ness Cards

Sproule & Ego
SURGEONS, MARKDALE ONT
[illegible] Turner's Drug Store [illegible] residence, late Wm [illegible] two doors above Hask[illegible]

[illegible] MD MCP&SO

[illegible]ings M.D., MCPSO
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
[illegible]'s Drug Store, [illegible] Hotel

[illegible]EPHERD, M.D.,
[illegible] University [illegible]

[illegible] Main St. near [illegible] Walters Falls [illegible] till 5 o'clock.

[illegible] L.D.S. D.D.S.
[illegible] of Dentis[illegible] Office [illegible] bank, [illegible] the 1st [illegible] Flesherton [illegible] and Hol[illegible]

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[illegible] V. S.
[illegible]KDALE
[illegible] Veterinary

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Benson & Co


# THE WONDROUS EAR.

GOD'S WISDOM DISPLAYED IN ITS CONSTRUCTION.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says the Sense of Hearing Is God's Greatest Gift—The Gateway to the Soul—Symphony of the Millennial June?

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Washington, April 1[illegible].—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth the goodness and wisdom of God in the construction of the human ear and extols music and [illegible] prayer; text, Psalms [illegible], "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

Architecture is one of the most fascinating arts, and the study of Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Byzantine, Moorish, Renaissance styles of building [illegible] to carry a man a sublime life. [illegible] and York cathedrals, St. Peter's and arch of Titus [illegible] temple and Alhambra and the monuments to the [illegible] who built them. But [illegible] arch they ever [illegible] window they ever [illegible] column they [illegible] cloister they [illegible] is the human ear.

[illegible] most skillful and assiduous [illegible] time have lost those [illegible] their time to the exam[illegible] and the study of its [illegible] its canals, its [illegible] its intricacies, its [illegible] machinery, and [illegible] another thousand years [illegible] any adequate [illegible] did when he [illegible] the infinite and [illegible] of the human [illegible] the attempt [illegible] which [illegible] door of the [illegible] out of sight, [illegible] soul.

Helmholtz and Conte [illegible] and Buck [illegible] Appian way [illegible] mysterious [illegible] been fairly trodden but [illegible] each side the [illegible] the middle ear, [illegible] all connected by [illegible] strength.

[illegible] are adorned by [illegible] metals. The [illegible] built by the [illegible] and Homer in [illegible] the three [illegible] suspended [illegible] were only [illegible] vase [illegible] adorned by [illegible] the internal [illegible] only by [illegible] The [illegible] the external ear [illegible]

[illegible] great [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of the palace of the [illegible] thought, of [illegible] gone [illegible] no farther [illegible] Grand Central [illegible] to which [illegible] the way by air, [illegible] the way by [illegible] feet a [illegible] of music on [illegible] an August [illegible] of music, only [illegible] and the [illegible] and fifteenth [illegible] divided [illegible] ear musical [illegible] A bridge [illegible] world [illegible] bridge, but [illegible] the bridge. [illegible] The hu[illegible] ear. That [illegible] 17,592,186,[illegible] variety [illegible] of beast or [illegible] in Venice, lay [illegible] composer of the [illegible] years [illegible] Wag[illegible] of the [illegible] seeming [illegible] the favor [illegible] of the [illegible] Europe and America.

Struggling all [illegible] on to [illegible] years of age to conquer the world's ear. [illegible] same attempt [illegible] the human ear and gain supremacy over this gate of the immortal soul [illegible] battles were fought by Mozart, Gluck and Weber, and by Beethoven and Meyerbeer, by Rossini and by all the [illegible] German and Italian and French composers, some of them in the battle having their blood on the key-notes and the musical scores. Great battle fought for the ear, fought with baton, with organ, with trumpet, with cornet, with [illegible] all ivory and brazen and silver and golden weapons of the orchestra; royal theater and cathedral and academy [illegible] the fortresses for the contest for the ear. England and Egypt fought for the supremacy of the Suez canal, [illegible] the Spartans and the Persians fought for the defile at Thermopylae, but the musicians of all ages have fought for the mastery of the auditory canal and the defile of the immortal soul and the [illegible]pylae of struggling cadences.

### Battle of Music.

For the conquest of the ear Haydn struggled on [illegible] the garret where he had neither food [illegible] on and on until [illegible] the great nervous strain of hearing his [illegible] oratorio of the "Creation" performed, was carried out to die, but leaving a legacy to the world 118 symphonies, [illegible] pieces for the bari[illegible], [illegible] oratorios, 42 German and [illegible] canons, 365 English and 1,[illegible] with accompaniment [illegible]. All that to capture the [illegible] body that swings in from the [illegible] drum to the "snail shell" lying [illegible] the ocean of the [illegible].

