

## Floriculture.

### LEGEND OF WHITE NARCISSUS.

In lace and linen and silken slippers  
And sheen of satin they dressed the  
bride,  
With a gossamer veil, and a wreath of  
blossoms

To crown her beauty, the day she  
died.  
With rich perfumes of the rose and  
lily

They combed and plaited her locks  
of gold,  
And under the tree where once she  
trysted

They hid her down in the frozen  
mold.  
With sun and shadow and balmy  
breezes

Came the spring to her place of rest,  
And a slender blade like an emerald  
arose

Lifted the clouds above her breast,  
Crystal dew of the purple twilight,  
Silver rains of the morning cloud,  
Coaxed the stem from its leafy shelter

Drew the bud from its folded  
elbow.  
Pale and pure as a pearl of ocean  
It slipped the green of its dainty  
sheath.

Deep in its heart a hint of yellow  
From the braided tresses that lay  
beneath.

So it was born, the bride's fair  
daughter—  
The white narcissus that buds and  
blows.

Sweet and stately in silent places,  
Over the grave of the winter snows.

### ABOUT THE PRETTY CARNATION.

Do you know the meaning of the  
name of what many people consider  
the prettiest flower that grows? The  
word carnation means flesh color; not  
the pinkish yellow, commonly under-  
stood by that name, but the tints em-  
ployed by portrait painters in repre-  
senting faces. The carnations on a  
palette include all the reds and pinks  
and creams and whites, with their in-  
termediate tones, tending to red, yellow  
and white.

It will thus be seen how appropri-  
ate is the name, as applied to a group  
of flowers whose petals display all the  
reds, pinks, yellows and whites, as  
they are seen in the human face. We  
may have pinkish white, and whitish  
red, cream white and yellow white,  
whitish yellow and pinkish yellow, all  
shown in the carnation family, and all  
veritable flesh tints.

The word carnation, as understood  
by florists, means a double pink, that  
is, a pink having an excessive num-  
ber of petals. The pink, in its natural  
state, has five petals, ten stamens and  
two pistils. Through rich culture the  
stamens have developed into petals.

By a similar process all the num-  
berless varieties of double roses that  
we have to-day were evolved from the  
wild rose, with five petals, and a  
great number of stamens. Many of  
our favorite flowers have reached  
their present stage largely through  
the agency of man.

The old botanists told us that a  
double flower is a monstrosity, and  
that a true naturalist prefers a blossom  
in its wild state. The new botan-  
ists are telling us something quite  
different. They say that all flowers  
are the result of development, and  
that man's agency must be taken into  
account, as well as any other factor.  
According to this view, double flowers  
and modern varieties have a rightful  
place in any system of natural history.

We all know what is meant by the  
color named pink; it is a red, light-  
ened with white. There are as many  
shades of pink as there are of red, and  
these range from one almost as dark  
as garnet to one almost white, with  
the faintest roseate tinge. Yet,  
when we think of the flower "pink,"  
we know that it is not necessarily  
pink in color; it may be a red pink,  
a yellow pink or a white pink.

Still, there is a reason for the color,  
pink, having the name of the flower,  
pink. The old-fashioned clove-pink,  
such as we used to see in our grand-  
mothers' gardens, have five petals.  
This species is taken as the type of  
the pink genus. All varieties of pink  
are placed under the head of Dianthus.  
This generic name for the pink fam-  
ily means, literally, "flower of Jove,"  
or "flower of the gods. From very  
early times the whole tribe has been  
admired for its beauty and fragrance.

