

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

A Story that Proves that There is Such a Thing as True Friendship.

A double house was recently moved from Powell street, San Francisco, concerning which an old settler tells an interesting story. He says that two young men from a Canadian town who had been to school together, arrived in San Francisco early in the "fifties." Black went to the mines, and Gray remained in the city, and, with a small sum, fitted out a little store. He prospered, married, had children. Then came a big reverse. He found himself in a tight place, from which nothing but \$15,000 would extricate him. He went among his friends to raise the money, but they had none to give him. And then, as he turned a street corner sharply, he ran into Black's arms. He told him his trouble, and gave him all his history during the ten years that they had been separated.

"I have the money," said Black: "but \$15,000 just sizes my pile. I am tired of mining, and hoped to settle down here and get into some business, but you can have it, my dear fellow, and I'll take a whack at pick and rook again."

Gray took the money, and Black returned to the mountains. In the course of that year the merchant made a lucky turn and sent the miner his money with ample interest. Then they ceased to correspond, and the last the merchant heard of his friend was that he was about to marry and move into a new mining district.

Five years afterward the miner and his family returned to San Francisco. Black was dead broke. Everything had gone wrong with him. His mining speculations had failed, the mines he had discovered petered out, the men he had trusted deceived him, and he had about \$50 remaining of a once ample fortune. He hunted up his friend Gray, who was, of course, delighted to see him. "And I don't see anything for me to do, old man," said the despondent miner, "except to get a job shovelling sand, if you can help me to one."

"I have just moved into a handsome house on Powell street," said Gray, "and I want you to come and dine with me to-morrow evening. It is a double house, finished about a week ago."

The miner was on time, with his shabby dressed wife and little ones.

"You did well sticking to the town," he remarked to his old schoolfellow. "Here you are way up as a merchant, living in a fine house, all your own, and having a bank account as long as my arm, I suppose."

Before dinner they visited the adjoining house, which was furnished in precisely the same style as the merchant's dwelling. Then they sat down, chatted over old times until the lateness of the hour, warned the miner and his wife that it was time to return to their lodging house.

"All right, my boy," said Gray, "but just step next door; there is something I wish to show you which I neglected on our first visit." When they entered the hall Black halted. "Here," he said, "that looks like my trunk."

"Nonsense," said Gray, "come upstairs to this bedroom."

"Why," said the miner, looking at him, "confound you, you have moved all my traps up here from that lodging house."

"Aye, have I, my friend?" shouted the other, slapping him on the shoulder. "Where should a man keep his things but in his own house, and what part of the house better than his own bedroom?" Black was bewildered, and began to have doubts of his friend's sanity, but when his friend thrust a deed of this very house into his hand, and followed with a deed of co-partnership in his lifetime, he broke down and cried like a child.

"And now we are moving away this old house, sir, to another quarter," said the narrator of this remarkable tale of gratitude and friendship, "but I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for it." It was Black himself who told the story, now a most successful merchant.

Why She Was Sad.

"What are you so put out about, Mrs. Hoffman?" asked her female neighbor. "Oh, because I was so disappointed. I had just got my new bonnet and was all ready to go to the funeral, when my name wasn't called. I do so love to ride out to the cemetery and back."

Six Miles in Five Minutes.

