



A Good Story

Where the Blackberries Grow.

BY EMMA HOWARD WRIGHT.

The girl stands looking at the picture; the man who painted it stands looking at the girl. What a sweet face it has, so girlish, so untouched by the sorrows and passions of life! The look of pleased admiration in the soft eyes gives him an odd sensation of pleasure. He is glad that his work pleases her.

The girl is presently joined by a tall, graceful woman. Sincerely gives a slight start.

"Eleanor!" he murmurs.

"Oh, mamma, the girl is saying, 'Isn't this a sweet picture? I like it better than anything I have seen here.'"

Some of the faint, delicate color fades out of Eleanor Seaton's beautiful face as she looks at the canvas that has aroused her daughter's enthusiasm.

Then Ray comes towards her through the roses. The girl's face is flushed, her eyes droop. She moves slowly to her mother's side.

"Where have you been, dear?" the latter asks, wondering a little at the change in the girl's face.

"To the blackberry field," the girl replies. "I went with Mr. Shirley; he wished to show me the scene of his painting. Oh, mother, and the girl's arms go about her mother's neck, 'He loves me—can you imagine it? He wants me for his wife, and I—I am so happy.'"

The sunset glow has faded from the sky, leaving it pale and cold and gray. Eleanor shivers in the warm, perfumed air. Her eyes, to which all the old weariness has returned, look past the brown head of the girl towards the field "where the blackberries grow."

—Munsey's Magazine.

Where the Apostles Are Buried.

Perhaps there is not one man in a thousand who is able to tell where the twelve apostles are buried; and yet every Christian should possess this information. So you are buried in Rome, as follows: St. Peter, St. Philip, St. James the Lesser, St. Jude, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthias and St. Simon. Three lie in the kingdom of Naples, St. Matthew at Salerno; St. Andrew, at Amalfi, and St. Thomas at Ortona. St. James the Greater is buried in Spain. Concerning the exact whereabouts of St. John there is much dispute. The following bit of information on the subject comes from the Hartford (Conn.) Times:

St. Mark and St. Luke are buried in Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Palma. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. St. Peter is buried in Rome in the church which bears his name; as, too, are St. Simon and St. Jude. St. James the Lesser is buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles, St. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of St. Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basilica.

The Dog Holds Himself.

There is a dog owner in Philadelphia who tells a story concerning his canine companion that tries the belief of his friends, despite the fact that he vouches for its truth. The dog is an intelligent-looking animal, of the shepherd variety, and is frisky and full of fun. The particular trait of which its master boasts is that when he wants the animal to stay in one place it is not necessary to tie him. All that is necessary is to fasten one end of a rope to a convenient post and give the other end to the dog to hold in its mouth. The patient animal will sit for hours in this way, and would no more think of running away than he would fly. —Philadelphia Record.

Curious Freak of Lightning.

From the village of Coombe Bay, which lies about four miles from Bath, England, comes a story of a curious freak of lightning, according to Pearson's Weekly. Near the village there is, or was when the incident occurred, a large wood composed of oak and nut trees. In the center of this wood there was a small pasture, quite hemmed in by the surrounding grove. Here six sheep were kept by their owner. The flock being small, the pasture only fifty yards in extent, contained herbage sufficient for them. One day while the sheep were in the field a severe thunder storm came on, and a flash of lightning killed simultaneously every sheep in the pasture. It is to be presumed they were mourned by their owner, but no doubt considering that they might be of some profit to him, although dead, he sold their bodies to a butcher in the neighboring village of Coombe Bay. The butcher began his business of skinning the lightning-struck animals. To the astonishment of the butcher and his assistant, they found printed on each sheepskin they found printed an elaborate and faithful picture of the landscape surrounding the sheep pasture. These natural pictures were in no respect suggestive of the impressionists' dabs, but the trees, the fences, the rocks, the bushes were all as precisely represented as if photographed upon the skin of the animal. Every detail was exactly drawn. The sheep had been killed while huddled together in a corner and the landscape in each case was the same, the picture being of that part of the surrounding scenery which lay in the path of the lightning flash which killed the frightened animals.

