

SECOND HAND BOOKS.

Some Curious Features of a Little-Known Business.

Has Its Seasons of Dullness and Brightness the Same as Many Other Lines of Trade-Interesting Particulars.

The time when the dealer in second-hand books makes his greatest profit of the year is at hand. All during the months of June, July and August he devotes his substance to the acquirement of fresh stock, and in September he begins to gather his harvest.

To you who only know the second-hand book stall as a place where old and variously damaged volumes are offered for sale, it may seem that the trade is as good one time of the year as another, but if you will get acquainted with the dealer you may learn that this business more than nearly any other has its seasons of depression and inflation, says the St. Louis Republic.

September is when our good time begins," said a dealer on Ninth street. "Then is when we realize on the text-books that we buy in the spring and summer. Look at those crowded shelves! See all those medical works? They will bring fat prices in September. And well they may, for buying and paying for them kept me poor all summer. There is more money in medical books than anything we handle except law books, but a man must know his business in order to select the right editions. Doctors, particularly these young fellows still in college, are very particular not to take any but the latest editions, whereas sometimes an older edition is really preferable. Of course this only applies to such books as treat of the exact branches of the science of heating-anatomy, for instance. Now, you won't find a better author on anatomy than Gray, and he's been dead a long time, yet a young man refused the other day to buy a copy of his work from me because, he said, it was published too long ago to be of value to a modern physician. Think of it! He had an idea that changes had been discovered in the human form divine in the last few years.

"Books on chemistry must necessarily be of recent date in order to be of the best value to the student, for new discoveries in that science are being made constantly. It is the same with surgery and the general practice of medicine, but in the physiological branches of the art a book published 20 years ago is as good as one fresh from the pen of the author. But, as I say, some of these youngsters don't seem to realize this, and insist on having only editions bearing the label: 'Edition of 1899,' or even 1900. As a result some publishers get out new editions of books every few years, making absolutely no change in the contents. We second-hand men know this, and we won't buy anything but the fresh editions if we know what they are, and if we don't know that we had better get out of the business.

"Where do we buy books? From all sorts of people. Here is a work on surgical bacteriology. I got that from a woman with whom a medical student boarded last winter. He didn't pay his bill, and she kept his books. I gave her \$1.25 for it. I will sell it for about two-thirds of its original cost, which was seven dollars. Medical books come high, you know, and we must have a fair profit. The high prices that the first-hand stores charge for such works is the reason that we sell so many of them. It is the same way with school books. They are a staple, and must be had, and the trust has shoved the prices up, so that it isn't everybody who can afford to pay the full price. We buy them in large numbers in the spring, and sell them for fairly good prices in the fall.

"How about law books?" "They are a nice stock to handle, nicer than medical works, for they don't get out of date so easily, and the young lawyers seem to have more money to invest than the young doctors.

"Fiction is the worst line we have, yet it is the only line that there is a steady demand for all the year. It is better in the fall, when the farmers come to town with money, than it is at other times, but there is a pretty steady demand for it all the year. Then, why is it unsatisfactory, you say? Simply because people don't seem to appreciate the difference between a good edition and a bad one."

Does Cooking Spoil Food?

Prof. H. Tyler, of Indianapolis, says that human life would average three or four times longer than it does if people would reject the senseless practice of cooking their food. Animals and fowl live much longer in proportion to the period of full development than man. Says Prof. Tyler, "Man for some unknown reason, eats dead cells (cooked cells) to replace the dead cells that have been separated from the body. In cooking food all the acids and gases necessary for the conservation and preservation of ideal health escape with the steam, and the food retains a greater supply of ash, lime and other such substances than nature requires for the amount of food taken into the system."—Chicago Chronicle.

American Breakfast Foods Abroad.

"The exporting of cereal foods manufactured in America has grown to enormous proportions during the past few years," says an exporter. "It is only within the present generation that the manufacture of these breakfast foods from wheat and oats became of any importance in this country. Now it is one of the largest of American industries."—N. Y. Times.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Astronomer Wolf, of Heidelberg, has, by means of his photographic process, discovered three asteroids in a single night.

