

IN DARK ROOM WITH A COYOTE

Strange Visitor That Came in the Night to a Colorado Ranchman's Bedside.

M. J. McMahon, a ranchman living near River Bend, on the Union Pacific road, 83 miles east of Denver, went into town for surgical treatment, and the story he told a reporter for the Denver Times is weird and startling in the extreme. Mr. McMahon is a widower, and lives with two of his hired hands at his ranch. One morning lately he was awakened about three o'clock by a heavy blow against the window near his bed. He lay still and listened, and presently he again heard a sound as of a body being hurled against the window. Three times this was repeated, and at the fourth blow the window gave way with a loud sound of splintering frame and falling glass, and an animal sprang into the room. It was too dark for Mr. McMahon to see what kind of a beast had come to visit him. The room was very dark, and he had not a firearm in the house, nor a weapon of any kind at hand. So he lay quiet and waited. The animal came up to the bedside, and, instead of leaping upon him, as he had feared, it stood quietly looking at him, and finally laid its head on the bed and gazed at him. Its action was so much like that of a collie which Mr. McMahon used to keep that he put out his hand to touch it. He put his hand on the animal's head and stroked it down over the back, as he used to do to his dog, and he did this several times without a sound or a motion on the part of his strange visitor.

Then the weirdness, the strangeness, the unnaturalness of the uncanny situation dawned upon him, and he was seized with terror. He was certain that he had either a strange wild beast from the plains or a mad animal to deal with. His two hired men were asleep in the second room from his, and he was alone in the darkness with this strange presence. His overwrought nerves demanded action, and would no longer remain still. Seizing a blanket, he leaped from the bed, and, protecting his hand with the blanket, he groped in the darkness with the animal. The challenge was accepted, and a pair of great fangs pierced the blanket and sank into his right hand. With his left McMahon got a grip on the brute's throat and wrenched his right free, tearing two long gashes in the flesh. Then, still holding the throat with his left, he wound the blanket and coverlets around the beast's head in an endeavor to smother it. His frantic grasp on the throat of the animal was so fierce that his thumb was sprained and almost dislocated, yet that writhing, leaping form threatened momentarily to get free from his grip and clutch his own throat. He screamed for his hired men to bring a light that he might see, at least, what he was fighting. They were so slow in coming that he knew the battle would be over before they arrived, so he threw his antagonist on the floor and got outside the door.

Then he told his hired men the situation. They lit lamps, armed themselves with clubs and peered cautiously in at the door. At first they could see nothing, but they finally made out the form of a very large coyote lying on the bed. He lay outstretched, with his paws on the pillow and his head between them, just as the faithful collie used to lie. The men wanted to kill him with their clubs, but Mr. McMahon forbade it, and told them to drive him into a vacant room and hold him prisoner. Mr. McMahon went to the kitchen and began to bathe his wounds, while the men prepared the room for the coyote.

Before they were ready he leaped out at the window by which he had entered and walked around to the kitchen. Standing on his hind legs the animal placed his front feet on the window sill and for several minutes stood gazing at Mr. McMahon as he cleaned his lacerated hand. Then he got down and walked dejectedly away over the plain and was lost sight of.

A KISS FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

How a One Time Famous Boston Belle Increased the Sailors' Hospital Fund.

Recounting the incidents in the career of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, in Ladies' Home Journal, Mabel Percy Haakell recalls a fair given under the famous belle's auspices in Boston for the benefit of the Sailors' Sunn Harbor. "Mrs. Otis attended one of the stalls herself; she was then young and very beautiful, with rose-bloom cheeks. Two sailors just in from a voyage approached her table and gazed at her with frank, admiring eyes, and she invited them to purchase. Holding up some trifle, she said: 'This is only a dollar; won't you buy it?' 'No,' replied one of the sailors. 'I won't give you a dollar for that, but I will give you five for a kiss off your blooming cheek.' Quick as thought Mrs. Otis turned her glowing cheek to receive the caress, which was given with all a sailor's bluff earnestness, and as he laid the five-dollar bill in her hand she turned to a friend and said: 'That's an easy way to earn five dollars for the old sailors!' Of course, Boston society was terribly shocked at this incident, but as usual Mrs. Otis went her way serenely, and the ripple subsided. It was impossible to try to overcome the generosity of this imposing dame, and no matter what she did her position was as secure as ever."

No Danger. "Father—Sir, I don't consider this gentlemanly of you. Without consulting the wishes of her mother or myself, you have completely turned my daughter's head."

