

A TUNNEL FOR SALE.

Being No Longer Needed, the Town Council Tried to Sell It for Post Holes.

The opposition of some of the aldermen to the franchise sought by the Pennsylvania Railroad company for a tunnel across Manhattan killed the recollection of a man who many years ago was a city father in this old town, says the New York Sun.

"The town was finished a long time ago," he said, "but when I was a member of its city council we expected it would attain the altitude of a metropolis. The population was about 5,000 and it is now less than that by nearly one-half. It lost its opportunity to become a railway terminal when it refused to vote bonds to the first railroad built west of the Mississippi river."

"A sluggish stream flowed through the center of the place and lost itself in the Big Muddy. This stream had to be crossed in going to and in coming from the steamboat landing, and as steamboating was our only means of transportation everybody went to the river when a boat arrived."

Many a team got stuck in the mud of the banks of that creek. It was the one thing which the taxpayers were willing to put up money to remedy. A council was elected pledged to bridge the creek.

"After an appropriation had been voted to employ an engineer from another city, he planned what was known as a brick culvert. It cost about \$3,500.

"About the time it was completed a drought struck the country and the creek ran dry. If my recollection is not out of plumb, the bed of that creek has remained dry ever since. This condition made the culvert valueless."

"Then the citizens of the town used to take days off to miss the council that had this work constructed. When the time came to elect another council every member of the culvert council was relegated to private life."

"Then the question came up in the new board as to what could be done with the culvert. The question was debated for months.

"Finally one of the members—be was afterward elected to congress from the district—submitted a plan to get rid of the \$3,500 work. He was a good deal of a wit, but his humor was so dry that he was earnest or trying to do something funny."

"He made a speech one night on the proposition to get rid of the culvert, in which he said that he had recently visited an Indian tribe in the northwest which had shown a disposition to engage in agriculture. He said the Indians had decided to build fences around their tepees, but they did not know how to dig post holes for fence posts.

"They had appealed to him to enlighten them. He then proposed to sell them a lot of post holes made to order. He therefore offered the culvert to the council to sell to the Indians."

"They have money," he said, in support of his resolution, "and they will buy the culvert and move it to their reservation if you will name a reasonable amount. I move," he added, "that a committee be appointed to fix the sum for which the culvert may be sold to these Indians. They want post holes ready made, and this is the quickest way out to get rid of this incumbrance and eyesore."

"He was so earnest in his manner that the council actually named a committee to arrange for the sale, and the ludicrous in the proposition did not dawn upon the council until the committee had wrestled with the question for several weeks. Then the council passed a resolution declaring that the proposition was 'futile.' The question of disposing of the culvert was never brought up again."

**Sly Fishermen.**  
In nearly all streams where the current is swift, you will find the nets of the caddice worms, tacked down between two rocks or fastened to a flat stone. The brink of a waterfall. These little nets catch stray water bugs and sometimes exchange small fish. They are made of a silken fabric which the worm spins with its mouth and are shaped like a funnel, the larger end being pointed up stream, so that the water rushing past spreads them out in position. The nets are very strong and quite similar in construction to a spider's web. Close by his net the little fisherman builds his home. Lift up the nearby rocks and under them you will find a little bunch of pellets bound together by silk threads. In among these is a small silk tube in which the worm lives. Were it not for the pellets attached to it the caddice worm's home would go sailing down the stream. As an extra precaution he oftentimes fastens one end of the silk thread to a large stone.

**Outing.**  
**Weird Electrical Feat.**  
To talk through a human body—or a row of human bodies, for the matter of that—is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of a medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected. Science.

**Wealth Awails Him.**  
Great wealth awaits the oculist who can help people who are blind to their own interests.—Chicago Daily News.

HUMOROUS.

Ethel—"Maude says that Jack told her last night that she was a perfect picture." Kate—"Well, a caricature is a picture."—Somerville Journal.

Miss Bunker—"Your brother plays golf, does he not?" Sinnickson—"Yes, but I assure you he's perfectly rational in every other respect."—Philadelphia Press.

Willie—"What did you see abroad, Archie?" Archie—"I don't remember exactly; but I did three countries more than Reggie did in the same time."—Harvard Lampoon.

