

ALL GRIST FOR THE BRIDE

Other Women in the House Have Small Chance of Receiving Brides That Are Sent Home.

An uptown woman who nearly got stowed in a Ninth street car with a bundle of merchandise gave this reason for carrying home her own parcels, according to the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"There is a prospective bride in our boarding house," she said. "Everything in the dry-goods line is grist to the mill of the woman about to be married. Other women who have the misfortune to live in the same house shop under difficulties. The only way they can insure the enjoyment of their own purchases is to carry them home."

"If the things are delivered the bride snaps them up. Possibly she has no real shopping propensities, but circumstances combine to make her a thief. Servants bring to her room all parcels of whatever size and shape that come to that front door. So many of the things do belong to her that to read the label or listen to what the delivery boy says is considered superfluous exertion. And the bride is equally disdainful of a preliminary examination. Ecgotically she tips off wrappers and digs into contents."

"Yesterday I heard her raising the roof because a certain shop had sent her six pairs of black silk stockings, instead of the pink, blue and tan she had ordered. After she had sent the stockings back and had the money refunded I discovered the stockings were mine. I cannot afford to contribute these parcels to the bride's wardrobe, so I am carrying them home."

FOUND AN ECONOMICAL PAIR

Most Joyous Occasion of Life Failed to Make Them "Loosen Up" to Young Clergyman's Dismay.

A clergyman in Cherryvale tells Mrs. Moffett that when he was a struggling young preacher and a marriage fee looked like several square meals to him, he was called upon to officiate at the wedding of a wealthy young farmer to the daughter of another farmer, also very wealthy and widely known in the county. The night of the wedding was a stormy one and the train to the little country station was two hours late, so the preacher hired a rig and drove the entire 12 miles, getting there just in time to miss supper. The wedding was a brilliant affair and after the ceremony the groom called the minister aside and told him how much he appreciated his coming through the storm and handed him a \$2 bill—not enough to pay the team hire. As the preacher sat stunned, gazing at the money, the bride's father came in and the groom left. "How much did he give you?" asked the father. "Only two dollars," replied the preacher. "Why, that is a shame," exclaimed the father. "After all your trouble, too. He's terrible close with money. Don't say a word to any one, but take this." And as the old man slipped away the preacher, much touched, opened his hand and found a \$1 bill.—Kansas City Star.

Honesty Increasing.

On her return from marketing, the young matron of the upper West side said to a caller: "I believe the sense of honesty is increasing in New York, at least in this locality. This morning I called the attention of a salesman to a small mistake he had made in giving me change, the mistake being in my favor. The proprietor, who was standing near, said to me: 'You're honest. You'll get along all right.' Not so many years ago the thought that seemed far too prevalent in this country was that only some clever form of dishonesty could 'get along all right.' The merchant who could trick a customer was supposed to be the smart fellow, and it was assumed an honest person was sure to get the little end of everything. I am delighted to find even one man who realizes that honesty is actually indispensable to success, and it is especially pleasing to find him in a place where I can deal with him regularly."—New York Press.

Tantalum Pens.

Pens for writing purposes are being manufactured today in Germany by a process which is exciting some curiosity. The trouble found with steel pens is that they oxidize easily and the ink sticks to them. This fault is not to be found with gold pens; but, on the other hand, these are too flexible to be entirely satisfactory. Moreover, in order to form a point suitable for writing purposes, the material of that part of the pen has to be mixed with some hard metal like iridium and this operation is both complicated and expensive. This new pen is of tantalum and comes to the manufacturer in the form of a black powder. The pen that is made from this has the tenacity of steel and the flexibility of gold.—Harper's Weekly.

Appropriate.

Gazing at a group of nine children gathered about a small stoop, an old lady called one of the little girls. "Are all of these children your sisters and brothers?" she asked. "Yes, mum," replied the youngster. "What is the largest one named?" "Maxie, mum." "And what do you call the smaller one?" "Minnie, mum."