The Journal L'Apiculteur records a curious observation of a specialist, namely, that nightingales devour the drones of a hive and leave workers unmolested. As an experiment, 12 of the former and six of the latter were killed and placed by the hive; the 12 were eaten, the six not touched.

Switzerland has not until now been noted as a center for steel production, though her engineers have long held a high position in the mechanical world. Recently, however, a company has been formed to work the great deposits in the Bernese Oberland, where there are many million tons of ore available, averaging 40 per cent of iron.

Of the total exports of the United States in 1899 only 11.7 per cent went to the countries of the western hemisphere, and of that only 2.90 per cent went south of the equator. Although we buy more of Brazil's great staples—coffee and rubber—than all of Europe combined, five other nations excel us in exports to Brazilian markets.

The Prussian government is making systematic inquiries with a view to increasing knowledge upon the subject of cancer. Every registered physician has received a paper asking questions relative to experience in cancer cases. An attempt is being made to find out if cancer is hereditary, if it is contagious, and whether it is connected with any particular habit, such as over-indulgence in alcohol, tobacco, etc., and whether it is more prevalent in one district than in another.

PAYS TUITION WITH HONEY.

Young Woman Raises Bees and is Going to College on Their Product.

Syracuse university has a student this fall who pays for her tuition and for all her other expenses while taking the course by her own industry and that of the bees she has impregnated into her service during the summer. At the state fair recently held she received the first prize for bees and several prizes for honey, says a New York exchange.

Miss Mary Mills has 50 swarms and takes entire charge of them herself. They are kept in a vineyard on her father's farm, not far from Syracuse, as they can be captured more easily on the vines than on trees when they swarm. The working costume of the young woman is simple, but sufficient, consisting of denim bloomers, waist and short skirt. The color chosen is brown, as bees are supposed to have a special liking for it and are less likely to attack people who wear it. With it she wears a farmer's straw hat, enveloped in a brown silk veil tucked carefully into the waist of her gown, and we must have a fair profit. The high prices that the first-hand stores charge for such works is the reason that we sell so many of them. It is the same way with school books. They are a staple, and must be had, and the trust has shoved the prices up, so that it isn't everybody who can afford to pay the full price. We buy them in large numbers in the spring, and sell them for fairly good prices in the fall.

The money earned by Miss Mills has been saved for the study of music, which she intends to make her special study in college. Her business will be continued, as it requires little time in winter, and the Saturday holidays will enable her to do all that is necessary.

A Modern Wooling.

Harry—So you have seen her father. Well, what did he say?

Billy—It's all right. I went to him, and says I: "I am going to do you a favor. I am going to take your daughter off your hands."

"And what did he say to that?" "He wanted to know how much it was going to cost him. I told him it might cost him a trifle more than to keep her, there being two of us, but of course he wouldn't mind that. He closed with me right off. He said he liked me, and it would be all right if I would go on the road for his establishment. It looks sort of mercenary, Harry, but I really believe the girl is in love with me, and a fellow must consider that, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Feathers Blow Off Chickens.

A device for plucking feathers from chickens has been patented in Great Britain. Cross currents of air set in motion by revolving electrical fans completely strip a bird of every feather and paralyze it down.—N. Y. Sun.

That Settled It.

Mattie—Well, I have promised to marry him, and that settles it. George—How can you refer to him as "it"?—Judge.

GOOD PISTOL SHOTS.

Some Men Endowed with the Faculty of Marksmanship.

Shooting by Sense of Direction is the Method of Many Good Marksmen—Some Notable Examples.

"Yes, I've heard a good many stories about 'hip shooting,'" said a veteran hunter of this city, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but I never saw but one man who professed to be able to do the trick. He was a physician named Webster, who came from somewhere near Charleston, S. C. I hunted with him twice at Asheville, and on each occasion he gave some remarkable exhibitions of his skill. He used an old-fashioned breech-loader, 12-bore, and when he shot from the hip he grasped the stock just behind the hammer with his right hand, and held the barrel firmly in his left some eight or nine inches below the muzzle. The flat of the stock was pressed against his right side at the top of the hip bone and a little to the front, so he did not face the object he shot at, but had it quartering on his left. I am sure about these details because I watched him particularly.