### CURATIVE QUALITIES OF COMMON PLANTS.

It is not a generally accepted fact  
that nearly all the plants grown have  
some curative virtue, but such is the  
case. And if the average man would  
only appreciate this statement at its  
full value he would give the prefer-  
ence to the plants which are certain  
to cure ailments if treated properly,  
as it costs no more to raise a medi-  
cinal plant than one purely ornamental.  
Take, for instance, the beautiful sun-  
flower. If you get the leaves and  
stems and steep them in brandy, you  
have a tincture which has all the vir-  
tues of quinine. A small quantity  
will brace you up and give you a ra-  
cious appetite. A larger quantity  
will cure your neuralgia, or allay your  
fever, if you happen to be suffering  
from typhoid. The sweet-smelling  
verbena makes an infusion which is  
a fine cure for sore throat, and it  
will also prevent your hair falling off.  
Fennel, which we grow in kitchen  
gardens to flavor sauces, makes a

man strong, gives him courage, and  
adds a dozen years to his life.

Ferns have many curative quali-  
ties. If you are wanting in common  
sense the maidenhair fern will give it  
to you, and it has been known to  
make idiots into sensible men. Maid-  
enhair fern tea is a splendid cure for  
a cold. And the tincture makes one's  
hair grow luxuriantly.

You can easily grow a blackberry  
bush in your garden, and from its  
leaves and fruit many useful medi-  
cines can be made. If you eat the  
young shoots they will harden your  
gums. If you make a decoction of the  
leaves you have a cure for whooping  
cough. For an ordinary sore throat  
nothing is better than blackberry jam.

And if you boil the leaves in strong  
lye you get a liquid which will dye  
your hair a beautiful glossy black.

The cowslip can be very easily  
cultivated. It looks pretty, and it is  
very useful. If you cannot sleep,  
take some of the powdered root and  
it will send you into the soundest  
slumber. If you want to do some  
mountain climbing, and don't feel  
your nerves up to the mark, boil the  
roots in ale and take a few draughts  
of it. You can then stand on a  
mashhead without a tremor.

Camomile is worth cultivating for  
the sake of its pleasant and refresh-  
ing odor. But it is also a valuable  
medicinal remedy. No finer stimu-  
lant can be found for a languid stom-  
ach than camomile tea. If you make  
a tincture with spirits of wine it will  
cure your neuralgia, while an infusion  
is an excellent thing to give irritable  
and restless children.

Coltsfoot, with its pleasant smell, is  
a cure for asthma. You can make it  
into cigarettes or fill your pipe with  
it and it will give you instant relief.

The lovely lily of the valley has the  
curious power of strengthening the  
memory. It also strengthens the  
heart, and is a splendid thing to take  
before going on a long cycle ride.  
And if you make a snuff of the dried  
flowers it will cure the worst head-  
ache.

The fragrant marigold, much used  
on the continent for flavoring soups,  
is a splendid thing for consumption.  
It also raises one's spirits in a wonder-  
ful manner. If you have measles there  
is nothing to equal a decoction of  
marigolds, while the pain of a bee-  
sting can be removed by rubbing a  
fresh flower to the painful spot.

Lavender makes the hair grow, it  
cures sprains and stiff joints, and a  
little oil of lavender will cure giddi-  
ness and palpitation.

The primrose is useful as well as  
ornamental. If you make an infusion  
of primroses you have as good a cure  
as any doctor can give you for head-  
ache, hysteria or sleeplessness.

No garden should be without an  
apple tree. A poultice of rotten ap-  
ples will cure sore eyes. If you eat  
a few good apples every day you will  
be sure to escape the gout. And if  
you are inclined to have warts a raw  
apple rubbed on them will very quick-  
ly remove them.

### SHELLFISH

Make a Curious Sound by the Closing  
of their Shells.

Most seamen can tell of curious  
clinking sounds heard on calm nights  
at sea, and the origin of the noise  
seems so altogether unaccountable  
that it has often created some alarm  
among superstitious fishermen.

A distinguished naturalist made a  
careful study of the sounds on many  
occasions, and found that it was not  
a sustained note, but made up of a  
multitude of tiny notes, each clear  
and distinct in itself, and ranging  
from a high treble down to a bass.

When the ear was applied to the gun-  
wals of the boat the sound grew more  
intense, and in some places, as the  
boat moved on, it could not be heard  
at all.

On other occasions the sounds re-  
sembled the tolling of bells, the  
booming of guns and the note of an  
Aeolian harp.

