

MATCHES OF OLD TIMES.

Securing a Light With a Flint Was a Tedious Process.

Few persons living today remember when the tinder box was a necessity. But these few are the only ones who thoroughly appreciate the convenience of matches. With the aid of a tinder box one sometimes obtained a light in less than two minutes, but if the conditions were unfavorable one might spend a half hour or more before getting from the reluctant tinder box the spark which would kindle the fire.

The process sounds simple. The lid of the box was removed and a bit of candle stuck in the socket. Next the flint, steel, matches and damper were taken from the box, one match being drawn from the bundle and lid ready for immediate use. The handle of the steel was grasped firmly in the left hand and the flint held between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. Nine inches was considered the proper distance between the steel and the tinder. This was measured roughly in the dark by placing the tip of the little finger on the rim of the box, spreading the hand upward and placing the bottom of the steel on the tip of the thumb. The flint was then struck sharply with the steel several times, obliquely and downward.

The impact caused the steel to give off sparks, really minute globules of molten steel, at a temperature of several thousand degrees, and these, falling upon the tinder, soon set it alight. The box was then taken in the hands and gently blown to cause the smoldering tinder to glow more brightly, and to this glow the point of a sulphur match was quickly applied. The flame of the burning sulphur quickly kindled the wood of the match, and it was then easy to light the candle or morning fire.

Although the process was not difficult for an expert under favorable circumstances, it was at best slow and tedious. One might strike 100 modern matches, one by one, in less time.

The flint commonly used in the tinder box was such as might be picked up in any flint district. All that was necessary was that it should be so shaped that it could be held easily between the fingers and should have sharp, clear edges. These were commonly sold in the streets of London for a penny and are still manufactured in Brandon, England, for export to Spain, Italy and the east. The matches then ignite spontaneously when struck.

Originally a "match" was any substance which burned readily and slowly. The bit of slow burning hempen rope steeped in a solution of saltpeter, which the ancient gunner carried in order to discharge his arquebus, was a "match." It burned at the rate of about three feet in an hour. The old sulphur match was intended not to produce but to convey fire. In London matches were commonly sold by the poorest and raggedest class of street merchants, who lived in dirty lodgings in the poorest districts, where they made the matches, carrying them about in a basket for sale. Few houses with any pretension escaped without at least one call a day from these vendors as long as the trade lasted.

The great difficulty was to find dry tinder. Naturally it was very ready to absorb moisture, and when allowed to become damp the difficulty of obtaining a light in the morning was great. To avoid this trouble the tinder box was usually kept in a specially dry place. Often there was a small niche made on purpose in the brickwork at the back of the large open hearth place. Often the box was placed in the evening on the hearth close to the fire and at bedtime was carried upstairs warm and dry and placed beneath the pillow.

—Continued.

A minister of the gospel, according to this tale, was walking to and fro in a long passage that ran through the house and meditating upon his next sermon. There brushed by him a housemaid. He watched her pass and enter his study. Fearing that she would disarrange his papers, he hurried after her, went into his study—and no one was there. No means of egress was possible but by the one door through which he had seen the girl enter. He rang the bell and—the housemaid came down from the top of the house, where she had been performing her duties. And the unusual part of the story is that nothing happened—no one sickened and died. The young woman married happily. And yet that minister of the gospel is sure that he saw that housemaid pass him. Not to this day does his stout and happy matron know that she was ever in two places at once.

Power of Words.

Words have not their import from the natural power of particular combinations of characters or from the real efficacy of certain sounds, but from the consent of those who use them and arbitrarily annex certain ideas to them, which might have signified with equal propriety by any other.—Oliver Cromwell.

Persistence.

The way to reach or to attain to anything is to bend oneself toward it with all one's might, and we approximate it just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain it.—Success Magazine.

Bulldogs a Menace to Health.

The bulldog is a menace to health. We have this on the authority of a noted French physician, who says that because of his large mouth the bulldog is a great purveyor of disease, especially of consumption, diphtheria and the like, as the dribbling from the heavy, loose jaws is incessant. Those who fondle bulldogs do so at a great risk. He traces many cases of infectious disease, especially among young children, to households in which bulldogs are kept as pets. When we

Biographies as a Stimulus.

