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Day of Days.

One day of days my lover came,
And lips and cheeks were all aflame
With maiden blushes, 'neath his eyes;
Love answering love in sweet replies,
That day of all days!

Then days of days, a little head
Was nestled in his cradle-bed;
Bowing above, we wondered why
Such joy was given to you and I,
Glad days of days!

Ere many days of days, our girls
Were lover's knots among their curls;
Our boys had grown to stalwart men;
And we alone, were once again,
Sad days of days!

Now, day of days, we sit beside—
Just you and I—the fireside.
Please God! may there be always two;
You, dear, for me, and I, for you,
Each day of days!

When day of days, a silence deep,
O'er tired eyes doth gently creep;
"Together," may the children say,
"Father and mother went away,"
God's day of days.

—[Allen H. Rich, in Frank Leslie's.

A KITCHEN ROMANCE.

Delia was sitting in her rocking chair in a corner of the kitchen, reading aloud to the other two girls. Maggie was mending a stocking, and Bridget was making a dress out of a piece of calico which Mrs. Randel had given her. Delia had found "Sir Charles Grandison" in the course of her clearing up, and it amazed the two older girls to hear her excited intonations and marvellous pronunciations, as it would have amazed Mr. Richardson himself. Delia was a nice-looking girl, and she was intelligent; her choice of books being, as we have seen, faultless. The other girls were older and stouter, but they had not outgrown their taste for romance, and they listened bravely to what they could understand.

A dark shadow appeared at the window. Delia stopped reading long enough to say:

"It's only Phil Crowley; never mind him, and then continued. Mr. Crowley saw that he was discovered and entering the kitchen, took a chair with a nod of recognition to his three hostesses, while Delia went on. "And that will do for to night," she said, at last, putting the book down with the consciousness that her auditors would like to hear more, but stopping because—well, because she pleased. Delia was an autocrat.

You might have expected the visitor to begin a conversation, but no. Phil Crowley looked at Delia in an admiring way, but a-yet opened his mouth. Maggie soon went off to bed, but Delia persuaded Bridget to stay.

So Bridget sat at her work, growing sleepier and sleepier, and there was a pause for a while. Finally Phil spoke, in an earnest whisper, leaning forward and looking hard at Delia.

"I come up tonight Delia, 'cause—well, 'cause I couldn't help it, an' I might as well tell ye all about it. Sure I can't sleep o' nights for thinkin' of ye, an' I think more of ye than all the world an'—an'—d've think ye can ever care a bit for me, Delia?"

Delia looked quickly round at Bridget, who was dozing over her work, and then said:

"Aw, Phil, man, what's got into ye? I don't want to marry any one, an' I'm sure it's not you that I'd take if I was to choose. Sure ye must a' been out o' your head when ye said that. Don't try romanticizin', for you dont understand it. You're off? Well, good night to ye!"

Phil was already at the door. "Good night, Delia," said he. "I wish ye a pleasanter night, an' a better sleep than I'll have, bad luck to me!" Then he turned and went away. Delia sat down again and thought awhile, then she rose. "Come on, Bridget, it's bed time," said she and the two went upstairs together.

The next evening Delia and Phil were to have gone to a dance given by the Westminster Boat Club. As night came on, Delia wondered whether her escort would make his appearance. In the 6 o'clock mail she received the following letter:

MISS MCGONIGLE.—I can't take you to the Ball tonite, as I have sumthin else on Hand. As you Wus not very glad to see me last night, mayby you don't care. P. CROWLEY.

Delia studied over this a good while. It took her a long time to master the spelling, for though her own was eccentric, it was very different from Phil's. The meaning, too, puzzled her. One thing was certain, it was not polite. Miss McGonigle, indeed! Something else on hand! Well, Mr. Phil should see that she could get on without him.

She knew a girl in the next house, who was going to a ball, and some hours after receiving Phil's letter she called on this friend and they went together. They were a little late, so that the ball was already begun; and—oh, shameful—there was Phil dancing around in the happiest way with a little girl with red hair. He did not take any notice of Delia when she came into the hall, and she pretended not to look at him.

Delia was a favorite, and plenty of young men danced with her, but Phil was not one of them. As to the little girl with the red hair, he danced with her a great many times. Everyone sang her praises, except Delia, who was unable to see anything attractive about her.