Crime That Was Handed Down.

Professor Pellmann of Bonn University, Germany, has made a special study of hereditary drunkenness. He has taken certain individual cases, a generation or two back, and has traced the careers of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren in all parts of the present German empire until he has been able to present tabulated biographies of the hundred descendants from some original drunkard.

The last person whom Professor Pellmann has immortalized thus in medical literature is Fran-Ala Jurke. She was born in 1749, and she was a drunkard, a thief, and a tramp for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1890. Her descendants have numbered 834, of whom 709 have been traced in local records from youth to death by Professor Pellmann. Of the 709, he found 106 were born out of wedlock. There were 142 buggars, and 64 more who lived from charity. Of the women 181 led disreputable lives. There were in this family 76 convicts, 7 of whom were sentenced for murder.

Found a Luminous Crab.

One of the marine curiosities recently fished from the bottom of the Indian ocean by a dredging vessel in the employ of the Calcutta Society of Natural History was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light similar to that seen in the spermicid fishes of phosphorescent luminosity kindled by our common fireflies. The oddity was captured in the day time and placed in a large tank, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun.

At night, however, when all was in pitchy darkness, the crab surprised the naturalists by lighting up the tank so that all the other sea creatures, great and small, occupying the same tank could be plainly seen. When the luminous crustacean was prodded with a pole, he emitted flashes of light which enabled the experimenters to read small print, even though otherwise they were in total darkness. —St. Louis Republic.

Fragrant Rose Jars.

Rose jars are made by putting a layer of petals of any fragrant variety of rose in the bottom of a jar. On this scatter some coarse salt; close the jar tightly and place in the sun. Next day, or as soon as you have enough material to make another, lay out in more petals and another sprinkling of salt. Continue this as long as you have flowers. Then add cloves, cinnamon,orris-root and other fragrant articles and mix the whole mass well. Keep the jar well closed. —Ladies' Home Journal.

THE CIRCUS.

It Costs \$5,000 a Day to Run a Big Show and Menagerie.

Stories About Showman Barnum by One of His Associates.

"I was traveling with P. T. Barnum once," said Mr. Stow, "long before the railroad shows were in existence. We traveled by wagons from town to town in those days, leaving on the outskirts of the town to enable the circus people to put on their show clothes and prepare for the parade. We were to show in a small town in Pennsylvania, and I had noticed that a bridge over which the wagons were to pass was weak. I sent word to Mr. Barnum to put the rhinoceros wagon at the rear, but he did not do so, and as it was in advance it broke the bridge. The show did not reach the town in time to make much of a parade.

"That night Mr. Barnum was seated in the village hotel when an angry lot of people who were disappointed at the size of the parade, waited upon him and told him that he was a fraud."

"How so?" said Barnum.

"Well," replied the spokesman for the crowd, "you advertised two miles of parade and there was only one."

"Yes," replied Barnum, "there was one mile of parade and another mile of fools following it. That makes two miles, doesn't it?"

A rhinoceros is the most expensive animal in a circus. A well-bred and well-developed rhinoceros costs \$5,000. The Barnum show recently lost a rhinoceros and was compelled to take it to Hagenbeck at Hamburg to send on another at once. Hagenbeck is the largest animal supply agent on earth. He furnishes the Zoological Gardens of London and similar gardens in the capitals of Europe. Elephants are quite common these days, and half a dozen of them could be bought for the price of one rhinoceros.

The elephant is the meanest animal that the show people have to deal with. Everybody is afraid of him, for no one can tell when the big brute will take one unwares to gratify some long treasured or fancied grievance.

A few years ago the show was in Rochester, when the elephant keeper went into the elephant ear to see that everything was secure before the train started. He fastened the rear door and thoughtlessly passed through the ear to examine the front door. As he was passing the elephant, the brute, realizing that he was alone with his keeper, crushed him to death against the side of the ear. The elephant is the biggest coward of all animals, and never undertakes to get the better of his keeper unless he can take him off his guard.

