SAND WILL DO IT.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad vand one day, It was waiting in the roundhouse where the

locomotives stay: It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned.

And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand. It appears that locomotives can not always get

a grip On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip; And when they reach a slippery spot their

tactics they command, And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track, If your load is rather heavy you're always

slipping back So, if a common locomotive you completely

understand. You'll provide yourself in starting with a good

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade, If those who've gone before you have the rails

quite slippery made,

If you ever reach the summit of the upper table

use of sand. If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost,

That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost, Then some prompt decided action will be call-

ed into demand, And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen,

If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,

And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand, If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of SAND.

-Richmond (Ind.) Register.

THE DEBUT OF DAN'L WEBSTER.

"I guess you can get the ell roof shingled now, 'most any old time," cried Homer Tidd. He bounced in at the kitchen door. A blast of icy wind followed him. 'Gracious ! shet the door, Homer, an' His mother then tell me your news." shivered and pulled a little brown shawl tighter about her shoulders.

The boy planted himself behind the stove and laid his mittened hands comfortably around the pipe. "Oh, I've made a great deal, mother." Homer's freekled face glowed with satisfaction.

What?" asked Mrs. Tidd. "Did you see the man that jest druv out o' the vard?"

"No, I didn't, Homer."

"Well,'t was Mr. Richards—the Mr. Richards o' Finch & Richards, the big market folks over in the city." "Has he bought your Thanksgivin' tur-

keys?" 'He hain't bought 'em for Thanks-

"Well, what are you so set up about, boy?"
"He's rented the hull flock. He's to

pay me three dollars a day for them, then 's goin' to buy them all for Christmas." 'Land sakes! Three dollars a day!" Mrs. Tidd dropped one side of a pan of apples she was carrying, and some of them went rolling about the kitchen floor.

Homer nodded. "For how long?" she asked eagerly.
"For a week." Homer's freckles disappeared in the crimson glow of enthusiasm that overspread his face.

"Eighteen dollars for nothin' but exhibitin' a bunch o' turkeys! Seems to me some folks must have money to throw ' Mrs. Tidd stared perplexedly

over the top of her glasses. "I'll tell you all about it, mother."
Homer took a chair and planted his feet on
the edge of the oven. "Mr. Richards is goin' to have a great Thanksgivin' food show, an' he wants a flock o' live turkeys. He's been drivin' round the country look in' for some. The postmaster sent him here. He told him about Dan'l Webster's tricks.'

They don't make Dan'l any better eatin','' objected the mother.

'Maybe not. But don't you see?

Well!" Homer's laugh was an embarrassed "I'm goin' to put Dan'l an' Gettysburg through their tricks right in the store window."

'You be n't?" and the mother looked in rapt admiration at her clever son. 'I be !" answered Homer triumphant-

ly. "I don't know, boy, jest what I think o' it," said his mother, slowly. "'Tain't exactly a-a gentlemanly sort o' thing to do;

'I reckon I be n't a gentleman, mother," replied Homer, with his jolly laugh. "Tell me all about it."

"Well, I was feedin' the turkeys when Mr. Richards druv in. He said be heered I had some trick turkeys an' he'd like to see 'em. Lucky enough, I had n't fed 'em; they was awful hungry, an' I tell you they never did their tricks better.''

What did Mr. Richards say?" "He thought it was the most amazin" thing he'd ever seen in his life. He said he wouldn't have believed turkeys had enough gumption in them to learn a trick o' any kind."

'Did you tell him how you'd fussed with them ever since they was little chicks."

"I did. He wuz real interested, an' he offered me three dollars to give a show three times a day. He's got a window half as big as this kitchen. He'll have it wir-ed in, an' the turkeys 'll stay there at his expense. Along before Christmas he'll give me twenty-two cents a pound for

"Well, I vow, Homer, it's pretty good

pay."
"Mr. Richards give me a commutation on the railroad. He's to send after the turkeys an' bring 'em back, so I won't have eny expense."

