

MESSAGE SENT BY MOUNTAIN

Invaluable Lessons There for Those Who Love Nature and Will Calmly Listen.

It is not your highest mountains, always, that is the fittest palace of a god; or that has most mountain sweetness or mountain dignity.

The mighty mother set heather to bloom there, for symbol of the soaring, purple dreams that are within; she strewed them with the gold of her gorge, to say that the immortal Wisdom, though the stems of it be thorny and your fingers shall bleed before you pick them, has for bloom a yellow and most sunbright gladness.

As to Biographies.

The announcement comes from London that a biography of Mr. Lloyd George in four volumes is to be published this autumn.

To Perfection.

Some one, referring to a paragraph about these being one thing each of us could do to perfection if we could only find it, says "I wonder! For myself I don't believe it. I do not believe that all have gifts. I think the world is full of singularly stupid people."

Diaphanous Shrinkage.

Rose Pickens has regulated in one commercial contraction that not even Mr. Roosevelt ever counted on. It has caused diaphans to grow smaller.

Constancy.

John D. Archibald is a master of irony. Mr. Archibald, talking to a group of reporters on the Cunard pier in New York, said ironically of a certain politician:

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

WHEN THE "MINOR POETESS" CAME INTO HER OWN.

Thought at First it Seemed Somewhat Surprising That Writer Really Was Only an Ordinary Woman Like the Rest.

The door latch rattled and Elinor Grahame, writer by profession, sometimes described as a "minor poetess," burst into the room where her sister was peacefully sewing.

"What?" asked Dora, puzzled. "The fact that I've published a slim volume of sonnets, and that two or three times a year my name appears in the magazines, I was out just now in the garden, weeding the lettuce bed, and that silly Elsie Farley came and leaned over the fence and asked if I didn't love communing with the flowers dressed in Mother Nature's own hue," and she looked down at her grimy green dress.

"What did you say?" inquired Dora, placidly. "I asked her for that recipe her mother promised me, and she said, reproachfully, 'O, Miss Grahame, I can't talk pickles with you' and stalked off. In the city I walked unmolested; only three people ever asked me for my autograph, and here—"

"Here they can't help being a little proud of you because years ago you were a tiny girl in the district school," answered Dora. "I think it's dear of them."

"Well, then, why don't they treat me like a human being? Why must I always walk toward the sunset and commune with Chaos? Mrs. Elkins has invited me to the Ladies' Society. I'm to speak a few well-chosen words concerning the 'Influence of Poetry on the Higher Life.' I think I'll advise her to read Edward Lear and cultivate humor. She said, 'Of course you won't have any sewing to bring, you're so literary.' I'm going to dress frivolously and take my most intricate embroidery."

That afternoon Miss Grahame sat in an inconspicuous corner, stitching assiduously and talking briskly to a demure little woman at her left. Both were enjoying themselves, and the air was charged with domesticity. Into this paradise walked Mrs. Elkins.

"Are you ready to inspire us, Miss Grahame?" she asked, pointing to a seat of honor at the end of the room. Next, looking at Elinor's "trivoliolous" gown, "What wonderful embroidery!" she exclaimed.

"Did it myself," answered Miss Grahame, a little shortly. "May I just catch these last threads, please, before I begin?"

The demure little woman was staring at her. "Are you 'the Miss Grahame'?" she asked. "I thought you must be your sister. You're—why, you're just like the rest of us."

Elinor Grahame rose. "I am," she said, "and you're a dear, and the only one who has understood." She took the woman's hands warmly in hers then added, "You won't forget to send me that gingerbread recipe, will you?"—Youth's Companion.

Ichthyol is a Kind of Asphalt. In a report on asphalt by the United States geological survey the following interesting remarks about ichthyol are found:

"A peculiar form of asphaltic material found in Austria finds application, after appropriate chemical treatment, as a medication under the name ichthyol (and used for scurvy, eczema, etc.). It is not prepared in the United States. The raw material from which it is derived is a fossiliferous deposit which is found near Seefeld, in the Austrian Tyrol. The material mined at this place is carefully selected as to grade and is subjected to dry distillation. The distillate thus obtained is then saponified and subsequently neutralized with ammonia. The finished product resulting from this process is the commercial article known as ichthyol. The exact chemical composition of ichthyol has not been determined."

French Wedding Customs.