It costs not less than \$5,000 a day to run a big circus and menagerie. Notwithstanding this seemingly large outlay a first-class show is usually a sure winner. Before starting out a discount for rainy days is made, by averaging the rainy days during the past ten seasons. While this is not by any means reliable, it affords a pretty fair test.

Storms and tornadoes of late years have interfered very much with the profits of circuses. Last season the Barnum & Bailey tent was ruined by a cyclone at Des Moines. Mr. Bailey at once telegraphed to Cincinnati for a new tent, for which the dimensions were given, and in three days it was made and erected by the show. All the sailmakers in Cincinnati were employed in making the new canvas.

A new canvas is made every year, and the one used the previous year is carried along with the show for emergency. On the occasion alluded to the old canvas was left behind, and the show exhibited three days in a tent without a top. Fortunately the weather was fair.

An idea of the magnitude of a big show can be gained from the fact that 1,200 persons are employed in the Barnum & Bailey show. The system observed in putting up the big canvas, taking it down, and packing it in the cars, and in putting all the rest of the stuff in the cars each night is something wonderful. There are, perhaps, twenty or thirty foremen who run the whole business. Without these men it would take green hands a week to put up a big tent and another week to take it down.

When P. T. Barnum was in London fifteen years or so ago he sent tickets of admission to all the clergy and to the Bishop of London and his family. Barnum's reputation as a philanthropist had gone before him, and it became necessary to establish a regular picket guard around him to protect him from annoyances in his hotel.

The applicants for charitable donations would frequently get through the line and apply for donations ranging from 100 to \$10,000. After the Bishop of London and his family had seen the show the Bishop called up on Barnum and chatted with him for some time. Barnum impressed him, as he did everybody, as being a big-hearted, amiable and friendly man. The Bishop on leaving, took his hand and said:

"Mr. Barnum, you are not such a bad man after all. I hope to meet you in heaven, sir."

"Well, you will, if you are there," replied Barnum.

The answer was too much even for the Bishop, and those who heard it shouted with laughter. — Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier.

A City of Homes.

Philadelphia has many proud titles to distinction but none better than that of "The City of Homes."

The magnificent new houses in that city were dedicated recently, and on that occasion Mr. John Frederick Lewis delivered an admirable address in the course of which he said:

"Philadelphia has 157,000 dwellings, according to the census of 1894, more than twice as many as New York, and half again as many as Chicago, and the statistics of the department of public works show that she now contains 261,249 buildings, of which the enormous aggregate of 310,035 is made up of dwellings. During the past five years a total of 7,171 buildings have been erected annually, and during the year just closing this astounding record was exceeded by over 500, a fact which evokes admiration and challenges comparison.

With 92 percent of her dwellings, each is occupied by but a single family, a contrast with 69 percent of the dwellings of Chicago so occupied, and but 45 percent of the dwellings of New York—a larger rate for Philadelphia than any other city in the United States, greater than Providence or Denver, and vastly larger than any great city on the Eastern hemisphere. Her dwellings are occupied upon the average by five persons, those of Chicago by eight, and those of New York by 18, making her truly 'The City of Homes.' It can safely be said that she offers cheaper rent and cheaper land upon ground rent or for sale, considering her moral and educational attainments, than any city in America." — Atlantic Monthly.

Boston Market Women.

It's the fashion among aristocratic Boston women to do their own marketing. When one of these intellectual young persons was asked what she did to occupy her days she replied, rather haughtily: "Why, study and go to market." She is "studied" at the Harvard annex, but finds time, it seems, to go to Quincy Market twice a week for the household supplies. All the smart set of Boston go to Quincy Market. Most of the women manage to get along with one day's marketing, however. Friday and Saturday mornings the market is particularly interesting. Gay carriages, drawn by prancing horses, with liveried attendants, stand in waiting while the ladies visit the stalls within. They come down town on purpose every day, these ladies of the leisure class, to select the family dinner, but on Friday and Saturday they turn out in large numbers, a sort of aristocratic beefsteak buying picnic, so to speak. Some of them have lists kept in dainty leather and gold-note books, which they consult, and will not deviate from in the remotest detail. They seem to take special delight in throwing off the conventionalities for a brief time, and in breaking about in a homely way, among the green straws and juicy meats, just like any ordinary little housewife with her husband's wages in a battered purse. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

How Serpents Sleep.

