

MORE THAN SHE COULD BEAR

Heart of Gentle Old Maid Was Touched, and Billy Quarrel Immediately Came to an End.

Two old ladies who had been loving friends for many years had a violent quarrel, and it began to look as if the world would never heal. Neither one felt like taking the initiative, and indeed both were too sore to care to make up. Efforts of mutual friends were all in vain; representations to one that the other was suffering met only with the stubborn answer that she ought to suffer. They both insisted that they hoped the other would suffer more, and that she richly deserved it. Some thirteen months went by like this, and the one-time intimates saw each other only on state occasions, that is, at church each Sunday, where they sat side by side, too proud to change their pew because of what had happened. But they never pretended to notice that the other was there. On a recent Sabbath morning, however, Miss Sarah glanced around involuntarily at sound of a sneeze beside her, and despite her will kept her gaze fixed on Miss Malinda. Then an awful revelation broke in on her mind. Malinda had come to church without a handkerchief! Miss Sarah did not know what the sufferings of a person about to be electrocuted might be, but she knew all about being at church without a handkerchief. Malinda merited electrocution, in Miss Sarah's opinion, but no crime was heinous enough to merit such agony as this. A drop slowly gathered on Malinda's pinched nose, and finally fell off, giving place to another. Miss Sarah could not bear it. She took out her own handkerchief surreptitiously, glad it was a big one. Next moment there was a smothered sound of tearing cloth and Malinda felt something pressed into her right hand. It was a half of the handkerchief, and it went to Malinda's eyes before it touched her needy nose. Then two wrinkled old hands groped for each other, and through the sermon Miss Sarah and Miss Malinda sat and clung to the newly found friend who had been lost.

Luxury of Balloon Travel.

A Zeppelin airship leaves the earth with none of the balloon's soaring motion. It is just like a Pullman train, started without perceptible jar and kept in motion upon a perfect road bed, perfect track and perfect wheels. At luncheon time individual tables are placed in position, and luncheon is served much as it is in the ordinary buffet dining car in America. There is soup, an entree, a toast—all piping hot—vegetables, salad, cheese and coffee. More of a dinner than luncheon and all served as though the chef and waiters had the conveniences of a great hotel at their command. The principles of the frefless cooker have been brought into service in preparing the food, the exhaust from the engines being made to supply heat.

The comforts are all those of a very modern hotel. The cabin is kept at an unvarying comfortable temperature by means of pipes that carry the exhaust heat from the engines. There is more room for action than in an ordinary chair car. In the lavatories are hot and cold water. There is a library with the daily papers and the best of books. There is a lounge for those who are willing to sleep away the hours of flight.—World's Work.

Sand and Gravel.

One of the most important industries in the United States of which comparatively little is written is the production of sand and gravel. In 1911, according to a report by E. F. Rostand, just issued by the United States geological survey, the production of sand and gravel amounted to 48,848,969 short tons, valued at \$21,188,532. The production of sand of all kinds was 49,353,977 tons, valued at \$14,438,500, and that of gravel was 26,594,982 tons valued at \$4,750,083. The production of glass sand was valued at \$1,457,738, an increase over the figures of 1910; the sand used for building in 1911 was valued at \$7,719,286, a slight decrease as compared with 1910. This was accounted for by less activity in 1911 in the building trade, including that of concrete construction. The production of molding sand in 1911 was valued at \$2,132,469, a marked decrease as compared with 1910. The production of all other sands in 1911, such as sand for grinding and polishing, fire sand, engine sand and filtration sand, was valued at \$3,043,013, an increase of over a million dollars in value as compared with 1910.

Imagination. That imagination often lights the way to discoveries that would never be made by matter-of-fact plodding has proved true over and over again. Illustrations of this in the history of chemical science are as numerous as in other fields of discovery. In this connection the Journal of the American Medical Association calls to mind that oxygen was merely a principle to Lavoisier in 1777, and that when, a century later, it was produced in liquefied form "the metaphor had become a reality." When Harvey was writing of the blood he wondered whether there might not be motion, as it were, in a circle, the Journal says "he expressed in metaphorical language what only later became the fact of the circulation which was given visible demonstration by Malpighi," and adds "the fabric of progress is woven from the ultimate dreams to a greater extent than the practical man is wont to realize or is willing to admit."