We cannot help living in some degree the lives of heroes who are constantly in our minds. Our characters are constantly being modified, shaped and molded by the suggestions which are thus held. The most helpful life stories for the average youth are not the meteoric ones, the unaccountable ones, the astonishing ones, like those of Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell and Julius Caesar. The great stars of the race dazzle most boys. They admire, but they do not feel that they can imitate them. They like to read their lives, but they do not get the helpfulness and the encouragement from them that they do from reading the lives of those who have not startled the world so much. It is the triumph of the ordinary ability which is most helpful as an inspiration and encouragement. The life of Lincoln has been an infinitely greater inspiration to the world than the life of Napoleon or that of Julius Caesar.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

Cured him.

"I wish my husband would not stay out at night," said the little woman.

"Cure him," said her companion, "as a woman I know cured her husband, who used to stay out every night. One night he came in very late, or, rather, very early, about 3 o'clock in the morning. He came home very quietly. In fact, he took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously and slowly upstairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming through the keyhole of the door of the bed-room. With sigh, he paused. Then he opened the door and entered. His wife stood by the bureaux fully dressed.

"I didn't expect you'd be sitting up for me, my dear," she said.

"I haven't been," she said. "I just came in myself."

Presence of Mind.

Mme. Rachel, the great actress, was resting alone in her dressing room one night preparatory to going on the stage when a man suddenly entered and, drawing a dagger, said he was going to kill her if she did not at once consent to marry him. The actress saw at a glance that the man was mad and meant what he said. So with the utmost coolness she replied: "Certainly I will marry you. I wish nothing better. Come with me to the priest at once. I have had him come here for the purpose." She took his arm, and they went out together—to where there was assistance, of course, and the man was immediately put under arrest.—Philadelphia Record.

Old Time Acting.

The old time actor had peculiar and primitive views as to elocution and its uses. I remember a certain old friend of mine who, when he recited the opening speech in "Richard III," and arrived at the line, "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried," suggested the deep bosom of the ocean by sending his voice into his boots. Yet these were fine actors, to whom certain young gentlemen who never saw them constantly refer. The methods of the stage have completely changed and with them the tastes of the people. The probability is that some of the old actors of only a few years ago would excite much merriment in their delineation of tragedy. A very great tragedian of a past generation was wont in the tent scene in "Richard III" to hold a piece of soap in his mouth, so that, after the appearance of the ghosts, the lather and froth might dribble down his chin, and he employed moreover a trick sword which rattled hideously, and, what with his foam flecked face, his rolling eyes, his inarticulate groans and his rattling blade, the small boy in his rolling eyes was scared into a frenzy of vociferous delight!—Richard Mansfield in Atlantic.

Proficient.

When western Iowa was newly settled the farmers in an isolated section banded themselves together as a school district and proceeded to choose one of their number committeeman. A log schoolhouse was erected, and soon a young woman came that way seeking a chance to teach. The committeeman was designated to ascertain her fitness. When the time for the ordeal arrived the public official was at his wit's end. He had been examined himself often enough, but that was when he was attending district school fifty years before. The very thought of conducting an examination himself, and for a teacher at that, staggered him. He could not think of a question to ask.

The young woman sat waiting, and the old man teetered nervously on his tiptoes.

"Well, now, Miss Burden," he said cautiously at last, "kin you say the alphabet back'ards?"

Miss Burden could, and did.

"Fine!" cried the committeeman. "I'll just indorse your certificate." He wrote it thus:

"Fully profeshunt."

A Great Stamp Forger.

The most colossal stamp forgery on record entailed the successful swindling of collectors throughout Europe in 1889. One day the French papers announced that King Marie I. of Sardinia, an island in the vicinity of China, was coming to Paris. As it happened, this self-created monarch was an ex-officer of the French navy, and his appearance in Paris created considerable sensation. As soon as his majesty had been duly "advertised" sets of seven different postage stamps marked "Sardinia" and bearing three half-moons appeared, and so great was the demand for them that in less than a month they realized 1,000 francs each. Not until the king and his ministers had reaped fat fortunes in this manner was it discovered that the whole thing was a hoax and the stamps consequently worthless.

