

ALL FEARED WITCHES

WELSH PEOPLE ONCE HAD IMPLICIT FAITH IN POWERS.

Many Stories of Malevolent Deeds Have Been Handed Down Through Generations—Practiced Their Arts on Dumb Animals.

M. L. Lewes, in the Occult Review, tells some stories about witches. I must apologize to my psychic readers for repeating them, as no doubt most of them take that admirable monthly, a writer in T. P.'s weekly says. In olden days Welsh witches used to "put spells" on the animals of neighbors who annoyed them. If a cow was the victim it would sicken of no apparent disease, cease to give milk, and, if the spell were not removed, would die. The effect of "witching" a pig was to cause a curious kind of madness, something like a fit; this again ended fatally unless a counter charm was forthcoming. Quite recently I saw one of these "charms" quoted in a local paper by a collector of folklore. "An old witch living not far from Liangalock (in Carmarthenshire . . . on one occasion when she had witched a pig, was compelled subsequently to unwitch the animal. She came and put her hand on the pig's back, say in 'Duwaith gadwo i' th berchenog' (God keep thee to thine owner)." Which seems a mild way of calming a frenzied pig.

"A noted witch," says Mr. Lewis, "used to live about a mile and a half from my own home. She was known as 'Mary Perllan Peter,' from the name of her house, Perllan Peter, deep down in a thickly wooded ravine, or dingle, as we call it in Cardiganshire. This way of designating individuals is common in our part of Wales, where surnames among the peasantry are chiefly limited to Jones, Davies and Evans. So that a person's Christian name, followed by that of his house, is far more distinctive than using a surname most probably common to half the people in a parish. So the witch was 'Mary of Peter's Orchard' ('perllan' meaning orchard, though who 'Peter' was I could never find out, and she was undoubtedly a powerful one).

"One day she asked a neighbor to bring her some corn which she required, and the man very unwillingly consented, as the path down to the cottage was very steep and the corn heavy to carry. On the way he split some, and Mary was very angry and muttered threats to her friend when he left. And when he got back to his home and went to the table, what was his amazement to see his little mare 'sitting like a pig' on her haunches and staring wildly before her. He went to her, and pulling at the halter, tried to get her on her feet, but in vain; she did not seem to be able to move. Then the man, very frightened, bethought him of the witch's threats, for he felt sure the mare was spell-bound. So he sent off, and when she arrived she went straight up to the animal and 'Moran fach, what ails thee now?' was all she said, and the mare jumped to her feet as well and lively as ever."

Stealing.

Stealing is a wholly silly business at the best; but to steal in the post office, in a bank, or in any other organized institution, is absolutely idiotic. There is no surer road to state prison than to steal from an organized business; and the larger the business is, the smaller the possibility that the thief can avoid that final detection. The thief burrows around in his little corner very much as mice make ways for themselves under the floors of a storehouse or a dwelling. Both the thief and the mouse have it all to themselves for a while, and the thief at least thinks that nobody knows. But to think such a thing only shows that he is a fool. His operations necessarily touch other people, for otherwise he would find nothing to steal. They complain; the trap is set for him; and merely by continuing to steal he walks into it and is caught, just as the mouse is when its secret passageway finally opens into the room it seeks to enter. The man who steals once may escape, but the man who makes a business of stealing is as certain to be caught as he is to live. He has to quit stealing or to die in order to avoid being caught. It is a dead sure thing.—Hartford Courant.

Fastest Travel on Record.

The researches made by physicists of all centuries have proved that the hertzian waves move with the same speed as light, that is to say, at about 186,000 miles a second.

Three French scholars, Mr. Abraham, professor at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers; Major Ferris and Mr. Dufour, have, under the auspices of the bureau of longitudes, just determined the speed of propagation of the hertzian waves between Paris and Toulon. Part of the result has been calculated, and the speed found is 295,900 kilometers to the second, with a difference of less than one per cent. for each determination, in comparison to the average.

They intend to measure this speed between the Eiffel tower and the station of wireless telegraphy at Washington, while the longitude of the capital of the United States is being determined.

