

LAND WILLED TO GOD.

Philadelphia Couple Leave Property for Peculiar Purpose.

In La Porte, Pa., has been discovered a deed that conveys four acres of land to God. The instrument was made by Peter E. Armstrong and wife, once rich residents of Sullivan County, Pa., and is dated Aug. 1, 1881. The couple, so far as is known, were not members of a religious sect, but gave the portion of their property as the deed says, "that his saints may be fully separated from the world and gather together and enjoy that light and liberty which they did in the once faithful days of their thocracy."

WENT IN WRONG DIRECTION.

Young Man's Meddling With Auto Might Have Proved Disastrous.

A young man in Springfield, Mass., recently learned a lesson on the wisdom of leaving an automobile alone when knowing nothing about it, and by good luck an accident was averted which might have been checked up to the dangers of motoring. An automobile with two occupants stopped at a market at the brow of a hill, and while one of the young men entered the store, the other, who was plainly a novice in handling a machine, began to work at the various levers to see if he could start it. He succeeded, but instead of going forward the car proceeded to go backward, and before the meddling one realized it the car had gathered considerable momentum down hill. Not knowing how to work the brakes, and afraid to try any of the other levers, he cried for help. Three or four men in the road saw his plight, and by their efforts managed to stop the car just as the driver emerged from the store. When he discovered the missing car he delivered a sharp lecture to his companion who tried to learn what happened. The wheels go round and, jumping in, drove rapidly away.

SENT IT TO THE BAR.

Orchestra Leader Misread Request for Schubert's Serenade.

While dining at one of the hotels recently a Washington girl said to her escort, "I wish that orchestra would play Schubert's 'Serenade.'" "All we've got to do is to have the waiter tell the orchestra leader," said the man. "But you'd better write it. The waiter will be sure to get the message wrong if you don't." So on the back of an envelope the young woman wrote, in a beautiful angular hand, her request for Schubert's "Serenade," and told the waiter to take it to the leader. The waiter was gone a long time, but at last he appeared with a foaming beaker. "It took some time," he said apologetically. "I understood you to tell me the message was for the orchestra leader, so I took it to him. He read what you wrote and then laughed and told me to carry the order to the bar, for that was the place to get a seltzer lemonade." And angular writing had scored another triumph.

A Lover of Mankind.

A good man is friendly to his fellow creatures and a lover of mankind; and so will, upon every occasion, and often without any, say all the good he can of everybody, but so far as he is a good man, will never be disposed to speak evil of any, unless there be some other reason for it besides barely that it is true. If he be charged with having given an ill character he will scarce think it a sufficient justification of himself to say that it was a true one, unless he can also give some further account how he came to do so; a just indignation against particular instances of villainy, where they are great and scandalous, or to prevent an innocent man from being deceived and betrayed, when he has great trust and confidence in one who does not deserve it.—Joseph Butler.

Book Mites.

If books or papers are kept too long in a closed, dark bookcase, they will have book mites in them. When this is noticed the books should be taken out, laid in the sun and cleaned. Wash the shelves and saturate every corner with oil of cedar, which will drive them away. It is necessary to get rid of these mites, for often they get into furniture and have destroyed many valuable pictures. Put a teaspoonful of the oil in a basin of water, wring a cloth out of it and wipe the backs and edges of the books. Be careful to look through the binding at the back of the books, for this is where they are mostly found.

Cocconut Milk for Burns.

"The milk of a fresh cocconut is the finest remedy on earth for burns," said Antonio Gilardi of New Orleans. "Several years ago I happened to be in Central America shipping fruit to the United States. While there I first learned that the cocconut milk was the very best medicine in case of bad burns. In a severe case where the flesh is so badly burned that it sloughs away from the bone the cocconut milk will relieve the pain and stops the inflammation. I knew many people in Central America who had used the milk for burns and pronounced it excellent."

Shape of the Earth.

Children used to be taught to say: "The earth is round like a ball." This is along the line of the old theory of the earth's shape. Prof. A. E. H. Love of the Royal Society proposes the following definition which he regards as approximately correct: "The earth's surface is a spheroid with three unequal axes, having its surface deformed according to the formula for a certain degree, and displaced as a whole in a certain direction toward the south-east."—*Enquirer*.