Jungle Wit.—The Lion—"A village postmaster came our way yesterday, and we ate him up." The Tiger—"What time was it?" The Lion—"Oh that's easy; six p. m."—Baltimore American.

His Intentions.—"Do you know what you make me think when you tell about your good intentions?" "No. What?" "You make me think that you are preparing to take the paving contract for the infernal regions."—Chicago Post.

Husband (vintperatively)—"I was an idiot when I married you, Mary." Wife (quietly)—"Yes, Tom, I knew you were. But what could I do? You seemed my only chance, and I thought then that you might improve a little with time."—Washington Times.

Jack (to lady, coming out to lunch)—"Are you coming with the guns this afternoon, Miss Maud?" Miss Maud—"I would, but I don't think I should like to see a lot of poor birds shot!" Jack—"Oh, if you go with Fred, your feelings will be entirely spared!"—Punch.

"Mother objected to my playing on the teams at the college," remarked the fair college girl; "but I won her over this afternoon to my way of thinking." "How did you do it?" asked her chum. "At that bargain sale of handkerchiefs. If I hadn't bucked the center of the line and won a yard or two, we wouldn't have gotten a single one!"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

**NEW PURSES HELP THIEVES.**  
Money Satchets Dangling from Women's Wrists Make It Easy for the Crooks.

"This latest fashion in women's purses," said a detective in a big dry goods store, according to the New York Sun, "is a great aid to the thief. No longer is it necessary for him to grab a purse from a woman's hand, to pick or cut it from her pocket or to follow her around until she lays it down and then seize it and run. These pocketbooks on chains have eliminated to a large degree the danger of the work of the store thief."

"Almost every woman nowadays carries a purse on a chain. She either wears the chain over her wrist or holds it in her hands; at any rate, the thing itself dangles at a distance of from three to eight inches from the hand. All of these pocketbooks on chains open and shut in the simplest fashion, merely by a twist of the two little knobs which cross each other over the opening.

"The thieves who make women shoppers their particular prey can open one of these purses and take out the contents while it is dangling in a woman's hand, and can do it with amazing ease. One doesn't require to be even expert to do it successfully. Just try it on your wife or your sister some time and see how easy it is. You will find you can do it when you and she are alone; imagine how vastly easier it is for an expert thief to do it in a crowd.

"We have instructed all of our saleswomen, floorwalkers, cash boys and girls and other employes to look out for these purse thieves because of the numerous complaints we have received since the chain purse became the fashion.

"One woman lost \$50 from one of these purses here the other day, and what mystified her was that her pocketbook was closed as she had closed it after the money was taken. This particular thief demonstrated as well as anything could the ease with which such thefts can be perpetrated. It was not necessary for him to close the purse after taking the money, and to do it he, of course, added to the risk of detection. Nevertheless, he closed it, and the only explanation of his taking so much trouble is that he knew he could do it without being seen or felt."

**"Loyal Eloquence."**  
As a sample of loyal eloquence, this effort by an Australian schoolmaster will be hard to beat:  
"King Edward is now sovereign over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 100 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,000 islands.  
"He waves his hand, and 900,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die; he bends his head, and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 sailors perform his bidding on the ocean. He walks upon the earth, and 300,000,000 human beings feel the least pressure of his foot.  
"The Assyrian empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. The Roman empire was weak in comparison, and Greece was a small village."—Detroit-Free Press.

**Convict for Life.**  
"Would you call stealing a kiss larceny?" queried the inexperienced young man.  
"I suppose so," replied the married man, who was hunting from dawn to dusk to support his family.  
"What is the penalty?"  
"Why, I stole a kiss one time and was sentenced to hard labor for life."—Philadelphia Record.

TOLD BY APPEARANCE.

The Occupations of Men Leave Their Impress Which is Easily Discernable.

The Manayunk Philosopher says that by the appearance the occupation can be told, relates the Philadelphia Record.

"We know the druggist," he said, "the other night," by his beard—a short beard that parts down the middle of the chin and ripples back towards the ears in little curls and waves. Behold a beard like that and you have beheld a druggist.