NIAGARA'S MIGHTY STRENGTH

Hard to Estimate Power That Has Been Wasted Since Hennepin First Described the Falls.

In the autumn of 1678 a Franciscan friar, Hennepin, set out alone—the first solitary figure of the expedition, a gray priest—from the gray rock of Quebec, in a birch canoe, carrying with him the "furniture of a portable altar." Along the way up the St. Lawrence he stopped to minister to the habitants, too few and too poor to support a priest, saying mass, exhorting and baptizing. Early in November he arrived at the mission at Fort Frontenac, which he had two or three years before helped La Salle to establish in the wilds. Soon La Salle's lieutenants appeared, with most of the men, and while some were dispatched in canoes to Lake Michigan to gather the buffalo flocks against the coming of the ship whose keel had not yet been laid, the rest, (La Motte, Hennepin and sixteen men) embarked for the river by which the upper lakes empty into Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, that is, the Niagara. To this priest, Hennepin, we owe the first description and picture of Niagara, probably now more familiar to the world than any other natural feature of this continent. He has somewhat magnified the height of these falls, but they are impressive enough to acquit him of falsification and powerful enough to run virtually all the manufacturing plants in the United States; if they could be gathered within reach. As it is, less than four per cent. of the water that overflows from the four upper Great Lakes into the lower lake once known as Lake Frontenac and now as Ontario, is diverted for utilitarian purposes, and yet it supplies the American and the Canadian almost equally between the two shores over 300,000 horsepower. What the conversion of the strength of this Titan, for ages entirely wasted and for a century after Hennepin only a scenic wonder, means or may mean to industry in the future is intimated in some statistics furnished by a recent writer on the Great Lakes showing the relative cost per month of a certain unit of power in a number of representative American cities.—John Finley, in Scribner's.

Uses of Uranium.

There is considerable popular interest in uranium in the United States on account of its connection with radium. Very little uranium is mined in this country, except as it is incidentally taken out in mining carnolite for vanadium, according to the United States geological survey. In 1911 the uranium mined amounted to about twenty-one and two-tenths tons. A few hundred pounds of pitchblende was mined from the German mine, at Central City, Colo., but this material was not sold, as it was said to have been used in experimental work. The extraction of radium has been attempted in the United States by several persons and firms. Some of these have given up their efforts, but others are still at work. Uranium is employed principally for making yellow glass, for yellow glazes on pottery, and in a less degree as a chemical reagent. Yellow glass made with uranium oxide is known as "opaloescent." Direct light shining through it gives a yellow color and indirect light a greenish yellow. Some of the firms which have attempted to use uranium in the manufacture of steel have abandoned such experiments, the claim being made that it apparently imparts about the same properties as tungsten, and is very much more expensive.

Fiddle With a Brain.

The latest invention is a violin that plays itself. People who have heard it say that it possesses the delicacy of touch and sweetness of tone of a finished player, Pearson's Weekly states.

Really the mechanical violin consists of three instruments. The bow is a circular hoop of horsehair which travels around continually. Standing on end inside the hoop are three violins.

Along the neck of the instruments stretch a row of uncanny fingers that run up and down the strings just like real fingers. The violins stand back about an inch from the moving hoop of horsehair, against which they are pushed at the right moment when the note is struck.

The hardest tunes to play present no difficulties to this marvelous fiddle. It is not likely to replace the human player in the orchestra for some time, at least, as the cheapest kind costs \$2,000.

Like most machines, however, it lacks one thing; it cannot tune itself. When any of the notes get flat the strings have to be tightened by mere man in almost the same way as an ordinary violin.

Still There. Robert had just received a whipping from his mother, who afterward angrily burst in upon his father as he was quietly reading the evening paper.