A DISTINCT PEOPLE.

Two and a Half Millions That Make Their Homes in the Allegheny Mountains.

The quasi-civil war in Kentucky and the many stories of the stubborn political opinions of the mountaineers have attracted the attention to the fact that there live in the wilds of the Allegheny mountains a people as distinct from the others of America as if they were a foreign people. This people, says the New York Mail and Express, number about 2,500,000, and occupy parts of eight states. Their land is as large as the German empire and nearly as wild, and as full of romance as was Germany before Napoleon began his wholesale raids of disinfection. The mountaineers are of Anglo-Saxon origin, but have been stranded here for 100 years, while the march of civilization passed over them and ahead, north and south. The ancestors of most of them helped build the republic, and nearly every man, woman and child is eligible by ancestry to the revolutionary or colonial societies. They have remained loyal to the early traditions of the republic and resent any attempt to win public office through trickery.

Though prisoners of poverty these people are not beggars. There are no millionaires among them, nor any tramps. Many are illiterate, but they are not ignorant. They display remarkable ingenuity in overcoming the obstacles that surround them, but knowing that they are peculiar in their methods they are sensitive and channish. Like the wild animals about them, they shrink from the centers of civilization. They are by nature religious, and are inclined to regard statements in the Bible as final.

Their personality is well known to all the earth from the many pictures drawn from among them by the literary world, but what is generally ignored is their intense desire for education. Their forefathers believed in education also and lost no time in founding seats of higher learning. Being conservative, they naturally cling to these institutions. Even if so disposed they are not able to attend the more favored colleges at a distance. If their great need is to be adequately met, educational facilities must be placed within their reach.

Washington college, East Tennessee, is one of these old schools. It is in the geographical center of this vast mountain region. It is in the upper valley of the Tennessee river and on the branch of the Southern railway which follows this natural outlet of the Cumberland and Blue Ridge country. Its site is near the junction of Tennessee with North Carolina, Virginia and Kentucky.

This college was founded in 1780 by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and named in honor of Washington, on motion of Gen. John Sevier, the hero of King's mountain, in 1796. He and several of his compatriots were among its charter trustees. Dr. Sampel Doak, Princeton 1775, was its first president, and Princeton men have been connected with it almost continuously from the first.

But its history has been no less pathetic than that of the people whose privations and sufferings it has shared alike in war and peace. It has had to put the cost of education within the reach of the poor at its very doors, so that its income has been necessarily small.

The college has adopted a novel plan of permitting students to work for an education. A farm of 100 acres was purchased in 1893 and a home was built for the students who worked the farm in lieu of college athletics, thus producing their own living. The results, thus far, having been quite satisfactory, the college has planned to equip this department more adequately.

These children of adversity do not mind work. What many would regard as obstacles to getting an education they look upon as the opportunities of their lives. Appeals for chances to work are so numerous that the college is embarrassed.

The sum of \$180 invested in land will place a student's living at the command of two or three hours' labor each day. Being in the nature of an endowment, it will benefit generation after generation of students. The students will need only \$50 a year additional to meet his tuition and incidental expenses. But many not being able to furnish the \$50 money is needed every year for scholarships.

The college is without endowment, but its property, valued at \$45,000, is unencumbered. So that even \$50,000 would make the work secure and increase its efficiency. Money is now needed for the purchase of more land. These mountaineers, like their ancestors, are landowners, and it is proposed to take advantage of their instinct for the soil in helping their children. Their own small farms furnish but a scant living.

One of the features of the college work in this region is the remarkable influence a college graduate has on his home neighborhood. He usually goes back and becomes the leading citizen, being respected by his less fortunate neighbors in whose welfare he does not lose interest. He is as a rule an enthusiast for education, and so the work goes on, multiplying in every generation, until now the need of a larger college is actually a dire one.

These Craps.

Englishman (pointing to a churchyard in the distance)—What is going on over there? I've frequently noticed these American church-yards of yours seem to be the scene of strange activity.

American—Ah, that's one phase of the mining craze. "Grubbing for gold in a churchyard? What inconceivable vandalism!" "Oh, it's not gold these grubbers are after; it's ancestors."—Judge

AN EAST INDIAN CARNIVAL.

Color, Movement and Music on the Surface of the Sacred River Ganges.