"We know the baker by his pallor and his corpulence. All bakers are fat, and they are all pale. What gives them weight is their constant inhalation of flour dust and healthy bread odors, and their habit of constantly tasting this and that and something else. What makes them pale is their night work. Sleeping all day, you see, they and the sun never have a chance to meet.

"You can tell a clerk by the drop of his left shoulder, and by the lump on the side of his right middle finger. His left shoulder is made lower than the right one by the attitude in which he sits and writes—an attitude wherein the left side is depressed and the right one elevated for long hours at a time. The lump on the side of the middle finger is a callosity that the pressure of the pen causes. This lump is at the first joint, on the side toward the forefinger, and all clerks have it.

"The jeweler reveals himself by the way he holds his hands. Unconsciously, through the daily lifting and setting down and arranging of many costly, fragile, tiny things he comes to have a delicate way with his hands, like a woman. He curls his little finger and he walks along with his hands held a little out from his sides, and making little, graceful, flicking movements in the air.

"The coachman you tell by the hair brushed out in front of the ears and by his erect carriage. It used to be fashionable to have the hair brushed forward of the ears, but to-day the coachman only wears it so."

MAKING BABY HARDY.

Advice for Young Mothers as to the Bathing, Clothing and Care of Infants.

Watch the temperature of baby's room. Always have a thermometer in every room where you carry a baby. Normal temperature, as we all know, is 68 or 70 degrees, but experience has proved that all babies cannot at once be brought down to this degree, particularly a winter baby. It is well to begin with 72 degrees, or even 74 degrees, and later to drop to 70 degrees, and later to 68 degrees, says the New York Herald.

A healthy baby is always a fat baby. Babies do not take after father or mother or grandfather or grandmother in being thin. Children may, and certainly do, follow in the footsteps of their forefathers. But all healthy babies are fat babies. Therefore they all feel the heat. Do not weaken them by keeping them in a constant perspiration. This of itself will give them a cold.

When bathing baby, from the very day of his birth, pour cold water on his chest and head after his bath. This will strengthen his chest, close the pores and prevent colds.

These remarks presuppose the healthy, properly fed baby. The baby that is not well fed can never be toughened. He will not be a ball of fat, that you can roll about with more or less unconcern, but a sickly, puny little thing that must be watched at every turn. But the well fed—that is to say, the properly fed—baby will be fat and healthy, other things being equal, and can, therefore, be easily hardened.

Toughen the exterior of baby all you can. Tend him with the greatest care. Have him always exquisite in his rosy loveliness, but see to it that that loveliness is firm, hard flesh that can endure all our sudden climatic changes. But the interior—never, never try to harden that. Guard his stomach against any change. Do not experiment with foods and sweetmeats, and this and that change of diet.

**Sauce for Broiled Tomatoes.**  
A sauce to serve with broiled tomatoes adds a substantial element that makes the dish suitable for chief service at breakfast or luncheon. Mix with the thoroughly mashed yolks of three hard-boiled eggs one saltspoonful each of salt and dry mustard, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, and cayenne pepper to taste. Add three ounces of butter, melted, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Set on the range and bring to the boiling point, when two eggs, well beaten, are stirred in. The sauce thickens to a little more than the consistency of thick cream. Use at once, or, if the tomatoes are not quite ready, stand in hot water to keep it in the right condition.—N. Y. Post.

**Loaf Cake.**  
Two cups of bread dough, two cups of loaf sugar, two eggs, a half-pound of stoned raisins and nutmeg and mace to taste are required for this cake. The butter and sugar should be creamed, then added to the dough. After these have been thoroughly stirred together the eggs are incorporated, the whites and yolks having been beaten separately. The longer the cake mixture is beaten the more successful will the results be.—N. Y. Herald.

**Knew All About It.**  
"What do you think of this scheme of telegraphing without wires?"  
"That's nothing new. My wife has kicked my shins under the table for 20 years."—Stray Stories.

DID THE ANCIENTS SMOKE?

Archaeologists Assert Excavations of Queer Pipes Are Proof That They Did.

In England, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland and France old pipes made of clay, wood and metal, have frequently been found and they closely resemble modern pipes.