For a long time he was unable to  
trace the cause, but at length dis-  
covered that the sounds were made  
by shellfish, hundreds of them open-  
ing their shells and closing them with  
sharp snaps.

The noise, partly muf-  
fled by the water, sounded indescrib-  
ably weird. He was finally led to  
the conclusion that, as the shellfish  
made the sounds, they probably had  
some meaning, and that the clicks  
might possibly be a warning of dan-  
ger when the shallow water was dis-  
turbed by the boat.

### FLOATING EXHIBITIONS.

Germany conquers markets by her  
"floating exhibitions," which are sent  
all over the world. A steamer is char-  
tered by a syndicate of merchants,  
furnished as an exhibition of their  
goods, and dispatched from port to  
port. Representatives of the firm go  
ashore and secure orders. They speak  
the language of the country well, dis-  
tribute samples and catalogues, and  
so further the interests of the firms.

They report to headquarters, and  
commercial travelers follow in their  
wake. Besides these exhibitions there  
are export associations which main-  
tain bazaars for showing their wares.

## TERROR OF MARINERS.

### DARING PIRATES OF THE MAGEL- LAN STRAITS.

Fuegian Wreckers of Late Becoming More  
Daring—Pls Their Trade in the Crudest  
of Crafts—Throw Firebrands Through  
Portholes.

In the track of multiplying com-  
merce with the Far East—their bold-  
ness growing with the number of  
the ships that pass, and holding the  
doorway from the Atlantic to the  
Pacific—is a pirate tribe as treach-  
erous and cruel as the worst of the  
rovers who sailed the Spanish Main.

Worse, indeed, they are than the Ma-  
lay marauders of Oriental seas. They  
find their shield in darkness, yet  
fire is their most potent weapon.

Mariners who have shunned the  
wild waters that meet at Cape Horn  
and sought a more peaceful passage  
from ocean to ocean through the  
Straits of Magellan for more than a  
year have been bringing to San Fran-  
cisco wild tales of savage outbursts  
and robberies. More like the yarns of  
the forecastle than narratives of  
fact, they have been sounded.

Dark brown men, with matted hair,  
and armed with huge spears and  
knives, lights that flitted about in  
dark caves on the faces of the  
waters like the will-o'-the-wisp in  
the bog, have been the visions that  
disappearing from decks where they  
had been set to watch, and with  
them all that could attract a savage  
eye, have been phenomena of peace-  
ful nights in the still waters under  
the shadow of the mountains that line  
the Straits.

Mixed in with these tales, too, have  
been others of more dire import. A  
Chilian gunboat, armed with modern  
guns and bearing a modern search-  
light, was mysteriously set afire there  
not more than a year ago and all the  
members of her crew were slain. Some  
of the bodies found afterward bore  
evidence to the work of man in this  
catastrophe.

Schooners and ships have disap-  
peared in late years after leaving  
Sandy Point, in the Straits, and af-  
ter having been at anchor further  
along under the hills, and partly  
burned hulks have been reported to  
indicate how they have met their  
fate.

Even big steamships have nar-  
rowly escaped similar fortune, for  
burning brands have been thrown into  
port holes, while the crews were  
asleep, and when the men have rushed  
to fight the flames on another part  
of the ship will men of the woods  
have appeared and attacked them  
from behind, and, besides loss of prop-  
erty, left death and wounds as a  
reminiscent.

"Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien, pilot  
of a score of daring filibustering ex-  
peditions in the days when the Cub-  
ans were receiving arms from the  
United States wherewith to continue  
their fight against Spain, learned to  
respect the terrors of the Straits a  
few weeks ago. He entered the  
sheltered waters in the steamer  
Dolphin, on his way to San Francisco.

When he was at Sandy Point, after  
entering the Straits, he was warned  
to beware of perils further along, and  
an accident and delay to his vessel  
introduced him to them. One dark  
night, when the lookout was vigi-  
lant, he saw lights glimmer all about  
the ship, but far away.

