TALES FROM KANSAS.

CROPS OF LARGE PROPORTIONS LOAD THE RICH SOIL.

Wheat Stacked in the Roads---Corn Has to be Cut From Balloons.

Every one who comes to Kansas City from Kansas these days has his own particular stock of stories to tell about the wonderful crops in that State. Among the Sunflower pilgrims who landed in the city on Saturday was Charley Barrett, the good-looking and talkative travelling passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific. He had spent four or five days in Southern Kansas, and his mouth was going at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute about crops, when he was flagged by a Times man on Main street,

"Wheat!" he exclaimed. "You never saw the like! The farmers down in Southern Kansas had to rent the public roads to get room enough to stack the wheat. Wasn't room enough in the fields to hold the stacks. I saw one-

"How is the fruit crop?" "Fruit! You never saw the like! Apples as big as cannon balls growing in clusters as big as haystacks. I saw one apple that—"

"Don't the trees break down?" "Trees! You never saw the like! The farmers planted sorghum in the orchards and the stalks grew up like telegraph poles and supported the limbs. I saw one stalk of sorghum that was two feet-"

"How is the broom-corn crop?" "Broom corn! You never saw the like! There hasn't been a cloudy day in Southern Kansas for a month. Can't cloud up. The broom corn grew so high that it kept the clouds swept off the face of the sky as clean as a new floor. They will have to cut the corn down if it gets too dry. Some of the broom corn stalks are so high that-"

"How is the corn crop?" "Corn! You never saw the like! Down in the Neosho and Fall River and Arkansas bottoms the corn is as high as a house. They use step ladders to gather roasting ears."

"Aren't step ladders pretty expen-

"Expensive? Well, I should say so, but that isn't the worst of it. The trouble is that the children climb up into the cornstalks to hunt for eagle's nests and sometimes fall out and kill themselves. Fourteen funerals in one county last week from that cause. I attended all of them; that is why I am so sad. And, mind you, the corn is not more than half grown. A man at Arkansas City has invented a machine and child protector.' It is inflated with gas like a balloon and floats over the corn tops, and the occupants reach down and cut off the ears of corn with a cavalry saber. Every Kansas farmer has a cavalry saber, and-" "Do they make much cider in Kan-

"Cider! You never saw the like! Oceans of it! Most of the farmers in Crowley County have filled their cisterns with cider. A proposition was made a few days since to the water works company of Arkansas City to supply the town with cider through the mains, but the company was compelled to decline because they were afraid the cider would rust the pumps. They were sorry, but they said they have to continue to furnish water, although it cost more. I saw one far-

mer who-" "How is the potato crop?" "Potatoes! You never saw the like! A man in Sedwick county dug a potato the other day that was so big he used the cavity it grew in for a cellar. I saw one potato that-"

"The people must be happy over

their big crops?" "Happy! You never saw the like! I know men in the Arkansas Valley who were too poor to flag a bread wagon, and now they have pie three

times a day. One fellow that-" But the reporter, just at this point, had a pressing engagement elsewhere.

Kansas City Times.

A Millionaire's Floating Palace.

A strange looking craft appeared off the ocean cont a day or two ago, being pulled along at a slow pace by a tugboat. The fog was so dense that not even the many scafaring people around could make out what it was Some suggested that it might be Noah's ark, sent here by the Almighty in anticapation of a flood; others said it was the floating palace from Coney Island. and others even made the foolish remark that it was one of the houses carried away by the Johnstown; flood It finally reached the bar buoy and was brought into the inlet on the flood tide. when its true character was disclosed to the curious throng in waiting. It is magnificently appointed floating boathouse, on the lower floor of which is resting a very handsome steam-launch, which can be run out at pleasure. The name of this floating palace is the Falcon, and it is owned by Mr. Alexander MacGaw, a prominent and wealthy bridge-builder of Philadelphia. It was brought here from New London, Conn., and left Sandy Hook last Saturday in tow of the tugboat Alert, Capt. Scott, who reports having had a very rough passage. She is now lying opposite Pium's Pavilion wharf, and will remain in these waters for several weeks. Mr. MacGaw's two sons accompany him on board the Fal and are ever ready to inform the curious as to the " why and wherefore" of their craft.-Ex.

Some men pay their debts only with creditors into trusting them for larger

Spitting Diamonds.

Hatton Garden (the great diamond district of London) had quite an unpleasant experience last year. All the dealers lost a great number of stones, and they couldn't understand how leakage occurred until about Christmas. After sorting and sizing up they would put the stones in the usual parcels with the weight marked. When they sold the parcels they would find that the weight had decreased and that one or two of the stones had vanished. Many small dealers, who never let the stuff go out of their sight and who had no assistants, suffered as well as the others, and for months it remained a mystery of the deepest kind. Everybody was afraid of everybody else; some quit coming to the diamond exchange, but whether they came or not their losses went on just the same. At last almost by accident the mystery was solved, and the solution was simple enough.

There was assmall dealer who lived in Clerkenwell. He wore glasses and professed to be very short sighted. This gentleman bought sparingly last bullets. year, but he did a tremendous amount of going around and examining. An employee of a large Hatton Garden firm became suspicious of this small ers. The next time the eyeglasses came in, before the safe was opened and anything handed out, two men were posted where they could watch every movement of the visitor. He opened a paper of stones (about 11-4 carat apiece) with ninety-six stones in the parcel. He put them quite close to his eyes and then lowered them a little, as if he wanted to damp them.

Damping, it may be stated, is breathing on the stones. Most dealers do this when examining a parcel, as any flaws or faults can be better observed as the moisture evaporates.