"The first thing I saw him knock over was a rabbit, which was loping across a plowed field. He steadied the gun for an instant, with a gesture that reminded me somewhat of a man holding a billiard cue, and then blazed away. The rabbit dropped. Afterward I saw him shoot a lark on the wing and two other birds sitting. He afterward missed a couple of wing shots, but I saw enough to convince me that there was no accident about his first work. He didn't pretend to shoot as well from the hip as from the shoulder, and admitted frankly that he couldn't bring down difficult game, such, for instance, as snipe. I can hit about three out of five," he said, "when I pick my own conditions, and I believe he could do even better.

"When I asked him how he did it he laughed. 'There is no mystery about hip shooting,' he said, 'and it is a great mistake to suppose it necessary to look over the sights in order to hit things. How does an archer bring down flying birds? He doesn't look along the arrow, he shoots by sense of direction, and I do the same thing with a gun. It isn't everybody who possesses this sense of direction,' he added, 'but those who have it—perhaps one out of three—can learn hip-shooting without difficulty.'

"I believe there is a good deal in the 'sense-of-direction theory,' said another sportsman in the group. 'I lived in the west five or six years and I know for a certainty that nearly all the best off-hand pistol shots among the cowboys fired without aiming—I mean without sighting in the usual manner along the barrel. They would look at the target instead of the weapon, and would generally give their pistols a slight forward thrust before pulling the trigger. It was done on the instant, and those who were clever at it could be fairly confident of hitting a mark the size of a man's hat at, say, 50 paces. None of them claimed to be able to shoot as accurately that way as he could by sighting, but it was a pretty trick, all the same, and very valuable in a sudden melee.

"One of the best off-hand shots I ever knew was a cow puncher named Bill Rainey. He attributed his skill to the habit of haying his index finger along the barrel of his six-shooter. 'I don't point the gun,' he said; 'I just point my finger and then let her go, Gallagher!' There was probably more in that practice than Bill himself suspected. We are accustomed from infancy to pointing at things we desire to indicate, and no doubt unconsciously cultivate the very sense of direction of which you were speaking a few moments ago. I have seen Rainey knock over an oyster can five times out of six at a distance of over 50 feet without doing a particle of sighting, and firing almost as quickly as he could pull the trigger. One of his pet tricks was to wheel and fire, and the accuracy with which he could plant a bullet while his body was still turning was marvelous. One thing I noticed in particular in regard to shooting without taking aim along the barrel was that it must be done very quickly or the bullet is almost certain to fly wide of its mark. If there is any hesitation or attempt to calculate the direction it is safe to wager on a miss. The cowboys who were most expert at this style seemed to find their target by a sort of instinct and pulled the trigger the moment the arm was fully extended. Aside from Bill Rainey and his index finger theory, I never encountered anybody who was able to throw any light on the performance. When questioned the cow punchers would look bewildered and say there was a 'kind of knack about it,' and beyond that were evidently at sea themselves."

Remedy for Carbuncles.

A remedy for carbuncles, those dreaded and painful afflictions of the flesh, is to take a tablespoonful of cornmeal in a glass of water every morning for three days. This antiseptic beverage is said to be excellent for driving away these boils. "Cornmeal will make a new liver," has long been a proverb.—People's Home Journal.

An Embarrassment of Rules.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" "Grain, they's too many folks a-bringin' me up. I'd get along better 'I on'y had you."—Indianapolis Journal.

Ought to Be Equal to the Job.

He—If I should try to kiss you, Miss Maude, would you call for help? She—No, you'd have to help yourself.—Smart Set.

LAUNDRY HINTS.

A Variety of Suggestions Which May Prove of Use to the Young Housewife.

If you have gingham or calico dresses that you think will fade, dissolve a handful of coarse salt in a gallon of hot water and put the garment in it. Leave it in the water until it is cold, then wash it out and you will usually find the color set so that subsequent washings will not fade it. Always remove colored clothes from the line as soon as they are dry, for exposure to sunshine fades them, says the Boston Herald.

