Two old ladies who had been loving friends for many years had a violent quarrel, and it began to look as if the wound 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; representstions 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 gase 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 Madinda'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 rigid 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 Barah 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 fireless cooker have been brought into ervice in preparing the food, the exhaust from the ingines 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. Burchard, just issued by the United States geological survey, the production of sand and gravel amounted to 66,846,959 short tons, valued at \$21, 158,583. The production of sand of all kinds was 40,253,977 tons, valued at \$14,438,500, and that of gravel was 26,592,982 tons valued at \$6,720,083 The production of glass sand was valued at \$1,457,733, an increase over the figures of 1910; the sand used for building in 1911 was valued at \$7, 718,286, 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 valmed at \$8,043,012, 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 liquified 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 The expressed in metaphoric language what only later became the fact of the circulation which was given visible demonstration by Malgiphi," and adds, fabric of progress is woven from itimate dreams to a greater extent Our the practical man is wont to l'enlize or is willing to admit."

#### MIAGARA'S MIGHTY STRENGTH

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

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 alter." 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 fleeces 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 800,000 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 carnotite 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 "opalescent." 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

Fiddle With a Brain.

very much more expensive.

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

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 vio-

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 pa-

"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". 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.

#### 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 reclied 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 ar 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 Barwick and several other quite celecriminals Cheer up! Those 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, in the opinion of this authority, 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, if 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 house wifery, 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.

## 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 jn 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 beenhow 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. I want to 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 fist 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 Desfness.

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 whise per from one to three yards need special help and should be placed in smaller classes, with a teacher who will speak slowly and distictly, and 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. The says I snatched him out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, back to the 400."-- Harper's

#### MISTAKE THAT IS GENERAL

Too Often Time Is Wasted Consider-Ind Difficulties Instead of Performing Allotted Task.

When a hard thing is to be done the. natural inclination of most of us is to allow ourselves to think on the effort necessary to do it, instead of going ahead and doing it.

And here we make one of the most common mistakes in our lives. When one is confronted by a severe task of duty which seems almost be-

yond one's powers, it is fatal to pause to consider its difficulties. Never mind how hard it may seem,

nothing can be tolerated in the mind

except the consideration of ways of accomplishing it. The secret of accomplishment lies in the answer of the urchin who was asked if he thought he would get the woodchuck for which he was anengetically digging: "Get him? Why, man, I've got to get him; the minister's coming to dinner and there ain't

no meat in the house!" It is a wise economy in daily life to train the mind to take the attitude of determination in the beginning; to be deaf to the self which insists upon dwelling upon difficulties, and at once to bring into action the self that is determined to succeed.

Most nersons have had the experience of looking back over an accomplished task with amused surprise at the exaggerated idea they entertained of it beforehand. Do the thing first and consider its difficulty afterward.

#### NEW IN THE TEXTBOOK LINE

italian Meant Well, But His Knowledge of American Schoolbooks Was Small.

One morning, just as a teacher up in Harlem was entering her school, she was met in the hall by an Italian leading his little daughter by the hand.

"She wan' go school," said he politely, indicating the little girl. He pushed the child forward. "She wan" go school," he repeated, with many bows. "She has book," pointing to the book under the girl's arm, "an' she wan' go school."

"I see," said the teacher. "You have brought her all prepared. Can she read?"

The only response from the father was a shake of his head and a reiterated. "She wan' go school."

Whereupon the teacher took the book and looked at it. It was old and worn, and neither a reader nor an arithmetic. It was a social directory of the year 1909.

Floral Death Legends.

"By the Mexicans marigolds are known as death-flowers, from an exeedingly appropriate legend that they sprang up on the ground stained by the life-blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold and cruelty of the early Spanish settlers. Among the Virginian tribes, too, red cloper was supposed to have sprung from and to be colored by the blood of the red man slain in battle with the white invaders. In a similar manner, the red poppies which followed the plowing of the field of Waterloo were said to have sprung from the blood of the killed and wounded in that famous battle. According to tradition, the Danish invasion is the cause of the Dane-weed, a coarse, asteraceous plant common in England, as it sprang from the blood of Danes slain in battle; and, if cut on a certain day in the year, it bleeds. The dwarf elder, for the same reason. is called Danewort and Dane's blood.' -Suburban Life.

What Alaskan Dogs Eat. Dogs in Alaska, when on the trail, are fed once a day, after the day's work is done. They are never fed in the morning, for if they were they would be lazy all day, or, what is more probable, would vomit up their breakfast soon after they got on the trail. Dogs, to work well, must be well fed, and it is false economy to underfeed a dog. They are fed on a variety of foods, including rice, tallow, corn meal and fish. If rice or corn meal forms a part of their food it must be cooked. Some men prefer to feed their dogs on bacon or fish, thus doing away with cooking. Cooked food is cheaper and more fattening than raw feed, but the question as to whether dogs can work better on cooked or uncooked food is one that will never be settled so long as there are "mushers" to argue the question.