He could detect nothing in the wa-  
ter alongside, but suddenly a burn-  
ing brand was thrown on the deck,  
and it was found that another had  
been thrown into a port hole. Fire  
started in both places, and while  
one part of the crew was engaged  
in fighting the flames the other part  
had its energies fully employed in  
beating off a score of invaders who  
were hurrying to the side of the ship  
in craft in whose progress could be  
traced by the lights they bore.

The invaders were beaten off, and  
then modern appliances were used  
to protect the ship. All the iron  
railing on it was connected with  
the dynamite in the engine rooms, and  
a sharp cry the next night told of  
a discovery by a savage of the cur-  
rent which protected the vessel un-  
til it was ready to proceed.

The schooner Currier Dove, recent-  
ly arrived in Seattle after a journey  
in which she suffered hardship  
for lack of food, supplements the tale  
of pirates. The vessel had an acci-  
dent to her rudder while trying to  
beat out of the Straits during one  
of the storms that sometimes sweep  
down from the Pacific and lash the  
waters around the Horn. She was  
compelled to put back and lie in one  
of the sheltered coves of the Straits  
until she could be repaired.

No less than three attacks were  
made upon her during the nights she  
remained under the mountains and  
once the crew were compelled to fight  
fire and savages at the same time.

It is the Fuegian Indians who are  
responsible for these terrors of the  
only doorway to the East pending the  
construction of a Nicaragua canal. In  
the bleak mountains and valleys of  
Terra del Fuego and on the islands  
that stretch along the west, cut up  
by scores of channels, they have liv-  
ed as far back as the memory of the  
mariner extends.

It was not so many years ago that

they were still unacquainted with  
the white men and that the white  
men were unacquainted with them.  
In the older times mariners would  
now and then pass a canoe hurrying  
across some channel or catch a  
glimpse of a moving light on the wa-  
ters at night, or an arrow would come  
aboard a small craft as a sign of  
hostility.

But the people were seldom seen,  
except by those who might be ship-  
wrecked on the islands, and they  
never lived to tell about their dis-  
coveries. Scientists went there to  
study the phenomena of nature and  
tried to learn about the denizens of  
the place. But they found they  
would best approach one of the tribes-  
men with a gun ready to shoot and  
keep a sentinel over their camp  
always to use a gun to aid in defence.

They could get no information from  
the Indians.

Civilization, however, finally came  
to the tribesmen in one way. Some  
of the bolder ones found they could  
venture out to the ships that came  
through and could appeal to the  
generosity of the white men so ef-  
fectively as to get food and trinkets  
of which they had never known be-  
fore.

With their success others ventured,  
and now no ship can cast anchor in  
the coves west of Sandy Point with-  
out being surrounded in daylight by  
cannoes filled with dishevelled brown  
warriors and their squaws, all cry-  
ing out plaintively, "Yammer-schooner-  
er!" It is a plea for bread, or beads,  
or money, or anything else that could  
take the eye of untutored man.

Woe to the mariner who lets the  
mole crew send representatives on  
board his ship, for when the night  
comes he will receive a visiting card  
in the shape of a firebrand that will  
show him his visitors have used their  
eyes well and have learned what is  
the most vulnerable part of his craft.

And he ever so generous, he will  
find plenty of others added to his  
first visitor ready to clamber up the  
side of the vessel and add whatever is  
loose to the store of articles gained  
by gift.

It is in the cruelest of crafts that  
these pirates of the end of the nine-  
teenth century ply their trade. Logs  
burned out in the fashion known to  
the Indian, whether he lives in Alaska  
or holds his last of land on the point  
of Cape Horn, bear the Fuegians  
through the water. They are ugly  
craft, but their crews can shoot  
them through the water and turn  
and twist with them as though they  
were made of lightest bark. In them  
can be borne five and ten warriors  
at a time, men clad in the scantiest  
of clothing, bare to the waist, and  
showing muscular strength won from  
the struggle with nature for gener-  
ations after generation in the forbid-  
ding hills of their native land.

