NGLAND.

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OLLIDE.

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IN PRISON.

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BARRIE

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MAGIC OF MAORI PRIESTS

Strange Powers of Which Tohungas Were Masters.

What in the past has been termed magic presents itself now to the scientific mind as an imperfect use of forces the full knowledge of which we have yet to acquire. The Maori priest of old, or tohunga as he was called, was master of many powers which can now be explained by hypnotism, although his methods of pretending to procure messages from the gods were doubtless due to craft. Ventriloquism also was practiced by the priests, particularly when communication was desired with a deceased relative. There remains, however, a mass of evidence proving that these men possessed powers which can only be explained, says a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, by processes into which we are only now beginning to have any insight.

Many white men are familiar with some of the outward forms of the observances of the Maori priest, but of the inner meaning and origin of their ritual we know nothing. In the teaching handed down to those chosen among their direct descendants under circumstances of great secrecy the pupil was put to several tests in order to prove his proficiency.

First he had to take in his hand a hard, smooth and round stone, and, repeating a karakia, or incantation called a hoa, to shatter the stone into fragments, and that only by the mental operation of willing, without any physical effort. To all the priest's operations the karakia was a necessary adjunct. It supplied to the Polynesian mind an outward sign connecting cause and effect. The old time Maori believed, indeed, that the karakia, the form of words used, wrought the desired effect; and the efficacy of this incantation depended on the absolute fidelity with which the formula was pronounced.

The action of Christ in destroying the barren fig tree presents an exact illustration of this destroying by the power of the will which their word hoa covers. The latest guess of scientists, that every existing object in the universe is composed of one element, and that the unit of that element is the electric eon, leads one to the gate of a field of speculation in which the mind may wander far.

If the pupil was successful in the stone test he was next made to try his powers on some animate object, such as a flying bird, the process being the same as before. According to the Maoris, the bird was always killed if the pupil was proficient. Or he might hoa a fleeing enemy and cause him to be seized with all those agonies of retardation which we are all familiar with when suffering from nightmare.

Then came the final test, the pupil being ordered to exercise the power of willing to death some near relative of his own in order to show that in the exercise of his powers he could rise superior to the feelings of natural affection. This was the dread makuku, and it is well known that if a Maori believed he was thus bewitched he was sure to die. Here we see the effect of hypnotism and suggestion conveyed by telepathy. Sometimes a priest who considered himself deeply affronted has been known to will to death a whole family for the act of one individual, and all, even the babe at the breast, have wilted away.

The tohunga was even credited with the power of influencing the dead. The present writer was a witness of the following incident. A branch of the Arawas, the tribe of the district of Rotorua, being at war, had suffered defeat, and one of their braves had been brought home dead. The vanquished sought at once to find out, by some omen connected with the dead chief, whether they would be successful in their next encounter.

The tobunga was requested to procure the desired omen, the people squatting in a ring about the bier. Advancing a few paces from the dead body, the priest began to recite a powerful incantation, intent on making the deceased give some sign, the eyes of all present fixed on the slain warrior. Presently the corpse was observed to move slightly to one side, on which a great cry of joy arose from the people. The movement was interpreted as a sign of future victory. This feat was often performed by the tohunga of olden times.

Tohoto was the last of the old tohungas. The numer of his years could hardly be guessed at; he was almost a Methuselah of the Maori, his race, and, careless as to his personal appearance, he wore his long hair. I visited him several times in the '70s, but so extremely sacred was his person held that it was only after repeated delays that I was allowed to see him! Indeed, he considered that white people were not fit to associate with, as they had no system of tapu, nor did they regard things which were tapu to the Maori with any reverence. I was deeply interested in his manifestations, partly because I had myself assimilated many of the Maori superstitions by the mere force of propinquity.

From the first he had resisted all effort of the missionaries to induce him to abandon his ancient faith for Christianity. As he still had a large following who for his sake refused to recognize Christianity, his conversion was greatly desired. New Zealand's greatest Bishop lay siege to the old heathen at Makoia, that tree clad isle in Lake Roturua, to which the beautiful Hinemoa swam. For hours the Bishop endeavored to win the priest over. But his powers of persuasion—how great these were is well known—for once failed utterly. Tohoto sat in moody silence. At length he lifted his head. "Hearken unto my words!" he said. "If you can do this I will accept your God."