To conquer the ear Handel struggled on from [illegible] when his father would not let him go [illegible] lest he learn the gamut [illegible] a musician, and from the time [illegible] he was allowed in the organ loft [illegible] play after the audience had left [illegible] when he left to all nations his [illegible] oratorios of "Esther," [illegible] "Samson," "Jephthah," [illegible] "Judas Maccabaeus," "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah," the soul of the [illegible] German composer still weeping [illegible] dead march of our great [illegible] triumphing in the rapture [illegible] morn.

To conquer [illegible] and take this gate of the [illegible] Schubert composed his great [illegible] writing the staves of the music [illegible] bill of fare in a restaurant [illegible] until he could leave [illegible] the world over a thousand [illegible] compositions in music. To conquer the ear and take this gate of the soul [illegible] Mozart struggled on through [illegible] until he came to a pauper's grave, [illegible] so chilly, wet afternoon the body [illegible] who gave to the world the "Requiem" and the "G Minor Symphony" was crunched in on the top of two other paupers into a grave which to this day is epitaphless.

### God's Handiwork.

For the ear everything mellifluous, from the birth [illegible] when our earth was wrapped in swaddling clothes of light and [illegible] other worlds from the time [illegible] hummed the first harp [illegible] the first organ [illegible] this Sabbath day. Yea, [illegible] coming overtures of heaven [illegible] other part of the body [illegible] the dust; the ear, we know [illegible] to celestial life; otherwise [illegible] harping with their harps [illegible] ear carol of lark and chirp of cricket and [illegible] roar of tides [illegible] worshipful assemblage [illegible] cherubic, seraphic pipes, all flutes [illegible] Pandean [illegible] clarinets, all hautboys, all bassoons, all bells and all organs—Haarlem and Westminster abbey and [illegible] Berlin and all the organs [illegible] Christendom, the great [illegible] for the monarchs of music [illegible]. For the ear all chimes [illegible] chronometers, all anthems, all dirges, all glees, all choruses, all [illegible] orchestration. Oh, the ear, the God [illegible] ear, grooved with divine [illegible] with divine gracefulness [illegible] balustered with curtains of divine [illegible] and corridored by divine carpentry and pillared with divine architecture and chiseled in bone of divine masonry and conquered by procession of divine [illegible]. The ear! A perpetual point of interrogation, asking How? A perpetual point of apostrophe appealing to God! None but God could work it. None but God could keep it. None but God could understand it. None but God could [illegible] it. Oh, the wonders of the human ear!

### [illegible] Waves.

How [illegible] sacred the human ear! [illegible] be careful how you let the sound of [illegible] blasphemy or uncleanness step into the holy of holies. The Bible says that in the ancient temple the priest was set apart by the putting of the blood of a ram on the tip of the ear, the right ear of the [illegible]. But, my friends, we need all of us to have the sacred touch [illegible] on the hanging lobe of both ears, [illegible] the arches of the ears, [illegible] the tube of the ear, on the [illegible] of the ear, on the tympanic cavity of the ear, and on everything [illegible] rim of the outside ear clear [illegible] to the point where sound steps [illegible] the nerve and rolls on down [illegible] the unfathomable depths of the immortal soul. The Bible speaks of "dull ears," [illegible] "uncircumcised ears," [illegible] "itching ears," and of "rebellious ears" [illegible] "open ears," and of those who have [illegible] organs of hearing and yet who [illegible] to be deaf, for it cries to them, "[illegible] ears to hear, let him hear."

To show how [illegible] Christ thought of the human ear, [illegible] day met a man who was deaf, [illegible] to him and put a finger of the right hand into the orifice of the left ear of the patient and put a finger of the left hand into the orifice of the right ear of the patient, and agitated the tympanum, [illegible] startled the bonelets, and with [illegible] voice that rang clear through [illegible] the man's soul cried, "Ephphatha!" [illegible] polyphoid growths gave way and the [illegible] auricle cooled off, and [illegible] had not heard a sound [illegible] that night heard the wash of the waves of Galilee against the limestone [illegible]. To show how much Christ [illegible] the human ear, when the apostle Peter got mad and with one slash of his sword dropped the ear of Malchus [illegible] the dust Christ created a new [illegible] ear for Malchus corresponding with the middle ear and the internal ear [illegible] no sword could clip away.

And to show [illegible] God thinks of the ear we are informed of the fact that in the millennial [illegible] which shall roseate all the earth [illegible] of the deaf will be unstopped, all the [illegible] growths gone, all deformations [illegible] listening organ cured, corrected, [illegible]. Every being on earth will have [illegible] apparatus as [illegible] God knows how to make it, [illegible] all the ears will be ready for that great symphony in which all the musical instruments of the earth shall play the accompaniment, nations of earth and empires of heaven mingling their voices, together with the deep bass of the sea and the alto of the woods, and the tenor of winds, and the baritone of the thunder, "Hallelujah!" surging up meeting the "Hallelujah!" descending.