A few years since the writer was a conductor on one of the principal trunk lines through Iowa. He was going east with a special, composed of an engine and one car, and had the division superintendent and the superintendent of bridges and buildings on board. The engineer had just been "set up," and he had never been over this division in his life. His engine was a 16 24 inch cylinder, with a 5 foot-8 inch wheel. One of his branch pipes was burst so he could not use his pump, and he was running her with his injector. We had nine minutes to make a run of seven miles on a time order against the Pacific express, and were passing a station very fast, when the engineer remarked: "My injector has stopped working, we cannot make it!" I was on the engine. We ran just over the east switch before we could stop. We had just barely stopped when he said: "It is working again; can we make it?" I looked at my watch; we had just seven minutes to go seven miles down hill all the way, and only one curve. "Yes," I replied, "if you let her go." He opened his throttle slowly. I knew that would not do. I did not want to stop and back up with the superintendent on board after starting. I grabbed the reverse lever and hooked her at six inches, and pulled her "wide open." I then took hold of the engineer's arm and told him not to shut her off till I told him to. Only railroad men can imagine how we went down that hill. We were both scared, and the engineer wanted to "ease" her off, but I knew that would not do. When we turned the curve, three miles from the station, we could see the express headlight, and he, supposing we were close to them, was going to shut her off. I would not allow him to touch the throttle until we reached the mile board, when I told him to shut her off and blow his whistle. There was a man at the switch, and we passed in just as our seven minutes were up. The superintendent said to me when I got off the engine: "How much time did you have to make here from the last station?" "Nine minutes," I answered. (The time we had when we passed the depot before the stop.) "How far is it?" "Seven miles," I replied. "You were just five minutes running that seven miles; I timed you, and if you ever run that way with me again I will discharge you." He had timed us from the dead stand till we whistled, which was a mile from the station and we had made the six miles in five minutes. It was my first and last experience on "short time" with a superintendent on board.

A Burmese Fairy Story.

Fairy tales are popular among the Burmese, and there is one which comes from over the border in Siam, which was told us by a Siamese. The exaggerations all hang together artistically, and are in the same key as it were: "There was once a king who heard that there was an enormous giant in a far country, and he declared that he should never rest until he had a hair of the giant's head. So he sent his fleet, and they sailed and they sailed and they sailed for weeks and weeks and weeks, and at last one day in the afternoon it became suddenly dark, and they stuck fast and could get neither forward nor backward. Now, the fact was that they got inside of a hole, in a sort of carrot, the smallest vegetable in the giant's kingdom. And behold, the next morning the giant's children went out to fish, and as they went they picked up two or three elephants on their way to salt, but they were only able to catch one of the very smallest fishes in the country—something equivalent to your minnow," said the narrator. And as they were going back they saw a carrot growing by the water's edge, and pulled it up to put it into the curry, and inside it was the whole fleet. After they got home the giant threw the fish and the carrot into the pot in order to boil them, when the fleet rose out of the root to the top of the water with all the men in it. "What are those curious insects?" said the giant peering down into the pot. Then came a good deal more which the narrator had forgotten. The man tried to speak to the giant and tell him what it was they wanted, but their voices were too weak, and he could not hear a word they said. At length he lifted them up to his ear in his hand and a whole boat's crew marched in at the hole, and went ever such a long way up inside, and then they all shouted together and told him they had come from their king to ask him for a hair of his

head. So at last he was able to hear what even then seemed to him only a whisper. Unlike his kind, the giant was apparently as good-natured as he was big—he gave the hair, lifted them back to the sea, where the hair, when put on board the fleet, nearly sank it, after which he puffed out his cheeks and gave a tremendous blow, which carried the fleet straight home hundreds of miles at one go."

Remarkable Trees.

In Madagascar is to be found a tree called the traveller's tree, yielding a copious supply of fresh water from its leaves. As it will thrive in any arid country where planted, its benefits to the traveller are great.

In Venezuela there is a cow tree, which grows on otherwise barren rocks. Its leaves are leathery and crisp, but by making incisions in the trunk peculiar greyish milk comes out, which is tolerably thick and of an agreeable balmy smell. The natives gather around these trees at sunrise and bring large bowls with them to receive the milk, for towards mid-day the heat of the sun turns the milk sour. The sight of a cow tree puzzles the innocent traveller, who cannot account for the trunk being plugged up all over with bungs and short sticks. The natives also use the milk as a gum.