IS DEMAND FOR ORANGEWOOD

Trees Sacrificed for Building Sites in San Gabriel Valley in California.

The sale of orangewood is a new and profitable industry, which is being developed by the owners of Michilinda tract in the San Gabriel valley. The wood is being cleared from building sites in the subdivisions and it is being sold for \$25 a cord. It is said to be used in the manufacture of manure implements.

The orangewood harvest is something new in real estate trade. Usually wherever an orange tree grows it is something to be cherished and protected, but at Michilinda there are whole groves and some of them must be sacrificed to allow space for building.

Through a remarkable orchard system established by the former owners of the Michilinda site many of the choicest building lots now afford a selection of orange, lemon and tangerines. Thus the builder may establish his home in a grove of semi-tropical trees, where he may select his breakfast grapefruit or orange as it hangs on the trees outside his dining room window.

Already the orangewood which has been sold from this suburb has netted more than \$2,000 and this from trees cut for the drives and streets through the residential park.—Los Angeles Express.

REAL FOUNTAIN OF PUNCH

Provided by a British Officer in 1697 for the Entertainment of Six Thousand Guests.

Some of the papers have recently devoted attention to the origin of punch, that famous seventeenth century drink which has long lost its popularity in this country, though it still survives to some extent in Europe.

Owing to its intimate connection with rum one might easily have imagined that punch originated in the West Indies. In fact, however, it actually came from the East Indies and the name is said to be derived from the Sanskrit "pancha," five, on account of its five ingredients—arrack (afterward rum), tea, sugar, lemon and hot water.

The most magnificent bowl of punch the world has ever seen was probably that provided by the Right Hon. Edward Russel, who, when commanding the British forces in the Mediterranean in 1694, entertained 6,000 guests at Alicante, where a large marble fountain was filled with the liquor, the ingredients being:

Four hogheads of brandy, a pipe of Malaga wine, 2,500 lemons, 20 gallons of lime juice, 3 hogheads of water, 5 pounds of grated nutmegs in weight, 300 toasted biscuits and 17 hundredweight of fine white sugar.

Deeper Than Highest Mountain.

The depth of 9,780 meters to which the founding line of a German survey ship is said to have sunk in the Pacific ocean near the Philippine Islands is some 1,000 meters deeper than the previous deepest sounding. Of the total water surface of the globe, 145,900,000 square miles, about one-third stands more than three miles above the bottom of the sea; but until now no part of the great ocean has been discovered deep enough to submerge Mount Everest. But if there is no mistake about this depth of 9,780 meters (32,088 feet) the world's highest mountain could be sunk there until its highest peak be 3,000 feet below the water's level. The deepest soundings have all been made in the Pacific; 13,250 feet is the record of the Atlantic, in proximity to the West Indian Island of St. Thomas; while the North sea only averages 300 feet, or about one-tenth the maximum depth of the icy waters of the Arctic ocean.

Sensitiveness of Blow-Flies.

It is well known, says Knowledge, that the blow-fly (Calliphora vomitoria) has an extraordinarily keen sensitiveness to the odor of flesh, detecting it from a distance. Xaxier Raspaill has made some observations on the rapidity with which the flies find a bird has just died and he maintains that they do not alight a second before that. An apocryphal pigeon that looked dead, but was not, was left unvisited. A moribund magpie, lying beside two others which had just been killed, was left unvisited, though the flies were on the dead birds just beside it. The instinct not to lay eggs in anything not quite dead seems to be strongly developed. But Raspaill goes on to draw the hazardous conclusion that in the article of death an animal gives off a volatile something of infinite subtlety, which serves as a clue to the fly.

She Knew.

The city girl, on her first vacation in the country, was sitting at the side of the first bean she had ever had, looking at the first full moon she had ever seen in a perfectly clear sky.

"Billy," she squealed ecstatically, "how perfectly delightfully dear, and yet how horribly sweetly sad is the music of those toadstools, out there in the woods!"

"Why, darling," breathed William, who had been in the country before, once—"you can't mean 'toadstools.' The notes you hear is being made by crickets."

