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HOW I EARNED AN ISLAND. Entertaining Young Man: True & Co. instructed and started me. I worked steadily and made money faster than I expected to. I became able to buy an island and build a small summer hotel. If I don't succeed at that, I will go to work again at the business in which I made my money.



THEOSOPHY'S DARK MYSTERIES.

A Western Man's Experience While Trying to Penetrate Its Secrets. You see, it was in this way: I got to reading up on this theosophy business and occultism to please a girl. She was a Vassar girl and dead on to all of it. Ten months ago I was as ignorant—pardon me—as you are. My thoughts were all of today. I figured on nothing more serious than the grain market and seventh envelopes, and carna didn't disturb my peace of mind. I was a creature of today, earthly in every essential, and still, I hope, a gentleman.

I read Blavatsky and she was too strong for me. So the girl began giving me a milk diet of things I never heard of before. I evolved into a dualist—understanding, not a dualist—and finally got into evolution. Well, that settled it. The first thing I knew I was longing to penetrate the veil and delve in the mysteries revealed only to the chosen.

The girl told me the necessities—she hadn't done it, but she knew—of communication with the great universal center of life, and I went in for all of 'em. She insisted on continence, diet and constant study of and desire for the matness of being. As I say, I got stuck on the idea, and really, old man, in a moment of madness I got a few dollars out of the bank, bought all the authorities on theosophy and started for the great American desert to get in with the mysterious He who sleeps beneath the Caucasus.

I had a tent, some provisions of the plainest sort—no meat, understand; meat's fatal—no cigars, nothing to drink, only a lot of books, the necessities of existence and a lot of faith. In fact I had more faith and hope than anything else. She said it would be a long and hard trial, an entire abnegation of self, spiritual purification and perfect physical continence, and I was ready to undergo all.

Well, I camped out, studied, drank water, ate dry bread and concentrated my mind. I laid awake nights trying to hear the music of the spheres, pierce the darkness for existant personality and all that, but it didn't go.

I staid for six weeks, and during that time labored earnestly and faithfully for the sign that never came. But I guess the veil was about six feet thick. I couldn't pierce it anyway, and I'd lose all I gained—every day in dreariness of stock markets, Vassar girls, dinners and other earthly things during the nights.

She said six weeks ought to be enough in my evolved state, and I staid six without weakening. But say, when Wednesday of the fifth came around I was hungry, dirty and thirsty—hungrier and dirtier and thirstier than I ever was in my life before. I was lonesome too, and wanted a smoke more than I ever wanted anything before. I dreamt of the club, but I stuck it out, and when the six weeks were up to the hour I left tent and all and made a break for a railroad station.

I came directly on here and went to see my preceptress in theosophical lore as soon as I could get a shave and a bath and a meal. But I found she had married a Boston professor, a follower of Blavatsky, and so I came down to the club. Never go in for theosophy, or astral bodies, or Vassar girls, or occultism, old man—it's a dangerous and hungry study—but get a smattering of it if you can. The girls are out of sight, and you've got to know what an astral body and a substratum of the soul is. It's the fad now; get on to it, but don't try to penetrate the veil. It can't be done.—Interview in Chicago Mail.

A Scientist's Opinion. Mr. Bilkins (looking up from the paper)—The eminent physician, Dr. Greathead, says there is no exercise so conducive to health in woman as ordinary housework. Mrs. Bilkins—Huh! I'll bet he's married.—New York Weekly.

The Guanches rudely embalmed their corpses, drying the bodies in the air and covering them with varnish.

Effects of Railway Whistles.

An eminent Glasgow aural surgeon, Dr. Thomas Barr, has communicated to the British Medical association some valuable data concerning the injurious effects of railway whistles upon the hearing. In railway whistles the arrangement for regulating the pressure of steam passing through from the boiler to the whistle is not usually sufficiently delicate. If the boiler should be under high pressure the whistle is very much louder and shriller than when it is under low pressure. So that when a passenger train is leaving a station for a long run, and having, therefore, its boiler under high pressure, the whistle is unnecessarily loud and shrill, just when those qualities are least required. Dr. Barr urges upon the attention of the association the adoption of lower pitched whistles, with proper regulators, so as to lessen the present jarring of sensitive ears and nerves. The question of whether a whistle of lower pitch than that usually employed would be as efficient as an acoustic signal is said to have been solved by the introduction on a Scotch railway of a new form of whistle very much resembling an organ pipe. The steam is forced on the lower edge of a brass tube closed at the upper end, and the sonorous impulses are taken up by the current of air in the tube and immensely re-enforced, the pitch depending upon the length of the tube as well as upon the force of the blast. The sound resembles very much a steamboat whistle, being loud and much lower in pitch and, therefore, less painful to the ear than the ordinary railway whistle.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Despise Not Old Maids.

How old maids are misjudged! It is a great mistake to suppose that most of them are old maids from necessity. How many a bride or matron, who carries her head high and flaunts her rich dresses and glories in her costly equipages, would have her pride humbled if she only knew that the neighboring old maid, whom she affects not to despise, to be sure, but whose condition she commiserates, had refused her own liege lord long before she herself ever had a chance to marry him?

