

of that institution. She has been on the concert stage for the past six or seven years and during that time has won flattering criticisms from both German and American press. Her playing of the Chopin G Minor "Ballade" was an exquisite piece of pianistic art, and fully evidenced her true musical temperament in beautiful phrasing, splendid tone production and clean-cut technique.

Mr. Sommer's 'cello solos were also immensely enjoyed. He is the possessor of a splendid instrument, over which he has a complete mastery. The "Serenade" was a soulful theme charmingly played; and the "Rhapsody," full of technical difficulties—double stopping and octave passages—seemingly was child's play at Mr. Sommer's hands.

The orchestra gives daily morning and evening concerts at the Inn, besides occasional "hops," and guests constantly voice their appreciation of Mr. Treadway's efforts in providing these most enjoyable functions.

The regular "public" concerts will be continued each Sunday evening throughout the season.

Coal For a Big Hotel.

There are many things about the management of a large hotel which the patron takes for granted without inquiry or investigation. He can form no idea of the methods employed from what he sees in the office, the corridors, the dining rooms and the other parts of the building to which he has access, and there are not many guests who wish to pry into the secrets.

For those who take an interest in such matters, the arrangements for receiving and disposing of the coal are not the least interesting. One hotel in this city uses 140 tons of coal every 24 hours during the winter months. This coal is all delivered on the 34th street side of the building, but one rarely sees a coal cart in front of the hotel.

It is all of the pea and buckwheat sizes, and is dumped from the cart into an opening in the ground in the middle of the Astor court roadway. It falls into a hopper which holds about 10,000 pounds, and from there it is carried on an endless chain provided with buckets to a vast coalbin which has a capacity of 700 tons.

Daylight never reaches this bin, which, with its few blinking lights and great piles of coal reaching nearly to the vaulted roof, looks like a corner in a coal mine and little like an annex to a palatial hotel. By an arrangement of levers the coal may be dumped from the buckets at various points, so that with the aid of a shoveler it may be distributed evenly in the bin.

The boiler room is situated lower down in the ground, and the coal reaches the fireboxes without being handled. When the boiler attendant needs coal for his fire he pulls a lever which opens a trap and through this half a ton of coal falls into a feeder which looks like a monster funnel. When the feeder has been filled it is pushed forward on an overhead track, and when it has reached the proper point a trap in the narrow end of the funnel is drawn aside and the coal drops into a trough in front of the firebox, whence it goes into the fire.

From the time it leaves the coal wagon until it enters the fire the coal takes care of itself, and with the exception of the straightening out in the bin, which is

done by one man during the day and one man at night, and the distribution over the fire surface by the boiler attendant, the 140 tons of coal which are used every day are handled by machinery.—*New York Tribune*.

Eastern Washerwomen.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they come up to his neck like those of a clown, they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water, and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a Chinese laundry.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster.

The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her wash tub is not more than six inches high and is about as big around as the average dishpan. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away with her bare feet. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way.

The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerman stands on the banks of the Nile and slaps the wet clothes, with a noise like the shot of a pistol, on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such fellah woman as wash, pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.

French women pound the dirt with paddles, often slamming the clothes upon stones, as the Egyptians do.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Trees That Grow Bread.

The bread-fruit tree of Ceylon is very remarkable. Its fruit is baked and eaten as we eat bread, and is equally good and nutritious.

In Barbuta, South America, is a tree which by piercing the trunk produces milk with which the inhabitants feed their children.

In the interior of Africa is a tree which produces excellent butter. It resembles the American oak, and its fruit, from which the butter is prepared, is not unlike the olive. Park declared that the butter surpassed any made in England from cow's milk.

At Sierra Leone is the cream fruit tree, the fruit of which is quite agreeable in taste.

At Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, is a small tree the berries of which make excellent candles. It is also found in the Azores. The vegetable tallow tree also grows in Sumatra, in Algeria and in China.

In the island of Chusan large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted from its fruit, which is gathered in November or December, when the tree has lost all its leaves.

The bark of a tree in China produces a beautiful soap. Trees of the sapindus or soap-berry order also grow in the north of Africa. They are amazingly prolific, and their fruit contains about 38 per cent of saponia.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Teacher—"You are painfully slow with your figures, Tommy. Come, now, speak up quickly. If your father gave your mother a fifty-dollar bill and a twenty-dollar bill, what would she have?" Tommy—"A ft."—*Exchange*.

