

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Ring out, oh bells, ring silver-sweet, o'er hill and moor and fell! In mellow echoes let your chiming throats hope-fully tell, Ring out, ring out, all jubilant, this joyous glad refrain: "A bright new year, a glad new year, hath come to us again!"

Then ring, ring on, oh pealing bells! there's music in the sound. Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the echoes round. The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom we hold dear, That God may graciously be to us in this bright new year.

THE OPERATOR'S STORY.

One afternoon last September, at the Glen Mountain House, at Watkins Glen, New York, a telegraphic friend told me how he won great success in his profession, as follows: "Almost three years ago I visited this famous watering-place. I had been a 'working a circuit' in various cities and stopped off here for a little recreation. One evening, in the dining room, amid the clatter of dishes and knives and forks, my trained ear caught a meaning from the idle drumming on the table of knives in the hands of two well-dressed men opposite me. To the crowd, I noticed at all, those sounds only indicated impatience at the hurrying, yet delayed waiters. If it had been commonplace conversation I should not have heeded their communication, except, perhaps, for sport to 'call' them. They ticked off a phrase or two at intervals during their meal. Once the head-waiter noticed the clinking of a spoon upon a cup, and inquired if either of them wanted anything. For an instant they were confused, then one explained his newly found cup. After that the ticks were regular, but I could not help hearing the tick-tack, and the conversation was so curious it greatly interested me. That very evening, while I was reading in the office, the two conversers in lightning-lingo at the table came in and lit fresh cigars. I noticed the 'sounding' clinked tidings from the world in the surrounding night. The death of a man of national prominence was heralded by the instrument. Before the hotel operator informed the by-standers that important news one of the stranger operators said to the other: 'He's dead at last.' 'Hush!' whispered the other. 'Nobody seemed to notice the betraying observation or its sender. As I wondered at the object in view of that pair of mysterious conversers I did not reveal my identity, but determined to heed my signs. Whenever they were in the dining room first thought best not sit near them, and, therefore, did not obtain any peculiar information. After a steamboat ride on a beautiful Seneca, I visited Ithaca, to inspect Cornell University. When I returned to Watkins, the landlady told me he was sorry he could not give me his former room, because of an extra large excursion party. He could, however, give me one as good, which I thankfully accepted. That night I was far from being sorry for the change of room, as I heard mysterious raps on the wall. Somebody was signaling to some one in another room. If the message had been ordinary I should have signalled that I was an unintentional listener. It was the same old jargon of unmeaning words and phrases. From the frequent repetition of some of them, a few had become familiar to me. As a commercial operator I had handled many cipher messages. To amuse myself I tried to solve them. In them a leading expression had been: 'The soup is late.' Now the raps said: 'The soup is getting hot.' I was more than ever convinced there was a plot somewhere about something. The conversations, being disguised, were in themselves suspicious. I thought I had made out one of the keys to the cipher. As the night was pleasant I went downstairs and took a stroll. A few stars peeped out. The wind sighed through the famous gorge close by. I sauntered along carelessly, however, the adjacent chamber would have been a convenient place for a footpad to dispose of his victim without exciting alarm. Suddenly I saw a light flash out and disappear above the eaves. Almost without any reason, I turned my head and saw a light flash from the upper portion of the hotel. The moonlight in the glow swallowed up both lights. Perhaps the light in the hotel was accidental. Maybe my excited senses were deceived about the gleam over the eaves. Nobody of flesh and blood could flash a light one hundred and fifty feet above the little stream whose voice was in the dark day below. Perhaps it was a firefly flashing its tiny lamp out in that emptiness nearly five hundred feet from bank to bank at that point. I stepped close to a large tree, and thought for some time about the unknown ingredients of that 'soup.' I hugged the friendly tree as if somebody were working cautiously past, going toward the hotel. A few minutes after I determined to investigate on the theory. (Cautiously) I sought the track of the railway. Carefully I crept along the ties and went out over the abyss. I estimated the distance where the light flashed, and earnestly gazed for something. I knew not what. I may think I was foolish. I was about to go back to the hotel when my right hand, beside a rail, touched a fine wire. I struck a match, and, shielding the blaze, I perceived that the copper wire ran into a pasteboard cuff box, tied securely under a cast-iron pipe. The wire led into the air toward the hotel. The brief light was out. There I clung, held up by the structure which, for all its stone, iron and wood, seemed to almost sway in the gale sweeping down the canyon. Taking out my pocket-knife, I grasped the wire on the outside of the rail with my left hand, and, with my