Certain archaeologists have now come forward to claim that the ancients must have smoked, as the existence of the old pipes cannot be explained on any other theory. Some of the pipes, they point out, date back to the Roman and Merovingian epochs, and, so far as can be discovered, all are apparently genuine.

In several old authors, they say, passages can be found which prove clearly that certain ancient peoples were accustomed to inhale the vapor of plants, both for the purpose of becoming exhilarated and of curing certain diseases. Herodotus says that the inhabitants of the great islands of the Araxes, which is supposed to be the modern Volga, "were wont to throw piles of fruit on a fire and then to inhale the vapor, with the result that they became as drunk as ever the Greeks became after drinking wine, and the more drunk they threw on the fire the more fruit they became."

Pomponius Mela, the Roman geographer tells a somewhat similar story about certain Thracian tribes. They knew nothing about wine, he says, but when they feasted they threw seeds on a fire, and the vapor which arose made them just as lively as though they had become drunk with wine. A work, attributed to Plutarch, further says that these seeds were obtained from a grass which grew beside the rivers of Thrace.

Pliny says that the vapor of plants was used to cure diseases, and he especially mentioned that in some instances it was inhaled through a tube, in the same manner as tobacco is now smoked. "The smoke of dried coils of foot and roots, inhaled through a tube or reed," he says, is considered an admirable cure for a cough. It is necessary, however, to take a sup of wine every time the smoke is inhaled."

From these and other passages it is evident that in ancient times certain barbarous races inhaled vapor, and that in some instances pipes were used.

A curious fact, by the way, which the New York Times, is that many of the ancient pipes found in Ireland are very small, and there is a popular belief that they have never been smoked except by fairies. If the ancient Danes or Milesians ever smoked them, they must have used something much stronger than tobacco, as otherwise they would have been obliged to fill them several times in succession in order to get a comfortable smoke.

THRIFTY, NOT PATRIOTIC.

An Auction in Hong-Kong Shows That This is the Nature of John Chinaman.

An auction sale in Shanghai of some spoils from the imperial palace at Peking shows that there is no mania for curios in the Celestial empire. The account is from "The North China Herald," and a tael is equivalent to 60 cents or so, according to the price of silver.

"The imperial sedan chair used by the emperor on his way to the Temple of Heaven was one of many curios offered. Appeals to the patriotism of the Chinese purchasers brought a price of 11 taels only. A set of beautiful drawings, said to have been made by the members of the imperial family with their finger nails, found a purchaser at 60 taels, while 50 taels was forthcoming for an elaborate square of imperial embroidery in gold.

The same amount was asked for a small bloodstone vase, and also for a larger one in cloisonne, dating from the Ching Tsh dynasty.

"Beautiful embroidered imperial robes and skirts averaged from 30 to 50 taels apiece. Among the numerous josses offered, the largest, a massive brass image, was sold for 50 taels; 45 taels secured a magnificent tiger skin, while a couple of leopards, so far from rivaling their cousin in value, were knocked down for two taels apiece. Historical interest as well as intrinsic beauty brought seven taels each for four porcelain plates belonging to the Chingaloo dynasty. Other imperial relics included a white jade seal and a brass cup of the Gobi dynasty, each of which realized ten taels."

**Babies Never Get Seaside.**  
"Babies never get seaside. I have carried thousands of them in my time," said an American line steward, "and in rough weather, I have seen their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters keel over like soldiers before a cannon-ball; but not so with the babies. Whether it be rough or smooth at sea, a baby is always an excellent sailor—roly, jolly and with the appetite of a horse. Do you know the explanation of this singular fact? It is simple as the fact is strange. Babies don't get seasick because they are accustomed to the rocking of the cradle. That movement is much like the rocking of a ship. A baby aboard ship, therefore, is merely a baby in an unusually big cradle, and there is nothing odd to him about the rocking, for it is what he has been accustomed to all his life."—Philadelphia Record.

**Community in a Crater.**  
In the interior of the extinct crater Aso San, about 30 miles from the city of Kumamoto, in Japan, 20,000 people live and prosper. The vertical wall of the crater is 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, but form almost a little nation by themselves.—London News.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are now some six Europeans in the Buddhist priesthood in Burma. A missionary in India writes that for three weeks in May the temperature in her office ranged from 101 to 103 degrees, falling only one degree at night.