"Of course," answered the city girl—"you know what I mean. I get the names mixed up. I knew it was something to sit on!"

HERTZ THE REAL DISCOVERER

Marconi Made Practical Success of the Wireless, But Was Not First in the Field.

The principle of wireless telegraphy is easily comprehended. As is known light and heat move in waves whose lengths can be measured. Thus, the sun gives out in every direction light in a series of undulating waves which may not only be measured, but can be deflected, polarized, and so on. Some idea of this may be gained from the well-known fact that when a stone is thrown into a smooth pool of water a series of circular waves extends in all directions. If any floating object comes within these waves they are oscillated.

It was the lamented Prof. Hertz who discovered that electricity, like light and heat, also moves in waves which may be measured. Just precisely how these waves pass through the atmosphere is not wholly understood, but it is believed that they have some relation to ether, which is omnipresent and which is believed to constitute all matter under different negative electrical conditions. In wireless telegraphy a series of Hertzian waves are set up by powerful electrical dynamos or batteries, and these are discharged from the top of a high mast or pole. These waves extend in all directions, and, unless their force is expended by distance they excite certain effects in the receiver of wireless telegraph instruments within the zone, just as the waves disturb chips on a pool. Messages are sent and received somewhat on the plan of ordinary Morse code by wires, in that electrical impulses are regulated so as to spell words according to a code.

To Marconi belongs the credit of making a practical success of the discoveries of others, but to Hertz belongs the credit of making the system possible.

PASSED AN UNQUIET NIGHT

Traveler, Lost in the Bush, Was Glad to Do Without the Blessings of Slumber.

But I had never given a thought to the course I had taken in my gallop across the veldt. I kept on and on, and before long it grew dark and somewhat cold. So I dismounted, and after thinking it over, I knee-haltered the horse and let him go, crept head first into a large ant-bear hole for a night's lodging, and made myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, using the blesbok hide for a blanket. The night was dark as pitch.

Sleep was out of question. I suppose it was the haunches and the raw hide that attracted the creatures, but before long it really seemed as if I had settled down in a village of wild pigs and insulted the whole community. To begin with, squealing incessantly, they seemed to be racing round and round in a circle, taking me for its center. Then a number of jackals drawing nearer and nearer, joined in the chorus. But I soon discovered that if I disliked the noise I fairly dreaded the silence. During the quiet spells I knew that something was chewing industriously at the projecting ends of the raw hide in which I was enveloped. It was hard work for me to keep from kicking incessantly, but whenever I rested for a minute the chewing developed into vigorous tugs, the significance of which it was easy for one in my position to appreciate.

However, I kicked the night through in safety, and early in the morning, to my delight, I found my horse a short distance away, nibbling contentedly at his breakfast.—Atlantic Monthly.

Most Popular Character.

Charles Dickens once received an invitation to a "Walter Scott" party, each guest being expected to attend in the character of one or another of Scott's heroes. On the eventful night, however, greatly to the astonishment of the assembled Rob Roys and Waverleys, Dickens turned up in ordinary evening dress and apparently quite unconcerned. At length the host, who was feeling uneasy, came up to the novelist and inquired: "Pray, Mr. Dickens, what character of Scott's can you possibly be supposed to represent?"

"Character?" said Dickens. "Why, sir, a character you will find in every one of Scott's novels. I," he went on smilingly, "am the 'gentle reader.'"

Terrible Ordeal.

"It was perfectly frightful," said Chubbleigh. "There we ran at top speed around the corner, and the first thing I knew we dashed plumb into that grocer's wagon. I guess it must have held a hundred dozen eggs."

"Oh, well, that wasn't so bad, was it?" said Hicks. "You could afford to pay for 'em, couldn't you?"

"Oh, it wasn't that," said Chubbleigh, with a shudder. "But I don't believe there was a good egg in the whole lot."—Harper's Weekly.

Already Accomplished.