right, closed over it the big knife-blade. The outer severed end I fastened around a rail. You may be sure I carefully untied that box. I was tempted to leave it into the gorge, but reflected that such a course would frustrate my plan to do it and convict those dynamiters. At first treading a path among eggs, I started to return. I left that mysterious box in the summer house to guard against any spy noting it in the hotel. By urgent request the night clerk and proprietor, with due precaution, I cautiously admitted me to the room of the proprietor. With due precaution, I con- fided in him. He went out and gave the clerk some instructions in a low tone and handed me a pass-key. I slyly went to my room. The house was still. Suddenly there rang out an alarm of fire. Soon confusion reigned. Guests were rudely awak- ened. The hurried out of windows or down the stairs. In a few minutes every body returned, pale, trembling, and nervous. The fire had been put out with not very heavy damage, strange to say Nobody, fortunately, was hurt. Every body congratulated everybody on narrow escapes. To this day there are numbers of stand, only three persons who have known the origin of that fire alarm. To any outsider would it not have been surprising that the occupants of rooms adjoining mine were more dres- sed than others of the fleeing guests? Fur- thermore, my neighbors had scarcely dis- appeared for downstairs, till my pass- key, furnished by the proprietor, was used. If ever an intrusion was justifi- cable that was, for a quick glance, before a hasty exit, showed me a lighted bulb's- eye lantern set on the carpet, and near it an open valve. That valve held an elec- tric battery. Its wires led to a switch- valve which contained a red, from which led a wire running through a space beneath the partly raised floor sash out into the darkness toward the railway bridge. Scarcely had the fire alarm commo- tion subsided when there was a rumbling and a roar in the quiet night. The New York night express was nearing Watkins Glen station. The bridge watch- man came from his shanty, and signalled, "Go ahead!" To what? The ponderous train crept over the bridge. I shud- dered, thinking of what might have happened. The conspirators were hushed. I could imagine one, whose room gave him a view of the bridge, peering out anx- iously as the train's lights flashed on to the doomed bridge. Did any remorse seize him for the dastardly deed of try- ing to hurl that unwarned train to cer- tain death and ruin? He seized the reel with one hand, and quickly drew in the pre- sence of his crime. With the other he pressed the electric button and speeded the electric spark to the end of the wire. The devilish contrivance did not work. Before the fiend could recover from his astonishment the train had passed safely across the bridge. With one hand the villain turned as the door was flung open, and revolvers held him prisoner. The tarantula, when cre- ated, stings itself. The train wrecker pushed his right hand into a side pocket, and withdrew it, not holding a revolver, but something which he swallowed. He staggered and fell dead. For years he had carried for years, had rescued him from earthly punishment. His partner, next door, was captured by surprise. He, too, was fully dressed, but stoutly de- nied his complicity in any crime. The electric apparatus, wire, infernal machine, and my testin my convicted him. He now sits in Auburn, to be con- demned by the State for ten years. He turned traitor to the rest of the gang, and tried to turn State's evidence. A number of rascals had planned to wreck that train. Several stationed themselves in the Glen below to plunder the debris and 'bones'.

My good luck in frustrating the murder- ous design commended me to the rail- road company, and I was given a lucra- tive position as one of my reward for preventing what would have proven a calamity almost unparalleled in the his- tory of railroads. That cut box is kept among the archives of the company. I come out north of here to-morrow, and I'll show you a hole like a cellar dug by the explosion of its contents. It con- tained enough dynamite and ter-chloride of nitrogen to have more than accom- plished its villainous purpose.—T. G. La Malle, in Current.