Thin places in table linen and towels can be greatly strengthened by running lines thread back and forth through them to prevent the fabric from fraying out. The little dresses and aprons are easy to mend if attended to at once, but if the garment is washed first they often come out hopelessly torn.

Before beginning the washing separate the white clothes from the colored ones, cut up a bar of soap in a small tin pan or crock and cover with three pints of boiling water. When it is dissolved add four tablespoonfuls of powdered borax, let it come to a boil and set off the stove. Your clothes should be soaked the night before the washing is done. Put the wash boiler on the stove with enough water to boil the clothes, and when it is hot add half your boiled soap, stir well, then run the finest white clothes through the wringer. Rub the dirtiest spots with the soap, put them in the boiler and scald 20 minutes. Drain them out of the boiler into clean warm water, rub them well and wring them into the rinse water. Add more boiled soap to the water in the boiler and scald the second lot of white clothes. No rubbing is necessary except for the dirtiest pieces, for the borax cleanses them with very little work. Wash colored clothes in the suds from which the white ones have been removed. Do not boil them, but rinse thoroughly.

To make good, clear starch, wet the lump starch with cold water and stir until it is smooth, then pour boiling water over it and cook until it is clear. It will take about a quart of boiling water to every two table-spoonfuls of starch used. If it is too thick when it gets cool enough to use thin with clear water and add a little bluing.

When you wash small articles such as handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs, put them in a clean flour sack or pillow slip, and it will save time in handling them.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY GOODS.

Pretty and Useful Trifles That Are Now in Vogue with the Ladies.

The "wrist bag" has been growing in favor for several seasons and adequate reasons, and this fall it is an important feature of the fancy goods department. It is an evolution of the much laughed at Boston bag, which has gone serenely on its way until, by its undeniable convenience, it has vindicated its right to be. The wrist bag is large enough to hold pocketbook, handkerchief and a few trifling purchases if need be. The handsomest are made of suede, in a variety of colors and with brass or silver trimmings, says the New York Tribune.

Chateleine bags seem to have lost not a particle of their hold on popularity. They are shown in suede velvet, metal chain and beads. Some of the suede are embroidered heavily with steel and gold beads, either singly or in combination, and some are studded with steel or brass "nail heads."

Belts appear in such variety as to recall the refrain of Kipling's barrack-room ballad, "Belts, belts, belts." Velvet with rhinestone adornment, satin or velvet, with camros; satin or velvet, with medallions, mounted on brass; gilt webbing, gilded serpents, silk elastic webbing with cut steel studs—their name is legion!

Embossed leather is in great demand for cardcases, finger purses, pocketbooks and chateleine bags. They are shown in extremely pretty color effects. Some have gold ornamentation on a black or a white background. Some have diamond-shaped embossing on a contrasting background. Some have cameo designs in wedgewood colorings.

Tomatoes Preserved Whole.

Seal some ripe tomatoes of an even size; remove the skins with care, leaving the tomatoes in perfect shape; pack them in wide-mouthed glass jars; press the fruit lightly, and put in as many as will go in; close and boil ten minutes in water; remove, and when cold set them in a cool place. See that every jar is air-tight before setting it away. Another way is to fill the jar, after putting in the tomatoes, with salted water, allowing half ounce salt for each quart of water, and finish the same way.—Ledges Monthly.

Pickled Grapes.

Pick sound grapes from the stems without breaking and put them in a jar. For every seven pounds of the fruit allow a quart of vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar and a tablespoonful each of whole cloves and stick of cinnamon; boil together for a few minutes, and when cold enough to bear the finger in pour over the uncooked grapes. Cover the jar with a saucer and do not disturb for two or three weeks.—Home Magazine.

WINDOW DRAPERIES.

Graceful and Easy Ways of Dressing the Windows for the Winter.