### Where to Look for God.

Oh, yes, my friends, we have been looking for God too far away instead of looking for him close by and in our own organism! We go up into the observatory and look through the telescope and see God in Jupiter and God in Saturn and God in Mars, but we could see more of him through the microscope of an aurist. No king is satisfied with only one residence. In France it has been St. Cloud and Versailles and the Tuileries, and in Great Britain it has been Windsor and Balmoral and Osborne. A ruler does not always prefer the larger. The King of earth and heaven may have larger castles and greater palaces, but I do not think there is any one more curiously wrought than the human ear. The heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and yet he says he finds room to dwell in a contrite heart, and, I think, in a Christian ear.

We have been looking for God in the infinite—let us look for him in the infinitesimal. God walking the corridor of the ear, God sitting in the gallery of the human ear, God speaking along the auditory nerve of the ear, God dwelling in the ear to hear that which comes from the outside, and so near the brain and the soul he can hear all that transpires there. The Lord of hosts encamping under the curtains of membrano. Palace of the Almighty in the human ear. The rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse thrusting his foot into the loop of bone which the physiologist has been pleased to call the stirrup of the ear.

Are you ready now for the question of my text? Have you the endurance to bear its overwhelming suggestiveness? Will you take hold of some pillar and balance yourself under the semiomnipotent stroke? "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" Shall the God who gives us the apparatus with which we hear the sounds of the world himself not be able to catch up song and groan and blasphemy and worship? Does he give us a faculty which he has not himself? Drs. Wild and Gruber and Toynbee invented the acoumeter and other instruments by which to measure and examine the ear, and do those instruments know more than the doctors who made them? "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" Jupiter of Crete was always represented in statuary and painting as without ears, suggesting the idea that he did not want to be bothered with the affairs of the world. But our God has ears. "His ears are open to their cry." The Bible intimates that two workmen on Saturday night do not get their wages. Their complaint instantly strikes the ear of God. "The cry of those that reaped hath entered the ears of the Lord of Sabbath." Did God hear that poor girl last night as she threw herself on the prison bunk in the city dungeon and cried in the midnight, "God have mercy?" Do you really think God could hear her? Yes, just as easily as when 15 years ago she was sick with scarlet fever, and her mother heard her when at midnight she asked for a drink of water. "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

### God's Wonderful Power.

When a soul prays, God does not sit bolt upright until the prayer travels immensity and climbs to his ear. The Bible says he bends clear over. In more than one place Isaiah said he bowed down his ear. In more than one place the psalmist said he inclined his ear, which I come to believe that God puts his ear so closely down to your lips that he can hear your faintest whisper. It is not God away off up yonder; it is God away down here, close up, so close up that when you pray to him it is not more a whisper than a kiss. Ah, yes, he hears the captive's sigh and the splash of the orphan's tear, and the dying syllables of the shipwrecked sailor driven on the Skerries, and the infant's "Now I lay me down to sleep" as distinctly as he hears the fortissimo of brazen bands in the Dusseldorf festival, as easily as he hears the salvo of artillery when the 13 squares of English troops open all their batteries at once at Waterloo. He that planted the ear can hear.

Just as sometimes an entrancing strain of music will linger in your ears for days after you have heard it, and just as a sharp cry of pain I once heard while passing through Bellevue hospital clung to my ear for weeks, and just as a horrid blasphemy in the street sometimes haunts one's ears for days, so God not only hears, but holds the songs, the prayers, the groans, the worship, the blasphemy. How we have all wondered at the phonograph, which holds not only the words you utter, but the very tones of your voice, so that 100 years from now, that instrument turned, the very words you now utter and the very tone of your voice will be reproduced. Amazing phonograph! But more wonderful is God's power to hold, to retain. Ah, what delightful encouragement for our prayers! What an awful fright for our hard speeches! What assurance of warm-hearted sympathy for all our griefs! "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

Better take that organ away from all sin. Better put it under the best sound. Better take it away from all gossip, from all slander, from all innuendo, from all bad influence of evil association. Better put it to school, to church, to philharmonic. Better put that ear under the blessed touch of Christian hymnology. Better consecrate it for time and eternity to him who planted the ear. Rousseau, the infidel, fell asleep amid his skeptical manuscripts lying all around the room, and in his dream he entered heaven and heard the song of the worshipers, and it was so sweet he asked an angel what it meant. The angel said, "This is the paradise of God, and the song you hear is the anthem of the redeemed." Under another roll of the celestial music Rousseau wakened and got up in the midnight and, as well as he could, wrote down the strains of the music that he had heard in the wonderful tune called "The Songs of the Redeemed." God grant that it may not be to you and to me an infidel dream, but a glorious reality. When we come to the night of death and we lie down to our last sleep, may our ears really be wakened by the canticles of the heavenly temple, and the songs and the anthems and the carols and the doxologies that shall climb the musical ladder of that heavenly gamut.

### Cocoa in Great Britain.

The London Graphic declares that the sale of cocoa has increased in the British Isles enormously in the last five years, and thinks it may possibly supplant tea.

# THE APPROACH TO SHANGHAI.

Travelers Get a Wrong Impression of China Visiting Large Cities Only.