Well Qualified.

"So you want the position of advance agent for our circuit?" Interrogated the manager. "Well, we need a man who can stir up some life everywhere he goes." "That's no, boss," answered the applicant. "Had any experience in stirring up life?" "You bet," I used to drive a street sweeper and stirred up millions of germ every day."

KILAUEA WORTH A VISIT.

Hawaii's Show Volcano Is One of the World's Wonders.

Kilauea, the spur of the great Mauna Loa, is a well-behaved volcano, as it can be visited with perfect safety, even if in eruption—as it is from time to time—when exhibitions of activity are given that are worth traveling thousands of miles to witness. This volcano is on the island of Hawaii, and the shortest possible trip that can be made to it from Honolulu covers four days. This allows only half a day at the volcano, which is much too short a time to study the workings of what is considered one of the world's wonders. A week at least should be given to the trip. The sea voyage is always more or less rough, but the boats, although small, are comfortable. From Hilo, where the water trip ends, there is a railroad of about 14 miles through the big Otua sugar plantation. This is followed by a stage run of 11 miles over a road leading through a perfect fairyland of tropical foliage, the highway being lined on either side with roses, magnolias and ferns, which last grow to the size of trees without losing any of their delicate beauty. Returning by the other route, there is a stage drive of 35 miles over lava roads and across the great flow which ran into the sea from Mauna Loa several years ago.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

TREES THAT LIVE CENTURIES.

One at Least Is Known to be Over 700 Years Old.

Brazilian cocconut palms live from 600 to 700 years, and the Arabs assert that the date palm frequently reaches the age of 200 to 300 years. Wallia's oak, near Paisley, Scotland, is known to be over 700 years old, and there are eight olive trees on the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem which are known to have been flourishing in 1039. The yews at Fountains Abbey, Yorkshire, were old trees when in 1132 the abbey was built, and a redwood in Mariposa Grove, Cal., is a manifold centenarian. Roabab trees of Africa have been reported to be over 5,000 years old, and the deciduous cypress at Naxos is considered to be of a still greater age. Humboldt said that the dracena draco at Orotava, on Teneriffe, was one of the oldest inhabitants of the earth.

Hugo Wrote for All.

I wrote for all; with a profound love for my country, but without preoccupying myself more for France than for any other people. Little by little, as I advanced in life, I grew simpler and became more and more the patriot of humanity. Besides, this is the tendency of our epoch, the law of development of the French revolution, and in order to correspond to the perpetual extension of civilization, books must cease to be exclusively French, Italian, German, Spanish, English, to become European, and, still more, human. Hence a new logic of art and certain necessities of composition which modify everything, even the conditions—so narrow in the past—of taste and language, which must now, like everything else, be broadened.—From "Victor Hugo on 'Les Miserables'" in the Century.

Dense Population.

Of the world's greatest cities Paris has the greatest number of inhabitants to the acre. For its 2,731,000 inhabitants an area of only 19,275 acres is available, so that each acre has 142 inhabitants. Berlin is almost as thickly populated, inasmuch as its city ground (now almost entirely built up) comprises only 15,568 acres, and in this space 2,034,000 people live, or 131 to each acre. The conditions are considerably better in London, where 4,536,000 people live in an area of 75,370 acres, or 60 to the acre.

Tact in Introductions.

In the desire to help in starting a conversation, when presenting people to each other, don't overdo the matter. Leave them as soon as possible. Let them choose their own topic and make their own discoveries. Each will find the other vastly more interesting under these circumstances. Especially, when introducing anybody of whom you happen to have a high opinion, don't preface the presentation with laudatory remarks. They will invariably silence the most willing talker.

Husband's Beautiful Tribute.

"Oh, Phoebe, I want thee much," wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne to his wife some years after their wedding day. "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me. I am only myself when thou art with me. Thou art an unspeakably beloved woman." And, when writing to her sister, he paid this beautiful tribute to his beloved helpmate: "She is a flower that was lent from Heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul."

The Glow of Glory.