Slaughtering for Prizes. The slaughtering contest in connection with the Chicago Fat Stock Show for the Washburn prizes attracted wide attention, and the leading butchers from nearly every city of importance through- out the country were in attendance watching the competitors. The invited butchers from Pittsburgh, Penn., were present when the contest ended. The measure of time which it was sup- posed each butcher would consume from 'calling of time' to 'finish' was fixed at twenty-five minutes, for which twenty points were awarded, each butcher was allowed two points less for each minute consumed over twenty-five, and two points more for each minute he consumed less than twenty-five. The 'time' was called when the bullock was pithed up, gullet raised, forward feet off, and right leg broken, and 'finish' called when the carcass feet, head and hide were thrown one side, the eal placed in a tub, and the carcass hoisted up and split down. The winners were: M. F. Mullins—time, 10:17, total points, 108.4; Larry Noonan—time, 10:33, total points, 107.9; Walter Lennison—time, 13:36, total points, 105.8. First prize, \$100; second, \$50; third, \$35.

When He First Saw the Sky. M. Francisce Sarcey, the critic, has written about his eyes. He was always near sighted, but he was a school boy before he found it out. One day, for the fun of the thing, he put on his father's spectacles. "Fifty years have passed since then," he says. "My eyesight is un- dermined, I experienced it keen and thrilling to this day." "Lithero" he had seen the heavens above him "only as thick green cloth. Now, 'Oh, wonder and delight!" he says "what so enchanted me that I cannot speak of it to this day without emotion; between a title glimpse of bright blue sky."

After that master Sarcey had a pair of spectacles of his own. The study of myopia is his hobby, and it makes him melancholy, as it makes many other people. He knows that in fifteen years the percentage of short-sighted individuals in the polytechnic school of France has risen from 30 to 50 per cent., while 80 per cent. of the students wear glasses. Yet in the beginning of the Christian era myopia, which is now "increasing like an epidemic through Europe," was prac- tically unknown.—St. James's Gazette.

Courtsnip. The youth with her was deep in love. His feelings he could scarce command; And so he said: "Give me this glove That now protects your lily hand!" A tear shone in her eye so blue, And, as her bosom rose and fell, She said: "The glove is yours, if you Will take the hand as well."—Boston Courier.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

The Girl in Front. She sat before me down the aisle, She looked so sweet, so free from guile, I sat and watched her for awhile, Thoughtfulness of prayer, She had a fashionable hat, In shape the opposite of flat, And thought that could was that And her back hair.

Tailor-Made Jackets. There is only one place in which a man can detect the difference between the genuine and the bogus tailor-made jacket. That place is the throat. Your real swell, who backs her style with a plethoric portemonnaie, walks to her orchestra chair, shrugs her shoulders with a compressive wriggle that drops the collar of the jacket down her back, and finally folds the garment outside in with much ostentatious indifference and tosses it over the back of the chair so as to have the collar with the fifth avenue label exposed exactly under the nose of the lady in the seat behind her. The spurious and economical swell does nothing of that sort. Reaching her seat she turns her face to the stage and looks to the folks in the next row back squirms out of her jacket, folds it outside out, and hangs it so skilfully over the back of her chair that no one but a mind-reader can ever discover whether it has the right stamp within or no stamp at all. But every woman knows by the way the garment is folded whether it is the genuine article or not.—New York Letter.

Chances of Matrimony. I do not undertake to tell each of my fair readers how old she will be when led a blushing bride to the altar, if that should prove to be her destiny, but she should know what the chances are in the present state of our knowledge of statistics. But, in order to give the wedded pair that actually occur, we shall find that in every thousand there will be 179 wives under twenty years, while there will be only nine husbands of that tender age. But perhaps these facts will be better stated as follows: In every thousand marriages there will be: Husband's Age. Age of Wife. 20-24 25-29 25-29 20-24 29-33 25-29 33-37 25-29 37-41 25-29 41-45 25-29 45-49 25-29 49-53 25-29 53-57 25-29 57-61 25-29 61-65 25-29 65-69 25-29 69-73 25-29 73-77 25-29 77-81 25-29 81-85 25-29 85-89 25-29 89-93 25-29 93-97 25-29 97-100 25-29