Missionaries in China are attempting to introduce the alphabet as a substitute for the cumbersome aggregation of complicated signs now in use. A monthly paper and some books are to be printed on these lines.

Japan Christians belonging to the Greek church have seceded and established a church and holy synod of their own. They did not like being under the orders of the Russian holy synod or the local Greek bishop, Nicolai, whom they have been urging in vain to resign.

At the recent international conference on tuberculosis at Berlin Dr. Obertuscher suggested that teachers suffering from consumption ought to receive sanatorium treatment, and permission to return to duty ought to be withheld till all danger of infection had passed away; they should receive their salaries during their illness.

A gift of a large collection of edition de luxe volumes, mostly historical and scientific, is the partial reward received by the University of Chicago for its active participation in the "Franco-American movement" to establish closer educational relations between France and the United States. The French minister of public instruction has presented to the university a collection of all the works so far issued. Several thousand volumes have already been shipped.

A socialist Sunday school movement, which has been firmly planted in Great Britain for some years, is described in the Boston Congregationalist. The headquarters of the movement is at Glasgow. In that city there are eight schools, and a half-penny magazine called the Young Socialist is issued. Socialist Sunday schools also exist in London, Liverpool, Bradford, and other cities. A little text-book of 16 pages has recently been published, presenting socialistic doctrines in language suited to the minds of children.

By these publications the children are taught to hate clericalism and capitalism, to strive against the "evil giants" of oppression and exploitation, and to help unite all nationalities and races in the same impulse of brotherly love.

SERMONS TO THE PURITANS.

The Early Settlers Thought Themselves Slighted if the Preaching Was Not Long Enough.

At Lorimer hall, Tremont Temple, at a recent monthly meeting of the Congressional club, Leon H. Vincent spoke on "Kings of the Colonial Pulpit," giving a history of the Mather family and their habits, says the Boston Herald.

He said the Puritans were always craving for learning and wisdom, and that they had no sooner landed in America than they began making books. The continual studiousness of the Puritans, said Mr. Vincent, is what makes New England today the great hive of books and authors. Besides studying, the Puritans spent their spare time in perceiving heretics and drinking strong drinks, but the only habit of the three that has clung to their descendants is that of reading.

The sermons were long-winded and in an hour the minister usually only got started. An old record says: "Mr. Hooker preached two hours and 17 minutes while not feeling well." How long he would have talked if he was in good health? A Harvard student wrote of a minister that preached to the students: "He preached two hours, and, much to our regret, he had to stop." The people paid to hear sermons on the tacit condition that the preacher would speak a certain length of time. The audience would look at the sandglass to see that they got their money's worth.

Mr. Vincent said Cotton Mather was probably the smartest boy in the family, and at the age of 13 he had received his degree from his own father, Richard, president of Harvard. The subject of his thesis was "Hebrew Vowel Points Are Divine in Origin." People in those days did not consider facts as great hardships. At one fast certain men prayed a number of hours, and then biscuits were distributed and three different kinds of liquor were drunk. Cotton Mather went fishing one day and fell into shallow water. Mather was superstitious, and as soon as he got out of the water he cried, "My God help me to know what is the meaning of all this!" He spent three days in his room trying to make his peace with God.

Amplified Germans.

The German national papers publish statistics to show the number of Germans lost in the Fatherland by emigration to British colonies, especially Canada, South Africa and Australia. According to the figures given, for which no authority is quoted, there are about 335,000 Germans in Canada, mainly in the eastern frontier districts. There are 3,000 Germans in British Columbia. In several Canadian towns the German element amounts to from 60 to 82 per cent. of the whole population. Of the whites in British South Africa, five per cent. are said to be German, against 23 per cent. British. Australia finds homes for more than 100,000 Germans, of whom 38,000 live in Queensland and South Australia.—N. Y. Sun.

Drowning Sorrow.

Don't attempt to drown sorrow in drink; you will only discover that sorrow is an expert swimmer.—Chicago Daily News.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Notes of the Modes for Feminine Followers of the Latest in Dress.