We are all impregnated by a desire of praise, and the best men are the most especially attracted by glory. Those very philosophers, even in the books which they write about despising glory, put their own names on the title-page. In the very act of recording their contempt for renown and notoriety, they desire to have their own names known and talked of.—*Cleora*.

Force of Suggestion.

"I wonder what it is that gives this room such a cold look?" "I guess it's the freeze on the walls."—*Haltmore American*.

BEEES MARK MAN'S COMING.

Wild Ones All Descended from Those Once Domesticated.

All the honey bees in this country having originally been imported from Europe or Asia, there is no racial difference between the wild ones and the domesticated; those that live in trees are simply the descendants of those that from time to time have taken "French leave" from their owners' hives and reverted to a state of nature. The vast bulk of the wild bees are of the German or black race, while the standard domesticated bee is the Italian; but that, however, is only because the Germans were the first to be introduced here. Just when the Germans came is in doubt, but it was some time in the seventeenth century; certainly it was not until near the close of the eighteenth century that any bees were found west of the Mississippi. The Indians used to say they could mark the advance of the white man by the appearance of bees in the woods. The Italian bees were first imported in 1850. Better tempered and more industrious than the Germans, they have become popular with apiculturists; but as many still keep the German bee, and others have the hybrid formed by the crossing of the two races, while countless Italians now have taken to the woods, there is no sure way of distinguishing between the wild bee and the domesticated.—*Outing Magazine*.

PENALTIES OF GREAT PLACE.

Thrice Servants Those Who Have Risen to High Estate.

Men in great place are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is their desire to seek power, and to lose liberty, or to seek power over others and to lose power over theirself. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains, and it is sometimes base and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing in dignity and the regret is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. "Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere." (Since you are not what you were, there is no reason why you should wish to live.) Nay, retire—men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privacy even in the shadow of the old townmen, that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn.—From Lord Bacon's Essay, "Of Great Place."

The Style in Clocks.

"There are funny things about the clock business," said the salesman from Connecticut. "Nine-tenths of the clocks that I sold on my last trip were eight-day clocks. Everybody seems to have serious objections nowadays to winding clocks. If I could provide customers with 30-day clocks or 60-day clocks, without too much additional cost, they would prefer them. The demand for long distance timepieces represents a decided change in taste. A year or so ago everybody was clamoring for 24-hour clocks, on the ground that they kept better time. Now, if I could put on the market some of those one-year and five-year clocks that venturesome manufacturers turn out now and then as curiosities they would prove ready sellers."

Easy Entertaining.

One woman who does her own work and yet likes to entertain a good deal has brought order out of chaos and made the work lighter for herself by limiting her dinner to three hot dishes. She serves first food, cantaloupes, grape fruit or oysters, according to the season; then meat, potatoes and one vegetable. Salad and dessert are prepared beforehand, and so is the coffee. She serves all but the three hot dishes—which, of course must be brought from the kitchen—from a small serving table at her side, which has two shelves beneath it and an outstanding bracket shelf for the clean and used dishes. The coffee, in a French coffee pot, stands on one of the brackets of the serving table and boils merrily until required.

Mistakes We Make.

Moths do not eat furs or cloths. They lay their eggs in these rich stuffs, and it is the worm from the eggs that do the eating. There are no shooting stars. Stars are immense bodies, many times larger than the earth. The so-called shooting stars that glide so splendidly across the nocturnal sky are meteors—fragments weighing as a rule, but a few pounds. Sunstroke is really heat apoplexy. It is the moisture in the air, rather than the actual rays of the sun, that causes sunstroke. In dry climates, such as Cairo's, with a summer temperature of 122 degrees in the shade, sunstroke is much rarer than with us.

Modern Turpentine Gathering.

Twenty million turpentine cups are used in the pine forests of the south to catch the flow of resin from the trees, and 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 are added each year. These simple-looking cups, which are not unlike flower-pots in size and shape, indicate a rapid and highly important change in the American method of gathering turpentine, due to the need of economy in using all forest products and to the application of science in an old-fashioned industry.

AN AGED BRITISH TREE.