No room lacks in charm if its windows are prettily draped. So many are the adequate and inexpensive materials suitable for winter draperies that a woman is hardly to be forgiven if she fails to expend wisely all funds she purposes to lay out on fresh curtains. If the allowance for autumn renovation is not very generous and the householder yearns after a genuine artistic effect she must refuse even to consider any of the cheap cotton-filled damasks and imitation oriental stuffs that blaze with crude colors, but go back to the simple and cheap denim, cheese cloth, soft dull-colored India silk and dotted cream-white Madras.

For 15 cents a yard one can buy really lovely imitations of French and English cretonnes and chintz, denim in solid, rich reds, blues and greens or relieved by stripes and figures and a durable and agreeably figured cotton goods known as upholsterer's lining. This last is printed with patterns of big white apron wreaths, or a small diamond design, on a ground of forest green, Pompadour red or mandarin yellow and if, with these stores to draw from, a window cannot be dressed charmingly for the output of \$1.20 per window then the dresser thereof has no right to feel herself an astute or successful person.

Simple, graceful lines of drapery and good color is what sets a window off to the greatest advantage, and four suggestions are sketched in order to give anyone of an engineering mind some ideas as to which is attainable with inexpensive upholstery fabrics. One of the pictures shows how in a room that boasts four sun-admitting windows the curtains can be arrayed to temper the glare and convey to the interior of the room a most delightful air of inviting coziness, says the St. Louis Republic.

This fashion of hanging a window is properly called "cottager drapery" and warm red denim is one of the best goods for the purpose. A single width of the heavy fabric is enough for the straight fall at right and left edges at the sides and necessitates three-yard lengths. The hem at the bottom should be about three inches deep and at the top it is merely a casing through which to run a slender brass rod on which the curtains are gathered and from which they hang. A founce of denim from 14 to 16 inches in depth is then made.

strung by small brass rings to a larger rod than the first and fastened to fall in a founce lambrequin over the top of the curtains proper. The ends of the founce rod should be finished off with small brass balls, and if a touch of extra ornamentation is desired the founce may be made of red denim that is striped or flared. Exactly the same effect as this can be gained by using single-faced velvets and lining the plain surface with red satin, and this season a good use is made of dull red or green burlaps. Both of these materials cost more, however, than the denim.

Now for a room where curtains are necessary, but from which no light can wisely be excluded, a charming arrangement of drapery is possible with cream Madras, cheese cloth or even snowflake that is striped in good colors. This scarf decoration, while it gives a window an elaborately garnished appearance, is too transparent to shut off any desired daylight. A liberal amount of material is required in the make of the full-crossed scarfs, edged with a coarse cream point de Paris lace that costs nine cents a yard. Two widths of wide goods is necessary to give a graceful amplitude to every side of the high looped furniture, and small brass rods are again most fittingly employed here.

That Old Dispute.

"Well, after all," she said, "you men can't get around one fact when you try to make out that man is woman's intellectual superior. You admit that it was a woman who caused the first man's downfall. Now, if that doesn't show intellectual superiority on the part of the lady, I'd like to know why. If the man had been above her mental level, how could she have accomplished his overthrow? If he was her superior, why didn't he—"

"Parson me," the man interrupted, "you haven't started quite far enough back. As in all such cases, there was another fellow around to put her up to it."

After which she scorned him and entered into conversation with a boy at the other side of the room.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Why He Lazed Her.

"Are you proud of your baking powder biscuits?" he asked.

"I should think not," she replied. "I've tried dozens of times, but I never could equal those made by the cook."

"Has anyone ever told you that your pie crust excels anything in that line ever before made?"

"Never. My pie crust is worse than my biscuit."

"Are you an adept at preparing dainty little desserts?"

"Oh, I've done a little something in that way, of course," she answered; "but I never would think of doing the cooking for anyone for whom I really cared."

He gave a sigh of relief.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.—London Answers.

Their Business.

Gas Man: Hello! Tom, what are you doing these days?

Pork Packer: I'm in the meat business. What are you doing?

"I go you one degree better. I'm in the meter business."—Detroit Free Press.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

At least 15 automobiles are in use in Honolulu.

More than 200 Hons have been brought up in the Dublin Zoological garden and sold for over \$25,000.

