them extremely curious. An immense amount of "ground glass," for instance, is employed, not only in art glass windows, but in offices and other places where light is desired, and yet where a certain amount of privacy is considered necessary. The ground glass in doors and windows answers the requirement, and is prepared in enormous quantities. Formerly it was ground by hand, the grinder, with a hard stone block, laboriously going over every portion of the plate until the desired effect had been secured. Later it was ground on a wheel like a grindstone, and thus the process was greatly expedited. But machinery has still further lightened the labor of the grinder, and at present all glass is ground by the aid of the sand blast.

The sheet is placed in a large receptacle, in outward appearance resembling a huge ice box. Within, through a number of tubes, a powerful blast is operated, carrying with it great quantities of fine, sharp sand, as white as snow. The sand is driven with great violence against the surface of the glass, and the particles of quartz cut and tear away the surface of the glass and give it that beautifully smooth appearance which admits the light and yet not in sufficient quantity to enable objects to be discerned through the pane. The prevailing characteristic of the sandblast room is dust, a fine white powdery dust, which rapidly turns gray all articles of clothing and gives a uniform tint to the skin of face and hands.

The presiding genius of this department wears over his nose a wool or fur protector, for the air is full of powdered sand and glass, and he does not care to make his lungs a receptacle for silex. Sometimes he protects his eyes with glasses or goggles, a wise precaution, for nothing is more harmful than the glass dust.

Plates of ground, with ornamental figures of clear glass, are often seen. These are made by sketching in outline the figures designed to remain clear. These, whether leaves, flowers or conventional designs, are then covered with a preparation which resists the sand during the time that the glass is subjected to the action of the blast, and when the plate is removed the artificial covering is taken off and the designs left in clear relief.

The beveling room is another interesting department. Here are emery wheels and grindstones laid horizontally, each with a water tank overhead. Taking a plate of glass, square at the edges, the workman presses it firmly against the stone and, with a sharp, harsh, saw-filing sound, the glass is cut away to the desired bevel. No measurements are taken, the workman trusts his eye, and an experienced man will make a bevel from end to end of a 60-inch plate as true as though it had been measured with the most delicate of instruments.

The first operation leaves a rough edge, which is afterwards smoothed and polished on the emery wheel. The emery disk is used for another purpose, that of cutting intaglio figures on a plain glass plate. The figures are first sketched in outline, then the workman, holding the plate firmly in both hands, presses it against the wheel, which cuts away the glass, at the same time leaving a high polish on the incised figure.

The chipped glass, often employed instead of ground glass in windows and doors, is made by a simple yet effective process. The plate is simply covered with a thick layer of stiff glue and placed in a drying room. As the glue dries, it curls up into flakes of varying sizes and falls off, and every flake of glue brings with it also a flake of glass, thus producing the mottled effect so pleasing in this variety. It might be supposed that, with all the handling, heating and drying, with the carrying to and fro in the various operations, the sum total of accidental breakage would be very large. In fact, it is an insignificant item, for, in the first place, glass is not so easily broken as most people suppose; in the second, the workmen know how to handle glass, and in the third, they understand that they are handling glass, and are accordingly careful.

THE INGLENOOK is the best weekly visitor that comes to our home. We anxiously wait for its arrival each week.—*Ella Heckman, Cerro Gordo, Ill.*

FEW SQUEAKY SHOES NOW.

"THIS matter may not seem to you," said the middle-aged man, "one of grave importance, but it appears, nevertheless, to be a fact that there are nowadays not nearly so many squeaky shoes worn as there were years ago. There used to be many. Now there are comparatively few. Time and again, for instance, I have seen walking up a church aisle, a little late perhaps and so alone and all the more conspicuous, a man whose boots squeaked so that the sound of them filled all the church, and the thoughts of every worshiper besides. But he would move noiselessly now.

"There was a time when people didn't object to squeaky shoes; when, in fact, they rather liked them. The squeak proclaimed their degree of newness, for the newest squeaked most, and people didn't object to your knowing that their shoes were not old and worn out, but new shoes. They used to put into some shoes in those days between the inner and the outer sole a piece of what was called squeak leather, to make the shoes squeak the more, but commonly the squeaking was caused simply by the chafing of one sole against the other as the wearer walked. Some of these, though, were mighty good squeakers.