Standing on the bow of the vessel the night before we reached Shanghai, one could read the time on the face of his watch, the water was so phosphorescent. It looked like a sea of fire; every little wave and the spray thrown up by the vessel looked like liquid metal at white heat. It was a weird and strange sight.

Extending many miles out into the ocean along the Yang-Tse river are low, level tracts of marsh land covered with reeds, built up by the mud deposited by the river. It also forms many bars of mud in the channel, so that the large steamers anchor in the mouth and send the passengers and freight up to Shanghai in a small boat. Large steamers, by waiting for high tide, come over the bar and up to Hankow, which is 650 miles from the mouth. All the way up to Shanghai the banks of the river are low and covered with coarse grass or weeds. There were many water buffalo and native cattle grazing on the banks.

Just before reaching Shanghai itself many large cotton mills, equipped with the latest machinery, are seen; also a large roller flour mill built by an English firm, but part of the machinery is from the United States. Most of these have been built in the last two years. The wheat here is so dirty that after it is screened it has to be washed and dried before it is ground. This is because the wheat is thrashed on earthen floors with stone rollers drawn by cattle, or else with flails. The mills and the wide streets along the front of the river further up, with the foreign houses on the opposite side of it, give a very foreign appearance, and were it not for the rickshaws and wheelbarrows, one would hardly think he was in China. On the other hand, by a walk of ten minutes into the native city, he would hardly know that there was any foreign city or influence near. There is a large foreign population and many large foreign stores.

Many visit China and go to the large cities, as Pekin, Shanghai or Hankow, and think they have seen China, but they have a very wrong impression of it. This is not confined to mere visitors, for many people live in the foreign concessions for years, hardly going outside them except to go to some other place by steamer. Many people in Hankow have never been across the river to Wuchang. On one trip into the country to study the methods of farming, not more than thirty miles from Hankow, in one village over 100 women came out to see me, as they had never seen a foreigner before.—Chinese Letter in Country Gentleman.

### Bookkeeping In Fly Time.

Bookkeeping readers, who know the excitement and worries of the trial balance will not be lacking in sympathy for a California brother, one of whose experiences is narrated by the San Francisco Post:

A bookkeeper in a San Francisco wholesale house had been spending sleepless nights for three weeks in fruitless efforts to make his books balance. There was an apparent shortage of nine hundred dollars that could not be accounted for. He added up columns and struck balances until he was almost insane. He finally worked himself into the state that usually lands a man in the asylum, or a suicide's grave, when the manager of the house invited his confidence. Then they went over the books together, but the nine hundred dollar shortage was still there.

The head of the house was then called in, and the work of overhauling the accounts commenced again. They had not gone far before they came to an entry of nineteen hundred dollars.

"Why, that should be one thousand dollars!" declared the employer. "How did it happen to be entered nineteen hundred dollars?"

A careful examination showed that a fly had been crushed between the pages of the cash book, and one of its legs made a tail to the first cipher of the one thousand dollar entry, converting it into a nine.

### Pin Holes in the Checks.

In the course of a lecture delivered recently on chemical tests used in discovering by the ink the age of documents, and whether there have been interpolations, Prof. C. A. Doremus told of a curious discovery in the case of a raised check made by his father, who is an expert in chemistry and in documents. The interests involved in this case were very large, and it was not practicable that the original check should be tampered with or chemically treated. For purposes of testimony an enlarged photograph of the check was taken by Dr. Doremus, who was called as an expert in the case. The first trial resulted in no decision, and on the second trial, what purported to be the original check was produced. It was handed to the cashier of the bank for identification. He examined it and said:

"This is not the original check."

"How do you know that?" demanded the amazed lawyer.

"Because in the heading of the original check I pricked a hole in the center of each of the 'o's' with a pin," was the reply. "This check has not those holes."

In all other respects the check seemed to be identical. The court called for Dr. Doremus's photograph to be produced. It plainly showed the pin holes. Upon this the lawyer for the defense threw up his case, and the guilty substitutor of the false check fled the country.—New York Sun.

### The Highest Idea.

Jesus teaches the best and the truest and highest idea of God that is possible for man to conceive, and of all the doctrines of God that have ever been taught or propagated in the world this alone can satisfy the cravings of man's spiritual nature and enable the soul to rest secure in the consciousness that the arm of the Almighty and the All-good is ever outstretched to protect and defend. Would you seek after a teacher that can lead you up to the author of your being, and place your spirit in communion with the God that made it, and hush your anxious fears with the assurances that the love of God is with you, and that the arms of His mercy circle you now and evermore, you must find that sacred teacher in Jesus; for in this respect it is true that "never man spake like this Man."

### Electric Cooking Utensil.

Food can be quickly cooked in a new electric utensil which has two casings surrounding a non-conducting material with a string of beads of refracting material wound around the inside casing on a wire, through which the current passes to heat the food inside the cooker.