After the dancing had gone on for several hours, Phil stepped up and asked for a dance. He was a good dancer, but Delia said she had a headache, and then danced with the next man who asked her. She was vexed that Phil had not asked her before and she wanted to punish him. But Phil would not be punished. He danced and laughed in a very lively way, especially with his little red-haired friend, Miss Sullivan of Dublin, who was certainly the belle of the evening.

Delia went home early with the girl who had come with her. She was exhausted and cross. She went to bed excited and tired, and one may imagine, without being certain, that Miss Sullivan, of Dublin, played a considerable part in her dreams.

Three days went by in which Delia saw no more of Phil. On the morning of the fourth she awoke with a headache, but rose early and went to church, as she did every day, coming home to do her morning tasks. After breakfast, when Mrs. Randel was giving her orders to Bridget, Delia happened to be downstairs blacking Mr. Randel's boots. She came into the kitchen as Mrs. Randel was speaking.

"So I think we must have a man to fix the furnace. It is too much for you and Maggie. Do you know of any one whom we could have, Bridget? Oh, Delia, don't you know of any one?"

Delia reflected. "There's a person I know," she said, "who's an honest, straightforward sort o' man. He's a little stupid, but I think he'd do it well, ma'am. I'll tell him, if ye say so, and he'll be up to morrer."

"But how do you know that he'll come?" inquired Mrs. Randel. "I can only afford to give him $2 a week."

"Oh, he'll come, ma'am," said Delia. When her work was done she sat down and wrote as follows:

"DEAR PHIL. You was kinder impolite in your last, but I thought I'd forgive you just once. Mrs. Randel warnts a Man to Fix the fernass, 2 dols a week. Do you warnt the job? You come up here twice a day.

"Cawdially yours,

DELIA."

Delia always omitted her obnoxious second name in her correspondence.

The next day she received a note from Phil:

DEAR DELIA (if you'd excuse the familiarity). My business is now changed from Odd Jobs to Groceries and provisions, 2083 Market St. All orders from Mrs. R. promptly attended to. No time for Fernasses. Saw Miss Sullivan of Dublin to-day. She sends love. Never felt so well in my life. Your obt servt.

P. CROWLEY.

The tears were in Delia's eyes when she told Mrs. Randel that the man whom she had proposed as a furnace-fixer would not come. She was too angry to recommend Phil's groceries and provisions.

As the twilight of that day came on, Delia sat at the kitchen window, sewing. She was putting on a button for Jack Randel, while he looked up. This was just the time of day that Phil Crowley used to drop in; but he had not appeared since the night before the ball. "I don't care; I hope he won't come," said Delia to herself; and her eyes, which were not quite dry, showed how little she did care. Bridget came in, and Jack asked for a piece of gingerbread.

"Oh, I wish ye was married!" said Bridget. She did not mean that Jack had arrived at a suitable age for matrimony, but only that she wished him somewhere else. Before long she yielded to his persuasive powers, and he departed with his button securely fastened on and his gingerbread in his hands.

Delia looked up from her work, and out of the window. She could see down a narrow alley to where it joined a larger one, and thus she could, as it were, take an instantaneous photograph of every one who passed along the main alley. She heard footsteps; two figures passed. They were Phil and Miss Sullivan of Dublin. His arm was round her waist. Delia did not shriek, as heroines do, when their lovers desert them. She only left the kitchen and went up to her own room.

It was more than a week before Phil came to call again. Delia had been schooling herself to the proper coldness of manner every evening that he did not appear; and now, when he really did come, she felt disposed to melt. However, she nerved herself to the encounter, her little heart, I don't doubt, thumping uncomfortably as she entered the kitchen.

"Good evening, Delia," said Phil.

"Good evening," said Delia. "I hope you've enjoyed the last week and a half." She stopped and bit her lip.

Neither spoke again till Bridget had gone out to see to the furnace. Then Delia took a little package from her pocket. "I've got some things for you, Phil," she said, her sternness of manner having entirely disappeared. "I thought ye might want 'em back, now ye don't come here no more." Her eyes began to glisten.

"There's those letters ye wrote from Narragansett last summer when ye was drivin' the hack, and here's the bangle and the ear-rings ye gave me last year." Here she trembled for a moment before her last effort. "I thought Miss Sullivan of Dublin might like 'em, a poor girl like me's not fit for 'em; an' an' I hope you an' Miss Sullivan—will be happy—an'—an'—" here poor Delia broke down and began to cry.