There are many customs associated with the French wedding which American brides might copy. One concerns the duties of the maid of honor. An American who attended a fashionable wedding in the Madeleine, in Paris, recently was impressed with the following little ceremony:

The maids passed through the assembly of guests making a silent appeal for alms for the poor. At a wedding where no money has been spared and untold extravagance exhibited no one could begrudge the offering of silver expected to be dropped into the dainty "aumoniere," or receptacle of filmy lace, ribbon and flowers, which when not in use, was hung on the arms in lieu of a bouquet.

Bad Books and Bad Children.

"It is time that parents realize the immense importance of the reading habit upon the minds of their children. It is during childhood that lasting impressions are made. Childhood is the period of plasticity, the period of adjustment. Go with mean people, and you think like mean," said Emerson. Read inspiring books, and books which give false views of life, and character is blackened. Many a boy has taken his first steps toward a criminal career from a bad book; many a girl has begun the downward way to ruin through the influence of corrupt literature."—Severian Life Magazine.

ENORMOUS WASTE OF COAL

One Reason Why the Use of Oil as Fuel Would Be of High Economic Importance.

The United States is by all means the greatest coal producing country in the world. In 1910 the production of coal in the country amounted to 6,266,233 tons. Thirty years later it had risen to almost 64,000,000 tons. In another twenty years this industry had grown to over 140,000,000 tons. Ten years more passed and the production of coal in the United States by the census of 1910 was over 400,000,000 tons. For the year just past it is estimated at about 500,000,000 tons. But in the production of this coal the industrial experts inform us there is wasted 250,000,000 tons. In other words, the United States is using its coal supply at the rate of 750,000,000 tons a year, and this consumption is increasing, as shown above, at an enormous rate.

By the western sea and throughout the great southwest the production of coal is not of great direct interest. In this portion of the country petroleum largely takes the place of coal, and in the production of petroleum California leads all other states in America and indeed all the world. This is a new industry compared with coal. The statistics show that in 1898 the United States produced little more than 60,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum, forty-two gallons to the barrel. In 1910 the production of petroleum in the United States surpassed 132,000,000 barrels. At the present time in California the consumption of oil runs to about 225,000 barrels a day.

There is no such waste in the use of oil as that indicated above in coal. Indeed, the waste in the oil industry from beginning to end is a matter of comparative insignificance.

Signs of Age.

There are various ways of telling when a man is getting old. One of the surest ways by which he may know it himself is to find that young women address him as "sir." One "Yes, sir," will age a man by an indeterminate sentence of anywhere from one to five years. Then there is the mustache, which, if allowed to get out into the open, instead of being closely shaved, will show the sear and yellow, or rather gray. (This is not to be spelled "grey," but "gray.") Then, again, there are the wrinkles which add themselves one to another in the forehead, but there is one sure way of telling of advancing years, which beats all of the others, as it never fails. When a man is seated between another man and a pretty girl and another passenger enters the car, if the man moves in order to make room for the newcomer and moves towards the man in the seat, thus allowing the new arrival to come between him and the pretty girl, he is really, truly getting old. And nobody will notice his advancing age any more quickly than the pretty girl.

His Golden Text.

A union Sunday school service was held in a St. Louis church a few months ago, and the superintendent had thought that in order to make the service more impressive it would be a good plan to have six-year-old Johnnie go to the rostrum and repeat the golden text of the morning. This Johnnie consented to do. The golden text was "I am the bread of life." When it came time for Johnnie's part of the program he rose from his seat with calm assurance and walked boldly down the aisle to the rostrum. Once upon the rostrum, with the sea of faces confronting him, Johnnie's calm assurance suddenly left him. Things looked entirely different from the platform. He hesitated, standing first on one foot and then on the other. Finally in a shaking voice he shouted: "I am—a loaf—of bread!"

Have You a Dream Pillow?

The "dream" pillow may measure 15 by 16 inches and may be stuffed with eiderdown or hair as it is liked, hard or soft. Carry it when you travel. Take two plain linen covers with hemstitched hems. A third cover of heavy satin, with a monogram embroidered in blue, is useful for a steamer chair.

Easy to pack is an automatic air cushion that, when inflated, is 9 by 16 inches. It is of cloth, with a silk-like finish and fits into a flat leather case, measuring 5 by 11 inches. Extra linen covers can be made to fit this pillow if it is to be used at night.