The remainder, nine men and five women, will be scattered along between sixty and eighty years—an age at which almost any one would be expected to know better than to marry. However, that the desire as well as the opportunity for marriage falls off rapidly in both sexes after thirty; up to that age both seem to increase.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hindoo Child Marriages. It is essential for the honor of a Hindoo family of good caste, says a writer in a contemporary, that it should contain no married daughters of mature years. The existence of such daughters is not only a social disgrace, but a religious crime. When, therefore, a female infant is born, the first idea of her father's mind is not one of pleasure, nor perhaps of a very active regret, but sim- ilar to that which would be felt if a wife in our sense of the word. It suffices that she should be given in mar- riage, and go through the ceremony of the seven steps, which completes the religious rite. Aged Brahmins of good family still go about the country marry- ing for money. They are, however, female infants when they sometimes never see again. Within the memory of men still living this abominable practice was a flourishing trade. A Kulin Brahmin, perhaps white-haired, and half-blind and decrepit, went the round of his best each spring, going through the ceremony of marriage with such a mass of infants as were offered, and lock- ing his feet, and perhaps never re- turned to the child's house. So long as he lived she could marry no other man; when he died she became a widow for life. The Hindoo child-widow is looked upon as a thing apart and an- nounced, hearing the name, and held for sins which she has committed in a past existence. Her hair is cut short, or her head is shaved altogether; she ex- changes her pretty childish clothes for the widow's coarse and often squalid gar- ment; she is forbidden to take part in any village festival or family gathering, and is regarded as an outcast. Her natural woman's instincts are starved into inaction by constant fasts, sometimes prolonged to seven ty-two hours. Amid the general abhor- rence of the Hindoo family she grows old, disarrayed, silent, shamed, dis- graced, and finally, in a fit of desper- ately bald object, she is buried in the hope. There are hundreds of thou- sands of widows in India who have ac- quiesced in their cruel lot. They accept with a pathetic faith and resignation the priestly explanation which is given to them; they penitently believe that they are expiating sins committed in a past life, and they humbly trust that their purifying sorrows will win a reward in the life to come.—London Standard.

Marriage Customs in Turkey. All weddings in Turkey among Turks, whether in provinces or cities, are ar- ranged by old women, and are compli- cated, tedious affairs. The bridegroom holds fast several days at his home for his friends, and the prospective bride at her home with her young friends— girls, of course. The night before the wedding the married women of her ac- quaintance come and eat the married women's dinner with her, which consists principally, as Sam Weller would say, of a "swarty" of leg of mutton and trimmings. The next day the bride is taken to the bridegroom's house in a sedan chair, with a retinue of slaves carrying her wedding presents on trays on their heads, covered with colored tarlatan. The procession is sometimes very im- posing. The bride's female relatives, who also there in the new harem until night-fall and they retire to the rooms, leav- ing the bride on a sort of throne, veiled. The bridegroom is then admitted, and he is to throw himself at the bride's feet and offer her his wedding present or some handsome jewelry, and she is to raise her veil and strike him blind by her beauty. Sometimes he is struck dumb by her ugliness, for he never looks on her face until after the wedding. When a babe is born in any house, there is great rejoicing if it be a boy, less if a girl. The wife is proud to be white; but Turkish women are not good mothers. They are too child-like them- selves. When a girl is born to a Sultan they fire seven guns; when a boy is born they fire more. The girls are brought up to be a divine interposition of Providence to prevent too many claimants to the throne. Babies are dressed like mummies in swaddling clothes for six months; then the boys are put in trousers, some in generals' or colonels' uniforms, regularly made. When the Sultan takes a wife no ceremony is considered necessary more than to present his bride. The new Sultan inherits all the widows and slaves of his predecessor, and every year of his reign, at the feast of the Ramadan, he receives a new one from his mother and takes any girl or woman to his harem who happens to strike his fancy. Slaves who become mothers are instantly pro- moted to the rank of Sultana. Six months before the feast of Ramadan, the Valide Sultana orders that all the young candidates be brought to her, and she chooses fifty or sixty, more of the lot. There are immediately put under diet and training, and at the be- ginning of the great feast she again chooses, and this time the choice is final. Girls arrive at legal majority at nine years of age and are frequently married at ten. Children of twelve and thirteen are often seen with babies of their own. They are old at twenty-five. The old Turkish women have a hard lot of it. Beyond a respect for age which they con- tribute to inspire by tooth and nail among younger wives than they, their lives are not happy. Still, they are provided for as long as a man lives he feeds his family, one and all alike.—Brooklyn Magazine.