Will the Films Stop War? The cinematograph as an institution has come to life since the last important war. It remains to be seen how a battle, or the awful fringes of a battle, will look upon the screen. For assuredly films will come into play. Soldiers have always saidand correspondents have in a measure agreed with them-that the truth of war cannot be told. How if the truth of war were now to be seen?

The late Colonel Stanley has photographs (daguerrectypes they would perhaps be called) of the dead and wounded taken after the Crimean engagements, but they were too horrible for exhibition. He showed them, long afterwards, to those who could hear it sometimes to those who could not-and they will never forget

"So you have won the American

heiress, after all," observed the friend. "Yes." fervently replied the foreign nobleman, "she is mine-a gold mine."

#### TEARS ALWAYS CLOSE

SEEMED STRANGE MINGLING OF HAPPINESS AND PAIN.

How the Tiniest Bridesmald and the Athletic Usher Came to an Understanding in Just 2 Minutes 21 Seconds.

He was the very largest and most athletic of the ushers, and she was the tiniest and most feminine of the bridesmaids. He was very tall, very self-assured and very strong. She was very slight, very shy and full of trembles. She had trembled all through the wedding, from the time the pink chiffoned maid of honor took the first step, at the organ's signal, and now she was trying bravely to keep back the tears.

She was not sorry Adele was married-it seemed a good match; she was not sorry she was to walk with with the biggest usher, for she-well, she always thought him very grand, and now that he was out of college, and a real doctor-

And yet she wanted to cry! That is like a woman, especially the kind who are very slight, very shy, and full of trembles.

The biggest usher had not trembled during the ceremony. He had occupied himself chiefly in wondering why in thunder people have church weddings in July, and calculating as to whether or not his collar would last until he got back to his room.

But when the ceremony was over and all the other bridesmaids had paired off and began pacing down the aisle, the tables were suddenly turned. As his arm felt the touch of the smallest bridesmaid's hand he suddenly realized that he was trembling.

As soon as the smallest bridesmaid felt this trembling her own stopped and she no longer felt like crying. She realized this dimly and wondered if it were not on the principle of homeopathy-"like cures like." But no-he was the other kind of a doctor. At least she had stopped trembling and she wondered vaguely and happily why it was.

It is so sometimes with women who are very slight, very shy and full of trembles

The master of ceremonies, who had been timing everything with his watch in hand, afterward stated that the procession from altar to door took just 2 minutes and 21 seconds. But the biggest usher and the smallest bridesmaid would have sworn it took an hour-so much happened during that period!

And yet, what took place during that 2 minutes and 21 seconds was so very insignificant when one tries to set it down. It consisted of a few breaths, some in the form of sighs and others subvocalized; a slight movement of a black coat sleeve against a sleeve of white mousseline de soie; an almost imperceptible movement of the muscles of two pairs of eyes; a few nerve quiverings-and that was all.

At the close of the 2 minutes and 21 seconds of Mendelssohned marching. when the tallest usher was helping the smallest bridesmaid into the carriage, he whispered one word to herand then, strangely, she wanted to cry again. She wondered vaguely and happily why it was.

It is so, sometimes, with women who are very slight, very shy and fullof trembles .- St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Library of Artemus Ward.

As we sat on the old-fashioned porch at Waterford, Me., and talked with "Uncle Daniel" Browne, a cousin of "Artemus Ward," he revealed many quaint glimpses of his own career as village justice of the peace. His daughter owns the library of "Artemus Ward." In his will it was awarded to the brightest girl in the old Waterford schoolhouse, which he attended, and the prize was won by an own cousin. Thereon hangs the love romance of his life. The blue-eyed girl died a few years after the remains of Charles F. Browne had been brought to the old Elm Vale cemetery in Waterford, and thus ended the earthly love of the cousins. Today in the quiet cemetery the gravestones stand in stern military array and carry dates reaching back for more than a century. Under the granite shaft, beside his brother and mother, sleeps "Artemus Ward" under a simnie sigh on which the inscription reads: "Charles F. Brown, known to the world as Artemus Ward."-"Along the Androscoggin," Maine Edi tion, National Magazine.

No Nose for News. The new reporter turned in his: story about the church bazar, his first assignment. It was the usual story, with the usual names of committee

women. He lingered around the city editor's desk as the hour for the paper to go to press drew near.

"Funny thing happened at that bazar tonight," he said casually, as conversation lagged.

"What was that?" asked the city editor. "Oh, nothing much-one of the booths caught fire and they put it

out with lemonade."" He never knew why he was fired .-

Soaking Sapleigh Again. Sapleigh-I shall never have the courage to propose to a girl, never. Miss Pert-Well, you will be saved one disappointment in life, anyway Mr. Sapleigh .-- Boston Evening Tran-

L'Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans Est Très Répandu en Louisiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. Sa Publicité Offre au Commerce des Avantages Exceptionnels. Prix de l'Abonnement: Edition Quotidienne, \$9.00 Par An. Edition Hebdomadaire, \$3.00 Par An.