Overdoing It.

Woodrow Wilson, at a luncheon at Spring Lake, said of a boy athlete: "I am afraid he sets athletics too far above English, mathematics and history. His aunt said to him the other day: 'I'm delighted to hear of your success on the school baseball team, Harold; but you must remember that there are other things in life besides baseball.' 'Yes, aunt, I know,' said the boy, 'but hang it all, I'm afraid I'm too tight for football or rowing.'"

The Male Boy.

Governor Marshall of Indiana said the other day that he who demands special privileges of the government is a beggar. "Millionaire or not," said the governor to a reporter, afterward, "the man who holds out his hand for help begs. The fact is self-evident. It needs no proof. Even to state it seems superfluous—seems like the shout of young Benedict, who entered his club roaring: 'Hurray! A young son! It's a boy!'"

RESEMBLE THE ANIMAL

PECULIARITY NOTED IN SOME HUMAN COUNTENANCES.

Men of the Highest Ability Have Had This Facial "Defect," Among Them the Great Scientist Charles Darwin.

The likeness of certain human types to familiar animals is a matter of common observation. Caricaturists, from the days of the Greek and Romans down, have made use of its suggestions. A noteworthy instance in comparatively recent years was that of Louis Napoleon, whose brooding, aquiline countenance was readily converted into a bird of prey—the French eagle sometimes, at other times, and even more strikingly, a vulture preying upon France.

In our daily speech we naturally describe men as rat-faced, hog-like or fox in appearance, or say of a noble-looking old man that he possesses a leonine head. Still other persons we pronounce simian in their physiognomy, and although few of us would care to merit a personal application of that adjective, it need not be so uncomplimentary as one would imagine. The dignified and venerable Charles Darwin accepted it as applied to himself with no resentment, and with a gently humorous perception of its pat coincidence with his favorite theories; while the resemblance of Oom Paul Kruger to an ancient and exceedingly sagacious gorilla was more than once remarked.

An amusing discovery of unhuman likeness was related by a friend of Sir Henry M. Stanley. When Stanley visited the Karagusa, an African tribe rather above the average in intelligence, he had with him a fine bulldog, whose pugy and pugnacious countenance possessed all the unlovely characteristics of the breed. The Karagusa bestowed much attention upon this beast, and their chief, before parting with the white men, ingeniously pointed out an odd fact which he had observed. The Karagusa men, flat-faced, snub-nosed and thick-lipped, looked, he thought, much like the English dog; while the half-wild Karagusa dogs, clean-cut, keen-eyed and long-nosed, looked much more than their masters did, like the Englishmen.

Whether Stanley, who had every right to think well of his own personal appearance, relished this comparison or not, he could not do otherwise than take it in good part; and he had sense of humor enough to pass it on for the amusement of others after he got home.

Rising Young Man.

"Is this Mr. Nibstreet," asked the young man. "Yes; sit down," replied the wealthy proprietor of Nibstreet's United Stores. "You said in your letter that you wanted work."

"I did, sir." "There were several other applicants for the place, but I don't mind telling you that I was struck by your name, so I gave you the preference. Nibstreet is not a common name, you know, and when I saw your signature, Nibstreet Jones, I said to myself I'd give you a trial."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind. I hope I shall never disappoint you."

"Your parents christened you Nibstreet, I suppose?" "Well, not exactly, sir. The fact is that my first name was Nelson until this week. But I never liked it, sir; really I didn't. The fellows called me Nell, and I have always wished for something manlier. But I never found a name that suited me right down to the ground until I saw your ad in the paper this week. 'Nibstreet,' said I, 'that's the very name I've been looking for all these years.' So I changed on the spot, sir, and Nibstreet I expect to remain the rest of my life, whether you give me the job or not."—Newark News.

The Quality of Mercy.

Mayor Gaynor of New York had befriended a poor "down-and-outer," and for this a lawyer took him to task.

"The fellow's no good," the lawyer said. "He has only got what was coming to him. With his yellow streak the dufer deserved—"

But Mayor Gaynor interrupted the harsh lawyer with a smile.

"Did you ever hear of the mother," he said, "who visited Napoleon on behalf of a son condemned to death. The emperor said the young man had twice committed the same offense, and justice demanded the forfeit of his life."

"But, sire," cried the mother, "I don't plead for justice, but for mercy."