Homer rose and sauntered about the

kitcken, picking up the apples that bad rolled in all directions over the floor.

A week before Uhanksgiving, the corner in front of Finch & Richard's great market looked as it was wont to look on circus day: only the eyes of the crowds were not turned expectantly up Main street; they were riveted on a window in the big store. Passers-by tramped out into the snowy street when they reached the mob at the corner. The front of the store was deco-

window held a glowing mountain of fruit and vegetables arranged by some one with a keen eye to color-monstrous pumpkins, splendid purple cabbage, rosy apples and russet pears, green and purple grapes, snowy stalks of celery, and corn ears yel-low as subshine. Crimsoned beets neighborr ' h snowy parsnips, scarlet carrots,

k-wrapped onions. Egg-plants about magnificent cauliflowers, while red a I yellow bananas made gay mosaio ever a cr. ok or a cranny had been left was mound of ruby cranberries, fine raisin banches, or brown puts.

It was a remarkable display of American It was a remarkable display of American products; yet, after the first "Ah" of admiration, people passed on to the farther window, where six plump turkeys, supremely innuncent of a feast-day fate, flapped their wings or gobbled impertinently when a small boy laid his nose flat against the window. Three times a day the crowd grew twenty deep. It laughed and shouted and elbowed one another good naturedly, for the Thanksgiving spirit was abroad. Men tossed children up on their stalwart shoulders, then small hands clapped ecstatically, and small legs kicked

with wild enthusiasm. The hero of the hour was a freckled. red-haired boy, who came leaping through a wire door with an old broom over his shoulders. Every turkey waited for him eagerly, hungrily! They knew that each old familiar trick-learned away back in childhood-would earn a good feed. When the freekled boy began to whistle, or when land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal the signal for Dan'l Webster, for Gettysburg, for Amanda Ann, Mehitable, Nancy or Farragut to step to the center of the stage and do some irresistibly funny turn with a turkey's bland solemnity. None of the birds bad attacks of stage fright; their acting was as self-possessed as if they were in the old farm-yard with no audience present but Mrs. Tidd to lean smiling over the fence with a word of praise and the covet-ed handful of golden corn.

With every performance the crowd grew more dense, the applause more uproarious, and the Thanksgiving trade at Finch & Richard's bigger than it had been in years. Each night Homer took the last train home, tired but happy, for three crisp greenbacks were added to the roll in his

Two days before Thanksgiving, Homer, in his blue overalls and faded sweater, was busy at work. The gray of dawn was just creeping into the east while the hoy went hurrying through his choices. There was still a man's work to be done before he took the ten-o'clock train to town; sides, he had promised to help his mother about the house. His grandfather, an uncle, an aunt, and three small cousins were coming to eat their Thanksgiving feast at the old farm house. Homer whis-tled gaily while he bedded the creatures with fresh straw. The whistle trailed into an indistinct trill; the boy felt a pang of loneliness as he glanced into the turkeypen. There was nobody there but old Mother Salvia. Homer tossed her a hand-ful of corn. "Poor old lady, I s'pose you're lonesome, ain't you. now?" Never mind; when spring comes you'll be scratchin' around with a hull raft of nice little chickies at your heels. We'll teach them a fine trick or two, won't we, old Salvia?" Salvia clucked over the corn apprecia-

tively. "Homer, Homer, come here, quick!" Down the frozen path through the yard came Mrs. Tidd, with the little brown shawl wrapped tightly about her head. She fluttered a yellow envelop in her hand.
"Homer, boy, it's a telegraph come. I can't read it ; I've mislaid my glasses."

Homer was by her side in a minute, tearing open the flimsy envelop. "It's from Finch & Richards, mother," he cried excitedly. "They say, 'Take the first train to town without fail."