# KINDNESS DID IT.

How a Famous German General Was Cured of Gambling.

In Austria and Germany the army laws against gaming were, and still are, very strict. When the Duchy of Baden was occupied by Prussian troops after their suppressing the insurrection of 1849 the officers quartered at Rastadt were warned against playing at Baden Baden. One summer evening King (then prince) Wilhelm strolled into the gaming rooms and noticed an officer in civilian clothes sitting at play. He had won twice on the red, and was about to pick up his money when he caught sight of the prince watching him. Terror-stricken, he sat quiet, not daring to reach out for his winnings. The red turned up a third and then the fourth time. As the maximum was quickly reached, the prince touched the officer on the shoulder and said, gently: "Take up your money and go, lest one of your chiefs should find you here." Of course, the soldier did not require to be told twice. He got out immediately.

Two days later there was a review at Rastadt, during which Prince Wilhelm sighted the culprit, and sent for him. "Lieutenant," he said, "after you went away the red turned up four times more. I prevented you from winning four times the maximum, which you would certainly have staked. You will draw on me for that amount. But take my advice, do not gamble again." The memoirs of an old German general who lived to see his last victory at Sedan have stated as follows:—"It was the kindness of the lesson that cured me of gambling. For me it was better than a year's imprisonment."—New York Tribune.

### A Lesson in Wisdom.

"There is only one kind of advertising that is a 'sure shot,'" declared the man who got rich by verifying his theory, "and that's in newspapers. I've got a business now that keeps 400 men on the keen jump, but I had to go broke before I began to get common sense.

"I had a great scheme once, and it would have made me rich if I had known as much as I do now. I wrote a book that attracted a great deal of attention and it resulted in my being called to the West as a lecturer. To speak entirely within the truth, I called myself. I was advised by a good friend to put my name in the papers and accompany it with a lurid presentation of my merits. But I thought I knew a trick worth two of that and had my advance agent, who was traveling for his health and expenses, flood the towns where I was to appear with handbills. This made some of those early western editors mad and they put up a job on me in the very first town I went to. As I went from the depot to the only hotel in the place I was stopped by nearly every resident, old and young, without regard to sex. They were all anxious for my autograph and I gladly gave it to them, looking upon it as an advertisement. That evening I took in, as I supposed, a young fortune. But when I went to the box office after the lecture I found my man in a dead faint. Every person that came had written over my name, 'Admit the bearer.' I was busted and stranded. From that time to this I have asked through the papers for anything that I wanted."

### How a Day May Be Lost.

All work is for God, in a certain sense. We do our business for Him. We keep house for Him. We drive the team, or run the engine, or keep the books, or sell the goods, or carry the mail, or sew the seams, or build the house for Him. Hence we must do honest and good work always, whatever our occupation. It is all for God's eye. Yet it is true that besides what we call our week-day work, all of us have special work to do for God, our "Father's business." We are in this world for Christ.

Part of our duty, in addition to our secular affairs, is to do good in the ways that our divine Master may indicate, to perform the tasks of love and service that He may allot to us. All of our busy days, for example, we are to be gentle, kindly, patient, Christly, to every one whose life touches ours. In the heaviest pressure of our task work we must never fail to do the kindness that we are called to do. We must never be too much occupied in this world's affairs to do the part of the good Samaritan if by our side we find a wounded brother. We must get into every one of our days some work for Christ. We all remember the story of the king who counted that day lost in which some other life had not been made happier. That day is lost in a Christian life which has no record of blessing to the world and glory to God.

### Edison Won't Talk Into a Phonograph.

"Mr. Edison has persistently refused to register his voice upon a phonograph cylinder for repetition," according to an anecdotal biography of Inventor Edison in the Ladies' Home Journal. "To some friends who urged him to talk into one of these machines he gave his reason: 'It would make me sick with disgust to see placards on phonographs everywhere I turn: "Drop a nickel in the slot and hear Edison talk." No, no; none of that for me.' The tone of voice in which he stated his objection made it clearly apparent that he could neither be coaxed nor dragged into granting the request, even though he has had an offer of ten thousand dollars for a five-minutes' talk. In perfecting the phonograph he has, of course, been obliged to talk into the machine frequently, but the cylinder is always scraped so that his voice cannot be reproduced. To one close friend, however, he reluctantly gave a cylinder recording a few of his words, and to a young man who particularly interested him he gave another on which is recorded his favorite story. These are the only two in existence."

### Europe's Two Gayest Capitals.

"The streets are filled with beautiful things, mostly German 'officers,'" writes Lilian Bell, from Berlin, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The only trouble is that they themselves seem to know it only too well, and as they will not give us any of the sidewalk we are obliged to admire them from the gutters. The only way you can keep Germans from knocking you into the middle of the street is to walk sideways and pretend you are examining the shop windows. Paris seems a city of leisure, Berlin a city of war. The streets of Paris are quite as full of soldiers as Berlin, but French soldiers are not impressive. They are undersized and badly dressed and badly groomed. Their trousers are much too long. To me they seemed to need only a belt at the ankle to turn them into perfect Russian blouses. But English and German soldiers seem to be in perfect condition—as though they could go to war at a moment's notice."