Plaid silk petticoats are much in favor, reports the Brooklyn Eagle. Panne cloth is enjoying an unprecedented amount of fashionable favor.

Wool lace dyed to match is extensively used for trimming wool gowns.

For children the fashionable furs are white fox, ermine and chinchilla.

Another of gray zibeline is strapped with panne and fastened with pendants and tassels of black silk braid.

A less expensive type of automobile coat is of russet brown and black leather, box shape and lined with fur.

Any sum may be expended for long fur coats for wear on automobile trips. One of mink with sable collar and cuffs costs \$3,300.

In white taffeta is a beautiful petticoat with coffee-tinted lace insertion and Van Dyke points of the same lace over chiffon frills.

A new set of furs in baby lamb consists of a long flat stole with big French muff lined with ermine and trimmed with mink tails.

Black pearls and Renaissance scroll work figure in all the beautiful embroideries which are an essential part of the dress of to-day.

Incrustations of Irish guipure and bands of mink fur lend an effective touch to a costume of white-panne just completed for a debutante.

One of the prettiest of the new white wash waists is fashioned of heavy caenax cheviot, with embroidery in conventional patterns in pastel shades.

A lovely coat for a little girl in cloth in a deep shade of cream and yoke and collar appliqued with velvet and chenille in pastel shades. The buttons are of pearl and gold.

On the kimono order is another graceful and pretty negligee of delicate blue china silk, showing insertions of ermine lace and finished with deep collar of white liberty silk.

A fleece-lined mercerized cotton shirt waist in which the color tone is a charming blending of green and blue is trimmed with big green buttons of enamel and silver deposit.

LESSON FOR TRAVELERS.

Notable Instance of the Inflexible Enforcement of Uncle Sam's Customs Laws.

Smuggling is a crime much more serious in the eyes of the government officials than in those of many persons that cross the Atlantic every summer or so. How serious it is was illustrated in New York, when a United States district court judge ordered the jury to find a verdict for the government against wealthy Mrs. Dulles, charged with bringing a pearl necklace into this port surreptitiously, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

The result of the judge's order is that Mrs. Dulles lost her necklace, which cost 65,000 francs in Paris, and is valued in this country at \$28,000. The defendant wore the necklace ashore from the steamer under a shirt waist, and did not declare it until she was asked about it by a customs officer. Then she brought it forth and denied that she intended to smuggle. Her husband, who, obviously, is a rich man, was indignant that there should be any doubt thrown upon his wife's or his own integrity, and fought the case vigorously in court. The judge believed it was a clear case, however, and did not even leave it to the discretion of the jury, but ordered them to decide against the defendant, which means that the United States takes the necklace as punishment of the attempt to evade the payment of duty. On jewelry the duty is very high—60 per cent. ad valorem. The temptation to bring it into the country without paying the import charges to the revenue department is very great, therefore, and unless passengers' consciences are exceedingly tender, the customs authorities believe they have strong reason to be suspicious of nearly everybody. It is probable that this Dulles decision will be appealed to another court, but if the case is as clear as the judge to-day considered it was, there is little if any hope of any relief for the day. The loss of a \$28,000 article is something to make would-be smugglers hesitate, and there is a strong hope in the custom house that this case will have a deterrent effect on other Atlantic voyagers who might try to save money at the expense of Uncle Sam.

New England Indira Pudding.

Blend a half tumbler of fresh cornmeal in milk. Put a quart of milk on the stove and when it boils add the blended meal and stir constantly until it is smoothly scalded. Add half a cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, half a teaspoon of cinnamon, quarter of a teaspoon of cloves, half a nutmeg grated, a quarter of a pound of finely chopped suet, two eggs thoroughly beaten, raisins and currants to taste. If it seems thick, add milk. Bake until done, something more than an hour.—Good Housekeeping.

Spiced Grapes.

Pulp the fruit, putting the skins aside. Boil the pulp and put through a colander to separate from the seeds. Add the sugar, vinegar and spices as follows: To every seven pounds of fruit add four and a half pounds sugar and one pint of good vinegar. Spice highly with ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Boil till about the consistency of maple.