"What do you s'pose they want you for?" asked Mrs. Tidd, with an anxious "Pir'ans the store's burned down." gasped Homer. He brushed one rough hand across his eyes. "Poor Dan'l Web-

ster an' Gettysburg! I didn't know any body could set so much store by turkeys. 'Maybe 't ain't nothin' bad, Homer. Mrs. Tidd laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Maybe they want you to give an extra early show or somethin"." She suggested it cheerfully. "Maybe," echoed Homer. "But, moth-

er, I've got to hurry to catch that 7:30 train.'

'Let me go with you, Homer." "You don't need to,"cried the boy. probably ain't nothin' serious." "I'm goin'," said Mis. Tidd decisively 'you don't s'pose I could stay here doin

nothin' but waitin' an' wond'rin ?" Mrs. Tidd and Homer caught a car at the city depot. Five minutes later they stood in front of Finch & Richard's big market. "Mother," whispered the boy, as he stepped off the car, "mother, my turkeys! They're not there! Something's happened.

See the crowd." They pushed their way through the mob that was peering in at the windows and through the windows of locked doors. The row of plump turkeys was not hung this morning under the big sign; the mag-nificent window display of fruit and veget-

ables had been ruthlessly demolished. "What do you s'pose can have happen-ed?" whispered Mrs. Tidd, while they waited for a clerk to come hurrying down

the store and unlock the door. Homer shook his head.

Mr. Richards himself came to meet them. "Well, young man," he cried, "I've had enough of your pesky bird show. There's a hundred dollars' worth of provisions gone, to say nothing of the trade we are turning away. Two days before Thanks-

giving, of all times in the year!" 'Good laud !" whispered Mrs. Tidd. Her eyes were wandering about the store. It was scattered from one end to the other with wasted food. Sticky rivers trickled here and there across the floor. A small army of clerks was hard at work sweeping

and mopping.
"Where's my torkeys?" asked Homer. "Your turkeys, confound them!" snarl-Richards. "They're safe and sound in their crate in my back store, all but that blasted old gobbler you call Dan'l Webster. He's doing his stunts on a top shelf. We found him there tearing cerea packages into shreds. For mercy's sake, go and see if you can't get him down. He has almost pecked the eyes out of every clerk who has tried to lay a finger on him I'd like to wring his ugly neck!"

Mr. Richards's face grew red as the comb of Dan'l Webster himself. Homer and his mother dashed across the

store. High above their heads strutted Dan'l Webster with a slow, stately tread. Occasionally he peered down at the ruin

rated with a fringe of plump turkeys. One ingly, "good old Dan'l, come an' see a stately plump hen. Gettysburg stepped

The boy slid cautiously along to where a step ladder stood.
"Dan'!," he called, "wouldn't you like

to come home. Dan'l?" Dan'l perked down with pleased recognition in his eyes. Homer crept up the ladder. He was preparing to lay a hand on one of Dan'l's black legs when the turkey hopped away with a triumphant gobble, and went racing gleefully along the wide shelf. A row of bottles filled with saladdressing stood in Dan'l's path. He cleared them out of the way with one energetic kick. They tumbled to a lower shelf; their vellow contents crept in a sluggish stream toward the mouth of a tea-box.

"I'll have that bird shot!" thundered Mr. Richards. "That's all there is about

"Wait a minute, sir," pleaded Mrs. Tidd. 'Homer'll get him.' Dan'l Webster would neither be coaxed nor commanded. He wandered up and down the shelf, gobbling vociferously into

the faces of the excited moh. 'Henry, go and get a pistol," cried Mr. Richards, turning to one of his clerks. "Homer,"-Mrs. Tidd clutched the boy's arm,—"why don't you make b'lieve you're shootin' Dan'l? Maybe he'll lie

down, so you can git him." Homer called for a broom. He tossed it gun fashion, across his shoulder, and crept along slowly, sliding a ladder before him to the spot where the turkey stood watching with intent eyes. He put one foot upon the lowest step, then he burst out in a spirited whistle. It was "Marching through Georgia." The bird stared at him

fixedly. "Bang!" cried Homer, and he pointed the broom straight at the recreant turkey. Dan'l Webster dropped stiff. A second later Homer had a firm grasp of the scaly legs. Dan'l returned instantly to life, but dashed into "Yankee Doodle." the rebellious head was tucked or der his master's jacket. Dan'l Webster thought he was being strangled to death.