One of the most curious facts with regard to snakes is that their eyes are never closed. Sleeping or waking, alive or dead, they are always wide-eyed. If we take a dead snake and examine it closely, we shall soon find the reason—there are no eye lids. The eye is protected only by a strong scale, which forms a part of the epidermal envelope, and is cast off in a piece with that every time the reptile molts.

The eye plate is as clear and transparent as glass, and allows the most perfect vision, while at the same time (as any close observer of the habits of the snake can easily discover) it is so hard and tough as perfectly to protect the delicate organ within from the thorns and twigs among which, in flight from enemies or in pursuit of prey, the reptile so often hurriedly glides.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

PURGE OF CAULIFLOWER.

A large overgrown cauliflower will answer admirably. Cut off the white part, wash thoroughly and parboil it for ten minutes in plenty of salted water, then drain on a sieve. Meanwhile, fry a minced onion and an ounce of minced lean bacon, with an ounce of butter, in a stew-pan, without allowing it to acquire color; mix in a tablespoonful of flour, a pint of stock, and stir until boiling; add the parboiled cauliflower, simmer half an hour, and rub through a hair sieve. Return the soup to the stew-pan to warm, adding stock and a little boiled milk to make it the desired consistency; season with salt, and serve with dice-shaped croutons of fried bread on a separate plate. —Home Queen.

HOW SAUERKRAUT IS MADE.

Sauerkraut is made of the solid hearts of the cabbage, which are shredded by a machine made like a coarse plane, the cabbage being pushed back and forth on the plank in which the shaving knife is fitted. Or the cabbages may be sliced by a large knife. The shavings are packed down in a clean barrel or keg, with plenty of salt scattered on each layer, the whole being pressed down as it is packed as solidly as possible. The sugar in the cabbage soon soaks, and the salt prevents further decomposition. It is not necessary to keep it in a tightly covered vessel, but it should be covered by a cloth to exclude dust. It is used to add small fragments of ginger and some cardamom seeds, the sprays to flavor the kraut. —New York Times.

INEXPENSIVE STEW.

A stew made of the lower part of the leg of veal after sold with the shank, and of such other portions of meat as are found on the shank, is not only excellent and exceedingly tender, but quite inexpensive. A good-sized veal shank seldom sells at more than twenty-five cents. The meat is full of sinews where it is bound to the bone, and there is always some clear lean at the top. Cut the meat up, removing all the fat. Cut out the sinews where it is possible. Cook the clear bone and sinews in just water enough to cover them to make a stock, or throw them in with the regular stock meat, and use some of the regular stock on hand. It hardly pays to make stock for any special purpose; it is better to simply utilize any bones or other material you may happen to have on the days of regular stock making. Take the lean meat from the shank and brown it down in the pot, season it well with salt and pepper and a little tomato if convenient. Nearly cover the meat with rich jellied stock. Let it simmer slowly, well covered, in an oven, for at least two hours—or three if the meat is not very tender and rich brown at the end of two. Dish the meat on a platter and garnish it with a heap of well-soaked potatoes, at each end decorated with a tablespoonful of fried bread crumbs. Make a rich tomato sauce by adding an equal portion of well-stewed and strained tomatoes to the gravy in which the meat was cooked. Strain this sauce around the stew. —Chicago Times-Herald.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fresh lard will remove tar.

Fresh lettuce, eaten at night, will cure insomnia.

Tooth powder is an excellent cleanser of flinted jewelry.

Strawberries not only whiten the teeth, but their juice helps to remove the tartar.