A reader asked the sage for advice, saying: "I am engaged to Kate Murphy, but my former fiancée, Kate Dooley, threatens to sue me for breach of promise. Can you advise me how to extricate myself from this difficulty?"

The reply of the sage was short. It ran: "My dear reader, if I may say so, you seem to have extra-kated yourself already!"

INAUGURATION OF IRON AGE

Authorities Differ as to the Time and Place of Its First Introduction to the World.

Some authorities incline to the view that the iron age was inaugurated in Asia or in Africa. The investigations of recent years have pointed to the conclusion that it was not worked in Egypt until the ninth century before Christ, or in Libya until 450 B. C.; that the Semites adopted its use still later, and that it has been known in Uganda only within the last five or six centuries. There are Chinese records of date about four centuries before Christ that mention iron. Bronze weapons were employed in China until about 700 A. D.

It is thought that the metallurgy of iron must have originated in Central Europe, especially in Noricum, which approximately represented modern Austria and Bavaria. Only at Hall-stett and in Bosnia and Transylvania, from which countries the Achæans and Dorians are supposed to have migrated to Hellas, are found evidences of a gradual introduction of iron, at first as an ornament applied to the bronze which it ultimately replaced. Everywhere else iron was introduced in no gradual fashion, a fact that implies a foreign origin.

Meteoritic iron was known in Egypt in remote antiquity, but no doubt it was worked as flints are worked, by cutting or chipping, and was not smelted. In other words, it was the metallurgy, not the knowledge of iron that originated in Central Europe.

DOCTOR FEELS HIS HANDICAP

Recognizes Distinct Limitations When Called On to Cope With Modern "Scientific" Babe.

Because the doctor did not put on his seven-league boots and start the minute he heard there was a sick child in the neighborhood, the woman who had summoned him accused him of inhumanity. But the doctor protested that he was not inhuman.

"I am not anxious to respond," he said, "because the parents will not do anything I tell them to and will get a doctor more to their liking later in the day. How do I know? You as good as told me so yourself. You said the youngster was a scientifically reared baby; never knew a kias or a cuddle or a germ or a tummyache until the present attack. Scientific babies are the despair of old-fashioned practitioners. The kinds of babies he is used to are those that depend mostly upon mothering to make them well. If an old-fashioned baby bumps his head or stubs his toe or mashes his thumb, just let mother kiss the bruise and it will stop hurting. Having been brought up on such nonsensical notions and believing in them still to a certain extent, there is no denying that in treating the new-style baby the old doctor is not a great success."

Concerning the Mole.

Naturalists aver that among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. Accordingly a British scientist has turned his attention to the mole, with the result that some interesting data concerning this queer creature have been collected.

Under the science which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels. A curious feature, almost invariably found, is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest, and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never, one authority contends, found in his nest, although it may be warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and, penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.—Harper's Weekly.

Opened His Eyes.

Sweet Master Chaucer Epicus and Amaryllis fair, went strolling by the mill-stream—the most idyllic pair. "My loveliest of loves!" broke forth the swain's excited muse. "Permit me to extol the charms which thus my soul enthuse. Your little ears, so shelly pink, for lovers' praise were made; no fairy feet than thine more neat, e'er tripped o'er moonlit glade; your eyes are like twin stars of night; like fine-spun gold's your hair; your lips but Cupid's bow to scorn; your teeth are past compare." But here a playful gust of wind came gayly through the trees, and whisked his darling's hat and hair away upon its breeze! Alas! why did the maiden then permit herself to shout, and cause her lover added pain to see her teeth fall out?

Lucky to Get Anything.

The law of the land had spoken, and the verdict was \$5,000 damages.

"Five thousand dollars!" muttered the senior partner in the legal firm who had managed the plaintiff's case. "Not so bad."

"I think it pretty good," said the junior partner. "How much shall we give our client?"

"H'm! Say \$300," said the senior thoughtfully. "No, stop a minute!"

"Well?"

"We mustn't be too hasty," said the successful lawyer slowly. "Perhaps you'd better write and promise to pay him the three hundred."