"I don't know where that child got his vile temper from," she exclaimed, throwing down a book; "not from me, I'm sure."

Her husband looked sadly and responded: "No, my dear; you certainly haven't lost any of yours."—Harper's Bazar.

Too Swift. Billy—If you'd have me I'd marry you in a minute. Milly—In a minute? Why, the very idea! It takes at least three months to get a trousseau ready.

THEN HE UNDERSTOOD

REVELATION CAME SUDDENLY TO MAN OF WEALTH.

Plain Old Countrywoman Had Possessed Something Greater Than the Riches He Had Spent His Life in Gathering.

John Hull found the telegram at his office. As he read the words, the busy scene about him faded away, and he saw himself once more a little, ragged, frightened boy, who heard with terror the word "poorhouse" whispered by the neighbors. Then Aunt Rachel had come in. She had stood a moment looking at his mother's still face; then she had crossed the room and gathered the boy into her arms. "He isn't going to the poorhouse," she had said, quietly. "I am going to take care of him."

It was an odd "caretaking" in some ways. Aunt Rachel was an old maid, and knew nothing of a boy's heart. And yet—how good she had been—how good and patient! In the last ten years, although he had seen her only twice, there had been no word of reproach, only the same unchanging love and faith. A blur came over John Hull's eyes, and calling his secretary, he gave rapid orders. He was going to Aunt Rachel. He hoped she would know.

Nine hours later he was alone with Aunt Rachel. As he looked at the great peace of the small, worn face, a strange feeling swept across him. He never saw a look like that in Wall Street! This little, plain, old countrywoman had possessed something greater than riches!

Later, they brought him her papers and letters. They were very few, but among them were her account books, and John Hull realized that in those careful figures he was reading the story of her life. He was amazed to know how tiny her income had been. And of what she had had, a tenth had gone to her church, a fifth to her missionary society, and nearly all the rest for a boy who was not even related to her.

And he had thought her life pitifully poor and narrow! Now in his hour of vision he saw that his was the poor and barren life—with its careless and spasmodic giving, its absorption in "the game." He understood at last the generous and unselfish investment of this life and all its possessions. And suddenly there came to him the memory of a hot summer Sunday of his boyhood, and of the minister's voice as he read his text: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Could that be said of the uses he had made of his own life?

Alone in the April night John Hull faced himself.—Youth's Companion.

The Rostands Stood Treat.

All the stories now arriving from Cambo, where the family of Edmond Rostand is sojourning, have the character of the heroic legend. The family of Rostand, now more united than ever, was to attend a cinematograph performance at Cambo. At nine o'clock in the evening the hall had long been filled with people, but the show did not begin. The audience began to exhibit strong signs of impatience. The proprietor came to the front and announced that the Rostands having retained three places, the show could not decently begin before their arrival. The audience was of a quite different mind. It took the announcement in bad temper, and some moments later when the illustrious tardy ones came in, making a sensational entry, they were received with murmurs and with exclamations far from complimentary. Mme. Rostand frowned, but Maurice Rostand called the proprietor, and giving him a flat full of louis, said: "Fill the jaws of these fellows with champagne." This was done. The entire audience drank excellent champagne. The murmurs of disapprobation died away and the family received a warm ovation.—Le Cri de Paris.

Children's Deafness.

Dr. Helen Macmurchy of Toronto says that deafness is more frequent among school children than is usually supposed. She calls attention to the fact that in a perfectly quiet room the average normal hearing distance for a whisper is about 25 feet, and that a child that can hear a whisper at only five yards will not lose much education on account of this degree of impairment. Those who can hear a whisper only from three to five yards, she says, should sit on the front seats, and those who can hear a whisper from one to three yards need special help and should be placed in smaller classes, with a teacher who will take special, individual interest in such pupils. She advocates the teaching of lip reading to those who are yet more defective. There is no doubt that many children suffer from unrecognized slight deafness. Such children should not only be aided to hear, but to speak plainly.