cried Homer, triumphantly. "There!" He closed the lid of the poultry crate and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. the applause went on and on and on! At "There! I guess you won't get out last, out again across the stage came Hom-

He followed Mr. Richards to the front of the store to view the devastation. "Who'd have thought turkeys could

have ripped up strong wire like that?" e enraged market man, pointing to the shattered door.
"I guess Dan'l began the mischief," said Homer, soberly; "he's awful strong."
"I'm sorry I ever laid my eyes on

Dan'l," exclaimed Mr. Richards. "I'll

hate to see Finch. He'll be in on the 4:20 train. He's conservative; he never had any use for the turkey show." "When did you find out that they— what had happened?" asked Homer, tim-

"At five o'clock. Two of the men got here early. They telephoned me. I never saw such destruction in my life. Your turkers had sampled most everything in the store, from split peas to molasses. What they didn't eat they knocked over or tore open. I guess they won't need feeding for a week. They're chuckful of oatmeal, beans, crackers, peanuts, pickles, toothpicks, pranes, soap, red herrings, cab-bage—about everything their crops can hold."

"I'm awful sorry," faltered Homer. "So am I," said Mr. Richards, resolute-"Now, the best thing that you can do is to take your flock and clear out. I've

had enough of performing turkeys."

Homer and his mother waited at the depot for the 11 o'clock train. Beside them stood a crate filled with turkeys that wore a well-fed, satisfied expression. Somebody tapped Homer on the shoulder.

"You're the boy who does the stunts with turkeys, aren't you?" asked a welldressed man with a silk hat, and a flower in his buttonhole. 'Yes," answered the boy, wonderingly.

"I've been hunting for you. That was great rumpus you made at Finch & Richards's, The whole town's talking about it."

"Yes," answered Homer again, and he blushed scarlet. "Taking your turkeys home?" Homer nodded.

'I've come to see if we can keep them n town a few days longer. The boy shook his head vigorously. don't want any more turkey shows.' "Not if the price is big enough to make it worth your while?"

"No!" said Homer. "Let us go into the station and talk it

On Thanksgiving afternoon the Colonial Theater, the best vaudeville house in the city, held a throng that had dined well and was bappy enough to appreciate any sort of fun. The children—bundreds of them—shrieked with delight over every act. The women laughed, the men applauded with great hearty hand-claps. little buzz of excitement went round the house when, at the end of the fourth turn, two boys, instead of setting up the regulation big red number, displayed a brand-new card. It read: "Extra Number-Homer Tidd and his Performing Turkeys." A shout of delighted anticipation went up from the audience. Every paper in town had made a spectacular story of the ruin at Finch & Richard's. Nothing could have been so splendid a surprise. body broke into applause—everybody except one little woman who sat in the front row of the orchestra. Her face was pale, her hands clasped and unclasped each othshe

er tremulously. "Homer, boy," whispered to herself. The curtain rolled up. The stage was set for a realistic farm yard scene. floor was scattered with straw, an old pump leaned over in one corner, hav tumbled untidily from a barn-loft, a coop with a ben and chickens stood by the From her stall stared a white-faced fence. cow; her eyes blinked at the glare of the footlights. The orchestra struck up a merry tune: the cow uttered an astonished moo: then in walked a sturdy lad with fine minute pores. He can soak up half his broad shoulders, red hair, and freckles. His boots clumped, his blue overalls were faded, his sweater had once been red. At his heels stepped six splendid turkeys, straight in line every one with its eyes on to the manager, desperately : "I'll cut an' run right off as soon as I set eyes on folks." Perhans he drew courage from the anxious only face he saw in the great audience. Perhaps it was the magnificent aplomb of the turkeys that inspired him. They stepped serenely, as if walking out on a gorgeously lighted stage was an every day but if hot water be dropped upon him he event in their lives. Anybow, Homer will instantly jump from pain, as it imthrew up his head and led the turkey mediately strikes into the skin. march round and round past the footlights, till the shout of applause dwindled into silence. The boy threw back his head

"Gettysburg," cried Homer, pointing to moisture and die.

to the center of the stage. "How many kernels of corn have I thrown you, Getty?" he asked. The turkey turned to count them, with

her head cocked reflectively on one side. Then she scratched her foot on the floor. 'One, two, three, four, five!"