Phil came up and took her hand. "Why Delia, child, d'ye care for me a little bit, thin? I hadn't no idea of it." He was going to put his arm round her, but she withdrew.

"No! Ye mustn't," she said, looking at him with gleaming eyes. "She wouldn't like it."

"Delia," says Phil, "just listen to me." Then he goes up and whispers in her ear:

"Nellie Sullivan's my half-sister."

Poor Delia is perfectly aghast. "Oh, Phil, Phil," she says, "an I've gone an' shown ye that I don't quite hate ye arter all."

"Yes, me little girl," says Phil, "an' I sha'n't forget it now I knows it; but ye can't think the tin-thousandth part o' me that I do o' you."

Then, with the eloquence which characterizes his race, he went on: "An' I pray the Almighty God an' all the blessed saints ye may niver suffer like I did for the next twenty-four hours arter ye sent me away."

"Twenty-four hours?" said Delia, "Why twenty-four hours arter that was the night o' the party. Why wasn't ye unhappy thin? Sure, I was cross enough to ye."

"Ah, ye sweet thing, don't ye see that that's how I began to think ye might care just a bit for me arter all?" says Phil. "An' now good by, Delia, an' before long I'll hope to see ye Mrs. P. Crowley."

"Fine groceries an' provisions," says Delia. "Well, Phil, I guess I'd better yes, if it's only to change my name.—[Boston Budget.

The Hatching of Butterfly Broods.

It would be difficult to picture a more elegant or more interesting sight than the hatching of the butterfly broods in the "Insect House" during the past few days of almost summer heat. The glass cases, filled with damp moss and earth, and adorned with portions of tree trunks or plants suited to the habits of the moths, are peopled by these exquisite and delicate creatures, as one after another separates itself from the chrysalis case in which it has been sleeping all the winter and, fluttering upward with weak and uncertain movements, exposes its full beauties to the light. The wings of the largest kind, such as the great orange-brown "Atlas" moth, are as wide as those of a missed thrush; and the great size of this and othe species increases the strange likeness to bird forms which is so marked even in the smaller English hawk moths. The giant moths of the tropics, unlike the rest of the insect world, have faces and features not devoid of expression. Some resemble birds, others cats. Some are covered with long, soft plumage like the feathers of the marabout or the plumes of swans. Others are wrapped in a silky mantle like an Angora kitten, or clothed in ermine and sables. The depth and softness of these downy mantles make the impulse to stroke them suggest itself at once yet, when the head keeper lifts them from the branch on which they rest, as a falconer lifts his hawk, the feeling that they are neither moths nor animals, but long-winged birds is equally irresistible.—[London Spectator.

Chinese Love a Fish Diet.

The waters of China abound in fish, and it is estimated by high authority that one tenth of the people of that empire derive their food from the water. The coasts are crowded with enterprising and industrious fishermen, and beside the net and the hook a great number of ingenious expedients are used to capture the fish. In the eastern provinces cormorants are trained in great numbers to catch fish, which they bring to their master, who sits in a boat from which he watches at the same time fifteen or twenty of the birds.—[Chicago Herald.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE RENEGAT.

Little Maud Marion,
Weary with play,
Crept off to rest in
The newly mown hay.

A meadow lark flying
Across the blue sky,
Came nearer hearing her
A sweet lullaby.

A bee from the clover,
Who came buzzing near,
Flew closer to whisper
Dream thoughts in her ear.

Maud Marion slept while
The folks at home missed her,
And she did not awake
Till a butterfly kissed her.

[Our Little Folks.

HOW THE OSTRICH WON THE VICTORY.

Ostrich feathers are beautifully curly, as you know. You have, no doubt, worn them upon your hats and caps many a time, and you know that there is no feather to be found which is any prettier than the curly ostrich tip. But ostrich feathers are not always curly, so the bird legends say. Once upon a time the ostrich had feathers as straight as chicken-feathers, and in these days the poor ostrich was far from being either a pretty or a much sought-after bird. In fact, he was so homely that all the animals made fun of him, and often the wretched bird would run away as fast as his long legs would take him to get out of the way of those who who were making fun of him.

One day—so runs the story—a great proud peacock came strutting along and spread his great tail like a big fan, right in front of the eyes of a big ostrich who happened to be walking that way.