Her Version. "I was talking with Harold last night and he says he has completely reformed since he has become engaged to you," said the elder lady as she reclined in a luxurious armchair. "Yes," replied the young debutante, "he says I snatched him out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, back to the 400."—Harper's Bazar.

TOO ELABORATE A SYSTEM

Mr. Spiegelhausen's Idea of Postal Cards, However, Worked Very Well for a Time.

Mr. Spiegelhausen found it hard to remember at home certain things he had thought of in business hours, and conversely matters that occurred to him at night would escape his mind before he reached the office next morning. After trying various unsuccessful methods of memory cultivation, he hit on the plan of writing postal cards to himself and addressing them to the other place from which ever he happened to be in at the moment. Thus the last mail would bring to the house one or more cards with such a memo. scrawled upon it: "Remind Mrs. S. to give my coat to cleaner," and vice versa the first mail downtown would remind him: "See J. T. W. in re. thousand lot umbrella canes."

For a time this served the purpose, but presently his precise and farseeing mind began to anticipate and work more and more in advance, so that on a Monday night he would mail a card from home saying: "Be sure to send card from office tomorrow to remind yourself of dinner engagement Tuesday." Then he got to jotting down appointments on postal cards a whole week ahead, sending other cards to warn himself when to drop them in the letter box, and finally his harassed brain refused to work any longer on such a strain.

One evening his wife asked him whether he had thought to attend to the season tickets for the opera, and he replied with a sheepish attempt at laughter: "I suppose that was on the pile of cards on my desk this morning. I saw the postman bring them but I forgot to turn them over and see what they said."

RECORD OF CRIMINAL LIVES

Book Which Would Be Condemned Today Read by Men and Women a Few Generations Ago.

One of the scarce books which has to be sold at an approaching auction, sale in this city bears this fascinating title: "The Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals, Who Have Been Condemned and Executed; for Murder, Highway, House-Breakers, Street Robberies, Coining or Other Offenses; from 1720 to the Present Time." The "present time" referred to in this title was only the year 1735, so that the whole period covered by these thrilling and numerous criminal lives was only 15 years. It must have been a great time for criminals, for between the covers of the book are the stories of Jack Sheppard, Kennedy the Pirate, Jonathan Wild, Mrs. Griffin, Edward Burnsworth, William Warwick and several other quite celebrated criminals. Cheer up! These were worse times than ours for criminality—and those were the days, too, when men and women were hanged for burglary, counterfeiting, sheep stealing, and even poaching and smuggling.

An odd thing about that time, too, was that hundreds of books were printed which contained full and harrowing details of murder and robbery, and that almost everybody, including clergymen and delicate ladies, read these books eagerly as fast as they came out. The oldest public libraries in New England contain, in the book collections which were spread before the youth of the community, many such criminal lives.—New York Mail.

Muscles and Brain.

Experiments conducted by Mosso of Turin indicate that physical education and gymnastics serve not only for the development of the muscles, but for that of the brain as well. It is becoming evident, that as much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise, and that children should begin reading and writing only after they are nine years old.

Muscular fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with intellectual fatigue. Nerve cells show a tendency to rest every ten seconds. It is probable that only part of the brain is active at a time; the various parts relieve one another. The more mobile any animal's extremities are, the more intelligent, other things being equal, it is.—Harper's Weekly.

Tea Was Not Popular in 1753.

A description of a model country rector's household in an issue of the London World for 1753 shows that tea-drinking was then far from general: "His only article of luxury is tea, but the doctor says he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they seldom offer it but to the best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth."

A few years prior to this the Female Spectator declared that the tea table "costs more to support than would maintain two children at nurse; it is the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery, and the source of idleness."

Blind Potatoes.

Everyone knows, of course, that potatoes have eyes, but it may be news that they are sometimes afflicted with blindness. A recent publication of an English agricultural authority makes the assertion that some potatoes are afflicted with blindness, and says the disease is so called on account of its completely destroying the eyes of tubers, making them worthless for seed.