Cowthorpe Oak, Reputed 500 Years Old, Flourishing in Yorkshire.

One of the oldest of British trees is the Cowthorpe oak, which has been standing near Wetherby in Yorkshire for 500 years, according to voracious chroniclers. It is a tree that has been described often and has figured in works of fiction. It is related of this tree that on occasion as many as forty persons have been gathered within the hollow of its trunk, although it must be confessed that some of these were children. The most recent measurement showed that its girth of trunk at the ground was 54 feet 3 inches and the cavity was 11 feet by 9 feet. The tree is not now so very tall, reaching only 37 feet into the air. There are twenty-five props about the tree to support the falling branches. The cavity has been noticeable only since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Many of the earlier measurements show that the tree once was much greater in girth than now. Aged as it is the tree bore acorns in 1801 and 1805 and always produces a fair amount of foliage. In 1893 an acorn borne by the Cowthorpe oak was planted near by and a tree is growing up slowly as a memorial to the parent.

DINA MOE AND DINA MITE.

Second Answer Gave Young Lover Cause to Hope.

Mr. Cracker, a young colored gentleman of our city, had just obtained employment in one of our department stores as an experienced porter but after a short time proved to be unfit for the position. Being fired, he therefore gained the nickname of Fire Cracker. Fire Cracker was deeply in love with a young woman of his own race of the name of Miss Moe, and after a short acquaintance found that her surname was Dina. He went to Dina Moe and said: "Dina Moe, does you lub me?" She quickly replied, "No." "Not being disheartened and at the same time not wanting to be laughed at, he learned at school—if at first you don't succeed, try, try again"—he went to Dina Moe again and said: "Dina Moe, could you learn to lub me?" Dina this time rolled the white of her eyes and looking Fire Cracker in the face, answered: "Dina—Mite"—Judge's Library.

A Woman's Oath.

"Do I believe a woman under oath?" commented a judge whose name has figured prominently in many big cases. "Well, and there was a twinkle in the judicial eye. 'I'll tell you what I know about women in that connection and perhaps you can figure it out for yourself. If a woman takes a lawyer or any one who happens to be related to him, she will swear to anything that she thinks will help him win his case. Not purposely, certainly, but that's the peculiar kink in a woman's mind. Whatever she wants to believe, she does believe, and honestly believes it to be true, and the same is good of the opposite proposition. If she dislikes a man, nothing she can say will be too bad for him, if she likes him she can't say anything good enough. Now, do you still want an answer to that question?"—*San Francisco Call*.

Clean Chopsticks, Sure.

"Seeing these quill toothpicks done up in paper envelopes in the hotels here," said the man from the Far East, "reminds me of the Japanese eating places. In the bigger hotels or restaurants they hand you the chopsticks done up in a sealed envelope. This is with the idea of convincing you that they never have been used before, which is not always so. In the cheaper restaurants they have a much better plan for setting your mind at rest. They give you a piece of wood as broad as two chopsticks, split to within an inch of the end. When you take this piece of wood you split it the rest of the way and there you have the two sticks. You can be sure then that no other person has used them."

The Police Population.

Today a uniformed, organized and disciplined police force for a systematic patrol of the streets exists not only in all large cities of the world, but also in every considerable town in Europe and America. The London force of 14,000 constitutes by far the largest body, while other large cities follow in the order of their population.—New York, 10,000; Paris, 7,200; Berlin, 4,200; Vienna, 3,400. These are not only the largest in total number of men, but in each case they represent the largest number of policemen in proportion to population, as compared with other towns in the same country.

Reconciled.

It was a small and select company of diners out. One of the pretty young women had just ordered broiled lobster. "Gee!" spoke up the only man in the group who hadn't said a word hitherto: "for the first time in my life I'm glad everybody calls me a lobster!" "Uncertain what to do in this emergency, the company hesitated a moment and then applauded, while the pretty young woman hastily decided that her proper course of action would be to smile and blush becomingly."

WORK HARD AND DON'T WORRY.

Rules for Living to be 100 Given by Mrs. Brown, Who is 105.