Fashion Notes. Velvet is the material for winter bonnets. Black velvet bonnets with white strings are very stylish. The most stylish bonnets of the season have soft crush crowns. "Point d'esprit" is a lace which will be much worn this season. Plaid neckties make a bit of brightness in little boys' costumes. The Dutch peasant costume is a favor- ite dress for girls from six to ten years. The plumage of the osprey is very popular for millinery purposes this season. Square and diamond-shaped buttons are considered more stylish than round ones. Double revers, extending to the shoulders, appear on some of the new dresses. Plain skirts should be of richer material than that used for the rest of the costume. Canvas, tweed and cheviot are the leading dress materials this season for general wear. Brocades in which are woven gold threads are very elegant and stylish for evening dresses. Gray watered silk with black cashmere is a favorite combination for gowns for elderly ladies. A handsome feline of tulle and old point lace is sprinkled with tiny shells of mother-of-pearl. Silver gilt bracelets are very narrow and are set with turquoise after the manner of garnets. "Sackcloth" is a loosely-woven serge of light weight which bids fair to become popular as it drapes nicely. Black and yellow in combination has not been seen in a long time in elegant costumes, but this winter it reappears. Dark red shades are much used for velvet toilets, and for use with these are pascimentaries that have red stones in them. Many elegant imported suits are black tulle or green in combination with white, used, green, or the brighter or dull red shades. There is a marked contrast in gowns of French and English make, the former being much gathered and puffed, the latter plain and plain. I laid velvet for petticoats to walking suits are more and more popular as their natty effect is appreciated. The same pair appears on the bonnet or toque. Chestnut belts of enameled silver, so like the ripe nut that it is hardly possible to distinguish them, are worn upon gowns of satin and velvet are green and brown, or heliotrope and Suede, or two shades of heliotrope, green or brown, the difference in shades often depending merely on the difference of the two materials.

The World's Greatest Railroad. Did you ever stop to think what a great corporation this Pennsylvania Railway is? Of the 125,000 miles of railway in the United States it operates 7,000. Of 25,000 locomotives in the country it owns 2,000. Of 750,000 cars of all kinds 190,000 run on its lines. Its share of the gross earnings of all American railroads—\$750,000,000 a year—is ten per cent., or \$1,500,000 a week. Every year it carries 50,000,000 passengers and 50,000,000 tons of freight, the tonnage being one-sixth of the estimated total of all rail- ways in the country. To carry on its vast operations an army of 80,000 men is employed. Hitherto our Chicago railways have been the most ambitious in America. The vigorous manner in which they are reaching their long fingers out into the West has been simply marvelous. Al- ready at the base of the Rocky Mountains, it is predicted for the Northwestern, the St. Paul and Burlington—the great trio—that another decade will see the loco- motives taking drink from the Pacific. So rapid are the strides, indeed, that the Pennsylvania main line goes out into the West and conquers new territory, or is soon compelled to yield to another the title of greatest railway in the world.—Chicago Herald.