"He does not deserve mercy," said the emperor.

"Ah, no; he does not, indeed," the mother admitted, "but it would not be mercy, sire, if he deserved it."

"Well, then," said Napoleon quietly, "I will have mercy."

Return of the Moose.

The first moose bought by the state of New York to restock the Adirondacks were liberated at Raquette Lake the middle of July, 1902. The herd consisted of two bulls and four cows. At that time moose had been extinct in the great north woods for forty years. Protected by prohibitory laws, it is believed that in due time these lordly animals again will flourish in their old-time haunts in the mountain wilderness as they did before law and a succession of unusually severe winters wiped them out from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the Hudson.

PECULIAR BELIEF IN JAPAN

Seems Strange to Our Western Ideas Though There is Much That is Pathetic About It.

Among the Buddhists in Japan it is believed that the souls of children go after death to Sul-no-ka-wara (the stony river-bed) and there they remain until they reach maturity under the care of Jizo-bosatsu, who is represented as a priest with a long cane in one hand and a ball in the other.

He is said to stand in the center of the kawara, where he preaches to the children as they pile up stones, one for the salvation of their father, one for the mother, the third for brothers, the fourth for sisters and the fifth for their own salvation.

When night comes on and the wind blows hard a gigantic evil spirit appears and with a huge iron rod knocks down the heaps of stones which the children have made, and they are so frightened that they run to Jizo and hide themselves in the big sleeves of his kimono, which have a miraculous way of increasing in size according to the number of children who seek refuge. Then the evil spirit disappears and the children begin again the work of heaping up stones.

Passing through cemeteries in Japan one sees tombs that have the image of Jizo carved upon them, as the parents take that way of gaining the special favor of Jizo for their children, and one will see little piles of stones built up by the parents and brothers and sisters of the children with the hope of helping in the tedious work of the little ones in the kawara.—Christian Advocate.

Chicken Race War.

"A sectional issue has arisen in our town," said the cotnamer. "Before it is settled I am afraid the civil war will be fought all over again. Anyhow, our southern friends are sure to indulge in some fire-eating language. A resident of our village, who undertook to raise chickens, received a crate of fowls from a South Carolina farm. When the neighbors learned where the chickens came from they raised a row."

"If you must get chickens," they said, "get northern chickens. They don't crow nearly so much as southern chickens. There is something in the climate down there that makes a chicken crow four times as often as a chicken brought up in any other part of the country."

"That peculiarity of southern chickens was news to the amateur poultry man. He noticed, however, that his chickens really did crow more persistently and more vigorously than any other chickens he ever had known, and when an experienced poulterer assured him that they always would, because southern chickens always do, he sold them and bought New Jersey chickens instead. Now he is in hot water with the southern families in our town, and heaven only knows how the squabble will terminate."—New York Times.

Rented Wedding Cake.

There was something wrong with the cake, the baker said; it looked all right and it smelled all right, but his artistic sense told him it would not taste all right.

"Then fix it up with an extra coat of icing, and we will keep it for a renter," said the proprietor.

"Who in the world would rent a cake?" someone asked.

"Wedding parties," said he. "They want a big cake in the center of the table for show, but a cake of that size good enough for a wedding would cost more than they can afford to pay, so they order fine cake put up in individual boxes for the guests, and use the bride's cake just as an ornament. They don't buy it, they rent it. Some times a cake is rented a dozen different times. After each wedding it is freshened up with a new coat of icing, and looks as good as new for the next occasion. A good renter fetches about \$3 a wedding."

Being Convicted.

It is said that Andrew Carnegie's use of simple spelling has "irritated" some people on the other side of the water, who have read his published speeches on certain subjects. "The effect on the reader," says one man, "is irritating, rather than convincing."

An American, commenting on this comment, says that if a person cannot be convinced by reason and sense, irritation is the next best thing. Now, whether or not one believes that irritation ever is or was or could be a wise method of procedure in causes good or bad, it is a notable fact that irritation often seems immediately to precede conviction. For example, take woman suffrage. I know of a dozen cases in which violent dislike of the idea turned almost without warning into approval of it. Will the irritation simple spelling causes in the breast of many of us fade into acceptance of it?

Sure-Death Fly Poison.

I read somewhere recently that for maldahyde and water constitute a good fly poison, and hasten to add my testimony to the many volumes already written on this important subject. The scheme will work, under proper conditions.