"Right! Now you may eat them, Gettv. Gettysburg wore her new-won laurels with an excellent grace. She jumped through a row of hoops; slid gracefully about the stage on a pair of miniature roller-skates; she stepped from stool to chair, from chair to table, in perfect time with Homer's whistle and a low strain of melody from the orchestra. She danced a stately jig on the table, then, with a satisfied cluck, descended on the other side to the floor. Amanda, Ann, Mehitable, Nancy, and Farragut achieved their triumph in a slow dance made up of dignified hops and mazy turns. They stood in a decorous line awaiting the return of their master, for Homer had dashed suddenly from the stage. He reappeared, holding his head up proudly. Now he wore the blue uniform and jaunty cap of a soldier boy; a gun

leaned on his shoulder.

The orchestra put all its vigor, patriotism, and wind into "Marching through Straight to Homer's side, when they heard his whistle, wheeled the tur-key regiment, ready to keep step, to fall in line, to march and countermarch. Only one feathered soldier fell. It was Dan'l Webster. At a bang from Homer's rifle he dropped stiff and stark. From children here and there in the audience came a cry of horror. They turned to ask in fright ened whispers if the turkey was "truly shooted." As if to answer the question, Dan'l leaped to his feet. Homer pulled a Stars and Stripes from his pocket and waved it enthusiastically; then the orchestra some patriotic spirit in the soul of Dan'l Webster. He left his master, and, puffing himself to his stateliest proportions, stalked to the footlights to utter one glorious, soul-stirring gobble. The curtain fell, but er, waving "Old Glory." Dan'l Webster, Gettysburg, Amanda, Ann. Nancy, Mehitable and Farragut followed in a triumphal march. Homer's eyes were bent past the footlights, searching for the face of one little woman. This time the face was one radiant flush and her bands were adding

their share to the deafening applause. "Homer, boy," she said fondly. This time she spoke aloud, but nobody heard it. An encore for the "Extra Turn" was so vociferous, it almost shook the plaster from the ceiling.

The Worn Turns

It takes the money to run a newspaper

-St. John (Kan.) News.
What an exaggeration, what a whopper! It has been disproved a thousand times; it is a case of airy fancy. It doesn't take money to run a newspaper. It can run without money. It is not a business venture. It is a charitable institution, a begging concern, a highway robber. A the increased crop was equal to newspaper is the child of the air, a creature the cost of the chemical applied. of a dream. It can go on and on, and any other concern would be in the hands of a receiver and wound up with cobwebs in the windows. It takes wind to run a newspaper; it takes gall to run a newspaper. It takes a scintillating, acrobatic imagination and a half dozen white shirts, and a railroad pass to run a newspaper. But who ever needed money to conduct a newspaper? Kind words are the medium of exchange that do the business of the editor. kind words and church sociable tickets When you see an editor with money, watch him. He'll be paying his bill and disgrac-ing his profession. Never give money to an editor. Make him trade it out. He

likes to swap! Then when you die, after having stood around for years and sneered at the editor and his little jim crow paper, be sure and have your wife send in for three extra copies by one of your weeping children, and when she reads the generous and touching notice about you, forewarn her to neglect to send fifteen cents to the editor. It would overwhelm him. Money is a corrupting thing. The editor knows it; what he wants is your heartfelt thanks. he can thank the printers and they can

thank their grocers. Take your job work to another job office, and then come and ask for free church notices. Get your lodge letterheads and stationery printed out of town, and then flood the editor with beautiful thoughts in resolutions of respect and cards of thanks. They make such spicy reading, and when you pick it up filled with these glowing vivid mortuary articles, you are so proud of your little local paper