"Just behold my tall feathers, Brother Ostrich," said the peacock, "and see if they are not beautiful. Oh, how proud you would be if just one feather in your tail were as beautiful as mine."

The poor ostrich hewed his head and said nothing. But the fairy queen of the animals, who was near by in the form of a humming-bird, broke one of the limbs from off a great tree and touched the ostrich with it until each of his feathers curled up like a beautiful little fern frond. And so the ostrich came to have curly feathers.—[New York Ledger.

TIT, TAT AND TOE.

Tit, Tat and Toe lived with their mother in a small house. Mrs. Hen would cluck, cluck, and the three little chickens would run into their house with her. Then the door would be closed so nothing could harm them. Tit, Tat and Toe were all pretty little fluffy things at first. By and by the chickens lost all their feathers; then rough, coarse feathers began to grow on their naked little bodies.

Tit and Tat soon were nicely covered, and looked a good deal like their mother. But Toe was very thin and the feathers were slow in growing. Only a few sprouted upon her wings.

Mrs. Hen was worried about it. "Poor little Toe," she said, "I am afraid you will be blistered by the sun."

She tried to keep her in the shade, but Toe wanted to catch bugs and grasshoppers as well as Tit and Tat.

One day Mrs. Hen walked along in front of the house where the people lived. Tit, Tat and Toe followed her. She wanted to see if the two little girls who were playing with paper dolls out on the front porch wouldn't notice Toe. Ethel and Bessie admired Tit and Tat.

"But see the poor little naked Chicken," said Ethel.

"Yes," said Bessie. "I think we ought to make a dress for it."

Mamma thought it would be a good plan, too. She looked at poor Toe carefully, to be sure of her size. Then she cut out a pretty little chicken frock of bright turkey red, and Ethel and Bessie soon finished it.

When they tried to catch Toe and put on the new dress Tit and Tat ran away. Mrs. Hen herself was afraid she had done wrong in bringing her children round to the people's house. But Ethel and Bessie put Toe's leg into the armholes, then they fastened the little frock loosely over Toe's back and Toe walked off in her bright red suit.

"Cluck, cluck!" said Mrs. Hen, calling Tit and Tat to come and look at Toe; "cluck, cluck! girls are some use, after all."—[Little Men and Women.

A Way Out of It.

Freddy—Mamma, may I go out and play?

Mamma—Not now, dear; it is raining so hard that your clothes would be ruined.

Freddy—Can't I go out if I put on my bathing suit?—[Puck.

BANANA FLOUR.

Manufacture of Meal From Tropical Fruit.

An Acre of Bananas Will Furnish 20,000 Pounds.

The manufacture of flour from bananas is a growing industry in Central America. Before it is ripe, says the Washington Star, the fruit is cut, sliced and dried in the sun. However, a preferable method is to do the drying in an oven, because the quality of the product depends mainly on the quickness of this process. The slices are coarsely ground and sifted, forming a sort of farina. The dried slices are hard, brittle and of a horny appearance. The meal obtained from them in the manner described is white and sweet, with a smell like new mown hay. It is very palatable and easily digested food.

Attempts have been made to make macaroni out of this banana flour, but the stuff always falls to pieces when put into warm water. Bread can be made from it only by adding some kind of meal that contains more gluten. The fresh pulp furnishes about 20 per cent. of dry farina, and it is stated that the produce of bananas compared with that of wheat is as 133 to 1, and to that of potatoes as 44 to 1. One acre of ground will furnish over 20,000 pounds of the flour.

The next annual report of the Department of Agriculture, from proof sheets of which the above facts are obtained, makes mention of several other methods by which bananas are preserved. They are dried very much as figs are, the bunches being cut when fully ripe and exposed to the sun until they commence to wrinkle. The skins are then removed, for, if they are not peeled, a disagreeable flavor is imparted to the fruit. The latter are exposed to the sun until crystals of sugar appear on their surface. Then they are pressed into masses and wrapped with leaves of the plant, or placed in boxes and kept dry. They have been kept in good condition in this way for many years. This method can only be adopted in climates that are very dry. In damp, tropical regions they are prepared for drying by first rapidly boiling the ripe fruit for a short time in water that contains sulphate of lime.