An Old Fashion Revived. The old healthful and happy fashion of having one or two wide leg fire-pieces in either hall or library has been revived, says an exchange. An increase in the number of these is noted by architects and designers, all of whom approve the revival and predict the happiest possible results from the fashion. "There is no home delight so equal on long winter nights to that of watching the great logs as they slowly burn, sending their coun- less sparks up the chimney. Where the winter is mild this dreary pastime is more or less circumscribed, of course, but in the regions where winter means something more than rain and mist, those who once sat by such a fire-side never forget it afterward, and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that they never happy without one. A New Jersey man has been fined \$50 for keeping a cow. The cow belonged to a neighbor.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SCETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Wife Worth Having—Sensible Savages—An Expensive Pin—The Dreamy Bookkeeper—The Landlady's Retort, Etc. "Mr. Winks—"Great Scott! there comes Jinks. "He has a bill against me. Tell him I am out." "Mrs. Winks—"Well, I'll tell him you have just gone down town to pay a bill." "No, no; he'll know you're lying then. Tell him something he can believe." "Well, I'll say you're on another spree, dear."—Omaha Voice.

Sensible Savages. "What queer things there are in the world," said Mr. Brown, looking up from a book of travels which he had been perusing. "Here it says that a New Guinea savage gives a friendly salutation by pinching his nose and nuzzling his stomach at the same time. What do you suppose such a performance signifies?" "That you can lead a man by the nose when his stomach is full," returned Mr. Brown, promptly. "Those New Guinea savages must be a very sensible race."—Harper's Bazar.

The Landlady's Retort. "These biscuits," said the Professor, "are like the Statue of Liberty at night. They would give better satisfaction if they were lighter." "Yes," said the third floor back, "and this piece of chicken remains in a great hole—Donaport." "But neither of your board bills are like the Balkan troubles," said the land- lady. "Why so?" asked the Profes or and third floor back. "Because the Balkan troubles will probably be settled."—New York Sun.

An Expensive Pin. One fine day a Scrogglesville man came to town with a painful clam, which he sold. When washing out the pain care- fully he had a gallon of molasses poured into it and started for home. Feeling the weight of his burden he put a stick through the pail and hung the pail over his shoulder. Presently, jogging along in an abstracted fashion, the Scrogglesville man espied a pin in the road, and being of a frugal turn he stooped over to pick it up. This seemed to the molasses to be as good a chance as it could find, and it promptly stepped out of the pail and walked all over the back of the Scrogglesville man's back. "Good heavens!" gasped the Scrogglesville man, as he struggled to his feet and viewed the devastation wrought upon the scenery, "a gallon of molasses for a pin."—Rockland (Me.) Courier-Journal.

The Dreamy Bookkeeper. A tall, gaunt, absent minded man at- tended in a drab sack coat and a pair of checker-plaid pantaloons stood on the corner of Charles and Baltimore streets yesterday afternoon smoking a cigar and conversing with two young ladies. The party were waiting for a car. As the car approached, the young man, who was evidently a bookkeeper, mechanically stuck the lighted cigar behind his ear, under the impression that it was a lead pencil. The cigar remained behind the ear ex- actly two seconds. Then the young man's mouth opened like an old-fash- ioned barndoor swinging on its hinges. "See-ra-salem!" he yelled, jerking the cigar away as though it were a bum- blebee and projecting his anatomy about two feet into the still and placid atmo- sphere. The two girls had sung the hair off from a spot on his head the size of a silver dollar, and the top of his ear was burned to a blister.—Baltimore Herald.

He Guessed at It. Superintendent Judson, of the Chicago and Iowa Road, tells of a section boss who several years ago sent in a report, which made a hyword for the boys about the general office that is in use to day. Section bosses are provided with banks, on which they are required to report all cases of animals killed by trains. The banks have spaces for telling where, when and how the animal is killed, and what disposition is made of the carcass, whether it is buried or not. One day a cow was killed at on the Rydelle section, and a section boss who had been recently promoted went out to make the report. He held in the proper spaces what train killed the animal and under what conditions it was done. Then he came to the line: "Disposition, kind and gentle."—Chicago News.