Worcester, Mass.—Mrs. Johanna Harper Brown, who celebrated her 105th birthday recently, delivered a short lecture on the value of hard work for prolonging one's days. The boys and girls have too easy a time, Mrs. Brown thinks, and depend too much upon their elders to clothe and feed them. Plenty of hard work is good medicine, according to Mrs. Brown, and she adds that if she had not worked hard all her life she would have been dead long ago. She thinks it better for a woman to work hard than to waste her energy carrying a puddle dog. "A great fault of most women to-day is that they worry too much," said Mrs. Brown. "Worrying isn't going to help them at all and I always made a practice not to worry and fret. Just take things as they come, and take it easy. When women do that they will live to be as old as I am." Mrs. Brown is also certain that the same rule applied to man will lengthen his days. Mrs. Brown was born in Montreal and came to Massachusetts 44 years ago, making the trip overlaid by wagon and on horseback. She was of a family of six children and the mother of eight. Her hearing is perfect, she reads newspapers without glasses and daily climbs a flight of stairs unaided to visit neighbors in the house on Lake street, where she lives with her daughter. She believes in the old order of meals, breakfast at 7, lunch at noon and supper at 6. At the birthday celebration there were 90 descendants of Mrs. Brown present and five generations were represented.

A CANINE MOTOR FIEND.

Pittsburg Dog Comes Aboard Any Auto That Jumps Along.

Pittsburg—This city has a canine automobile enthusiast. He is a black bull terrier, now quite old, who attached himself to the fortunes of Dr. M. W. Everson in puppyhood. The dog, whose name is Jack, frequently accompanied Dr. Everson on automobile excursions, and was unmitigatedly grieved when the physician several years ago dispensed with his motor car. He alleviated his sorrow by romping alongside of passing automobiles and eventually had the nerve to jump into one. The driver did not resent the intrusion and from that time Jack has spent his days repeating the trick. He has become quite a favorite with automobilists. Jack does not like a noisy car, and when riding in one will make a quick shift if a quieter vehicle happens along. He has no use for a wind shield either, preferring to stand with his front feet on the dashboard, feeding on wind with evident relish when he is not larking. His bark is pretty constant, however, and the driver who has him as a passenger is not obliged to too too his horn to any extent.

\$375 HIDDEN IN BASEMENT.

Honest Jap Servant Rewarded by Indiana Man's Estate.

New Albany, Ind.—Nearly \$1,000 in gold, silver and coin-bags was found several days ago in the basement of the house at Los Angeles, Cal., built by the late Merrill A. Weir, a native of Salem, Ind., and for many years cashier of the New Albany National bank in this city, who died two years ago, his wife dying a few months later. The money was found by a Japanese, George Mokokowa, who had been employed to clean up the premises by a tenant. The latter gave the money, amounting to \$375, to the administrator of Mrs. Weir's estate. The administrator of Mr. Weir's estate was also notified, and by agreement \$100 was given to the honest Jap and the remainder was turned into the joint estate.

It was common talk in the neighborhood of the Weir home that money was hidden about the premises, and the occupants of the house were frequently bothered by persons asking permission to dig in the garden. Mr. Weir lost considerable money in the banking business at San Diego, Cal., during the panic days about 14 years ago. Neither he nor his wife left a will and the estate, valued at \$25,000, is now in litigation, heirs to both claiming an interest.

Stomach Acts as a Buffer.

Wooner, Pa.—John Swallen, 50 years old, a man weighing fully 225 pounds, probably owes his life to the fact that he has a large stomach. While Swallen was making repairs on an iron bridge over the Pennsylvania lines' tracks a scaffold gave way, letting him drop 27 feet to the paved street below. Swallen landed on his stomach, which upheld him, and the fall was uninjured beyond spraining his wrist, although unconscious from the shock for several hours.

Britain, Too, Has War Airship.

Aldershot—At least one military secret has been well kept in England. It is now learned for the first time that for the past two years the construction of a military airship has been in progress here, and it is probable that within the next month Aldershot will see the first of the British aerial fleet floating over the parade grounds. It is believed that the new airship will approximate the type of La Patrie, the French military balloon. It will be named for King Edward, who recently inspected it.