A nursery near Mexico, Mo., contains 250,000 young fruit trees, pruned and cultivated to perfection.

The fall term of the circuit court in Kansas City, Mo., opened with 300 suits for divorce on the docket.

A Swiss geulus has invented a pith cloak weighing about one pound which will hold up a fully equipped soldier on the surface of the water.

An ostrich seldom jumps over an obstruction of some height, as a well or mound—perhaps fearing for its frail bones—the usual way of clearing the obstacle being to breast the wall or mound, and then to roll over it somehow.

One of the curious philanthropic organizations of London is known as the spectacle mission. It was founded over ten years ago. Its object is to provide poor, working people suffering from defective sight with eyeglasses. Last year more than 1,000 spectacles were given away by the mission.

The first "sailed prophet" was Hakim Ben Allah, called Mukanna, the Veiled. He was the founder of an Arabic sect in the eighth century during the reign of Mahadi at Khorassan. He commenced his career as a common soldier, but soon rose to be the commander of a band of his own. An arrow pierced one of his eyes, and to hide this deformity he wore a veil. When he was conquered by the sultan Mahdi he poisoned his soldiers and then threw himself into a vessel containing a burning acid, which completely destroyed his body, his object being to persuade the people that he had ascended to Heaven.

CLUBLIKE COUNTRY BANKS.

There is a Difference Between Financial Institutions in Country and City.

"If there is one place more than another that is business from start to finish and repeat," said the man who gets around occasionally, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean, "it is a city bank. The big ones are almost everywhere—their facilities and—see the little ones, on side streets, don't encourage a man to loaf and invite his soul after he has attended to what he came there for. But it is very different in the country, especially in the south. In the town down where I spend a few weeks every year, there are three banks, all good ones of a quarter of a million capital each, and with handsome buildings, but instead of the narrow, panned-up accommodations for customers, as is the rule in the city banks, their rooms are commodious and they are furnished with chairs and desks to write at, and plenty of cuspidors for the tobacco chewers. The clerks are behind railings, and counters, but these are the restricted quarters, and most of the space is set apart for the comfort and convenience of customers. They are the general meeting places for farmers and other visitors to town, and during business hours they are never empty.

"The work of the bank goes on just the same, for everybody is used to that sort of thing, and the crowd outside, more like a barroom than a bank, laughs and talks and swears and chews tobacco as if that were part of the banking business. In the summer afternoons the big armchairs are carried out into the shade, if the bank happens to be on the shady side of the street, and they decorate with their occupants the whole street front of the building. In the winter there is a big stove, bed-hot most of the time, that makes it pleasant for the people who have ridden five or ten miles through the cold, and the crowd is thicker than ever because the weather is not propitious for street-corner conferences as it is in summer. I have never seen the staid decorum of the city bank in the country, and I am sure if any man with new-fangled notions were to attempt to conduct a bank on such lines he wouldn't get enough business to declare a centennial dividend of a quarter of one per cent. The people simply wouldn't have it, and if they couldn't make the bank their headquarters for trading talk and their general meeting place they would not go there at all."

Small for Its Age.

Pat called as usual one morning at the Cow and Pall for his threepenny worth of whisky, when the following conversation ensued between the landlady and himself:

Pat—This be good whisky, mum.

Lady—Yes, Pat. Can you guess the age of it?

"No, mum."

"Well, it's 30 years old."

"(Eying the threepenny worth)—"Olm a-thinkin' it be mighty small for its age, mum."—London Spare Moments.

Carving.

"Wasn't that the dinner bell just rang?" inquired the man who was dining with the Carvers for the first time.

"Yes," replied the old friend of the family.

"Then where's the host going? I just saw him pass down the hall with his overcoat on."

"That wasn't an overcoat; it was a mackintosh. We're going to have roast duck."—Philadelphia Press.

Precedent.

As the general manager for a Dun-dee cattle company's ranch in south-west Texas was registering at a Corpus Christi hotel the clerk remarked that he thought the name should be spelled with a double d.

"Was, my young friend, so long as the Almighty is satisfied with one d till His name, one d will be good enough for John Tod."—Judge.