But money—scorn the filthy thing. Don't let the pure, innocent editor know anything about it. Keep that for sordid tradespeople who charge for their wares. The editor gives his bounty away. The Lord loves a cheerful giver! He'll take care of the editor. He has a charter from thr State to act as doormat for the company. He will get the paper out some-how; and stand up for the town and whoop it up for you when you run for office, and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's tacky wedding, and blow about your big footed sons when they get \$4 a week joh, and weep over your shriveled soul when it is released from its miserable hulk, and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. Don't worry about the editor-he'll get on. The Lord knows how-but somehow.-Cohocton (N. Y.) Times.

The Frog's Skin.

The frog's skin is a breathing machine. The supply of air is a necessary addition to that taken in by ordinary breathing. The skin is most remarkable for its powerful absorption of water, due to the numberless weight of water in an hour.

As the skin perspires quite as freely as it absorbs, we can comprehend why contact with moisture is necessary. Besides the loss from evaporation there is the stopping the master. Homer never knew how he of skin breathing also, because the skin did it. Two minutes earlier he had said must be kept moist and soft to absorb fresh air and give off used air from the system. You have noticed the cold, clammy feeling of the skin of the frog when you have gaze in his mother's eyes. Hers was the handled him. The soaking of water is the cause. If you put a redhot iron on a frog's flesh he will not feel it, simply because of the cold water in his skin, which the heat turns into vapor, escaping under the iron,

This moisture is a safeguard against drying up, and there is still another, which is an interior sack for storing water. Like and snapped his fingers. The turkeys re- the camel, it thus keeps a supply which treated to form in line at the back of the carries the amphibian from many a dry place when it would otherwise lose all its Saw the Battle of Waterloo,

Living out the last of her many years under the roof of a married daughter there dwells in Norwich, Eng., a 'grand old woman" of 95-the last living eye-witness of the battle of Waterloo. Elizabeth Watkins is her name, and, still with some signs of the comeliness of her earlier years, with memories undimmed by time. she tells the story of her experiences in the "woman's camp," near the field of ac-tion, on that epoch-making June day of

Mrs. Watkins' father, one Daniel Dale, had fallen in with the recruiting sergeant not long before the great battle was fought, and, having swallowed the King's shilling at the bottom of a pint pot of Dorset ale, was sent across to the Continent wearing a 'bottle green uniform," which seems to have made a wondrous impression on the small girl who was left behind with her mother. But before Napoleon had faced the Duke of Wellington in that last struggle, Mrs. Dale and little Elizabeth had followed Daniel, and when the historic June 18 dawned, they were in the woman's

camp, with the nurses and surgeons. Elizabeth was awakened by the booming of the artillery, and she recalls how shocked she was that there was going to be a fight on Sunday, but she soon could think of nothing save the little duties at her hand, for before her breakfast had been quite finished she had been called to sit by her mother's side and help shred the lint for binding and dressing the wounds of the soldiers who already were being brought to the rear for care. Off at Hougoment and Mount St. Jean the guns were booming away, and close at hand little Elizabeth Dale saw women trying to make comfortable men wounded to the death, saw some of these warriors die, and per baps her most vivid recollection of all that a 1,000. The highest birth rate, according eventful day is of her terror when her mother lifted a corner of the cloth spread over one of the dead, and she saw his glassy eyes staring off vacuously toward the field where he had met death.

It remains to be said that Dale come out of the action unscathed, served the full seven years of his time on the Continent, his wife and daughter remaining near him, and then returned to England.

Notes of Science.