"Benares is an everlasting garden of festivals," writes R. D. Macdonald, in Century, in a paper on "The Maharaja's Water Carnival." "The hot afternoon slowly sank into evening, the river being like a sheet of glass; one almost gasped for air. The templed bank was slowly shrouded in the gray veil of evening, and something like disappointment hung in the sultry atmosphere, when suddenly the boatmen cried: 'Here they come!' With difficulty I could make out some small gray spot about two miles up the river, just coming into view round the bend from Ramnagar fort, the residence of the maharaja. Slowly they approached, until at last they were close upon us. The air seemed to grow cooler, and the heat was forgotten. All attention was fixed upon two lovely visions—one could not call them boats—the foremost a pair of dappled gray horses rising completely out of the water, supporting a canopy of red silk on silver poles, under which were seated, on the long boat of painted lotus-flowers, the maharaja and his princes, dressed in the most delicate harmonies of oriental color, silver and gold, in the midst of which were a few dashes of scarlet. The crew, with pink-blended ears, dipped into the liquid crystal of the river. The second boat represented a gigantic peacock, carrying on its long, distended back a triple canopy of kincob, strawberry and gold, under which sat the maharaja's son and heir, the ministers and other state officials. Close on every side were numerous small craft hovering in their wake like dancing water beetles."

"The last glow of light was fading away, the little Noah's ark that so mysteriously disappeared in the morning came quietly steaming out in clusters from their hiding, until, by the time the temple was reached—which it was the purpose of the procession to visit—the river was a chaotic mass of moving color, over which the curtain of night was rapidly falling. Without the least warning, a torch flamed up in the midst, and for an instant blotted out the whole spectacle in inky blackness. But gradually the eye became accustomed to the change, the torch burned slowly down, and in its place a crimson, a green and a yellow flare of artificial fire burst forth with spasmodic sputterings, illuminating one boat in green, another in crimson, while another passed in sable shadow. The deep-purple reflection from the semi-luminous sky alternated with the crimson and green as the maharaja's boats attempted to lead through the haphazard mass back past the temples, and out to the floating tents in mid-stream—a carnival indeed, and full of that picturesque accident which is seen to such perfection in the unconventionality of an oriental gathering."

"One by one the boats and barges attached themselves to the floating tents until the mass assumed enormous proportions; they were variously illuminated with lanterns and crystal chandeliers, of which the native of India is very proud. The tents were crowded to their utmost limit; the weird, thin voices of the nautch girls were heard on the still night air, with the perpetual accompaniment of their bell anklets, stringed instruments and tom-toms. One of the most unique features was the bazaar of the sweetmeat sellers. Not to be done out of their business because the feat was isolated in the middle of the Ganges, they took their entire shops afloat, and the pyramids of light brown lumps of sugared cream seemed to afford a continual source of comfort to the festive."

"Had I quietly withdrawn ten minutes earlier I should have enjoyed the perfect illusion of having lived an evening in the sixteenth century; but alas! the incongruous nineteenth century note so prevalent in the orient was heard in a crash of rawhide and brass, and a blizzard of metallic discord out of which I was able to pick up fragments of 'We Won't Go Home Till Morning.' I bought the boatmen, who seemed enchanted, to hurry me away into the blackness of the night."

A Fortune for a Single Flower.

The purchasing power of money in the seventeenth century is shown by an article in Ladies' Home Journal, on the tulip craze in Holland, which reached its height about 1634. At a side of bulbs, about that date, a single one of the Vleeroy variety was purchased by delivering to the seller 200 bushels of wheat, 400 bushels of rye, four fat pigs, eight fat oxen, 12 fat sheep, two hogheads of wine, two barrels of beer, 500 pounds of butter, one bedstead with pillows, mattresses, blankets, etc., 100 pounds of cheese, one suit of clothes and one silver goblet. The money value of the bulb was \$1,000, but as the purchaser did not have the cash the seller was willing to accept its equivalent in the form just recited, notwithstanding that it was somewhat bulky and diversified.

An Implied Doubt.

The young reporter had been duly impressed with the necessity of "keeping inside" the H-bel laws. But it seemed like straining a point when, in writing of a funeral, he said: "The alleged corpse was interred with full honors."—Baltimore American.

Abroad-Minded Beggar.

Judge—What have you to say for yourself? Burglar—Your honor, I had no intention of breaking into that house. It was all a mistake. I got mixed up in my street numbers.—N. Y. World.

TRANSFORMED BY A BUG.

How the Island of Ceylon Came to Be One of the World's Great Tea Producers.