In these rough barks is found  
perpetual fire. Rough stone pin-  
nacles always contain beds of glow-  
ing coals, fed from hour to hour, cov-  
ered at night and blown to flame in  
the morning. When the father  
hands the canoe to the son the fire  
goes with it, and from generation to  
generation these fires have been  
kept alight, until Terra del Fuego has  
become known as "The Land of Fire."

The flames can be smothered when  
a deed is to be done in the dark, and  
ashes can protect the coals. But  
when signalling is to be done or  
secrecy is to be thrust aside, the light  
flashes out from these canoes until  
they become veritable firebrands of  
the water.

No other people would live where  
they do. There are settlements  
along the coast where ships can get  
coal and supplies and where whalers  
make their headquarters. But these  
are only outposts of commerce. None  
of the inhabitants care to venture in-  
to the country beyond, and the Fue-  
gians hold undisputed sway in the val-  
leys, covered with forest growth, and  
in the mountains, where hardy  
brush and trees vainly try to cover  
the ledges of rock.

The winding channel of the Straits  
and sometimes the sea itself furn-  
ished them place for range for their  
craft of logs. How many of them  
there are no white man knows, but  
when the channel, leaving Sandy  
Point, ends its southward course and  
turns to the northwest, they are  
found and almost to the mountains  
that guard the entrance to the Pa-  
cific their canoe fires can be seen  
burning.

Tales have come of a white leader  
in this savage fold—one in whose  
veins flows the blood of the Cau-  
casian, but who has turned his mind  
to savagery and led his companions  
to more cruel work than they had  
ever thought of doing.

"Black Pedro," Spaniard, once a  
trader of the coast, but murderer and  
outlaw, is known from one end to  
the other of the Straits. Sometimes  
he approaches the ships of the white  
men and remembers his Spanish  
again, and sometimes his long mat-  
ted beard has been seen among those  
who have sought to slay and steal in  
his night. He, it is believed, is now  
leading the new pirates in desperate  
attacks, and the mariners hope for  
his time when a gunboat will go  
down among the savage Fuegians and  
show their leader and a few score of  
them out of the water as a warning  
to their fellows.

### MAKING PARIS STREETS SAFE.

Clumsy Old Drays are Banned and the  
Milk Carts Must Have Signs.

It will not be the fault of M. Lep-  
ine the most energetic and resource-  
ful of prefects of police, if our cap-  
ital does not cease to deserve its rep-  
utation for being one of the most dan-  
gerous in Europe to move about in.  
It is beyond the power of M. Lepine  
to make even tolerable whips of Pa-  
risian drivers or to cure the native  
Jehu of his homicidal instincts, but  
by wise regulation of the traffic the  
prefect is doing all he can to lessen  
the risks to which pedestrians are ex-  
posed. He has also taken in hand the  
cleansing of the boulevards of the dis-  
reputable and dangerous characters  
that infest them after dark.

The new traffic regulations form a  
most voluminous decree, containing  
several hundred clauses. The major-  
ity relate, of course, to proscriptions  
that have long been in force, but there  
are a number of important and ex-  
cellent innovations. That execrable  
vehicle, the haquet, for example, is  
no longer to be tolerated in Paris.  
The haquet is a species of dray that  
is popularly supposed to have been  
invented by Pascal, but in any case  
is the most abominable contrivance  
that ever ran on two wheels. Prepos-  
terously long, fitted on one side with  
a sort of capstan for cording its load  
of casks, and most awkward to drive,  
the haquets were a perpetual source  
of accidents, and their disappearance  
will be hailed with exultation. Other  
of the worst terrors of Parisian  
streets are the butchers' carts and the  
milk carts. Though among the largest  
and heaviest of two wheeled vehicles,  
they are almost invariably well horsed  
and it is the custom of their drivers  
to career through the town at break-  
neck speed. It is so common for them  
to run over people that they are popu-  
larly known as "the crushers."