There is gradually dawning a belief that plant growth is more or less of a chemical process that may be accelerated or retarded by the application of the proper reagents, generally in the form of fertilizers, and that the ultimate growth is usually far in excess of the value of the material applied. The Japanese are very clever agriculturalists, and every little patch of ground is made to support its family. Hill sides are pressed into service, and where they are naturally too steep for the purpose they are terraced from crest to foot. This is apropos of some investigations that have been conducted by M. Nagaoka, of the Tokyo Imperial University, in stimulating rice growth by the stimulating action of manganese in the form of manganese sulphate. A yield of 37 per cent. over a field fertilized in the usual manner was obtained by this investigator and the value of the increased crop was equal to four times

Professor Robert Koch has recently been investigating an outbreak of typhoid fever for the German government, and has since been at Paris, where he was entertained by the Pasteur institute. In the course of the winter he will proceed to German East Africa in order to continue those studies of tropical and other diseases which he had not completed during his recent visit to Rhodesia. In particular he will continue to investigate the part played by ticks in conveying the infection of various cattle

It has long been a mooted question whether insects are attracted to flowers by the bright hues of the petals or by the odor of the flowers, and recent experiments carried out on quite an extensive scale seem to indicate that the perfume is the essential directive agent. It is concluded that insects are guided from a distance to masses of flowers by their perfume alone, but that where flowers are grown singly, insects are attracted generally by color, and where the distance is small the odor doubtless assists in attracting and directing the movements of the flying insects.

Photograph Album Revived.

The photograph album is about to be restored to popular favor. For the past 10 years it has been relegated to the garret, while people have hung the pictures of relatives and friends in airy bits of wire known as the photograph holder, injected them into stray corners of bureaus or dressing tables and generally maltreated them and allowed them to be subjected to the dust and grime of the daily atmos-

phere. The photographers have rejoiced at this modern method of placing photographs, for the most expensive picture cannot long withstand such harsh treatment and to keep a clean supply of pictures they have to be replenished often.

The now general use of the camera has helped to restore the once passe picture album to its former dignified position on the parlor table. Expert amateur photographers, who did not care to have their labor of months consumed by moths and begrimed by Philadelphia smoke, devised albums to hold their collections of views, and now the photographs of loved ones are to be confined once more between the

covers. The new photograph albums are different from those of the days of long ago. They are far more artistic and easy handle. Sometimes they are made of fine leather, sometimes of soft kid, but at all events they are not so likely to jar upon the artistic sensibilities as did the velvet and plush affairs which were once the pride and adornment of the parlor tables of all well-regulated households.

The Leap Year Letter.

The "leap year letter" is written with a tiny bow of ribbon accompanying every line. Thus :

Send me back this bow of blue. If you have another fellow Just send back this bow of yellow. If of me you often think Do inclose the knot of pink! If your jealousy is keen If you care to see me no more Send back the little lilac bow. If on the contrary your love's aglow Pin on a note this crimson bow. - New Orleans Times-Democrat.

-I would as -oon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising .- John Wanamaker.

Curious Condensations

It is said that Oyama weighs about

A strang fish is on exhibition at Seattle, Wash. It is six feet long and is half animal and half vegetable, as a seed grew out of its body.

Over 78,000 rats were killed on the London wharves by the health authorities last year, but a greater crosade will be waged against them next year, as it is thought that the rodents are still increasing.

France has got to increase the number of her naval officers to meet the growth of her fleet. In 1908, when the present naval programme is concluded, she will have 28 battleships, 25 battle cruisers, 6 firstclass, 15 second-class and 13 third-class cruisers, a big torpedo hoat flotilla and 60 sub-marines.

Because, notwithstanding hard times, the employes of Messrs. Yarrow, of Millwall, on the Thames, would not take time and a quarter for night work and insisted on "time and a half," the building of 28 destroyers and torpedo boats for Austria will be done at Trieste, instead of on the Thames. The loss to the workmen is about a million dollars.

John S. and Martha Gentry, bushaud and wife, quarreled over the slavery question at St. Joseph, Mo., just before the war. He enlisted in the Confederate army, she went to California, and in 1874 she obtained a divorce. The other day they met by chance on a ferry boat on San Francisco bay, and on Sept. 30th they were married. Both are over 70 years old.