Then picking up the dead leaf of a cabbage tree which had fluttered to the ground he held it out loosely between his fingers at arm's length. His withered body was naked to the hips; the sun was high in the heavens; no deception was possible. After repeating an incantation he invited his visitor to look. Lo, the leaf had become green! The strong minded, highly educated Englishman had no belief in either Tohoto or his powers, yet by some mental influence the decrepit Polynesian was able to make the virile white man believe that what he saw was a fresh green leaf; yet it was in reality still a dry brown one.

The end of the last of the tohungas was both singular and pathetic. On that terrible night in June, 1886, when the Pink and White Terraces were lost to New Zealand, and darkness came over the land, Tohoto was sleeping at Wairoa village. He was buried beneath the rain of ashes, and it was seven days before he was dug out of the ruins of his hut. He was very feeble after his long confinement in a hole that must have been for a time scarcely less hot than an oven, and he was black with the ashes from the volcanic eruption. Yet had he been left alone he might have recovered, but they took him to the hospital at Rotorua, where, probably in ignorance of the awful sacredness in which the head is held among Maoris, and especially that of a tohunga, the white matted hair and beard were cut off. It was the most terrible and degrading thing that could have happened to Tohoto, his personal tapu had been violated and this, preying on his mind, killed him.

WHY HE QUIT.

Even the Older Man Admitted That the Youth Had Cause.

"You, Jim!" called the man with the hoe to the young fellow with the shambling gait, who was making for the street exit, putting on his coat as he went.

The young man stopped hesitatingly and turned about.

"What you doin' with your coat on? Where you goin'?"

"I've quit the job," replied the young man.

"Come here and tell me why you quit," said the man with the hoe. "What's the trouble with you? You ain't been on three days."

"Mac's been raggin' me again," said the young man. "He's picked on me right from the first, an' I told him jest now I wouldn't stand for it. I'm through, and that's all there is about it."

"Rats!" said the man with the hoe. "You don't want to quit every time the boss gives you a lick with the rough side of his tongue. If you do that you'll work just about one day out o' the week an' put in the rest huntin' another job. Here, I'll go talk to Mac. Come along o' me and we'll fix it up."

The young man shook his head. "No," he said. "I told him I wouldn't stand for it, an' I won't. I don't take everything. I don't have to. I know when a feller don't treat me right."

"See here," said the man with the hoe. "Mac's bark's worse than his bite. He don't mean one-half o' what he says. There ain't a man on the job he ain't got after some time. What do you think bosses are for, anyway, if they can't talk a little. They've gotter do it to earn their pay. You're a too sensitive. Any little thing puts you out."

"Oh, I guess not," said the young man. "He told me I wasn't worth my salt an' that I moved around like I was goin' to sleep. He said I was so slow that I made a snail look like it was exceedin' the speed limit."

"What of it?" said the man with the hoe. "You don't think he's fool enough to pay you wages if he don't think you earn 'em, do you? If you do you're fooled. Mac ain't that kind of a man. He wants you to move a little quicker, that's all. The more work he can get out of us the better he'll satisfy his boss. That's all there is to it. Humor him, my son; humor him. Step around lively; it won't do you no harm. I tell you you've got to get your hide toughened up. Jest laugh an' let it go at that—only don't let Mac see you laughin'. You'll get along all right as soon's you realize that the bosses ain't got time to be polite."

"He called me a knock-kneed loafer," said the young man, with a highly injured air.

"Your knees do kind o' interfere a little," said the man with the hoe. "I don't say he ought to have mentioned it, 'cause it ain't your fault. You can't help the way you look or the way your knees bend in, and I don't blame you for feelin' a little sore. But you don't want to quit on that account."

"That's not all he said to me by a good deal," muttered the young man, starting toward the door again.

"No use o' your bein' too thin-skinned. You'll prob'ly have a darned sight worse things than that said about you before you're as old as I am. You've got to get used to it. Here, don't go. Come on and we'll see Mac about it."

"He cussed me, too," said the young man.

"What does that amount to?" said the man with the hoe. "Cussin' don't break no bones. Don't take no notice of it. Jest go on as if he was readin' out loud an' pay no 'tention to him. I'd let him cuss a blue streak if he wanted to. He don't hurt nobody but himself. But it don't mean anythin'. A few little pet names—that's all. You wait till he boots you off the place afore you get mad. He'd do it quick enough if he didn't like you. Then you'd have some cause to get sore about."

"He done it," said the young man. "By gol! That's what he done."