BANKS IN A FIRE CITY

THE PRESSING NEED OF MONEY IN A STRICKEN COMMUNITY.

Experience of a Chicago Financial House in 1871—Greed of Depositors and How It Showed Itself—An Unexpected Proposition.

Whenever a great fire devastates a large city the first effort of those concerned with the work of restoration is to get the banks open so that the pressing needs of a homeless population may be cared for. At such times business is done on a strictly cash basis, and everything sells at a premium. The consequence is an extraordinary demand for hand to hand money, since the merchant can use the poor man's dollar to better advantage than the rich man's credit in buying supplies to replenish his flame emptied war-house.

The struggle that ensues to obtain all the cash in sight is full of human interest. It has its picturesque features. On Monday, Oct. 10, 1871, when all Chicago trudged downtown to see what was left of the city, great crowds besieged the banks. Some men were crying, others talked incoherently, and everybody seemed half dazed. An officer of one of Chicago's greatest banks, who fought his way through the smoldering embers to the white marble hall which surrounded his vault, gave the following description of what occurred:

"Although the iron door of the vault had been somewhat expanded by heat, I found that the combination worked perfectly. That reassured me, and after hunting about the debris I fished out one or two iron crowbars and by wedging them in finally opened the vault door. The inclosure smelled smoky, but I soon found that the cash was all right, and so were our books. That made me feel good, and I got down to work in short order. The first thing I did was to look at the balance sheet and see what our exact resources were. A glance showed me that by collecting what was due from out of town creditors the bank could pay everything it owed and declare a 10 per cent dividend besides, even if it lost every dollar due from its Chicago clients. That was all I wanted to know."

"On leaving the vault I saw four men waiting for me in what had been the cashier's office. They were among our largest depositors, and I knew well enough what they wanted. They were of very different types—one a shrewd money lender who had \$30,000 to his credit on our books, another was a school treasurer in an outlying district who would have been ruined had we not been able to pay him \$25,000, a third was an out of town banker with \$150,000 to the credit of his institution in our bank, and the fourth was a man who has since become one of Chicago's greatest capitalists and who had always professed his sincere friendship for me. It was a trying ordeal and one calculated to make each of my visitors show the real stuff that was in him. As events proved, this did not take long.

"The little money lender grabbed me first. With a strange little winkle he forced me one side and said in a half whisper, 'Do you know how much I have in your bank?' "I said, 'Yes, about \$30,000.' "Well, I will give you \$6,000 if you will give me the cash right away."

"I won't do that," said I. "Your money is all right, but you will have to wait a week for it until we get in shape again."

"What?" he fairly gasped, "do you decline \$6,000? That is a good deal of money in a city that has gone to destruction."

"I answered no, that I would not, and told him in plain English what I thought of him. I said: 'I am not knave enough to take your bribe and give you an unfair advantage over the other depositors, and I am not fool enough to do it, because I know as soon as you discover the bank paid its claims within a week you would sue me for the \$6,000. Get out of here right away!'

"That was the last of him. He took his money when the week was out and kept clear of the bank after that. Then the school treasurer came to me with a straightforward story of how his bondsmen were anxious to know how he stood. When I told him that his money was safe and that he would not lose a cent he burst into tears, saying the news was too good to be true. The out of town banker was also very nice, saying that he did not care to withdraw his money so long as he knew it was safe. Then the man who has since grown enormously wealthy accosted me with the remark that he had come down to see how things stood. That gave me a chance to test him, so I said briskly:

"You know how things are as well as I do. Can't you see the position we are in? 'Oh, yes, yes,' he answered hastily. 'I don't care about the fire. We are all in the same fix. But I want to know how you stand personally. Have you plenty of ready cash? You cannot get credit these days, so if you need anything from the grocer's you want hard cash. I brought you a little—'

"With that the man threw open his coat, dived down into his pocket and dragged out a roll of bills as big as his hands could grasp. Then he straightened them out and divided them into equal piles, retaining one himself and handing me the other. He was dreadfully in earnest, but I told him I could not accept the money—and that I thought I could manage without it. He assured me that whatever he had would always be at my disposal. That man has always been one of my best friends."—New York Post.

His Compliment.