In some parts of South America the fruits are peeled, grated and the moisture expelled by pressure. The mass is then baked in an oven, after which it is ground into a coarse kind of flour. The latter is inferior, however, in nutritive properties from that obtained from the dried slices. Bananas baked in their skins, then peeled and boiled in water are considered good for coughs and inflammation of the lungs. The Malays use a variety of the same fruit, which possesses tonic properties, to arrest diarrhœa. In the Antilles large quantities of potash are obtained from the ashes of the plant, which is used to wash clothes.

Many spirituous drinks are made from the bananas. Banana wine is obtained in Cayenne by pressing the fruit through a sieve, after which it is made into cakes, dried in the sun and dissolved in water when wanted for use. Vinegar is made by suspending the fruit in baskets, where it liquefies, and the juice collected soon becomes vinegar. In 1887 nearly 6,000,000 bunches of bananas were imported into the United States from Central America. In 1890 the importation was 12,582,550 bunches. The bananas imported into the United States during the last fiscal year were worth $5,000,000.

The Dakota Pop-Balls.

"There's a famous product of the prairies of the Dakotas that should be shown in Chicago this summer for the special benefit of the Zulus, Turks, etc., now here," remarked a South Dakotan to a party of friends at the Farmer. "I refer to that nothing-else-on-earth like it—the pop-weed. It is of rank growth, but little less than marvelous in its way. It has a stalk like the cabbage plant, with a large round top the size of a Hubbard squash and about the same color. There are thousands of acres of it on the Indian reservations. In the vicinity of alkali beds it grows to a prodigious size.

"When the terrific northwest winds blow late in the fall the pop-balls become detached from the stalk and roll for miles over the prairies, until they reach uneven country or other obstructions, where they accumulate and pile up like houses of snow. Behind these banks of weeds the wild buffalo found shelter in midwinter from the fierce blizzards. If the pop-weed ball comes forcibly in contact with any hard object while rolling, it explodes with a tremendous report, a cloud of fine powder passes on through the air, and thousands of sharp, fine needles are thrown out in every direction. These needles are the seeds of the pop-weed and are what produce the mischief with the stock, for they are very penetrating. A 'critter' will run from a rolling pop-weed like a jack-rabbit from a coyote.

"The Indians tell strange and interesting stories about the weed. It is said that the young braves of the tribe, for discipline and to prepare themselves to endure great torture, would fight with these pop-balls as schoolboys do with snowballs. The battle of the pop-weed is held once a year, and is witnessed by the whole tribe with great pomp and parade. To the young braves the occasion is what the Fourth of July is to the white American youth. There are the noise and smoke of battle to perfection, and the fine, sharp needles cause intense pain. The greatest exhibitions of bravery are rewarded by promotion in the tribe and presentations of handsome beadwork are made by the young braves, best squaws or maidens.

"The needles from the largest pop-weeds are very long and when baked in hot ashes become very hard and strong and make good arrows. The Zulus at the Fair will undoubtedly be charmed with the wonderfully warlike weed and, knowing a good thing when they see it, would surely want to take back a ton or so of it for seed. Certain it is, however, that with the passing away of our buffalo and Indians the Dakotas are more than anxious to be rid of the pop-balls."—[Chicago Tribune.

Color in the World's Fair Buildings.

The choice of an "off-white" for the basis of the decorative plan of the fair was in the last degree felicitous—primarily because it offers the best field for the animating wizardry of the sun, and because it shows to the best advantage the beauties of architectural and sculptural ornament with which the buildings have been enriched, but also because it gives better relief than any other tone could give to the flaunting gondolas on the cornices, to the turf, to the floral decorations everywhere, to the vegetation in the Lagoon, and, finally, to the stream of pedestrians which moves ceaselessly beneath the shadow of the mammoth buildings.

Just because it does give such strong relief to any darker tints coming into contact with it, it is important for such of the latter as are comprehended in the painted decoration to be manipulated with taste. I think they have been, in the main, in the buildings on the Court of Honor. In that one of them, for example, which stands at the head and front of the exhibition, the Administration Building, the glimpses of color caught between the columns of the loggia in the second stage of the composition are of a character to heighten perceptibly the effect of the broad scheme, and yet remain in the subordinate position which belongs to the recessed wall on which the decoration is laid. This wall is painted a dull red. Seen from the ground, the roof of the loggia throws a deep shadow behind the columns supporting it; but so large in scale is the building, that even at a distance the color actually counts, and is as distinct a factor in the beauty of the structure as are the white surfaces from the ground to the wall above the loggia, or the gilded splendor which throws up to the crown of the dome in the most dazzling mark on the horizon.—[Century.