"Kicked you."

"Sure, the big slob."

The man with the hoe rubbed his bristly chin with his lime-crusted hand. "If that's the case," he said, thoughtfully, "I don't know but what you done right to quit. You don't want to be too sensitive, but it looks to me as if you've gotter draw the line somewhere."—Chicago News.

Do Newspapers Need a Censor?

(Leslie's Weekly.)

Has the day of fair play gone by? Are newspapers so intent on the sensational that they are forgetting the ordinary courtesies of life and putting the truth in the background? Is it so popular to chastise men of wealth and public place that they are to be pursued and hounded whether they are at fault or not? We are led to these reflections by some recent occurrences as reported by the press in our great cities.

First, Mr. Harriman was roundly abused because it was said that he refused to take his motor-boat off the course of the Yale-Harvard race when ordered to do so. After vituperation had exhausted itself, Mr. Harriman was permitted to explain that he was out on the course in a motor-boat with his children, that he was unfamiliar with the rules, and when he was ordered off the course he supposed he was receiving a friendly salutation. If Mr. Harriman's explanation is true—and there is no reason to doubt it, for it was a straightforward statement—the incident grew out of an inadvertence. There was not even an indiscretion on Mr. Harriman's part.

Next, Senator Dick is declared in the press dispatches of all the papers to have borrowed public funds of a county treasurer in Ohio. Nobody, apparently, asked the Senator for an explanation, but he had one that must be considered as completely satisfactory. An examination of the facts showed that they had been ignored. The Senator had not borrowed from a bank, and his notes had gone into the possession of the county treasurer in the ordinary course of business.

Next, a most remarkable and impolitic statement was attributed to Ambassador Bryce. It was said that he had violated all the diplomatic proprieties in an interview with him which had been printed in Oklahoma while he was visiting the new State, and which bore on the question of the acceptability of its constitution. Mr. Bryce was within reach, but no one asked him whether the statement was true, and he was compelled, in self-defence, to telegraph his denial. It was straight and to the point. He said the statements about his interview were unfounded. He added that he had invariably refused to express his opinion on any American political question since he came to the United States in official capacity.

Finally, wonderful stories were told of a smart detective who, by a bit of strategy, it was said, had succeeded in serving a subpoena on John D. Rockefeller, at the residence of the latter's son-in-law at Pittsfield, Mass. Tales were told of Mr. Rockefeller's flight from one part of the country to the other to avoid the service of the subpoena. Nobody asked Mr. Rockefeller to explain, but Mr. John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, did so for him. It develops—that Mr. Rockefeller himself sent word to the marshal where he could be found so the service of the subpoena was an easy matter. Furthermore, it appears that Mr. Rockefeller notified the court at Chicago that no subpoena for him was necessary, as he was ready to appear when wanted.

A public censor is not needed for the press in the United States, but a capable, high-minded, and intelligent censor would find an opportunity for excellent work if he were appointed in every great newspaper office, to perform the duties that appertain to such a place.

No. 2,143
$4.50

For Men or Women

Our gold Lockets at $4.50 each, engraved and in a case, are the best value in Canada. They hold two photos or two plaits of hair. You should have our catalogue too.

WANLESS & CO.
RELIABLE JEWELLERS
396 Yonge St., TORONTO
Opposite Y. M. C. A.
ESTABLISHED 1840

THE DESERTED SANDWICH.

It Had the Fatal Gift of Beauty and It Was Coveted by Many.

"Don't leave your sandwich up there on the advertising boards," said Tommy's mother; "the train will come along soon and you will forget it."

But Tommy did not heed the warning, the train came and went away with Tommy and his mother and the others, bound for Coney Island, and the sandwich remained.

It was a remarkably neat package for a sandwich. Lying there on top of the advertising boards it looked as if it had been done up by a jeweller, so rectangular was it and so precisely were the ends of the wrapper folded over.

An elderly man stood near by reading his newspaper. He had heard the talk about the sandwich and he noted that the event had turned out as Tommy's mother had predicted.

A young girl came up the stairs and walked along the platform. She saw the neat package and looked from it toward the man. He drew a step nearer to it, glanced at it as if to assure himself that it was still there, and resumed reading his paper.

Several passengers alighted from the next train, and as they passed the sandwich most of them saw it and seemed to measure the distance between it and the man and tried to decide whether it belonged to him. One young fellow strolled back, after going as far as the door of the waiting room, and walked slowly up and down the platform.