ORIGIN OF FAMOUS PHRASE

Belief that Common Political Term Sprang From a Horse Race Held in Tennessee.

The political term "dark horse" is thought to have had its origin in the following circumstances: In the last century there lived in Tennessee a "character" named Flynn, an elderly person who dealt in horses. Flynn generally contrived to own a speedy nag or two for racing purposes if he could arrange for "a good thing" during his peregrinations throughout the state.

The best of Flynn's flyers was a coal black stallion named Dusky Pete, almost a thoroughbred and able to go in the best of company.

One day Flynn visited a town where a race meeting was in progress. He entered Pete. The people, knowing nothing of the horse's antecedents and not being over impressed by his appearance, backed the local favorite heavily against the stranger.

Just as the beasts were being added for the race, a certain Judge McMinamee, who was the "oracle" of that part of the state, arrived on the course and was made one of the race judges.

As he took his place on the stand he was told of the folly of the owner of the strange entry. Running his eye over the track the judge instantly recognized Pete. "Gentlemen," said McMinamee, "there's a dark horse in this race, as you'll soon find out."

He was right. Pete, "the dark horse," lay back until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he went to the front with a rush and won the race.

JUST A MERE SUGGESTION

Hubby's Plight, However, Threatened to Develop into a First-Class Family Spat.

"Gertrude!"

"Yes, John."

"We've been married long enough now to talk plainly to each other."

"What's the matter now?"

"If I do something you don't like I want you to tell me of it, and if you do things I don't like I think I ought to tell you of them, too."

"I suppose I don't suit you at all?"

"Yes you do, but I think we ought to talk over our likes and dislikes. In that way we can get along so much better."

"John, I want you to understand right now that I was brought up every bit as well as you, and know how to behave. And as to my cooking, I can do as well as your mother ever did."

"I had hoped that you wouldn't lose your temper. But if you're going to act this way we may as well drop the matter right here."

"What is the matter, anyhow?"

"I only wanted to suggest that when you darn my socks it would be better for me if you would tie the knots on the outside, instead of the inside."

"It's gone," was the reply. "The bone has slipped down."

"Not exactly that," said the Ossington man. "The bone slipped down, all right, but it was mended first by the citric acid. I never knew it to fail to dissolve a fishbone. You can test the power of lemon juice by dropping some on the fishbones you may have lying on your plate."

Several diners tried the experiment. In each case the acid reduced the bone to liquid gelatin.

Fawn and St. Bernard as Companions.

At the little village of Bauma, in Switzerland, a farmer recently found a young fawn in one of his fields.

Fearing that if left alone without its mother some mischief would befall it, he took it home and did everything possible for it. Now, he happens to have a large St. Bernard dog, and this dog and the fawn took to each other.

The fawn slept in the dog's kennel, and when it grew a little older and went out on its walks abroad, the dog accompanied it, and defended it against the attacks of other dogs.

Sometimes the St. Bernard and the fawn would be absent in the woods and fields for a whole day, but they always returned at night, the doors and gate being left open for them. The fawn is now much taller than the St. Bernard, and yet the dog still goes out with it.

Praise Be, the Brother Was Lying.

Police courts are not always marked by an atmosphere of piety, but the exception to the rule occurred in a court where a very religious man, against whom one of the neighbors had made a complaint, was being tried for some trivial offense. The complaining witness was called to the stand to relate his side of the story, and the defendant listened closely for several minutes. Then his personal feelings overrode court etiquette and he rushed up to the judge, fervently exclaiming: "Your honor, the brother is lying. Praise the Lord!"

Limit of the Borrowing Habit.

Little Margie was a frequent visitor at the Jones home, going there on errands of borrowing many times each day. On this occasion she asked a loan of a cooking utensil. But Mrs. Jones had become very much out of patience at the continual borrowing and sent word by Margie that "had other fish to fry."

Imagine her surprise when in a few moments her neighbor's little Margie again appeared in her doorway, saying: "Mosses thaid please to thome of the fish, please."