### Red Coats Necessary.

Two girls were discussing summer plans and gowns in the Waldorf tea room the other day.

"It's perfectly fine that you are coming to Beverly," gushed one. "You'll love it. We've had four seasons there, and I wouldn't go any place else for the world."

"I suppose I'll need more thin gowns there than at Bar Harbor," said her friend, thoughtfully nibbling a macaroon.

"Oh, it don't make much difference about that; but, my dear, you simply must have a scarlet golf coat."

"I don't play golf."

"That doesn't make any difference. All the men do."

The friend looked puzzled. "I don't understand," she said.

"Why, you know the Essex County Club brings loads of men down there. Men! They're really a drug on the market. That's why I take mamma there," vowed the Beverly girl unblushingly.

"I mean I don't understand about the red coats."

"Oh. Well, you see, the club coat is scarlet, and the fellows wear them all the time."

"Yes, but why do the girls need them?"

The Beverly girl looked impatient. "I should think you might figure that out without a map," she said. "Don't you drive with men, and sail with them, and sit on the cliffs with them, and aren't you fond of hammocks? Well, a scarlet coat sleeve can be seen a mile off. All the girls have red golf coats their second season in Essex county."

Evidently more thought goes into planning of a girl's summer wardrobe than the uninitiated would suppose.—New York Sun.

### A Really Intelligent Jury.

"It was the funniest thing I ever saw in a court room," laughed the veteran of the bar who was enjoying an informal smoker with his brethren. "I was in the new west then, trying to get a good start. One of the residents had mysteriously disappeared, and his wife was arrested under a suspicion that she might be responsible for the fact. I defended her.

"On the stand she was simply irresponsible. I only got to ask her one question. That was more than plenty. She talked precisely as though she were wound up and could not stop until the mainspring was completely relaxed. In the midst of her tirade she was interrupted by an inquiry by one of the jurors.

"'Who are you talkin' to, Bill Spriggins?' she shouted. 'I dont 'low no cat to like you to be quizzin' me. Ef you don't know how to treat your betters, I'll learn you, you pin-headed coyote. Ef my husband was here he'd preferate you mighty quick, and I know it. But I kin take care of myself ef I am a lone woman. I'm here to tell what I know, and I'm goin' to do it if it spills blood.'

"There was no staying her deluge of words and the judge was at last driven by sheer desperation to tell the jury to retire and do the best it could with the facts in its possession.

"When the jury came back Bill Spriggins, as foreman, stood up to give the verdict. 'We find,' he said, 'that this here man Meekam has disperpeared at the han's of some persing or persings unknown. We find further that we are unanermous in sarpectin' as how he might er been talked to deth by his said wife.' It took the sheriff and all his deputies to hold her."

### Telling a Good Cigar.

Here is a recipe as to how to tell a good cigar: "The first step is to examine the leaf with eyes and fingers, and carefully estimate its color, its texture and the amount of gummy matter it contains. If it passes this test, it is next rolled up into a rough cigar, and an inch of it is smoked. This is known as the 'fire test.' While smoking the sampler sniffs the smoke repeatedly, to determine the aroma. Then the ash is inspected, and this requires much experience and judgment, for, although a white ash indicates good tobacco as a rule, the opposite is often the case; and, while a gray ash is generally the sign of inferior tobacco, it sometimes means a first-class leaf. Regular burning is an indispensable quality, whatever the color of the ash. The last test is made by flicking off the ash and examining the glowing point. If the cigar is good, the point will be sharp; and, in fact, the sharper the point the better the cigar."—London Figaro.

### Vinegar for Eggs.

When poaching eggs don't forget that a teaspoon of vinegar in the water in which they are cooked makes them snowy white. Remember to salt the water. If they are dropped in muffin rings in a deep frying pan of boiling water, they will be cooked soft by standing (the covered pan removed to a cool part of the range) for eight minutes. Put them on squares of buttered toast and throw a sauce over and they become creamed eggs. The sauce is made by stirring together until smooth a teaspoon of flour and a tablespoon of hot melted butter, then away from the hot stove stir in nearly a pint of hot milk or cream, salt to taste.

### Land of Flowers.

Three hundred and eighty-five years ago yesterday, on a morning as fair as blue sky and the breezes of spring could make it, Juan Ponce de Leon landed on the coast of the present State of Florida, and taking possession in the King's name, unfurled the flag of Spain and called the place "The Land of Flowers." And truly it seemed such on that bright Easter morning, when it was a veritable bower of tropical bloom, whose fragrance had been wafted out on the land breeze the night before, and been the first welcome premonition to the heartsick sailors that land was near.