The elderly man stepped to the edge of the platform and looked along the track, as if to see whether his train was coming. Just as he turned to take his former position he saw the young man lingering close to the sandwich.

He cleared his throat with a loud "Ahem!" and rested his arm on the advertising boards a few feet away from the package. The young man took the next train that came along.

A large woman rigged out in clothes that she evidently thought were just the thing hurried up the stairs and was rushing toward the train that had just come in. Her eye caught the package, with its jewelry store appearance, and she did not enter the train.

She looked up and down the track and glanced toward the sandwich, and from it toward the man. He folded his paper, put his reading glasses in his pocket and again stepped to the edge of the platform and looked along the rails.

The woman eyed him and his package alternately. The roar of a train was heard. As it slowed down the man, all unmindful of the package, hurried toward one of the car gates. The man stood on the car platform as the train moved out.

By leaning outward as the train rushed away he could watch the package long enough to see the large woman grab it from the top of the signboards, thrust it under her summer wrap and hurry down the platform stairs faster than she came up. Quite naturally he smiled.

HOUSES IN ROME.

They Are So Scarce People Want to Confiscate the Convents.

The police on duty in the Piazza Colonna (the Trafalgar square of Rome) were astonished a few nights ago to see it invaded by a shabby little procession, consisting of a man, his wife, their four children, with the domestic pets, and a porter pushing a barrow, on which were piled the scanty effects of a small family. Arrived at the bandstand, the unloading of the barrow was begun, when the inspector on duty put a stop to the proceedings with a stern inquiry as to what it all meant.

"It means this," said the head of the family, "we have been turne dout of our miserable room by the authorities, who said it was unhealthy; so there is literally nowhere to go, no one who can take us in for the small sum I am able to pay. At least, no one can say that the Piazza Colonna is not big enough for us; and here we have come to stay."

Police persuasion to the contrary was strengthened by the arrival of a porter or two, who, under the direction of a constable, removed the sorry heap of goods and chattels; and in the end the family were conducted to the station, where the superintendent gave them sufficent money for one night's lodging. But the question is not solved. Solved it must be, for it is the question of the hour in Rome—where to find room for the people.

It is a question which touches not only the poor and necessitous. It touches with almost equal force people who are moderately comfortable in circumstances, but who find it impossible in Rome to get a habitation, clean, convenient, and healthy, for a fairly reasonable rent. There are not enough of houses to go round, and the building failures of the eighties have made people afraid to put their money into that kind of enterprise. Plans have been discussed for the extension of the city, but they are not likely to get beyond "talk" for years to come.

Rome, in the course of 40 years, has doubled its population without doubling its house-room. Hence the present deadlock. Then, again, since Rome became the capital of Italy, the number of its religious houses, convents, monasteries, colleges, seminaries, etc., has been steadily increased, and they now occupy many of the choicest positions in the central quarters of the city. The "Vita" has just published a plan of Rome, showing the large portion of the city occupied by these establishments. The reason for their multiplication probably lies in the fact of the great development of the monastic or semi-monastic orders which have been mukiplying for years past. Every new order or congregation, to facilitate its business with the Vatican, seeks to have a central house in Rome, and for this accommodation is prepared to pay handsomely enough to tempt house owners to get rid of their existing tenants to make room for the wearers of some picturesque habit more or less mediaeval.

An English lady of my acquaintance, forced to leave a flat which she had occupied for some years, because her rent was raised 40 per cent., succeeded in finding another in a perfectly new house in a less aristocratic—or, to put it plainly, in a rather slummy quarter of the city. She was no sooner installed than she was informed that she might have to leave at any moment as a religious order was in treaty for the purchase of the building, and in the event of the premises changing hands, the contract made by the tenants with the existing landlord would become void. And the uncertainty is still hanging over her head.

Rome, then, whether for the poor or the moderately well-to-do, is probably the most expensive capital in Europe, for the increase in the price of provisions has kept pace with the rise in rents. Here and there, it is true, model dwellings are slowly rising, but near them, too, are rising big factories, which will supply the tenants. No attempt on a sufficiently large scale is being made to solve the difficulty as far as the poor are concerned.