The marriage rate is higher in England than elsewhere, being 15 a 1,000. In most other countries it varies from 7 to 10 to a volume of statistics, referring chiefly to foreign countries, issued by the British Board of Trade, is in Roumania—39 a 1,000. The lowest marriage rate is in Sweden, where it is .9 a 1,000.

The awards in the World's Fair sheep show developed that the Canadian breeders are carrying off the bulk of the prizes. The types in which they excel are the Southdown, the Dorsets, the Merinos, the Oxfords, the Leicesters and the Lincolns. Practically all of the prizes in the classes for rams in these breeds have gone to them. In the Shropshire, the Cotswold and other types the breeders from the United States are winning the blue ribbons.

The Australian eucalyptus tree is being grown on a large scale in Southern Europe and Northern Africa because of its tendency to drain swamps. This was formerly supposed to be due to abundant exhalation of water vapor from its leaves, but it has been shown that actually the transpiration of the eucalyptus is only one-half or one-third that of willows, birches and other trees, and it is therefore assumed that the henomenon in question is due simply to the rapid growth of the eucalyptus.

The Japanese have a number of customs which are jewels, and it is too bad that they cannot be adopted in the Western world. One of the best is the manner in which one hostess gets rid of an unwel-come guest. She does not hint that the time is about up for his stay or that she is going visiting soon, but sets to work preparing a dainty luncheon which she packs in a little box, ties up with ribbon and paper and hands to the guest some morn-It isn't an insult, either ; it's just a hipt and one that is always taken.

Why Convicts Wear Stripes

"Did you ever stop to think about the origin of the stripes we use in our prisons?" said a man with an eye for the curious. "If figure the thing out if you happen to know anything about the Bible. The fact is that we get the idea from the old dispensation. When I say we, I mean the pecple of our civilization, of our own day and time, and who live under and are guided by our systems and notions. For instance, in the laws and ordinances of Deuteronomy we find the following, which will give us a clue to the origin of stripes as a badge of infamy: 'If there be a controversy tween men, and they come into judgment, that the judges may judge them, then they shall justify the righteous and condemn the wicked. And it shall be, if the wicked man be worthy to be beaten, that the judge shall cause him to lie down and to be beaten before his face, according to his fault, by a certain number. Forty stripes he may give him, and not exceed; lest if he should exceed and beat him above these with many stripes, then thy brother shall seem vile unto thee.' Now instead of inflicting these physical stripes, we put striped clothes on the men who offend the law, or who may 'come into judgment that the judges may judge them, as it is put in the text. Of course, you should go much further back in history if you cared to trace the origin of marks of infamy, but you would find that physical mutilation of some sort in a majority of instances afforded the means. But I was just telling you about the origin of our penitentiary stripes and did not mean to open the whole ques-tion which lies behind the modern prac-

Old Time Problems.

Schoolboys and girls of to-day who think they are oppressed by problems requiring the use of both English and metric units of weight and measure would be appalled by an examination of some of the text books their grandmother studied. The author of 'Old Time Schools' quotes many questions which are in a language unintelligible

"How much will 10 serons of cochineal come to," asks an arithmetic published a century ago in Northampton, Mass., "weighing neat 724 okes, 73 rotolas, at 80 piastres

per oke?"
"How much will 189 bazar mands, 31 seer and 8 chittacks of sugar come to at 6 rupees per maud ?"

Any one who had finished a course in that book was evidently equipped to go as supercargo in an old fashioned merchant-man. But who of to day would know for what he was equipped when he had struggled with the next one?

Deduct the tare and the tret and divide the suttle by 168, and the quotient will be the cloff, which subtract from the suttle,

and the remainder will be the neat.' It becomes scarcely more intelligible when explained by definition; "Tare is an allowance made the purchaser for box, bag or barrel. Tret is an allowance of four pounds in each hundred and four for waste dust and so forth. Cloff is an allowance of two pounds upon every three hundred-weight. Suttle is what is left when a part of the allowance is deducted. Neat remains when all is deducted."

--- Nothing, except the mint, can make money without advertising. -Gladstone.