Messrs. Abraham, Dufour and Ferris propose to continue their experiments and to study the speed of the propagation of hertzian waves between two points separated by the sea.

CALLED FOR MUCH PATIENCE

Making of Arrow Heads Brought Into Requisition All the Art and Skill of the Indian.

Not all Indians can make arrow heads. This art was the special function of the older and more skillful men. Ishi seems to have been closely associated with the usual customs, he preserves many of the more highly developed arts and crafts.

In the manufacture of arrow heads, flint and obsidian were used by the Yanas.

Obsidian is volcanic glass, occurring in parts of California in the shape of dark opaque boulders of small size. When splintered either by stone mallets or by another rock it appears as brownish or dark gray glass, uneven in color.

Ishi breaks these boulders by hitting them with another rock. Having obtained fragments varying from 2 to 4 inches long to 1½ inches wide, and about a quarter of an inch thick, he is prepared to flake his haka or heads.

The first flakes are large and freely made, calculating to give wide transverse lines of cleavage, and to establish the fundamental outlines of the point. Later these flakes are smaller and more like finishing touches. The tool he now uses is not horn but iron or soft steel.

Smaller tools are made of wire nails driven into wooden handles 6 inches long. These are filed to a flat rounded point, something like a blunt screwdriver.

In working the obsidian this edge is held vertical to the stone and the shaft of the flaking tool in the plane of the left palm. Apparently the soft metal permits the glass to make a small dent in it which engages the two and allows pressure being applied to the edge to be flaked.

As Ishi develops the form of his arrowhead to a graceful acute angle, he changes to a finer flaking tool, and resting the stone on his protected thumb, he then makes the little indentations near the base, which permit the sinew to hold the head of the arrow. Never once during this process does he hit or beat the obsidian. No rough force is required, just patient, artful dexterity and strength of fingers.

Activities of Women.

In the Colorado state penitentiary there are only 87 women as compared to 803 men.

No woman under forty years of age is allowed to drive her own motor car in Paris.

Mme. Pallier recently made a flight of 174 miles in an aeroplane, which is a new record for women.

Miss Annie J. Cannon, the most distinguished astronomer in the world, is cataloging 240,000 new stars.

Paris women are wearing half veils, which is regarded as a reversion to the Turkish habit.

Over 1,500 women weavers in Paterson, N. J., mills have decided to ask for shorter working hours and if they do not receive what they want they will go on a strike.

So that she will be able to learn the methods of just how the schools are run, Mrs. Lola Morgan, recently elected a school director in Norwood, Ohio, will attend school every day with her children.

The school children of Lane county, Oregon, will be taught road building, and Miss Goldie Van Biber, who will direct the work, will have charge of 700 square miles of country through which roads will be built.

Festival of St. Sabas.

The first order of Christian Anchorites established in Palestine was founded by St. Sabas, whose festival is celebrated on Dec. 5, the anniversary of his death in the year 532. This renowned patriarch of the monks of Palestine came of a wealthy family, but a dispute among relatives about the settlement of an estate so disgusted him that he forsook the world and entered a monastery. At the age of eighteen he went to Jerusalem, but later sought seclusion in the wilderness. He made his home in a cave on the top of a mountain. The fame of his holiness spread abroad, and many came to him, desiring to serve God under his direction. He finally founded a new monastery of men who desired "to devote themselves to the praise and service of God without interruption," and gained hundreds of adherents. Some of the oldest Christian monasteries in the world, scattered in remote places over the deserts of Asia and Africa, were founded by monks who had received inspiration from St. Sabas. In the latter part of his long life St. Sabas was the superior general of all the Anchorites of Palestine.

Wireless Musical Performer.

I am anxious to get into communication with a musical wireless telegraph operator who played "America" on his key without an error from start to finish at about sundown Sunday.

I was tinkering with my son's amateur wireless outfit about that time, listening to the dot and dash baffle of the Sound steamship operators, when, without a warning, came the strains of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," in effect similar to a violin and with almost the same continuation between notes. It seemed as if the operator could manipulate his key so delicately that his song had no interruptions or dashes in the rendering.