As for the middle classes, they occasionally utter a wail, but no notice is taken. They see around them on every side palatial convents, monasteries, and colleges, with pretty roof gardens, and arcaded terraces, while they themselves have to live in stuffy rooms, in which there is not space to swing a cat. The enormous increase in these religious houses no doubt brings money into the city. The communities are large buyers and constant customers. For that very reason they are able to buy of the best at contract prices, and in the end live much more cheaply than the struggling families who envy their spacious and comfortable quarters. Corporate bodies of this kind are rich, and the poor Roman householder can make no stand against them. And the worst of it is that the tendencies of the time, being mostly in a clerical direction, there is little or no chance that the municipal elections now imminent in Rome, will do much to relieve the woes of the house-seeker.

There is a pretty spot under the old walls of the city, with a glorious view of the dome of St. Peter's and Monte Mario behind it, where a family, wiser than the man who meant to camp in the Piazza Colonna, have lived for months under a little tent on the greensward without molestation. Tired of climbing 150 stairs to my too expensive habitation, I mean to seek a similar spot, and pass the rest of the summer under the canvas and read my evening paper by the light of the moon as I listen to the croaking chorus of the frogs, which reaches the ear from a distant marsh across the fields. — London Leader.

COLD BROUGHT ON KIDNEY DISEASE

Brantford Lady Suffered Till Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. A. H. Thomson had Heart Disease, Lumbago and Rheumatism, and Tells How She Was Restored to Health.

Brantford, Ont., Oct. 12.—(Special.)—How Colds, La Grippe and other minor ills settle on the Kidneys and develop Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bright's Disease and other terribly dangerous ailments; and how any and all of them are cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills is fully shown in the case of Mrs. A. H. Thomson, whose home is at 48 Albion street, this city.

Mrs. Thomson was, some years ago, taken with Cold and La Grippe and Straining, which affected her Kidneys, and the result was Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism and Heart Disease, which caused both her and her friends grave anxiety.

She had suffered some years when she heard of cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and bought a box, which she used with such splendid results that she continued to take them till she was cured. Since then she has used Dodd's Kidney Pills in her own family and recommended them widely to her friends, all of whom have warm words of praise for the standard Canadian Kidney remedy, Dodds' Kidney Pills.

Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Lumbago and Bright's Disease are all Kidney Diseases or are caused by diseased Kidneys. You can't have any of them if you keep your Kidneys sound and your blood pure. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys sound. Sound Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood.

LASTING STAGE HEROINES.

Must Be Women First and Heroines Afterward.

The stage reflects the manners and thoughts of the time in no uncertain way. Types of stage heroines are almost as numerous as types of women. Most of them vary temperamentally according to the period in which they are created, and cease to exist at the end of that period—because for lasting fame a bed-rock of true womanliness is essential.

The greatest heroines of the stage—Portia, Rosalind, Beatrice, Juliet and Desdemona—will live for all time, because the greatest characteristics they possess is their true womanliness; and where a heroine lacks this quality she is unlikely to outlive the period in which she was created.

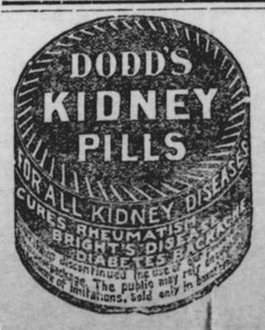
The early Victorian namby-pamby type of heroine has practically ceased to exist. Modern audiences no longer crave for mere maudlin sentimentality. The morbid heroine, too, with her inevitable characteristic of over self-analysis, has had her day. The period when she was appreciated has passed. The stage heroine must, if she is to live for posterity, be a woman first and a heroine afterwards.

Cremation Still Unpopular.

In spite of the strong sanitary arguments advanced in favor of it, the practice of cremating dead bodies of human beings is but slowly gaining favor. This fact is confessed in the annual report of the French International Cremation Society at Paris. This society is doing its utmost to induce the French people to burn rather than to bury their dead. Owing to its efforts the number of incinerations is growing from year to year, but the increase is hardly perceptible.

Most of the cremations in France occur in Paris, as the counrty people do not take to this method of disposing of the dead. America, the report says, has the largest annual number of cremations. There are thirty-six crematories in the United States, in which last year nearly four thousand bodies were consumed.

The greater number of the cremations in this country, it is claimed, take place in the case of foreigners. Germany has fifteen crematories, which last year incinerated nearly three thousand bodies. In the Argentine Republic there were 976 cremations, in Switzerland 721, in Great Britain 705 and in Italy 442.—From Leslie's Weekly.