The Czar's Sense of Humor.

The Czar studies carefully all documents put before him, and is in the habit of making marginal notes of his decisions and views. These annotations are carefully treasured in the imperial archives, where they are accessible to the functionaries whom they may concern. Recently, in the margin of the report of a prominent official, the Czar wrote: "What an ass!" The individual thus characterized by his august master was in despair, and begged the Secretary of State Pobedonoff, to bring the matter before his majesty. "May it please your majesty," began Pobedonoff, "to strike out these words here, 'What an ass!' so that they may not forever be on record in the archives." "Oh!" Alexander the Third interrupted, laughingly. "I quite forgot the archives." And he took up a pen, ran through the words "What an ass!" and wrote instead, "What a philosopher!"—[Argonaut.

There is reported to be a revival of the Napoleon craze in Paris and all souvenirs of "the first Bonaparte" are seized with great alacrity by the Persians.

Scattered Seeds.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them of the past,
But they shall last,
In the dread judgment, they
And we shall meet.

—[John Keble.

HUMOROUS.

When engineers and trainmen are well trained, the locomotive goes off on a tool.

"You say Smith leads a dual life?" "Yes, he's a bull on the stock exchange and a bear at home."

"That man is afraid of his own shadow." "Well, if it is as ugly looking as he is himself, I am not surprised in the least."

In the Dime Museum—Visitor—And is the bearded lady your mother? Infant phenomenon—Nixy; she's me father!

He (speaking of presence of mind): I remember of being in a panic once when I lost my wits completely. She: Oh, was that the way?

Wife—Don't you think this hat makes me look old? Husband—I don't know. I got the bill for it today, and it made me feel old.

He: Is your sister very high church? She: High as they make them. She discharged our old family physician last week for saying that she had a low fever.

Mlle. S— (to riding master)—"Well, sir, do you think I have made any progress?" Riding master—"Certainly, you fall now much more gracefully than you used to do."

Mrs. Aye—"You don't mean to say that Hattie has actually gone and engaged herself to that Bolsterer fellow? Why, she hardly knows him." Mrs. Bee—"That's why she became engaged to him.

"Augustus," said Angelina to her lover, "you know that father has recently invested in an American silver mine, and is going there at once, and I cannot leave mother alone. So I ask you, dear Augustus, how long would you wait for me?" "Wait for you, my darling?" exclaimed Augustus, "I will wait for you until we learn how the silver mine turns out.

A Hunter of Ambergris.

While nearly all precious substances have been more or less sought after by adventurous men, it remained for the present year to produce a regular hunter of ambergris. Mr. J. McCauley, who recently arrived in San Francisco from New Guinea with a quantity of ambergris, was so pleased with the financial returns from his treasure that he intends to go back fully equipped to make a business of gathering the valuable substance. He is confident of making a fortune, for his operations will be carried on in places where Europeans are unknown, and where he will have the entire field to himself. Along the New Guinea Coast, where he spent several years, Mr. McCauley says that lumps of ambergris of all sizes, some weighing over 100 pounds, can be found in the water and washed ashore. The difficulty is to get it to market, where it is worth over $5 an ounce. It is to overcome this that he is making arrangements to hunt for it in a systematic manner. He brings with him many stories of how men have made fortunes by a lucky find. One who took a quantity of it to England realized no less than $50,000, while many others derived large sums. The only trouble with Mr. McCauley's scheme is that he may kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, for ambergris owes its commercial value to its rarity, and if he should drug the market the price would soon begin to fall. In fact, ambergris is no longer valued so highly as it once was. Before Doctor Swediaur discovered that it was a morbid secretion formed in the intestines of the spermaceti whale, many fabulous stories were in circulation about its wonderful virtues. At the present day, except in the East, it is no longer used in pharmacy, but is entirely confined to perfumery.—[New York News.

A Clever Invention.

One of the cleverest inventions ever passed on by the patent office is the machine for sticking common pins in the papers in which they are sold. The contrivance brings up the pins in rows, draws the paper in position, crimps it into two lines, then, at a single push, passes the pins through the paper and sets them in position. The machine almost seems to think as it works, and to examine the paper to see if it is properly folded before pushing the pins into place.—[Chicago Herald.