"Later there came a time when squeaky shoes found less favor; when, in fact, there were many people who preferred that their shoes should not squeak. This sort of middle period is marked by the appearance in contemporaneous prints of recipes for stopping or preventing the squeaking of shoes. One way suggested was to soak the soles in water. This was said to be effective, at least as long as the shoes remained damp. Another way was to drive a tack or two or a few pegs through the two soles so that they could not rub one against the other. And from that, in due course, we rose to the comparatively squeakless dignity of the present day.

"How this has been accomplished, whether the squeaking is now especially guarded against in some manner or whether it has been largely eliminated as one of the results of the vastly different modern methods of manufacture, or what, I do not know, but certain it is that in these days you don't hear any thing like so many squeaky shoes as you once did."

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS NOT NEW.

THE making of artificial limbs has been thought by many persons to be a modern industry. This is a mistaken idea. In the museum of Surgeons, London, may be seen an artificial leg exhumed with the bones of an ancient Roman at Capua. It is made of thin bronze plates fastened by nails to a wooden core.

Herodotus tells of a captive of the Spartans who, having been placed in the stocks by one foot, cut part of it away and escaped. Afterward he supplied himself with a wooden foot.

Pliny describes one M. Sergius, who in B. C. 167 made for himself an artificial hand on plans of his own laying.

In the Middle Ages artificial limb making was not uncommon. Ambroise Pare, a famous French surgeon of 1500, gave much attention to the art, and devised an iron hand of cunning workmanship. Fr. Sebastian, a Carmelite friar, half a century later perfected a tin hand with movable fingers, which excited the admiration of his contemporaries.

Last year the manufacturers in the United States did \$500,000 worth of business and shipped their products to all parts of the world. It is said by one manufacturer that, according to statistics which he has kept for the last five years, there is an average of 200 operations entailing the loss of legs and arms every day in this country alone.

LOCOMOTIVES FOR RENT.

HUNDREDS of locomotives are rented every year. Several corporations make their chief revenue this way. The Baldwins have many a machine out on the rental form of payment. That is, the engines are rented in the same way that you would buy a stove on installments—so much down, so much a month, the payments to apply on the final purchase money. It is seldom, however, that a railroad rents locomotives.

Sunday School

A PARISH priest of Austerlitz

Climbed up in a high church steeple
To be near to God, that he might hand
God's Word unto the people.

And in sermon script he daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped it down on the people's heads,
Two times, one day in seven.

In his time God said, "Come down and die,"
And he cried from out his steeple:
"Where art thou, Lord?" and the Lord replied,
"Down here among the people."

BREAK THE CHAIN.

A FABLE story is told of some young and inexperienced sailors, who once went out fishing and cast anchor, as they thought, but soon found their boat moving slowly along. A great fish had hold of the chain, and was dragging them down to a rocky coast, near which was also a dreadful rapid waterfall.

What could they do? No time was to be lost. Their only hope was in breaking the chain. The fish was not in sight, but by cutting loose from it they could then row the boat with safety.

So it is every day in life. We seem to be safe, but a careful look will show us that we are moving on toward danger. Some unseen enemy has hold of us at some point, and is dragging us toward death. A bad habit, an ugly temper, laziness, dangerous company, evil desires, strong drink, and many other things, take strong hold on men.

Oh, break the chain! Cut loose from the enemy. Tear away from all that is unholy. And safety lies only in doing this at once. Waiting is dangerous. When too near the precipice, death is certain.

HINTS ON THE STUDY OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

BEGIN early, not later than the Sunday before.

Read or study some every day. Read the "daily readings" and note their bearings upon the lesson.

Get the connection. For this it may be necessary to read considerably more than the portion assigned as a lesson.

Read, meditate, pray. Memorize choice texts.

First, get what you can out of the lesson yourself, looking to the great Source of knowledge and wisdom; afterward, consult lesson helps and commentaries.

Finally, let us get the lesson not only into our heads, but into our hearts, into our characters, into our lives. Let us study not only to know, but to be and to do.

THE body influences the soul. It even educates it. Hence, the body is to be kept blameless. And the resurrection of the body is not a doctrine to be despised, since many of our spiritual experiences are so closely connected with "keeping the body under," and preserving it "blameless." Also, if it was becoming for God to bring forth the body of Jesus from the grave the third day, and he is the "first fruits of them that slept," we may thank God for bringing forth the body from the grave, in our case. Why should it be judged an incredible thing with you, that God should raise the dead? Such a doctrine, instead of being materialistic, is the very reverse to that dreary conception that teaches that God is unable to make those "that are in their graves hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth," because of material and mechanical difficulties connected with gathering the identical matter together that was laid away in the grave. For that is a materialism that reduces God to a plane with a human physician or carpenter, and makes the possibilities of the spiritual universe small indeed.