For any man a Travelling Set is a necessity. This set is especially suitable for gift purposes at this season. It contains a pair of genuine Ebony Military Brushes, with sterling shields for engraving. Complete with comb in real morocco leather folding case. The price is

$5.00

RYRIE BROS.
LIMITED
134-136-138 Yonge St.
TORONTO

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

WHERE W. WRIGHT FLIES.

Le Mans a Fine Old French City With a Long History.

Le Mans, where Wilbur Wright is performing aerial marvels, is about 125 miles southwest of Paris and thirty miles north of Tours. It is a fine old French city of about 60,000 inhabitants.

The history of Le Mans goes back to even before the time when the Romans took possession of it. The present theatre was built on the site of an old Roman amphitheatre. Under Charlemagne the city was one of the most important in the whole kingdom.

There are two fine old churches in Le Mans, the cathedral being one of the most noted in France. It contains the tomb of Queen Berengaria, the wife of Richard Coeur de Lion. Henry II. of England was born in Le Mans in 1133, the first of the Plantagenet Kings.

The town is the chief place in the Department of the Sarthe, and is the headquarters of the Fourth Army Corps. The flights made by Mr. Wright take place on a plain which is used in the military manoeuvres in which the French army is especially addicted.

To accommodate the crowds attracted by the airship flights the town has half a dozen hotels, none of them particularly good. In ordinary times the prices at the best of them was moderate—from 60 cents to $1 for a room, 25 cents for breakfast (rolls and coffee or chocolate), 60 cents for luncheon, and 70 cents for dinner. Since Wright's aeroplane has been soaring, the hotel prices have doubtless followed its example.

WALKERS OF THE PAST.

Some Long Distance Performances In the Late '70's.

The twenty-four hours walking match which is to begin at the stadium to-morrow takes the memory back to the late '70s, when similar long distance competitions flourished amazingly under the aegis of Sir John Astley and when E. P. Weston, Howes, Vaughan and Hibberd were the heroes of the hour.

Though Weston, the pioneer, accomplished some fine performances, they were soon eclipsed by our own walkers, whose feats created a great sensation at the time. One of the best of them all was Billy Howes, a little one-eyed athlete, who walked 100 miles in the truly marvellous time of 18 hours 8 minutes 15 seconds, a record which still remains unapproached. Hibberd covered 50 miles in 7 hours 54 minutes 16 seconds, and without stopping lowered all existing records up to 70 miles, for which distance his time was 11 hours 38 minutes 35 seconds.

Even more wonderful was the performance of George Little wood, who at Sheffield tramped 531 miles in 138 hours 48 minutes 30 seconds, an average of not much less than four miles an hour, night and day, between Sunday and Sunday.—Westminster Gazette.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The Little Man.

"Hello, Harry! How are you? You seem to have a pretty nice office here. How are you making out?"

"I am at the top of the ladder. I am the vice-president of this mining concern."

"Is that so? You do a large business, I guess?"

"Immense. The responsibility weighs on me quite heavily, but I've got to shoulder it. No way of getting around that, you know."

"The man over there at that elegant desk is one of the officers of the company, I suppose?"

"Yes. He's the secretary. And those other two men at those fine desks are his assistants. He has a wonderful amount of work to do. Simply astounding! But remember, he's a first-class man. We pay him a big salary."

"The man over there behind that railing is another official, is he not?"

"Yes. Hes' the treasurer. He's another great man. We pay him big money; but we require a large bond. Got to do it. We handle too much money to run any risks."

"And who is that little wizened-face old man over there in the corner at that old desk?"

"That's old Bangs. He-ahem—owns the mine, you know."—From the October Bohemian.

Tommy—Pop, everything moves faster on a down grade, doesn't it? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son, especially a fast young man.

Woman Runs a Bee Ranch

MISS COOLEY OF CALIFORNIA DESCRIBES THE WORK

"I have owned and managed a bee ranch in California for something like twelve years now," said Miss Inez Cooley, of Los Angeles county, Cal., who is on her way for a three months holiday in Europe.

"My parents moved from Tennessee to California when I was 5 years old and began raising honey for market. While I can't claim to have known very much about the work until after I was grown and left school, simply living on such a place one is forced to imbibe a certain amount of knowledge. I knew in a general way how things should be done, but as it had never been my duty to help or see them done I can't claim to have known much from actual experience.

"While quite young I developed what my parents believed to be a wonderful voice and they decided that I should be a concert singer. For that reason I was sent to Boston to study music while still in my early teens. I have a good voice and I fancy had either of my parents lived to see me start out for myself their dreams for me might have been realized.