### How They Catch Rogues in Paris.

A year ago policemen stationed at the crossings of the principal boulevards of Paris were provided with handsome white enameled "billies" and helmets. The patrols are now armed with a weapon new to the history of police annals. It is a piece of chalk. When surrounded by a crowd of hostile toughs who hustle the guardian of the peace the patrolman deftly puts chalk marks on the clothing of his assailants, who are thus arrested and identified when reinforcements arrive.—New York Times.

### France in Africa.

France has succeeded in placing the first boat on Lake Tchad. The Marchand expedition to the Nile also carried a boat, which is probably afloat now on the river above Khartoum.

### Aristocratic Organization.

The Prussian army contains only one officer raised from the ranks.


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# INTERESTING HISTORY.

The Paper From Which the Declaration of Independence Was Read.

In the address on "Old Time Newspapers and Their Editors" given by Caleb A. Wall in the Society of Antiquity building there was a [illegible] more detailed account of the oldest newspapers printed in this country than there was space to print in the report made of the meeting. In the account of newspapers started in the different states, or colonies, it was stated that the Philadelphia American Weekly Mercury, started Dec. 22, 1719, the first newspaper printed in Pennsylvania, was printed and published by Andrew Bradford till his death, Nov. 23, 1742, and afterward continued by his widow until 1746, and soon after discontinued.

This Andrew Bradford was son of William Bradford, the first printer in Pennsylvania and in New York, and it was for Andrew Bradford that Benjamin Franklin first worked as printer when he left his brother James in Boston and went to Philadelphia in 1723, at the age of 16, he and his brother having had a falling out. After working a short time for Andrew Bradford, Franklin started a printing office on his own account in Philadelphia with the idea of starting also another newspaper, but he was talked by the [illegible] pearance of another newspaper [illegible] Dec. 24, 1728, by Samuel Keimer, called The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences, and Pennsylvania Gazette.

Franklin, being greatly disappointed, used his utmost efforts to bring the paper into contempt, having [illegible] that after it had been published nine months less than 100 subscribers had been obtained for it, and Franklin managed to buy it out for a small consideration. He expunged the first part of the title, retaining the last part, "Pennsylvania Gazette," and continued this name with success. Upon Franklin's appointment as postmaster of Philadelphia in 1740, however, Bradford's Mercury had the largest circulation, but after that Franklin's paper had the lead in circulation and influence, and Bradford's was soon after discontinued, [illegible] we have here practical [illegible] Franklin's success over a newspaper business competitor.

In 1748 Franklin took in David Hall as partner, who succeeded to the management of the paper in 17[illegible], when Franklin was appointed deputy postmaster general for the colonies. After Hall's death in 1772 the paper passed into the hands of Andrew [illegible], who changed the name to Philadelphia Gazette, his son and a Samuel [illegible] succeeding in the paper.

After some other changes in proprietorship and management, this paper, started by Benjamin [illegible] 1729, ceased to exist in 18[illegible], having been merged in the Philadelphia North American after a life of 116 years. This Pennsylvania Gazette, afterward in 1772 named the Philadelphia Gazette, is the paper containing the Declaration of Independence, which was on its way from Philadelphia to Boston July 14, 1776, from which Isaiah Thomas, as the founder of the Massachusetts Spy, read that immortal document to his fellow citizens in Worcester, from the porch of the Old South church, the first time it had been read [illegible] on Massachusetts or New England soil.

It was very natural that Isaiah Thomas, who was then postmaster of Worcester by appointment of Benjamin Franklin as postmaster general of the United Colonies, should read that document from a paper which had been so identified with the name of his distinguished friend and fellow printer, Benjamin Franklin.

To show that the citizens of Worcester appreciated the patriotic act of Isaiah Thomas in being the first to read the Declaration of Independence on Massachusetts soil, at the celebration of the Fourth of July in Worcester in 1830, when Rejoice Newton presided, with Colonel Isaac Davis and [illegible] as vice presidents, the oration was by Hon. Peter C. Bacon, and [illegible] were made by Governor Lincoln, John Davis, and the following [illegible] proposed by Isaac Goodwin, was drunk with signal enthusiasm: "Our venerable townsman, Isaiah Thomas, [illegible] who first promulgated the Declaration of Independence to the inhabitants of this vicinity, from the church [illegible] press."

In the eulogy on Isaiah Thomas delivered after his death the following year by Isaac Goodwin, special reference was made to this act of [illegible] Thomas by his eulogist.—Worcester Spy.

### A Night In a Chicago Police Station.

Clark draws from the inside [illegible] a roll of old newspapers and hands me one. We spread them on the pavement as a Mohammedan unrolls his rug for prayers, and then we take off our [illegible] and coats. Our soaked, pulpy [illegible] we fold in our jackets and use them as pillows, and we soften our bed by spreading over the newspapers our outer clothes, which thus have a chance to dry in the warmth of the room and in the [illegible] that comes from our bodies. We need no covering in the steaming heat in which we lie, and I can see at a glance that Clark and I are more fortunate than most of the other men, for few of them have outer coats, and in their tattered, bare, filthy garments they lie with nothing but paper between them and the floor, their heads pillowed on their arms.