Henceforth, these juggernaut cars are  
to be compelled to carry a large num-  
ber, clearly painted in black on a  
white ground, on both their sides and  
on their back. In this way it will be  
possible to identify them and to bring  
the drivers to justice, whereas, in the  
past, after making a victim, they al-  
most invariably got away. Another  
clause of the decree provides that af-  
ter next October no advertisement  
carts are to be allowed in the streets.

M. Lepine has been equally well ad-  
vised in turning his attention to the  
scandalous state of things that have  
been allowed too long to prevail at  
night on the boulevards. London has  
its Piccadilly, but Paris has its Boule-  
vard Montmartre, and if one is a  
little worse than the other it is un-  
doubtedly the latter, swarming as it  
has been wont to do not only with  
women of bad character, but with ruf-  
fians of the most dangerous and in-  
famous type. Twice in the course of  
the past few nights the police have  
raided this thoroughfare and also the  
portion of the boulevard in the im-  
mediate neighbourhood of the opera.  
On each occasion they made a rich  
haul, and if they repeat the opera-  
tion with sufficient frequency it may  
become possible to traverse the center  
of Paris after midnight without the  
certainty of being molested and the  
risk of being robbed and knifed.

### HOW TO MAKE CLOVER HAY.

Good clover hay is the best and  
cheapest feed a farmer can use, while  
poor clover hay is about as worth-  
less a feed as there is. Some things  
can be done two or more ways, but  
the making of good clover hay is not  
one of them. There is just one right  
way to put up clover; any deviation  
is fatal. I once stood in a sugar re-  
finery and saw the cooking of the  
sugar. There was just one right  
moment in which to take it off. So  
there is just one right time to cut  
clover, not narrowed down to the  
minute, perhaps, but not extending  
over two or three weeks, as some  
farmers seem to think. Many let  
two-thirds of the buds get brown  
before they commence to cut. This  
means that before they are down  
some of it will be dead ripe. But  
that does not make much difference  
in the quality of the hay, as it is  
dried so much that the best part of  
it, the leaves and blossoms, is lost  
by scattering off in the handling.  
Such hay is pretty nearly as good as  
straw, but not quite. To make good  
hay that will come out of the mow in  
nice brown flakes, the color of light  
tobacco, and that is as good as corn  
and timothy to lay on fat, the clover  
must be cut as soon as the first  
heads begin to turn brown. Wait  
till the dew or rain is entirely dried  
off. In heavy clover this will be  
about 10 a.m. Now cut and let lie  
in the swath till wilted, then turn  
or stir with the tedder. When thor-  
oughly wilted, rake into large win-  
drows. As soon as the dew dries off  
the next day, haul to the barn. It  
will be very heavy, as the stems are  
still green and many of the leaves also.  
With the hay fork take up as  
large forkfuls as possible, and, com-  
mencing at opposite ends from the  
wagon, drop them off. Never touch  
the forkfuls after they drop till you  
get a rick as long as your barn and  
as high as possible, then simply roll  
the forkfuls entire, down first one  
side, then the other, until all is in,  
or the barn is full. Do not mix  
straw or anything dry with it; do  
not salt it; do not tramp it any more  
than you can help, and do not tear  
the forkfuls to pieces. Simply let  
it alone till it gets through the  
sweat. You have now the best feed.  
This is no theory; it is the result of  
twenty years' experience, during  
which time I have put up thousands  
of tons, and never had any spoil.

### NEVER WEARIED.

Busy Woodpeckers Store Away Their  
Acorns for Winter Eating.

No squirrel works harder at his  
present harvest than the carpenter  
woodpeckers in autumn at their har-  
vest, says John Muir, the well-known  
naturalist, drilling holes in the  
thick, corky bark of the yellow pine  
and incense cedar, in which to store  
the crop for winter use. A hole for  
each acorn so nicely adjusted as to  
the size that when the acorn, point  
foremost, is driven in, it fits so well  
that it cannot be drawn out without  
digging around it. Each acorn is  
thus carefully stored in a dry bin,  
perfectly protected from the weather,  
a most laborious method of stowing  
away a crop, a granary for each ker-  
nel.