NEEDED THAT OTHER ROOT

Patients of Dentists Will Appreciate Story of "Nerve" That Comes From Kansas City.

In Kansas City there dwells a man whose boast is that he has "the nerve," and at least one dental surgeon will support him in his claim. The man with "the nerve" suffered from the pangs of an aching molar and at last sought out his friend the dentist and announced that the tooth must come out. The man with the forceps made a hasty examination and suggested that a filling would relieve the agony, but to no avail. "That tooth must be pulled," said the "nerve man," "but I want to warn you right now, Doc, that you won't get it the first yank. I have had seven teeth drawn and no dentist lives who can pull one of my teeth the first trial."

The dentist prides himself with the numerous compliments paid him for dexterity in extraction and "the nerve" man's words were a challenge. "I'll get that tooth the very first time I pull it." "Bet you the drinks you don't," was the patient's retort. "Done," said the doctor. The professional man motioned his patron to the operating chair and selected the proper forceps. The cold steel clamped firmly on the tooth, and with a slightly rocking motion the dentist began to pull. The tooth held firm and it looked as if the dentist's reputation as an extractor must suffer. At last, just as little beads of sweat were forming on the operator's brow, he smiled and in another second the three-pronged cause of the trouble lay on the swinging bracket by the dental chair.

No word or sign had been given by the sufferer, who then raised from the chair, grasped the removed tooth in his fingers and gazed at its three roots in contemplation. There was a tone of real sadness in his voice as he regretfully said: "If that thing had only had another root, I'd have won the drinks."—Kansas City Journal.

WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Casey Unwilling to Take the Word of His Rival When It Would End Hostilities.

It had come to blows at last. After many threats and sundry fist-shakings not to mention odd brick-ends which were thrown, Casey and Riley determined to "have it out," so they adjourned to a neighboring field, followed by an enthusiastic, admiring crowd. Before they commenced their display it was agreed mutually that whoever wanted to quit should say "Enough," and with that they started. After a few minutes Casey got Riley down, and was hammering him unmercifully, when Riley shrieked out several times, "Enough!"

As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him get up? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?" "I do," said Casey, "but he's saying you can't believe him."—London Tit-Bits.

Worried High Official.

Custody of the great seal is one of the most important duties undertaken by the British lord chancellor in return for his \$50,000 a year. This responsibility gave Lord Brougham an unhappy time during his tenure of the chancellorship. When staying with the duke of Bedford, in Scotland, some of the women in the house amused themselves by abstracting the seal from Brougham's room. The chancellor was so frantic when he discovered the loss that his tormentors promised to restore it on conditions. So they blindfolded him, hid the seal in the drawing room, and told him to find it, guiding him in his search by a tune on the piano, which grew louder when he drew near it and softer when he drew away. After an hour's scrambling the seal was found in a tea caddy.

Judicial Spelling.

A probate judge in western Kansas wrote to the judge of the juvenile court in Kansas City asking for information as to how the court should be conducted. He spelled it "juv-nil" first, then "juv-enil," and finally "juv-anile;" three tries, and a clean miss in all three. Charles Blakesley of Kansas City recalls that there was once a probate judge in his town who spelled it "probat jug" and a constable who used to spell his own title "cuncible." The celebrated Judge Noggle of Wisconsin, and a good judge he was, too, once told a prisoner at his bar that he, the court, knew the man to be a fraud as certainly as if he saw the letters F-R-O-A-D stamped on his forehead.—New York Mail.

Protection During Fog.

Two brothers named Hodgkinson have invented an apparatus which acting as "ears" for a ship will afford a protection now lacking in time of fog. Tests in the Mersey at Liverpool appear to substantiate the claims made for this invention, that it will definitely determine the direction of sounds. The invention consists of a drum nine feet long by five feet in diameter set up aloft so as to miss sounds on deck, but to receive other sound waves on a "receiver" divided into units for each direction. An electrical appliance connected with a lamp shows by a small light the direction whence the sound may be coming.

Distinction Without Difference.