"What a lovely morning," he said. "It is a perfect morning," she replied. "True," he said. "I haven't seen anything this morning that isn't perfect." And he looked her straight in the face. Then she blushed.

NOMINATED BY JUDGE ERWIN IN THE INJUNCTION SUIT

L. G. Ellingham Was Permanent Secretary of the Convention—A Successful Meeting.

(Special to Daily Democrat.)

ALEXANDRIA, Ind., June 28.—

The Democratic congressional convention of the Eighth district of Indiana convened at the opera house here at 1 o'clock this afternoon and was one of the most harmonious and enthusiastic sessions of the Democrats held in the district in many years. Attorney James Caldwell of Winchester, was made permanent chairman of the convention and Lew G. Ellingham permanent secretary, all the editors from over the district being assistant secretaries. When Chairman Caldwell ordered the counties called for nomination, Judge R. K. Erwin of Decatur placed the name of John A. M. Adair of Portland, before the convention, his speech being a rousing one. W. H. Eickhorn of Wells county, seconded the nomination and at 1:30 o'clock, Mr. Adair was nominated by acclamation. Alexandria received the Democrats with open arms and the spirit shown at the convention was proof of the sincerity of the Democrats to give Cromer the fight of his life. Two brass bands enlivened the occasion.

It was Democratic day at Alexandria, where the Eighth district convention for the purpose of selecting a nominee for congress was held. A good sized delegation of the Adams county faithful left here on the early Clover Leaf train for the convention which was held at one o'clock this afternoon, and was one of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held in the district.

The convention was the occasion of a demonstration by the Democrats of the district, as many aside from the delegates were present from the several counties.

There were 108 delegates in the convention, apportioned as follows:

Adams	15
Delaware	19
Jay	14
Madison	35
Randolph	10
Wells	15

A county ticket was also nominated by the Democrats of Madison county during the day and several of the state leaders of the party were present, including some of the men on the state ticket. Walter J. Lotz, of Muncie, candidate for attorney general; Richard H. Hartford, of Portland, candidate for appellate judge, and Richard K. Erwin, of Decatur, candidate for supreme judge, were among those attending.

John A. M. Adair, who was nominated for congress by the Democrats of the Eighth district, is one of the best known men in the state. His home is at Portland, where he owns many interests, including the drug business, hotel and others. He is a banker of prominence in that city and a man highly respected.

He has served as representative for his district in the state assembly, also as city and county clerk and has held various other offices of trust. For four years he has served as chairman of the district committee and has proven his ability as a man of sterling worth. That he will make a formidable candidate is acknowledged by everyone and it is believed he will represent this district in congress after the election next fall. Mr. Adair is well known here and his friends are delighted with his nomination.

To be an Attraction.

Every farmer has dreams that some day the spring on his farm will attract summer visitors.

Polish Editors' Misfortunes.

Some Polish editors have a hard time. In a parting word to his readers the ruling proprietor of the Polish paper, Gorzow, has said that during the five years of the paper's existence the responsible editors have spent four and a half years in prison, while \$3,750 has been paid in fines.

A New Version.

I cannot eat the old foods. I ate so long ago. I cannot eat the old ham. Because of what I know.

I cannot eat the old foods. I ate so long ago. Because some one has told us things. We never ought to know.

—Detroit Free Press.

Narrow Escape.

"I can cure you, I believe," said the young doctor, "but you must drink no coffee." "Er, don't interrupt me. As I was saying, you must drink no coffee but purest Mocha. You must drink it of that every morning."—Philadelphia Press.

One Sort of Bird.

"I don't like Mr. Snyman," said the athletic girl. "I think he's sarcastic."

"You know I pride myself on my healthy appetite. Well, last night at dinner he remarked to me that he never knew any one with an appetite so bird-like."

"I shouldn't call that 'sarcasm,' but 'hypnotic.' He was probably thinking of an ostrich."—Philadelphia Press.

FEATS OF INDIAN MAGIC.

Pawnee Entertainment.

Astonishing Performances.

T. H. Tibbles, vice presidential candidate on the Populist ticket in 1904, has passed years and years on the frontier and among the Indians and he can tell some good stories about Indian magic, says the Omaha World-Herald. Here is one of them:

"Once during the border days I found myself camped near a village of Pawnees. The