By no means are all of them asleep. In the thick air above their recumbent figures there is an unceasing murmur of low, gruff voices. What words can fit the hellish quality of that strange converse? It is not human, though it comes from living men; it has no humor, though it touches life most intimately; it knows not hate and craving need and blank indifference, but all those feelings speak alike a [illegible] of utter blasphemy, and it is not profanity, even though it reeks with coarse obscenity.—W. A. Wyckoff in Scribner's.

flour and bacon to the kitchen utensils. In the center of the party was a baby burro, with its miniature pack saddle, piled two feet high above its back, presenting the "grub stake."

The last man in the line drew by a string a tiny cradle made of a cigar box and it was the possible admission of this little present that had caused the delay. Some of the boys at the meeting in the barroom thought that the "woman" would understand the spirit in which they gave it, and others argued that she would not.

At last old man Worthington, who had known Pete for years, rapped on the bar and said:

"Boys, I've sized that woman up, and she's no [illegible] Pete can explain our western ways to her, and you can bet your life he ain't no man to marry a stuck up girl."

And that ended it. The last man drew in by a cord the result of his handiwork. When they halted and faced Pete and his wife Sowls advanced a step and brought [illegible] to present arms and delivered the speech of the evening.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lonergan, we represent the citizens of Ashcroft, [illegible] Pete Lonergan went to Missouri for a [illegible] that it has resulted in [illegible]. We think, though, he might have given his old friends a [illegible] have deprived us until this late hour of the chance to [illegible] a manner [illegible] as the wife of [illegible] to this camp [illegible] gift has a [illegible] vest. If the little [illegible] brought here [illegible] service to you [illegible] pleased. We [illegible] all of them."

At this moment the [illegible] dropped their [illegible] emphasize the [illegible] man. The little [illegible] their sincerity [illegible] rope and [illegible] ward Pete.

The mayor came [illegible] and while playing with [illegible] cleared his throat [illegible] coughed. Then he started his response:

"Boys, I'm no [illegible] but I'm no [illegible] know how to thank you [illegible] and all this [illegible] am grateful [illegible] Pete's lance, and [illegible] every darned [illegible]."

Then the men filed up in line and met Mrs. Lonergan and [illegible] with her. In the small hours of the morning tables were brought [illegible] served. Every delicacy [illegible] been able to [illegible] there was there, and [illegible] table rose the [illegible] sugared figure [illegible] the ball was over, and all [illegible] agreed, as the last [illegible] that Pete had [illegible] And so it proved.

Mayor Lonergan's wife was worshiped by the [illegible] before she had been a month in camp. She was a delicate little lady, with a few [illegible] manners. She had [illegible] comfortable home in [illegible] grew [illegible] into the life of Ashcroft as if she had been [illegible] it was [illegible] looked after [illegible] help, it was [illegible] it out and [illegible] was that the quiet little woman was the love and respect of the [illegible] Ashcroft. The mayor, under the influence of his wife, grew to be quite a new man. His wife's [illegible] in the little woman and [illegible].

It was just a year after [illegible] The whole camp [illegible] of Ashcroft [illegible] in the whole [illegible] not ridden [illegible] to see a physician [illegible] meeting to [illegible] They had [illegible] thing by the [illegible] have a large [illegible] taken from [illegible] it at a time [illegible] and his wife [illegible] name of Ashcroft.

But they never did.

The mother and the boy were buried within the [illegible] of [illegible] the Prospect. She had [illegible] there and [illegible].

Ashcroft [illegible] of that woman [illegible] pulled up stakes [illegible] out a living [illegible] passed the Prospect.

Pete did [illegible] a year, and he never [illegible] Ashcroft's ground after the death of his wife. Spite of the [illegible] he went out of his mind entirely.

He locked [illegible] cabin on [illegible] taking away only one thing, a little cradle made of a cigar box, with a [illegible] string still attached [illegible]—Henry Russell Wray in [illegible] Post.

### Pearls.

As yet the origin of pearls is a matter of mere speculation. The old theory that they were "congealed dewdrops pierced by sunbeams" was supported by naturalists as late as 16[illegible] and is evidenced in a Venetian medal bearing an open oyster shell receiving drops of rain, with the motto, "By the Divine Dew." Later conchologists, however, contend that the pearl nucleus may be some minute particle, as a grain of sand, or the frustule of a diatom, or a tiny parasite, or perhaps one of the ova of the pearl oyster itself. This particle or foreign body is gradually surrounded by thin layers of nacre until it is completely encysted and the pearl formed. The consecutive layers may vary in brightness and color, and a defect may be caused by contact with another foreign substance, thus changing the value with each new layer, and sometimes causing a "lively kernel" or "seed" to be inclosed in an apparently poor pearl.—Lippincott's.


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