Purchase 5 cents worth (or more, if you have many flies) of formaldehyde at any drug store, and put two or three drops in a saucer of water. Then—and this is extremely important—catch a fly and hold him by the left hind leg with his head immersed in the mixture for three-quarters of an hour. When removed he will be quite dead. Repeat the operation until all the flies have disappeared.—Exchange.

AZTEC BALL PLAYERS

HAD GAME REQUIRING HIGH DEGREE OF SKILL.

Stars of the First Magnitude in the Big League Today Would Have Found Nothing Easy About Those Contests.

No, the first game of ball ever played on the American continent did not take place the first time the home team walloped the visiting "ginks" way back in the last century. That game seems to have been played several centuries ago.

It was an Aztec game and it was played somewhere out on the mesas of Mexico, long before the Spaniards arrived in their search for gold.

The sort of ball that the Aztecs played was very popular with the public, just as the big league draws attention today. They had no "regular league balls" at \$1.25 each, but used one of rubber or elastic resin, and in another sort of contest used those made of gold.

The ancient Aztec game was called totolouque and was played in a court known as a tlacoh, not so large as the present day diamond. The players were clothed only in a maxtlatl or girdle around the loins.

There were pitchers, but not catchers, and the fielders were few. When pitched the ball was struck by an upward movement of the thigh or elbow, according to how it was aimed, whether high or low. After being struck the sphere, in order to count, had to pass through a hole in one of several stone disks hanging just in front of the wall of the court. The feat of bunting that ball with the thigh and sending it through one of those holes required a great deal of skill, as might be imagined. Agility was one of the prime requisites of an Aztec ball player. Any player coaching the ball with the hand lost a point.

The emoluments of the game were quite as interesting from a pecuniary standpoint as they are today. Things of great value were usually given to the winners. And not only the prize. The victors were often presented with jewels, fine cotton stuffs, leather work or plumes of great value.

The game with the gold balls was a favorite of Montezuma. It is said that when Cortez staged his little historical skit known as the Conquest of Mexico and took Montezuma prisoner the royal captive spent a great deal of his time in duance playing the game with gold balls. He often challenged the Spanish general to a contest.

These yellow "pills" were thrown at targets of the same precious metal. History shows that Montezuma had the makings of a pitcher who might have been in fast company had he delayed the date of his birth a few centuries. He could lean them against the home plate with unerring regularity. The Spaniards never could learn to play ball any way, and Cortez was not one two three with the first great American pitcher, so he lost frequently.

The Aztec emperor usually insisted upon having high stakes placed on the game and won precious stones, ingots of gold and other more or less desirable property, which he promptly distributed to his attendants with the wonted generosity of his emperorship. Cortez probably played a clever game on "Old Monte" for he was the captor, you know. He probably relieved those same attendants of their evidences of Montezuma's liberality as fast as the old fellow loaded them up, and thus kept up a clever triple monetary play, Montezuma to triants to Cortez.—New York Sun.

Alligator Hunting Free for All.

Since the publication in this paper a few weeks ago of a paragraph about the profits to be made in alligator farming, many letters have been received asking for further information. It will interest these correspondents to know that alligator hunting is now free for all on the Magdalena river in Colombia and that there is one firm in Newark, N. J., which has a virtual monopoly of the alligator skin trade of the world, buying as it does from 80 to 90 per cent of the production. In the Magdalena river are three species of alligators, only one of which, the common porro, is of any value.

Change of Diet.

Senator Pearson was congratulated at Atlantic City on his aspect of sun-burnt and vigorous health.

"It is the change," he said, "the change from the baking heat of Washington. There's nothing like a change, you know. There was wisdom in the doctor's remark:

"You should eat for breakfast every morning," said the doctor, "an orange and two poached eggs."

"But, doctor," said the patient, "I do!"

"Then," said the doctor quickly, "don't!"

Somewhat Like Eva.

Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes, at a dinner in New York, was describing a particularly intelligent little "country" weaver.

"In a soft and wistful August twilight," she said, "this little girl and I stood watching the milking. The little girl was complaining about her shabby clothes—the gift of some charitable organization. 'Eva,' she grumbled, quietly, as she looked down at her old-fashioned and ill-fitting dress—'Eve had nothing but leaves to wear; and I have nothing but leavings.'"