Statistics prepared by order of the English government for the period from 1882 to 1898 inclusive, present an interesting account of the wondrous progress of the tea-growing industry in Ceylon. In 1882, for instance, the island exported 697,268 pounds of tea, valued at \$246,735. From that date on there was a steady increase until in 1898 the figures reached the grand total of 110,985,193 pounds, valued at \$12,849,065. But this cheerful state of affairs as regards tea was in a measure offset by a decline in the shipments of coffee. In 1882 the exportation of coffee from Ceylon was 42,920,309 pounds, valued at \$7,153,395. And proportionately as tea climbed the ascending scale, coffee went down, until in 1898 only 1,959,300 pounds of it were exported.

The rise and fall of the coffee-growing industry, says the New York Sun, is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Ceylon since the island passed into possession of the English. Coffee growing began seriously in 1825, although as far back as 1740 the Holland Dutch had made attempts to raise the berry just as they raised it in Java. They tried it on the lowlands near the sea, however, and coffee will not thrive in that sort of a locality. It was only after the English had opened good roads from the coast to the mountain regions of the interior that the industry began to pick up, and under the administration of Sir Henry Ward the culture of coffee was Ceylon's principal one. All the mountainous country became an immense coffee plantation. In 1868, 1869 and 1870 the annual exportation was over 100,000,000 pounds, representing a value of \$20,000,000 a year. At this time 170,000 acres of land was given up to its culture. This paid at the rate of from 20 to 25 per cent. on the capital invested. But at that time the diminutive and very unostentatious Hemelia vastatrix had not put in an appearance, or rather had not yet begun to make his presence felt. His first recorded appearance was in 1869, but nobody then paid any particular attention to him, and whatever harm he did was not noticeable either on the crop of that year or the year following.

In the succeeding years, however, it was another matter. The coffee planters found that the tiny little mushroom-like growth which attached itself to the under side of the coffee plant leaves had to be taken seriously. The leaves faded and died, and as the pest increased, entire plants and finally groups of plants became mere barren stalks and twigs. Still the little speck with its brilliant orange color seemed so insignificant in itself that its malign influence was underestimated. If the crops were less abundant the fact was attributed to bad seasons. It is true Dr. Thwaites, superintendent of the Ceylon botanical gardens, gave a very bad account of the Hemelia vastatrix and prophesied disastrous results from its presence. But Dr. Thwaites was voted to be a scientific theorist and pedant. Small value was set upon his gloomy predictions. And what still further contributed to lull the planters into a feeling of false security was a sudden rise in the market price of coffee both in Europe and in America from 50 to 100 per cent. By this increase in the value the planters were more than compensated for the falling off in the size of their crops. Instead of coffee culture falling off it increased enormously. The planters extended the field of their operations to the great mountain ridge which stretches from Adam's Peak to Nuwara Elyia, a territory of about 400 square miles which had been regarded as too humid and too elevated for coffee culture.

But all this time the little Hemelia vastatrix was slowly but surely continuing his work of devastation. All sorts of composts and applications were tried to check his ravages. They failed. The men of science among others, Dr. Thwaites, whose predictions only a short time before were received with such scant respect, were appealed to, but they also were powerless. The insignificant little mushroom-like speck was firmly established in the country it had invaded so stealthily and was carrying all before it. By 1880, with a coffee culture acreage 50 per cent. greater than in 1870, the exportation had fallen to three-quarters of what it had been ten years before. And to complete the misfortune Brazil so inundated the market that the price dropped back to the old figure. The utterly disheartened planters of Ceylon threw up their hands. Many were financially ruined. A few had capital enough left to start the cultivation of chinchona. Others went into tea-raising. The latter prospered marvelously, as the abstract of colonial statistics above quoted shows, until from one of the greatest coffee-producing countries in the world, Ceylon has come one of the greatest tea producers.

Scientific authorities who have written about the Ceylon coffee plague agree that the devastating parasite spread so rapidly simply because man was obliging enough to provide it in great quantities with just the kind of food it liked best. The agricultural error was in limiting cultivation to a single plant in a vast zone which before had been covered with a great variety of vegetation. Nature took her revenge in the coffee plantations of Ceylon just as she did in the vineyards of France and in the potato fields of Ireland. The Hemelia vastatrix, which is a parasite of a certain jungle plant, multiplied indefinitely from the day it found a suitable food in the leaves of millions of coffee plants. The remedy for the evil was thus indicated. New products should be substituted for coffee; and this is precisely what the Ceylon planters did—that is those whom the Hemelia vastatrix had not driven from the island.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The life of an Australian native rarely exceeds 50 years.