Oranges and lemons will keep well if hung in a wire net in a cool and airy place.

Yellow soap and whitening mixed to a paste with a little water will stop a leak as quickly as solder.

Stains of eggs may be removed from silver spoons by rubbing them with a little finely powdered salt.

A teaspoonful of cornstarch to a cupful of salt before filling the salt shakers. You will find that the damp weather will not affect the salt in the dish. Mix well.

Fresh bread well toasted over a slow fire and eaten dry is much better for a delicate stomach than the fresh bread or hot biscuit.

A novel and delicious dessert is called stone cream. To make it, dissolve an ounce of gelatin in a little water and add a pint of sweetened milk in which lemon peel has been boiled. As soon as it is cold pour over a layer of jam in a champagne dish. When the mixture sets it is scraped or blanched almond is also in cream, place on ice and serve.

When I Get Time.

When I get time—
I know not what I shall do;
I'll not be loaves of bread,
And eat them through and through.

When I get time—
I'll write you letters to you
That I have saved for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I'll not be so low.

When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I cannot finish this—
I have no time.
—Philadelphia Commercial List

HUMOROUS.

Friend—What made you leave Harlow? Suburbanite—A young lady who was learning to play the piano.

Author—Why do you depict her with courtplaster on her cheek? Artist—Why, in the last chapter her face fell, didn't it?

She—This novelist writes of his heroines as tall girls with becoming blonde hair. He—I suppose he means that she was having it bleached.

Mr. Dent—Mrs. Kent is the cleverest woman in our set. Mrs. Dull—So? Mrs. Kent—She can make every man she talks with think that he is clever.

"He is good-natured, isn't he?" "Good-natured? Why, I've known that man to wear a smiling face when he was speaking of taking off a porous plaster."

"I can't see why it is," said Bobby, "that when little boys are cross folks say they are naughty, and when pussies and mammals are cross folks say they are nervous."

Miss Pettie—Mr. Ryder is so entertaining! He seems to have come in contact with so many people. Mr. Wheeler (vicariously)—Yes, indeed. You should watch him on his job.

"If I see your paragon," she exclaimed indignantly, "I didn't mean to step on your foot." "Lord bless you, miss," returned the man in the line drilling blouse, "I didn't know you did."

"Her husband is a little bit wild, I hear." "Well, I think he had a right to be, when he came home and found she had traded off his last summer suit for a lot of portulaca flowers, don't you?"

"There is no use denying it," said the young man, who was slung indifferently, "Steady Clingens has wheels." "Really?" said the girl from Boston. "What make are they?"

"Frederick," said she, "don't let the baby stand alone." "Why, she's old enough to learn to walk!" "Old enough to learn to walk? Why, she hasn't even learned to ride a bicycle yet!"

"There is going to be a great deal of blood shed here before long," and the Central American officer, "Yes," was the reply, "We may as well prepare for it. The mosquito season is almost at hand."

Showman—There is one thing I feel glad of. All the love letters I ever wrote to the widow are destroyed. Fifth—Are you quite sure of that? Showman—Quite. You see, I never had the courage to send them to her.

A mother, trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep one night, said: "Dears, why don't you try to go to sleep?" "I am trying," she replied, "but you haven't shut your eyes." "Well, can't help it; they come unbuttoned."

Made Trouble for His Heirs.

Robert Harvey, one of the oldest citizens of Bradley county, Illinois, died Friday night, June 28. Just before his death he authorized something about his burial money. His sister began digging in the yard and found a tin box containing money. Since that time almost \$1,000 has been found in various places, often buried in loose earth. His will gives the lot to his little granddaughter, and her guardians in claiming the buried coin. Her other relatives by claim to the money, and the legal fraternity is trying to decide who really is the owner. As Mr. Harvey owned about 100 acres of land and had before he died that "there was money on the farm, too," the search for his fortune will be a long one. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A German in Brighton, Mich., intent on being a dove into a vat containing 250 gallons of beer. He was rescued, and the owner of the brewery threw away the beer.