Whoever he is who sounded this new note in wireless telegraphy must not hide his light under a bushel. He should come out in the open and tell a very ignorant young world what new miracles are knocking at the door.—Louis W. Greeman, in 'New York Sun

MUKDEN: A SACRED CITY

MUKDEN, sacred city of the Manchus, home of their dynasty, and consecrated by the tombs of the first two rulers of their line, is little frequented by the tourist. The comfortable Japanese hotel at the station—some three miles west of the town—has few bedrooms, though these are being added to, and they are chiefly used by business men whose affairs bring them hither for a night. The through traveler to Peking, who must change at Mukden station, from the South Manchurian railway (Japanese) to the Chinese government line, takes a bath at the hotel, if there is time, and hurries on. Yet there is much to see, and a two-days' stay can be filled with interest. The chief sights in addition to the city itself, which to the visitor new to China is fascinating (though dirty), are the old Manchu palace and the two great

tombs. The gorgeous palace, within a walled inclosure, is diminutive compared with that of Peking. It is by no means ruinous; indeed, for China, it is kept up with some care. Here and there a yellow tile from the gatehouse roof has dropped away and broken on the stones below. It is not replaced, but it would be an offense to carry off the fragments. The imperial courtyard is littered with hay and rubbish like an untidy farmyard; but it is commendably free from ordure. In the large audience chamber the richly carved and gilded thrones are hung with dust sheets, though pigeons fly among the brilliant timbers of the painted roof or nest within the canopy, and the floor is strewn with their droppings and feathers.



OLD CHINA—WOMAN SPINNING COTTON

The formalities are strictly observed. Your pass is scrutinized by the guardians at the gate; you are well accompanied by attendants, who unlock and lock again the many doors and watch you closely in the treasure house.

Fine Memorial.

For this fine memorial of the past is not an empty shell. Its parentage has gone, but tokens of imperial state remain. You enter a hall flanking the main courtyard. Cupboard after cupboard is opened in the long wall—wooden and highly inflammable—and its contents are produced for your inspection, a case of jewels, including a notable string of large pearls, a yellow imperial robe richly embroidered, beautiful pictures on silk rolls, and so forth. Weapons—swords with jeweled hilts of jade and finely ornamented scabbards, a most interesting antique helmet, a saddle with its handsome trappings, and many things besides. Porcelain, too, of the Ming dynasty and later, stacked on dimly-lighted shelves in miscellaneous variety and profusion. These beautiful buildings house a rich museum.

The palace is in the heart of the inner city. The tombs lie far outside and many miles apart. They are those of Nurhachu, the founder of the Manchu dynasty, who died in 1627, and of his son and successor, Tai Tsung, who died in 1644, just before the Manchus supplanted the Ming dynasty and made themselves masters of Peking. Nurhachu's burial place is ten miles or more from the hotel by a road indescribable when the loose alluvial soil is dry, and impassable for wheels when it is wet. It is a matter of a wood two and a half hours to reach it with all conditions favorable. You drive straight through Mukden from the west, and out into the countryside beyond, so that you have plenty of variety. There is an inner city, rectangular, and symmetrical, confined within high massive crenelated walls of brick, in which the gates are still closed at night, though above only one of them does the an-

cient gate house remain. Covering a much larger area beyond its limits is the outer town, with a feeble, ruinous wall of crumbling mud. Both are filled with the close-packed multitudinous industrial activity and hubbub of Chinese life, with loungers also not a few, and half-starved pigs innumerable, the only scavengers. It is not till you pass into the central city that you meet, among the signs and shop fronts, some that make their appeal direct to the foreign customer—"Shoesbootsfactory," "Democratic Hotel," "Ming Tao, tailor: Every kingdom fashionable."

Imperial Mausoleum.