In 1800 there were 200 houses in Australia; in 1900 there are 2,000,000. Cape Town is ordinarily calculated as 27 days distant from Southampton. Great Britain loses more than £10,000,000 worth of property annually by fire.

The first Indian regiment to don khaki became known as the "dustmen."

More than one-half of the champagne sold in France in 1898 went to England.

Every animal kept by man, excepting the cat, is taxed in Austria, and now there is a proposal to tax pussy in that country.

Ten years ago New South Wales and Victoria were about equal in population, but the former is now considerably ahead of its sister colony.

The bankruptcy statistics of Germany for 1899 show an increase of 43 per cent. over the preceding year. The number of business failures was 7,033, or 292 more than in 1898.

While in 1858 there were in lunatic asylums in Scotland 4,020 patients and in private dwellings 1,804, the numbers had risen in 1875 to 7,304 and 1,493 respectively, and in 1898 to 12,139 and 2,767.

In Roumania all bicycles must bear the names of their owners, and their names must also appear on the lenses of their lamps, as a means of identification at night. While the law seems harsh, it has a redeeming feature in the fact that it makes cycle stealing unknown.

DOLED OUT BY TICHBORNES.

Benefactions of the Family That Have Extended Through Six Hundred Years.

The ancient manor of Tichborne lies near Winchester. Two hundred years prior to the Norman conquest this manor was known as Ichenborne, because within its borders rose the River Ichen. Shortly after the first Plantagenet ascended the throne Sir Roger de Ichenborne, knight, married Mabel, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph De Lamerston, of the Isle of Wight. After many years of godly living and kindness to the poor, says Self-Culture, Lady Mabel, realizing that she was near to death, besought Sir Roger to bestow upon her such means as would enable her to leave a loaf of bread to all applicants on Annunciation day forever. Sir Roger was unwilling to grant the request except under a condition extremely hard for his wife, who had been bedridden for many years. He said, in effect: "To-morrow will be Christmas. All the land from yonder oak tree that you can traverse north and east while the morning Yule log burns I will enclose with parallel lines corresponding on the south and west, and it shall be your own."

The following morning Lady Mabel was borne to the corner of the park and at the lighting of the Yule log commenced her painful task. Before the cry came from the hall that the log was in ashes she had won a tract of 15 acres of rich land, known today as "The Crawls," in memory of her painful task. The land was surveyed and deeded to Lady Mabel, but her heroic deed had hastened her end. A few hours later the parish priest was summoned to prepare her for death. While awaiting his coming she called her household around her and prophesied that the house of De Ichenborne would prosper as long as the dole to the poor should be continued, but that if it were ever neglected the family name would be lost for the want of male issue, and that in such an event the baronet of the day would be the father of seven sons, the eldest of whom would have seven daughters, but no sons. She then accepted the ministrations of her confessor and died.

Through more than six centuries of sunshine and shadow the house of Tichborne continued at Annunciation to distribute the dole. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries 600 loaves were baked on the day preceding Annunciation. This number grew in time to 1,000, 1,500 and 2,000 loaves. In the eighteenth century more than 3,000 loaves and from £65 to £90 in money were distributed annually.

Though for more than 600 years this charity fed the poor for one day in the year, kept its foundress in pious memory and furnished to other wealthy families an example worthy of emulation, its distribution became at length an intolerable burden. Tichborne park became, in mid-life, the rendezvous of tramps, beggars, costermongers, pickpockets, sneak-thieves and acrobats, who camped in extemporized shelters all over the fields and gardens of the manor.

With the distribution in 1799 the dole was discontinued. By a strange coincidence, in 1821 Lady Mabel's prophecy was partially fulfilled, for in that year the head of the family died, leaving seven sons. The eldest succeeded to the baronetcy and died in 1845, leaving seven daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest brother, who, on his marriage in 1826 with Miss Doughty, a Lincolnshire heiress, had taken the name Doughty-Tichborne, impressed by the singular fulfillment of Lady Mabel's prophecy, besought his elder brother to restore the dole. This was done, with certain restrictions confining it to the poor of the parish of Tichborne. In this manner it continues to be distributed to the present day.

Cancer in the Sexes.

Cancer among males is much more prevalent than among females, the mortality rate being for ten years 69 per cent. of males and 28 per cent. of females.