"A year before I was to have been graduated at the New England Conservatory of Music I was called home by the death of my father. Two hours after I reached home my mother passed away. It was just at the beginning of the season for gathering the spring honey. While there were several skilled men on the place, my father had always acted as his own manager. The question arose who would take his place. I stepped out, and as far as it lay in the power of a young girl I filled it.

"Of course I now believe that it was the best thing that could have happened. Being alone in Boston I had made many acquaintances that were not altogether desirable. Had I gone back there with the liberty to do and spend what I pleased the result might not have been what either of my parents could have wished. As it was, my work steadied me, led my thoughts into different channels, and when the autumn came around again I was convinced that I would be happier if I remained in California and managed my bee ranch than if I returned to my musical studies and prepared for the concert stage.

"For a California bee ranch of the present day my ranch is rather small, as there are only between five and six hundred hives. It is at the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains and at the head of a beautiful gorge. Their principal flower, or pasture, as we call it, is the Rocky Mountain sage, the flower of which imparts a delicious flavor to the honey, which rivals the still famous Hymettus and the heather honey of Scotland.

"The general climate of Los Angeles county insures a bee pasture all the year, for when the sage is not in bloom there are plenty of other honey producing flowers to be had. Years ago when I was quite a little child, I can remember that to get honey from the comb it was necessary to crush the comb and strain the honey. Of course we do better than that now. Such a process now would be considered not only a troublesome way of getting the honey, but it would require so long for the bees to rebuild their combs. To build comb the bees must first eat honey, and to make one pound of comb they must consume about ten of honey.

"To save the bees this trouble and ourselves the loss of the honey sheets of stamped paraffin are slipped into the frames of the hives. On these sheets the bees build the cells and fill them with honey. If they detect the cheat they are too busy to waste time in protest.

"When the cells are filled and the bees excluded the frames are removed from the hive and put in a centrifugal extractor. From this the extracted honey runs into a large iron tank, from which it is drawn into sixty pound cans and is then ready for shipment. My extractors are run by water power, which is not only a great saving of labor, but much more rapid and surer.

"I use flat top hives with frames or drawers exclusively, and while they are not nearly so picturesque as the old beegums, they are more humane and produce many times more honey. In the old beegums a half and sometimes more of the bees would be killed in getting the honey, and it was almost impossible to take the honey without leaving a taste of smoke or carbolic acid. In the up-to-date hives you have only to insert your bee escape or excluder, wait for the bees to go in the lower part of the hive and then remove your filled drawer.

Another apliance of great usefulness is the queen excluder. In all combs to which the queen has access she may lay eggs from which a brood will hatch and and contaminate the honey. Now the queen is confined to the yower part of raisers as the body box or brood chamber. This is done by placing over the frames a grating or perforated sheet with holes sufficiently large for workers to pass, but not large enough for the queen or the drones.

"The old way of preventing new swarms from taking flight was to beat tin pans, blow horns and raise all manner of a racket, the real object of which was to drown the voice of the queen. Now the way is to secure the queen in a little wire cage. There is not the slightest danger of not knowing royalty among bees. Once beheld, the queen bee can never be mistaken for either of her plebeian subjects, the drone or the worker. Not only is she far more elegant in shape and brilliant in coloring, but she has the distinctive habit of crossing the tips of her wings. It always reminds me of the helpless manner which some women have of disposing of their hands.

"By securing the queen the swarm can always be controlled and no end of trouble avoided. I keep a record of the ages and the pedigrees of all my queens and have only to refer to the number and letter of the hives to learn if they are old enough to be superseded. I always kill an old queen myself, though it is a thing that I still dread to do. They are such pretty little creatures that I invariably shut my eyes when I execute their sentence.

"Of late years a great deal has been done in California in the way of improving the breed of bees by a judicious system of crossing, and selected queens have been imported from Europe. This has increased the yield of honey to a considerable extent, and it is said by some bee keepers that in time it will produce stingless bees. I am not at all sure that I could remove the sting from the little insects. It is their only weapon of defence, and when one remembers that the use of it costs them their lives it doesn't seem fair to rob them of it.