LAMPS.—Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct.

"To do what we ought is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue, or dream out the most enchanting commotion of melody and harmony."

CHLOROFORM CRIMES.

THE curious case of robbery under chloroform, which was decided in London a day or two ago, was followed with great interest by writers on medical jurisprudence. Hitherto many such writers have expressed great doubt about these cases, for the process is by no means so easy of use as people think.

Very extravagant ideas prevail among the public as to the power of anesthetics, owing, perhaps, to the license employed by novelists when they describe "fancy" cases in their books.

One reads, for instance, of a man in a railway carriage waving a handkerchief before the face of a fellow-traveler and producing instantaneous unconsciousness. This is absolutely impossible. Another imaginative writer recently described a murder carried out by pushing a towel saturated with a powerful anesthetic under the bedroom door of his sleeping victim. This also is nonsense.

In another tale the more feasible plan is carried out of entering the sleeping man's chamber and pouring the anesthetic on his bed, the murderer standing by and watching his victim die. But even this is stretching the truth rather severely.

The true facts about chloroform and its companion anesthetic, ether, are as follows:

First, with regard to administering the drug during sleep. Doctors have made very exhaustive experiments, for it would be of great advantage to a patient on whom an operation has to be performed to chloroform him while asleep, and save him the horror which so many people have of the inhalation, and they sum up the results showing that very rarely can chloroform be administered to a sleeping person without awakening him. Grown people are, with the rarest exceptions, awakened by the irritating fumes. If a man were very tired, and if his nose were naturally under the influence of drink, it might be possible to make him unconscious while asleep. But not even every doctor could do it. The operation would require the highest skill. And the most skillful administrator would succeed only once in a hundred times.

If we take the case of spilling the chloroform in a room and thus impregnating all the air of the room, the thing is out of the question. Yet not only do novelists assert that this can be done, but many people have been actually charged in real life with doing it—for the purpose of blackmailing them or injuring them or perhaps to throw off suspicion from the pretended victim who has committed the robbery himself. If the room measures, say, twelve feet square and is nine feet high it would probably take a gallon of chloroform spilled on the floor to make a man unconscious. All the chinks and crannies would have to be stopped up first, moreover, and the operator himself would have to be poison proof or he also would succumb.

As a matter of fact, the only way to render a person unconscious by the use of chloroform is in the way practiced by surgeons in the operating room. And this is by no means an easy task. There are several ways of doing it. The chloroform may be dropped on a handkerchief, which is then held over the face at some little distance, or it may be dropped on a sponge, or it may be used in one of the innumerable machines invented for the purpose. But the vapor must be mixed with air before it is breathed. That is the reason the handkerchief or the sponge is held some inches from the face. As a rule, it takes from five to eight minutes to make the person unconscious, and during this time he generally struggles very violently.

It is probable that many of the charges of chloroforming which have been made are false. Sometimes the pretended victim asserts that he has become unconscious immediately. But it has been shown in evidence that the time necessary to bring about this result is at least four or five minutes. Sometimes he says he could not cry out; yet he describes all the circumstances of the administration minutely. Now, the first effect of the chloroform is to produce confusion of the mind, while, on the other hand, the patient can cry out almost up to the last. He becomes mentally confused before he loses the power of speech. These few facts are sufficient perhaps to demonstrate that some charges of possible chloroforming are necessarily untrue.

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry.

—Byron.

THERE'S NO GOOD IN WORRY.

A GENTLEMAN who has the management of a business that requires a large number of negroes said to one of his employes recently: "Sam, the colored people are wonderful people, are they not?"

It was dinner time and Sam looked up from his tin dinner kettle and replied: "Yes, sah. They can get 'long with less money and have more loafing time than any people I know of. They are heap better than white folks. They don't have anything to worry them. You know, boss, colored people get their eating for almost nothing, and, if they don't drink whiskey, a little money always goes a long way with them. If a colored man has friends around town he can always get a good dinner for nothing. White folks don't object to their cooks giving a colored man dinner occasionally, and if he has a few acquaintances who cook he gets on very well in the eating line. Of course, some colored men have to 'keep house,' but that don't always prevent them from going around and don't make living cost much because his old woman, if he has one, takes in washing or does other things to help along. And, boss, you know, colored men get along just as well single as married or married as single.