THE PERPLEXING INITIALS.

Some in Washington That to the Uninitiated Are Apt to Be Somewhat Confusing.

"I just arrived in Washington today; in fact, I am a stranger in the capital," he said to a citizen on Pennsylvania avenue.

"Yes?" answered the citizen, interrogatively, at the same time putting his hand on his watch chain, and conjuring up pictures of piles of gold bricks and wads of the imitation "long green" lying around loose on the asphalt.

"Yes, I never saw such tall buildings before," he continued, with a wave of the hand toward the post office and the Star building. "I come down from the mountains," he added, explanatorily. "You don't mind me asking you a few questions about something which has worried me mightily?"

"Not a bit of it, my friend. We are only too glad to be of service to strangers. Drive ahead."

"Well, it's these perplexing, Virginia rail-fence initials. I suppose you people who live here understand 'em, but I'll be gold-darned if the stranger within your gates comprehends what they mean. It is a fair assumption that 'U. S. A.' and 'U. S. N.' mean, or stand for, the United States army and navy, respectively?"

"It is."

"Well, does 'U. S. M. C.' stand for United States member of congress or United States metallic carriage?"

"United States marine corps."

"Oh, the marines of ancient equine affiliations and Boston food, eh? Well, well! I just passed two young officers in uniform who had the letters 'U. S. N. R. D. C.' and 'U. S. N. G. D. C.' in gilt letters on their cut-off coat collars. I don't dare to even think what these young chaps represent. What is it?"

"Oh, they were officers in the naval reserve and the national guard of the District of Columbia."

"Well, does that wagon there with the letters 'U. S. S. H.' painted on its side belong to the government hospital for sailors?"

"Not much. That floors every new man that comes to town. Those letters stand for the 'United States soldiers' home.'"

"And there is another wagon, Mr. Hanna's private carriage, for it has 'G. O. P.' painted on its sides. They say up my way that he is head and front of the 'grand old party.'"

"Grand old party" nothing," cried the citizen, pityingly. "That wagon belongs to the government printing office."

"I suppose 'P. O. D.' means 'pay on delivery' and 'B. E. and P.' stands for Boston, Engleisle and Potomac railroad?"

"Not on your life. Those wagons are attached to the post office department and to the bureau of engraving and printing."

"Does 'C. L.' mean that that wagon carries the patients of the commissioner of lunacy around town?"

"We haven't any such official. That combination represents the congressional library, and the wagon totes books."

"Well, my accommodating friend, fill floor you now. Coming down Pennsylvania avenue, the one following the other, were two delivery wagons with this text on each respectively: 'U. S. S. D. E.' and 'H. R. D. R.' What sort of a policy play can you make of those letters?"

"Oh, that's easy. Just 'United States senate document room and house of representatives document room.'"

"Well, if I hadn't been told, I'd said those letters stood for 'United States Steamship Daughter Rose' and the other for 'Humble Rogers' Daughter Ruth.' Many thanks for your information."

THE CHOCOLATE INDUSTRY.

An Enormous Amount of It Is Used in This Country Every Year.

"The American people are evidently very fond of chocolate, for there are about 12,000,000 pounds of the commodity consumed in the United States annually," said a large wholesale dealer in chocolate beans in Boston to a writer for the Washington Star recently. "Two-thirds of the chocolate imported into this country is purchased by chocolate manufacturers in Massachusetts and the rest is distributed among the numerous candy firms in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere. There are three principal grades of chocolate, which are known in the trade as the Caracas, the French and the German. Of these three varieties the Caracas is considered the best. The color of Caracas chocolate is a pale brown. In flavor it is much stronger than the French or German article."

"To test the quality of chocolate it is only necessary to put a piece of it in a pan of water and allow it to dissolve. The better grades will leave no sediment, the others will. This is due to the fact that in the cheaper varieties the shell is ground up and used as a filler. The lighter the chocolate the better the quality. The cheaper grades are dark brown, owing to the ground-up shell."

"One of the largest cocoa plantations in the world is located at Nicaragua. It is owned by a French firm, whose chocolate is known all over the world. Their works at Nohiel turn out about 40,000,000 pounds of chocolate a year, and their employes number 1,500. The tin foil in which the cakes of chocolate are wrapped costs alone \$100,000 per annum. The possibilities of cocoa cultivation in Central America are not yet fully realized outside of France. When they are there will be a big 'boom' for lands suitable for the purpose."