Yet they never seem to weary  
of the work, but go on so diligently  
they seem determined that every  
acorn in the grove shall be saved.  
They are never seen eating acorns at  
the time they are storing them, and  
it is commonly believed that they never  
eat them or intend to eat them, but  
that the wise birds store and  
protect them solely for the sake of  
the worms they are supposed to con-  
tain. And because these worms are  
so small for use at the time the  
acorns drop they are shut up like  
lean calves and steers each in a  
separate stall with abundance of  
food to grow big and fat by the time  
they will be most wanted, that is in  
winter, when insects are scarce and  
stall-fed worms most valuable.

So these woodpeckers are supposed  
to be a sort of cattle raisers, each  
with a drove of thousands, rivaling  
the ants that raise grain and keep  
heads of plant lice for milch cows.  
Needless to say, the story is not true,  
though some naturalists even believe  
it. When Emerson was in the park,  
having heard the worm story and  
seen the great pines plugged full of  
acorns, he asked: "Why do the wood-  
peckers put acorns into the bark of  
trees?" "For the same reason," I re-  
plied, "that bees store honey and  
squirrels nuts." "But they tell me,"  
Mr. Muir, that woodpeckers don't eat  
acorns." "Yes, they do," I said, "I  
have seen them eating them." Dur-  
ing snowstorms they seem to eat lit-  
tle besides acorns. I have repeatedly  
interrupted them at their meals and  
seen the perfectly sound, half-eaten  
acorns. They eat them in the shell  
as some people eat eggs. "But what  
about the worms?" "I suppose," I  
said, "that when they come to a  
wormy one they eat both worm and  
acorn. Anyhow, they eat the sound  
ones when they can't find anything  
they like better, and from the time  
they store them until they are used  
they guard them, and woe to the  
squirrel or jay caught stealing."

### LITTLE THINGS

That led to some of the World's Greatest  
Discoveries.

The rolling of cold iron was first  
suggested, it is said, by a workman  
who was placing a piece of hot iron  
in the rolls and carelessly allowed his  
tongs to be drawn in also. Noticing  
that the tongs rolled without break-  
ing, he called the attention of the Su-  
perintendent to the incident. The mat-  
ter was investigated, experiments were  
made, and it was found that cold rolled  
iron is equal to steel for shafting  
purposes.

A Nuremberg glass cutter accident-  
ally discovered the art of etching up-  
on glass. A few drops of aqua fortis  
fell upon his spectacles and he noticed  
that the acid caused the glass to  
corrode and soften. He at once took  
the hint, drew figures upon the glass  
with varnish, applied the aqua fortis  
and then cut away the glass from  
around the drawing. Removing the  
varnish, he found the figures that he  
had drawn raised upon a dark back-  
ground.

Figuerra, the master of early en-  
graving, delighted in doing deeds of  
kindness. One day a washerwoman,  
in washing a piece of clothing in  
which a needle had been carelessly left,  
had the misfortune to run it into her  
hand. The needle broke, and more  
than half of it was left embedded in  
the flesh. It gave her much pain, and  
as soon as she could she went to  
Figuerra's studio, put down the bun-  
dle of damp clothes that she was car-  
rying to their owner, and asked the  
artist to help her. After much pa-  
tient, careful manipulation with his  
fine tools he succeeded in extracting  
the broken needle.

The woman thanked him, and as she  
lifted her damp bundle to leave the  
studio Figuerra noticed that it had  
rested upon one of his engravings and  
had received an excellent impression  
from it. The engraving, like all others  
of that time, was a metal plate  
complete in itself, and was regard-  
ed as a single picture. The impres-  
sion made upon the damp cloth sug-  
gested to the alert mind of Figuerra  
the possibility of producing an in-  
definite number of pictures from a  
single original. By experimenting he  
perfected his discovery, and eventu-  
ally made it possible for all homes to  
have beautiful engravings, for, pre-  
vious to his discovery, only the wealth-  
y could afford them.

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