Mayor Gaynor of New York said recently that, as long as rich men were permitted to drink in their clubs on Sunday, it was hard to stop the poor from drinking in saloons. "Too many of us," he said, "incline to see a difference between the rich drinker and the poor drinker." "One evening at ten o'clock or thereabouts two men were seen to lurch arm-in-arm through the iron lodge gates of a mansion. They zig-zagged up the curved driveway, fell, rolled down the sloping lawn and finally came to a stop in a bed of tall and gorgeous tulips.

"Who's that?" one passerby asked another. "That's Gobsa Golde and his chauffeur," the other answered. "What's the matter with them?" "Mr. Golde has been dining, and that blasted chauffeur has been drinking again."—Detroit Free Press.

Perplexed Parent.

"Did you ever try to be a kind husband and an indulgent parent?" asked the man whose hair is thin in front. "Why, air," replied the hearty individual, "that should require no effort." "No effort! Well I want to tell you that in my case it's a superhuman undertaking. My wife wants to smoke cigarettes, my daughter wants to marry a nobleman whose title has lapsed and my son wants me to buy him an aeroplane."

NOT QUITE THE SAME

WANDERER FOUND THAT GIRLS DIDN'T STAY GIRLS.

Lamentable Fact That Time Does Unkind Things to the Sweet High School Graduate Had to Be Admitted.

"I got an invitation the other day," said Abe Peters, "to attend the commencement exercises of the high school in the little old town where I used to live. It sort of brought back old memories. I recollect a commencement exercise that I attended in that town when I was in the going age. I should say about seven or eight or seventeen. There were several girls that were doing the graduating act, but there was one in particular that I thought was altogether the nicest thing in the way of girl that ever wore dress goods.

"She read an essay on the subject, 'Beyond are Alps Lies Italy.' She was really in dead earnest about it, too, having practiced on that essay for three weeks before the commencement night, and she had it down fine. Maybe she didn't write all of it. Maybe she didn't really compose much of it, but she had practiced on it till she believed it. She told that crowd how everybody had Alps to climb and how they could scale the snowy heights by effort and perseverance, and how, beyond lay the fruitful valleys of the Italy of success. Oh, she was a peach, all right. I felt at that time that without her life to me wouldn't be worth living. But somehow or other the dreams of my youth didn't come true.

"I wandered off west and she married a country doctor. I didn't see her for more than twenty years. Then I happened to be back at the old town and concluded I would look up the girl who climbed the Alps that night in the long ago. Well, I found her. She would weigh, I should say at a rough guess, in the neighborhood of 175 pounds and had a double chin. Her waist line was, I should say, more than forty inches. She was gray headed and a grandmother, and so short-winded that he couldn't have climbed an Alp that was over ten feet. We sat there and talked and lied to each other. I told her how young she looked and how she hadn't changed a bit and that I would have known her anywhere, and she, like a dear good soul, lied back to me and told me that I looked almost as young as I did that night of the commencement. Both of us knew that we were lying to each other, but it was the only thing to do.

"I met another of the girls who sat on the stage that night and read an essay on some subject or other. I don't remember just what it was. She had grown thin instead of fat. She was wrinkled and had lost a tooth or two, and had developed a hairy mole on her chin, and she seemed to me to cackle when she talked. I have always been kind of sorry that I went back and hunted up those girls."—Topeka Capital.

Japan's New Art.

While Japan has been forming her soldiers after the German model, her navy after English and American models, her inventors are following Edison, her bacteriologists are students at the Pasteur institute at Paris, and her painters have modified their art after French and Italian masters. In sculpture she has been ridiculously inefficient, but she is not blind to that fact. The other day the Japanese minister at Paris presented to the illustrious sculptor, Rodin, a young artist who in a carton carried photographs of his own work. These strongly resembled the sculptures of Rodin, who exclaimed that they were so well done that he himself would not be ashamed to sign them. Rodin then learned that many young artists in Japan were influenced by his work. This gave the sculptor so much pleasure that he promised to send a number of his drawings and sculptures to an exposition at Tokyo.