An hour or so after you have left the city you gradually approach a finely wooded ridge with a steep slope to the plain, and above its sombre first stand out in contrast the glowing roofs of the imperial mausoleum. A great rectangular area, fully half a mile in length, enclosed by walls, runs from south to north up the face of the ridge. In the center of the bottom wall is a richly decorated gateway, whence a broad avenue or processional road, paved and flanked at the lower end by sculptured animals—horses, camels and the like—ascends the hill, bridging the gullies that intersect its track. Here and there the ascent is so steep that it breaks into a flight of steps. On the more level plateau at the top is a timber building gorgeously painted with intricate designs in many colors, double roofed, the tiles of rich imperial yellow. Within, supported on the back of a colossal tortoise of marble, magnificently sculptured, is a massive flat pillar or tablet of great height, its face inscribed in the script

ONE LANDLADY WAS UNUSUAL

Red-Headed Boarder Said She Was First Woman Who Could Literally Paint Food on Plate.

The red-headed, and dissatisfied boarder was a large man with a large appetite.

After dinner he went out into the narrow yard, shook both his fists at the silvery moon, hurled several imprecations toward the congress of the stars, and burst forth into a picturesque flood of abuse which was devoted entirely to the landlady:

One of the other boarders, who had been at the house a long time, there by accumulating a pallid look and a palate with corns on it, drew near timidly and ventured to ask what the special kick was.

"What's the matter!" echoed the large man. "That old dame's the first woman I ever knew who could literally paint food on a plate."—Popular Magazine.

They Keep on Trying.

Around the corner came a motorcyclist, head down, everything whizzing.

He hit the street car amidstships and crumpled up like a pine shaving.

They lifted him to his feet and the conductor dusted him off.

He looked around in a dazed fashion. Then he saw the car.

"I haven't been able to do it yet," he muttered.

"Do what?"

"Knock a street car off the track."

Then he staggered away, dragging the wreck after him.

She Gave It Away.

A woman wants to get rid of her husband's old clothes in the spring and he wants to save about five suits in case he goes fishing.

He never goes fishing, but he hates to part with his old clothes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wombat were having the annual battle.

"I think I'll give away this old suit, dear. It's years old."

"But I might want to wear that suit to go fishing in."

"Not this suit. This is a dress suit, dear."

HE KNEW.



"If you'd just hustle a bit you'd make twice the money you do. Why don't you take a brace?"

"Bracers are the very things that keep me from working."

What Pa Does.

"What does your mother do when things go wrong?"

"She just takes it out on pa."

"And what does your sister do?"

"She hops onto pa and ma both."

"And what does your father do?"

"It's different with pa. He don't dare say much to me and sis, and so when he gets mad he just takes it out on the beef trust."

A Plain Case.

"Here is a charming story in the magazine."

"What is it about?"

"Oh, a woman runs away with three different men before she finds her mate."

"Ahem! I dare say you consider yourself advanced."

"Well—er—yes. How did you guess it?"

"By your choice of an adjective."

Telltale Marks.

"It's not only the thumb prints that leave a clue," said Mr. Dolan, as he laid aside the detective story.

"I can tell you offhand now that Casey the contractor has been having trouble again with his wife."

"How can you tell that?" inquired Mr. Rafferty.

"By the knuckle prints under Casey's left ear."

Elizabeth.

The professor was telling the class in English history of the Elizabethan era.

He turned to one of the young men and asked:

"How old was Elizabeth, Mr. Holmes?"

"The young man wore a faraway expression.

"Eighteen on her last birthday, sir," came the reply.—Lippincott's.

Number of Heirlooms.

"General Putnam once slept in that bed," volunteered the landlord.

"Uh."

"And sat in that very chair you are now sitting in."

"And refused to eat this ham sandwich, I s'pose," interposed the tourist.

"Well, I don't think I want it either."

An Exception.

Wife—You won't allow me to do anything. If this keeps on, I shall go back to my mother.

Husband (calmly)—I'll allow that.

BIBLE NAMES PASSING

PURITANICAL NOMENCLATURE NO LONGER AFFECTED.

Even in Conservative New England a Marked Diminution Is Noted—Class Lists of Yale Bear Eloquent Testimony to Fact.