The Time Fiend. On one of the recent cold nights a man was hastening across the Common with his coat buttoned up to his neck. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to un- button his coat in order to get at his watch. Just then he saw a man of well-dressed appearance coming in the dis- tance, and remarked to himself: "Go to! I will ask you gentled stranger what time it is, and he will un- button his coat, pull out his watch, and eke inform me of the hour of the night." He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up, the man who wanted to know the time touched his hat politely and said: "Sir, do you know what time it is?" The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his overcoat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his under coat, and finally pulled out his watch, while the cold wind beat against his unprotected breast. "Looking up the watch so that the light would shine on it, he scrutinized it an instant, and said: "Yes." And then he passed on without an- other word.—Boston Record.

The Haughty Wife. In one of the cities that lie over against Boston there lives a family whose mas- culine head is a man who has won con- siderable wealth, from humble begin- nings, not unlike those of Commodore Vanderbilt, with the difference that while he, like Vanderbilt, began as a boatman, he was expanded into the bank- ing business instead of into the railroad business. Ever since he became a banker his excellent wife has been smitten with the great importance of her husband's new occupation and has advertised it on every possible occasion. The horse-car conductors on the line which runs into

HONDURAS.

PRODUCTS OF THIS CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

Its Woods and Fruits.—Timbered with valuable trees.—Native Plantain, Banana and Coconuts Trees. American citizens have a monopoly of the vast fruit, fiber, nut and timber trade of Spanish Honduras. The nearly all of the native laborers, beginning of these industries in 1878. Mahogany is now the im- portant timber in naval and com- mercial use. It is used largely for Cannon balls go through it splintering or splitting the wood. Best timber is shipped to England at three pence per ton, and the States for the manufacture of gun- shells and for interior finish. It is sleeping and drawing room wood, finished with it. Americans are taking from Honduras and shipping them every year. Fruits and woods of the world. At these products trees are raised in Honduras. The principal building material of Honduras is yellowish in color, which is a beautiful hard surface. The timber compares very closely with mahogany, except that it is very hard and is used for panel and veneer. Sapodilla is a very hard, close-grained red-wood, durable and strong. It permits numerous uses. The mahogany is used for the handles of our pockets and on the counter- tops of knife-handles. It is the American variety, and very fine also used for veneer work and for rosewood veneering. The mahogany, which is also used for the handles of our pockets and on the counter-tops of knife-handles. It is the American variety, and very fine also used for veneer work and for rosewood veneering.

Well-Wakes. The well-wakes, so strongly denounced by the clergy in early times, lingered in some places in Shropshire (England) even into the present century—chiefly in townships where the church or chapel existed. The East well at Baschurch, in a field beside the River Sever, in a field, was well frequented till twenty years ago by young people who went there on Palm Sunday to drink sugar and water and eat cakes. A clergyman who was present in 1850 speaks of seeing little boys scrambling for the lumps of sugar which escaped from the glasses and floated down the brook which flows from the spring into the river. St. Margaret's well, about a quarter of a mile from Washington, renowned for its eye-healing virtues, was yearly visited by Black country folks and others, who dived, or dipped, their heads in it on Good Friday. Around Oswestry, both in Shropshire and Montgomeryshire, at various points, "Trinity wakes," which drank sugar and water at "Trinity wakes." At the "Hallwell wak" at Horington, a township in the parish of Chirbury, the well was adorned with a bower of green bushes, rushes and flowers, and a May-pole was set up. The people "dressed" to walk around the hill with five, drum and fiddle, dancing and frolicking as they went, and then fell to evening by dancing to the music of fiddles. They threw pins into the well—an offering which one old man, a blacksmith at Hope, says was supposed to bring good luck to those who made it and to preserve them from being bewitched; and they also drank sugar and water. The custom of drinking water was not only for the chief material of the feast. Soon after Chirbury wakes (St. Michael's) a barrel of ale was always brewed on Horington green, which, on the following Ascension day, was taken to the side of the holy well and there tamped. Cakes, of course, were eaten with the ale. They were round, eaten with the ale, and then fell to evening by dancing to the music of fiddles. 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