The butter tree was first discovered by European travellers in the centre of Africa; from the kernel of the fruit is produced a nice butter, which, says Livingstone, "will keep a year." On a par with this is the mana tree, found in Calabria and Sicily. In August, when it is the custom to tap the tree, a sap flows out. It is then left to harden by evaporation, after which the mana, of a sweet but somewhat sticky taste to any but those accustomed to it, may be gathered. In Malabar there is the tallow tree. From the seeds of this, when boiled, is produced a firm tallow, which makes excellent candles. The guava tree of the Indies bears a fruit giving large quantities of a rich and delicious jelly.

But the most remarkable tree yet discovered flourishes on the island of Fierro, one of the largest of the canary group. The island is so dry that not even a rivulet is to be found, yet there is a species of tree the leaves of which are narrow and long and continue green throughout the year. There is also a constant cloud surrounding the tree, which is condensed and falling in drops keeps the cactus placed under them constantly full. In this manner the natives of Fierro obtain water, and as the supply is limited the population must of necessity be limited too.

In Japan and some islands in the Pacific there is the camphor tree. The camphor forms in the trunk of the tree in concrete lumps, and some places have been found as thick as a man's arm.

The sorrowful tree is found only in the island of Goa, near Bombay, and is so called because from morning until the time of sunset no flowers are to be seen, but soon after it is covered with them. As the sun rises the petals close and fall off. Stranger still, the flowers blossom at night all the year round and give out a most fragrant odor.

There is another curious tree in Jamaica known as the life tree, on account of its leaves growing even after severed from the plant. Only by fire can you entirely destroy it.

Taking Care of One of Them.

A Scotch farmer's son was one evening visiting his sweetheart, when a violent storm came on. He rose at once to take his leave, as he said he would require to see to the safety of his father's sheep. At this his lady-love, getting between him and the door, said: "I cannot let you out in so a night. They can look after the rest of your father's sheep while I take care of one of them."

The Union Shorthanders, Academy—Arts, Toronto—are making preparations to give School Teachers and Students special courses in Shorthand, Drawing, and Painting—During Summer Vacation;—we understand that their terms are very low, and Teachers first-class. All who wish to learn either of these arts, should not miss this opportunity. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Mr. J. G. Snyder.

A local wag defines nothing as being a bung hole without a barrel.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

In washing bedsteads use strong brine or hot alum water.

A little carbolic acid put in your glue or paste pot will keep the contents sweet for a long time.

Rub window sills with fine wood ashes and rinse with clean water to remove flower-pot stains.

Dr. E. Parry Brown declares that the excessive use of salt is one of the main factors in the destruction of human teeth.

Beat carpets on the wrong side first, then on the right side. Spots may then be removed with ammonia water or ox gall.

When drain pipes or other places get sour or impure they may be cleansed with lime water, carbolic acid or chloride of lime.

The inside of a coffee or teapot which has become discolored may be made bright as new by filling with soap-suds and boiling 45 minutes.

A Frenchman has found that by placing a few drops of glycerine and water into the corners of the eyes of dead persons their lifelike appearance is restored.

The Confectioners' Journal is authority for the statement that green cucumber peelings will effectually rid a house of roaches. The insects suck the poison therefrom and die.

Furniture may be washed with warm soap suds quickly, wiped dry, and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish rub with rotten-stone and sweet oil. Clean off and oil and polish with chambré skin.

It is proposed to supply the city of Chicago with water by means of shafts sunk to the limestone strata which underlies the city at no great depth, and outcrops in the bed of Lake Michigan about two miles from shore.

According to Edward Atkinson, 80,000,000 pounds of oil is now thrown into the rivers and wasted from the washing of wool. With the possibilities for the use of lanolin (as this oil is termed) the waste seems unpardonable.

The Learned Societies

Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It provokes no line of demarcation, securing alike the good-will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartiality, removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor.

It is said that thousands of tons of leather scraps are ground up and sold for fertilizer. Gentlemen who have been raised on the toes of a boot will readily see how efficacious leather must be as a fertilizer.

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