And it is not one, but many a one, that numerous old maids have declined to marry. They preferred single life, whether it were "single blessedness" or not, to wedded misery. Shriveled and withered you say they are! Men and women grow old and grow gray, whether married or single; but many an old maid fingers today on this mundane sphere who would have died long ago an unhappy but popular and admired wife had she consented to marry some man whom she did not love, but did despise, and said "Yes" where conscience and God commanded her to say "No." Long live old maids, and let no woman, from the fear of becoming one, ever willfully and deliberately sacrifice herself. It is the next crime to suicide.—New York Ledger.

How to Choose a Seat.

Do you know how to choose instantly and without a knowledge of where the sun is—which a woman never has—the cool and shady side of the elevated or horse car? Just this. Take the side on which there are the most men—not women. The instinct of the average man for comfort amounts to positive divination. Have you never watched him in a railway train or the cars in the city? When he enters he gives one little glance about him. That seems to suffice, and he moves straightway, as if by a kind of gravitation, to the most comfortable seat that is available.

Not so with a woman; she casts wildly about her for the nearest seat and falls into that. After a while she discovers that it is right in the glare of the sun, or that there is a boor of a man next to her who takes as much of her seat as she will allow, or that there is a cozy corner seat just a little further along which she would have filled much better. Bless your soul! The man saw all that the instant he entered the car and steered the other way. He really didn't know himself that he did it, but he did. As we have said it is a kind of divination rather than an intellectual process.—New York Evening Sun.

She Wouldn't Smooth. He (after the quarrel)—Come now, darling, smooth your wrinkled front. She—There you go again. I am not wrinkled. I am younger than you are. Jack Winters. I'll never speak to you again!

BRITISH SHIPS COST MORE.

Lesson Taught by an Experiment of the Pacific Mail Company. The experience of the Pacific Mail company in having its fast ocean steamer China built in Great Britain instead of the United States has not been such as will tend to create a rush to the Old World for vessels. The China made fast time across the Pacific ocean, it is true, beating the Oceanic a little, but she did it at such an expense as has caused no little dissatisfaction to her owners. She carries a few more passengers than the Peking, a 15-year-old American steamer, but the latter can carry about 800 tons more freight, which is quite an item in figuring up the profit and loss of a trip.

While the Peking, with 4,000 tons of freight on board and three boilers at work, makes slightly slower speed she burns but 47 or 48 tons of coal daily. The China, with but 3,600 tons and with a few more passengers than the Peking, burns 80 tons a day of coal and 120 when all six of her boilers are used. This comparison, it must be remembered, is made between a British built ship whose construction had the advantage of all modern inventions and discoveries and a vessel built in Roach's yard fifteen years ago. And the new vessel, burning nearly twice as much coal and requiring a much larger crew, goes to Victoria in forty-eight hours against the Peking's fifty-three, the latter being only five hours slower. The China's engines and boilers are represented to be very fine, but she eats up the fuel. She cost something less than Cramp offered to build her for, but he now says he is willing to build as fast a vessel for the price, and guarantee that she will do the same work in the same time with a much less cost of fuel.

In the matter of appliances other than the engines and boilers the American built vessel has very much the advantage, doing the same work with much less outlay both for steam and labor. A case in point is the steam winch for hoisting and lowering freight. The American builders put in a winch that hoists loads with less expenditure and lets them down with none at all. The British built vessel is still supplied with the antiquated winch of years gone by, which puffs and struggles and wastes a deal of steam in hoisting a load, and expends as much steam in lifting it down, whereas the American winch is so built that the operator stands with his foot on a friction brake and lowers a load without recourse to steam.

A man well up in steamship mechanism, speaking of the difference between American and British steamship building, said: "Look at the Fall River steamers, built twenty-five or thirty years ago. They make twenty-five miles an hour regularly as their schedule time. You can't find an English boat doing anywhere near that—not even of modern make."

"Then there are the Pacific Mail steamers, which are American vessels, and the Occidental and Oriental steamers, the services of which are leased by the Pacific Mail. The American engineer is stinted in the amount of coal he may use. The Peking, for instance, does not burn over forty-eight tons a day. If more is consumed the engineer is very promptly called to account. The British Occidental and Oriental steamers are eoaled by their owners, the Pacific mail having nothing to do with that, and the engineer has full swing. He may burn as much coal as he pleases. It has to be so, or the British vessels could not hold up their end of the traffic."

The owners of the China already realize that the money saved on the first cost of the vessel by sending abroad to have her built will go but a short way in paying the increased cost of running her. The wages of the big crew required to handle her compared with those of the crew on such a vessel as the City of Peking, and the enormous increase over the latter in the amount of coal burned, will eat up the money saved in construction in a short time. A few more such experiments as this would do much toward hastening a boom in American shipbuilding.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Cooking School Graduate. She—Darling, please tell the grocer to send me up two quart of nice, fresh sponges. He—You can't get sponges at the grocer's, ducky, but I'll stop at the druggist's for them. What kind do you want? She—I want the kind used for making sponge cake, and tell him they must be fresh.—Seattle Press.