"Yes, sah, the colored folks are a wonderful people. Anybody's clothes fits them. Your clothes will fit me. A colored man with your clothes on and with his shoes blacked looks just as well as a white man with a new \$75 suit. He don't mind wearing any white man's clothes, never mind what his size is; they will fit, or he will make them do so.

"Then, boss, you know a colored man can sleep anywhere. He don't want a bed. He can lie right down here and sleep. And you know the colored man, if he is civil and handy, can get lots of good things from white people for nothing. I mean from people down this way. I don't know how it is in the north or up the country. I ain't got a thing on me now that cost me a cent.

"Yes, boss, colored people is the Lord's people. He takes care of them. If a colored man don't get along in the world better than a white man, sah, it is his own fault. The colored man, sah, is just what you say of him, 'a wonderful man.' If he works a little he can sleep in the sunshine and almost wait for the victuals to come to him."

VALUE OF PERSPIRATION.

PERSPIRATION is almost peculiar to men, monkeys and horses. Its use is mainly to cool the body by evaporation, as water is cooled in the porous jars of the Orientals by wrapping wet cloths around the receptacles. In animals that perspire but little the cooling of the body is effected by evaporation from the lungs, as may be observed in the panting of a dog. The amount of perspiration, of course, varies greatly with individuals, the state of health, temperature of surrounding atmosphere and degree of exercise taken.

GENIUS can only breathe freely in an atmosphere of freedom.—John Stuart Mill.

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Our Cooking School.

BREAD PANCAKES.

BY SISTER LIBBIE HALL.

TAKE bread that is become dry and cut it in small pieces in a dish and cover with sour or buttermilk. Let stand over night, and mash up fine in the morning. Put in one egg and add one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of flour, and salt. Don't have too thin, and bake as pancakes.

Battorf, Ohio.

OLD-FASHIONED CORN PONE.

BY SISTER ELIZA WEAVER.

MAKE three pints of corn meal mush. Cool this with half a gallon of water; thicken this with meal until it is as stiff as dough. Put in a pint of flour, and salt to taste. Make this up in the morning, and let raise until the afternoon. Thicken a little more with corn meal and put in a greased pan. Place it in a hot oven and bake a little longer than common corn bread.

Sinking Spring, Ohio.

BAKED RICE.

BY SISTER MINNA ROBINSON.

WASH one cup of rice and one cup of raisins. Pour over them three pints of rich sweet milk and add half a teaspoonful of salt. Pour in a baking pan, and bake till the rice is tender. Stir occasionally while baking. Serve with cream and sugar.

Ellison, N. Dak.

CORN CAKES.

BY SISTER ELEANOR BOOTH.

TAKE one pint of buttermilk, one egg, butter the size of a hulled walnut, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, corn meal enough to make a soft batter. Bake on a griddle well greased with lard. This can be baked in one pan, and makes a nice pone.

326 W. James St., Lancaster, Pa.

CREAM PUFFS.

BY SISTER MARY L. FANNREUTHER.

ADD one-half cup of butter to one of hot water, and while boiling stir in one cup of flour. When cool stir in three eggs, one at a time, without previous beating. Drop in spoonfuls on buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven, till a light brown. When done each one will be hollow. Fill with whipped cream, or cornstarch filling, flavored with extract or grated chocolate. This amount makes eighteen puffs.

Waterloo, Iowa.

SUGAR COOKIES.

BY SISTER MANERVA KINTNER.

TAKE one and one-half cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of butter or lard, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, and flour enough to allow you to handle, not stiff. Roll thin, cut and bake in a hot oven.

Bryan, Ohio.

LAYER CAKE.

BY SISTER CASSIE BOWSER.

TAKE one-half pound figs and stew quite tender. Cream together one and one-half cups of sugar, two teaspoonfuls butter, then add one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in one cup sweet milk, three cups sifted flour, and with the last cup mix two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Make your frosting with the white of one egg and sugar and spread on the cake. Then put on a layer of figs well mashed, then another layer of cake, frosting, and figs, until all are added. The last layer is simply frosted. Raw bananas sliced fine, and used instead of figs, make a fine cake.

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