Bridget—"There's a man in the parlor wants to see you, sir. Mr. Ardup—I'll be there in a minute. Ask him to take a chair. Bridget—Sure, sir, he says he's going to take all the furniture. He's from the installment company.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Chicago Bootblack: "See de man wid de eye-glasses? Watch me fetch him." (Raising his voice): "Dazzling brilliancy imparted to pedal covertures for a reasonable pecuniary compensation while you linger." The Man (from Boston): "Here, boy."—*Selected*.

It is told that a grandfather, well known in the English House of Commons, was chatting amicably with his little grand-daughter, who was snugly ensconced on his knee. "What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried. "I am very old my dear: I was in the ark," replied his lordship, with a painful disregard of the truth. "Oh, Are you Noah?" "No." "Are you Shem, then?" "No: I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No." "Then," said the little one, who was fast nearing the limit of her Biblical knowledge, "you must be Japhet." A negative reply was given to this query, also; for the old gentleman inwardly wondered what the outcome would be. "But, grandpa, if you are not Noah or Shem or Ham or Japhet, you must be a beast."—*Exchange*.

Numerous complaints had come before a certain public official in regard to the quality of food served to the inmates of one of the public institutions, and he determined to investigate. Making his way to the building just about dinner-time, he encountered two men carrying a huge, steaming boiler. "Put that kettle down!" he ordered brusquely; and the men at once obeyed. "Get me a spoon!" he next commanded. The man that brought the spoon was about to say something, but was ordered to keep silent. "Take off the lid!" was the next command. "I'm going to taste it." The two men cowed by the official's brusqueness, watched him gulp down a good mouthful. "Do you mean to say that you call this soup?" the official demanded. "Why, it tastes to me more like dirty water." "So it is, sir," replied one of the men, respectfully. "We were scrubbing the floors."—*Exchange*.

Foiled Again.

"Now, Miss Ethel, remember you promised to answer truthfully any question I might ask you."

"Yes."

"How many birthdays have you had?"

"One."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Amateur Theatricals.

Mabel (the heroine)—Oh, dear! The curtain will raise in five minutes. Are you sure you know your lines?

Jack (the hero)—All except the part where I kiss you. I think we'd better rehearse that once more.—*Exchange*.

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JOHN E. DUTELLE,
PINEHURST, N. C.

PROFESSIONAL NURSE.

Eight Years' Experience.

Pinehurst Spring Water.

The following is the result of the analysis of the Pinehurst Spring Water:

RALEIGH, N. C., April 5, 1887.

Analysis No. 10,111.

DEAR SIR:—The sample of health water sent to the station for analysis in a demijohn, marked "From tube well system, Pinehurst, N. C.," contains:

Total solid matter in solution	
Grains per U. S. Gallon,	0.92
Hardness,	1.00 degree of Clark's scale
Carbonate of lime,	0.00 grains per U. S. gallon
Chlorine,	0.08 grains per U. S. gallon
Ammonia, Free,	.032 parts per million.
Ammonia, Albuminoid,	.050 " " "

Analysis of the water from Pinehurst, shows it to be a drinking water of exceptional quality. The total solid matter and chlorine is very small; and the ammonia, both free and albuminoid, is quite considerably less than is usually found in drinking waters. These facts show it to be a very valuable source for a water supply; in fact, so far as the chemical examination is concerned, we seldom find such purity.

(Signed) H. B. BATTLE.

No Break in the Continuity.

"I want you to dismiss that idea," said the eminent professor, "of the so-called cliff-dwellers being a prehistoric and now extinct race of human beings. Thousands of their descendants are alive at this day."

"That's so," exclaimed an enthusiastic student. "They live in flats."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Story Teller's Habit.

"Whenever Jimason starts to tell a story he says: 'Maybe you've heard this one before.'"

"Then what?"

"I always say I have."

"Well?"

"Well, then he tells it just the same."

—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Civic Cleanliness.

"Bobby, what did you do with your peanut shell on the street car?"

"I put 'em in th' overcoat pocket o' that man I was a-sittin' by."—*Detroit Free Press*.