A certain set of Christian names taken from the Scriptures has been in use so long that we do not think of them as Bible names. Among them are Adam, Moses, Samuel, David, Daniel, Solomon, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Others taken from the saints, like Peter, Paul, John, Stephen and Matthew, originally given to children because they were born on the saint's day, are still so common that we think of them as English names.

These names antedate the use of surnames, as may be inferred from the fact that nearly all of them have given rise to patronymics, like Jacobson, Peterson and Stevenson. In the 12th century missionaries sent out by the authorities used to baptize whole villages at once, and to save time invested all the men with the name of John or some other saint, and the women usually Mary or Martha.

To distinguish the Johns some additional name like Short or Strong or White or Black was given him by the neighbors, and so Christian names and surnames were united.

After the Reformation it became the fashion among the Puritans to give children the names of characters like the Old Testament, and odd ones like Melchisedek or Brazill were preferred. Among these were Abel, Levi, Jesse, Amos, Asa, Isaiah, Ephraim, Gideon, Malachi, Job, Abner, Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Zachariah, Asher, Eli, and hundreds of others.

For some reason the use of these names has largely ceased. We can understand why Ebenezer has been dropped, though once one of the Puritan Bible names have a strong manly ring, and have been borne by many men. That they are going out of use is very evident from comparing the early class lists of Yale with later ones.

Twenty-five classes in the early 18th century, numbering 375 graduates, show 119 with Puritan given names. This is about 30 per cent. Ten classes in the 20th century, numbering 3037, show but 25 given names of this class, or less than 1 per cent. Ebenezer and Barzillai have completely disappeared. Nor is Peletiah or Zadok to be found.

We can only hope that the descendants of these ancient worthies have inherited some of their sterling qualities, though they do not perpetuate the name.—Hartford Times.

The Lights of London.

George R. Sims, the London journalist, was telling an American about his melodrama, "The Lights of London," which, produced 30 years ago, in some parts of the world is actually running yet.

"About 30 years ago," said Mr. Sims, "we young Londoners were mad over long-distance walking. I, for my part, used to take a train after my day's work to a station 10 or 15 or even 20 miles from town, and spend the night walking back. I hoped, you see, to harden myself into a long-distance champion.

"Well, on one of these nocturnal walks on the Great North road I fell in with two young countrymen on the way to London to seek their fortune. We struck Highgate on toward dawn, and there below us lay the lights of London, twinkling and beckoning and promising. Those myriad lights impressed me, and when I got home, tired as I was, I wrote my ballad of 'The Lights of London,' a ballad of a young couple who came to London to seek their fortune in youth, and whom London defeats.

"So my long walk on the Old North road ended, you see, in a long run."

Tea and The.

At a tea, given at the Ruhl in Nice to the officers of the Mediterranean fleet, E. Royal Tyler, the well-known author, said, nodding toward a sign, "The Damsel," which might be translated "Tango Tea."

"A French maid, when I refused tea the other afternoon exclaimed:

"'But monsieur is not like his fellow countrymen, then!'

"Not like them? How so?" said I.

"Why," said the maid, "I picked up one of your American novels the other day, a Howells novel, and though I can't read English, I saw that there was nothing but 'tea,' 'tea,' 'tea' on every page. Now, people who talk so much about tea must be inordinately fond of it, n'est ce pas, monsieur?"

"She thought, you see, that our article 'the' had the same meaning as 'the' in French."

Expression Is Old One.

The expression "the devil to pay and no pitch hot" is of nautical origin, according to Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," which says: "The 'devil' is a seam between the garboard-stroke and the keel, and the 'pitch' is to cover it with pitch. In former times, when vessels were often careened for repairs, it was difficult to caulk and pay this seam before the tide turned. Hence the locution, the ship is careened, the devil is exposed, but there is no hot pitch ready, and the tide will turn before the work can be done. (French payer, from paix, poix, pitch). 'Here's the very devil to pay,' is used in quite another sense, meaning: 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish,' 'I'm in a pretty mess,' etc."—A. T. C.