"As to the yield of a hive it is hard to make any definite statement. I believe for a summer's product a hive may be counted on to produce between seventy-five and 100 pounds of honey. In such such a climate as we have there are many instances where a single Italian swarm has produced a thousand pounds of first-class honey in a season. Although the yield of honey in California is enormous, and every year increasing, there is always a steady demand at a good price. It seems strage, yet in spite of the fact that honey sells at a low price, there is an artificial product on the market. It is in what appears to any but an expert genuine honeycomb and is made of sugar and glucose. I have had many persons here in the East tell me that they were sure of the genuineness of their honey because they bought only that in the comb. Having seen and tested the artificial honey, I knew how impossible it was for them to be sure they were getting the pure article.

"As an occupation I know of nothing that has the charm of beekeeping. The labor is light and pleasant. When one considers that to produce honey flowers or some honey producing grain is necessary it seems to me surprising that more women in the United States do not take it up as a business. I have two school friends in Pennsylvania who on paying me a visit became converted to the business of beekeeping, and now make additions to their yearly incomes by the sale of their honey.

"They both began with a few swarms bought somewhere near their homes, and I supplied the queens. Of course, the yield of their hives is nothing compared with mine in California, neither is their season as long, but they make enough to pay them for their trouble. As both of them are women with artistic taste they have planted pastures for their bees in such a way that their homes are now remarkable for their beauty as well as for the excellence of the honey."

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

JOKES FROM THE "SMART SET."

"Papa, why do brides wear long veils?"

"To conceal their satisfaction, I presume, my son."

Spector—Your new house doesn't look much like the architect's original design.

Victome—No, but it looks more like it than the cost looks like his original estimate.

Mrs. Gramercy—You look all tired out.

Mrs. Park—No wonder. It's so trying to find out from your friends what they'd like to have for Christmas without conveying the impression that they may expect is from you.

He—My friend married for money.

She—Does he regret it?

"He doesn't regret the money."

Belle—Did Fred find marriage as elevating as he thought it would be?

Jack—No; it failed to lift him out of debt.

"For ten years I've been trying to drown my sorrows—and they won't drown!"

"No wonder! They've had time to learn to swim."

Miss Biston—And that Minerva! How chaste and pure she looks!

Miss Broadway—Yes, dear, but she's marble, you know.

"Yes, children," said the nurse, "the stork
Has brought you each a little brother."
"Oh, good!" cried they, and ceased their play.
"Do let's all run and tell poor mother!"

OBTAINING TITLES.

The Process Employed in Great Britain is Explained.

Although it costs money to be made a peer, no sum can actually buy a British title, as may be done in some European countries. Honors of this description are in the giving of the King—or, rather his Majesty bestows them on persons at the recommendation of the Prime Minister, who really has the final say in the matter. Titles are conferred either directly or indirectly, says the Chicago Daily News. Directly, when no third person recommends a candidate for royal recognition, and indirectly, when a third person brings a candidate's name forward, he having good and valid grounds for doing so. The former method, however, is the one which is usually adopted. It is the duty of the Prime Minister to distinguish a name celebrated in politics, science, art or literature and to decide whether the merits of any given prominent person deserve recognition at the hands of the King.

If, in the opinion of the Prime Minister, such a given person deserves elevation to titled rank, before the Minister takes any steps in the matter the favored individual is apprised of the Prime Minister's intention by a personal letter, in which is conveyed the degree or title it is proposed to confer on him, subject to his approval. In four out of five cases the approval is given. The fifth person, who may have been offered a knighthood—or, perchance, a baronetcy—refuses, because his refusal may increase his chances of obtaining at a later day a higher title still—a peer. Armed with the person's approval, the Prime Minister now takes the next step—that is, obtaining his Majesty's sanction, which is rarely refused.

It is seldom that a plain "Mr." blossoms straightforward into a "lord" unless the circumstances are very unusual, such as the reason why a peerage was conferred on Mr. Morley recently, or honors conferred on successful generals in the field as in the case of Wolseley, Roberts and Kitchener. As a general rule a plain "Mr." is transformed into "sir"—that is, knight or baronet—and one who is already a "sir" and has done some signal recognition finds his reward in his ultimate service to the State entitling him to royal elevation to the peerage.

Would Risk One More Bottle.

A Frenchman from the provinces who was paying a prolonged visit to Paris found his hair was leaving him at the top of his head, and took his barber to task about it. "You sold me two bottles of stuff to make the hair grow," "It is very strange it won't grow again," said the modern Figaro; "I can't understand it." "Look here!" said the countryman, "I dont mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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