After damping them he looked again, handed them back, made an offer (which he knew would not be accepted) and was going away. The two men watching had not seen him do anything suspicious, but still he was kept in conversation while the parcel he had just handled was taken into the private office and weighed. It was found about 2 1-2 carats short. Two of the stones had somehow disappeared. There was a consultation, and it was decided that he had them in his mouth. One of the men was instructed to get behind him and strike suddenly at the back of his head while he was talking. This was done, and Mr. Eyeglasses spit out the two 11-4 carat stones. He was pounced upon, and was given the choice of restitution of all former losses or arrest. He chose the former, and having a large sum in Bank of England notes in his inside pocket, he settled the score. He was then allowed to go. The expectoration inciwhich he calls the solar corn harvester dent got around the next day, when a rush was made for his place of business. He was out, and he remained out until I left London. He will most likely stay away, for if he ever shows his face around Hatton Garden again he will have considerable more spitting to do.

A Married Newport Belle.

Mrs. Robert Goelet has an income of \$500 for every day in the year, including Sundays, and her villa in Newport is valued at a quarter of a million dollars. She is a daughter of George Henry Warren, of New York, a man of great wealth and high position. She is tall and slender, with blue-gray eyes, and has a profusion of golden hair. She is about twenty-eight perhaps. Her manners are high bred and finished, though rather reserved. Notwithstanding her enormous income she keeps an account book in which are entered the expenses of each day. She dresses handsomely and her gowns seldom cost less than \$200 or \$300 each. Her jewels are exquisite. She has among other things a diamond necklace of which the centre stone is half an inch in diameter. She has also four diamond stars for the hair, a star pendant of diamonds and one of diamonds rubies, pearls and emeralds, a superb necklace of sapphires and a set of rubies purchased of an Austrian noblewoman. Like the mother of Gracchi she has two other jewels—a little son and daughter, who are her constant companions and in whom she takes great pride.

The Waiter Confers A Title. An American visiting English clubs says Marshal P. Wilder, in his book, The People I've Smiled With") is sure to be surprised at the number of titles he hears. Besides the nobility, nearly every one seems to have a special handle to his name. Colonels are not quite as numerous as in Kentucky or Georgia, but for captains and majors we can't hold a candle to them. But it was reserved for me, an American, to " knock them out" on rank in a most unexpected manner. An old waiter—an ex-soldier at the Savage called me Marshal several times one evening, and was reprimanded by one of the members for addressing a guest by his first name. "His name!" ex-claimed the old fellow, looking astonished-and then, turning, said: "Why, your honor, I thought Marshal his rank!" General Grant prophesied that I should be a general, but the old waiter went him one better, and the title stack to me for awhile, too.

The Fountain Head.

Johnnie has lately taken root rapidly in the educational line and thinks there is nothing quite so grand as studying the big dictionary. But this doesn't offset his appetite for watermelon, and one day his sister became alarmed at the amount of this vegetable he was getting away with. "Don't eat any more of it, Johnnie." she said: "you'll be sick." "Won't vou please look in the intention of deceiving their the dictionary, sixe, and see if I've creditors into trusting them for larger and enough?" A fact.—Buffalo ExJERRY RUSK IN BATTLE.

HOW HE CARRIED A CROSSING IN A STORM OF SHOT AND SHELL.

Jomplimented by General Mower. A Man who wasn't Easily Scared.

Uncle Jerry Rusk, now Secretary of Agriculture, had his share of experience during the war. At the battle of the Twenty-second of July, when the heroic McPherson fell, Rusk was in command at the front, and lost onethird of his men. During the battle he was once fairly cut off from his command and surrounded by Confederate soldiers armed with sabre bayonets. His sword was seized, and he was ordered to surrender; but, drawing his pistol, he used it with such deadly effect that he broke through his assailants and escaped with a slight wound in his leg and with the loss of his sword and horse-the animal being literally riddled with

At the battle of Jonesboro, Colonel Rusk followed Hood back into Alabama, then returned to Atlanta; and Phillips and resides in Pascoag, R. I. in Sherman's "march to the sea" he dealer and had a talk with his employ- had the command of the advance of had the command of the advance of the Seveteenth corps, having the skir- In childhood it was impossible to mishers, pioneers, engineers and the pontoon train under his charge. In the Carolina campaign, from Beaufort | the mother, although she could tell Island north, he was brevetted colonel, them when waking, was quite nonto date from March 13, 1865, and on plussed when they were sleeping. the same day he was brevetted brigadier-general for his gallantry in the battle of Salkahatchie, in February large enough this was no sure sign, as previous. A very exciting occurrence attended the crossing of that river. General Mower was in command of not tell them and it often the division which was the regiment commanded by Colonel Rusk.

Beaufort directly toward the river, followed. while the remainder of the army of Sherman was converging toward the same point. Where the crossing had to be made the enemy was in strong force on the other side, and defending the crossing with a heavy infantry column and batteries of artillery. The only approach to the ford was along a narrow road through a swamp which was then covered with water too deep to permit the movement of cavalry or heavy guns. It was a position almost as strongly protected and in Pascoag, where they spend their vabridge of Lodi.

There was a race among all the divisions to first reach the crossing, and on the morning just before the point was within attacking distance Mower's division was in the lead, and the brigade in advance of the division was that to which Rusk's command was attached. Mower rode up with his staff and could not find the commander of the brigade. He inquired of Rusk where the officer was, to which the latter replied that he did not know, but that he was ready to move at once. Mower replied that he could not wait for the return of the officer, but would move another brigade. Rusk was indignant that he should be ignored.

"He did not wish," as he said, "to be cheated out of the lead." Going up to Mower, he said: "General Mower, protes against being left behind. ecause it is not my fault that the officer is absent. I want the advance.' Mower, however, would not listen. He went away, ordered the division forward and put the other brigade in the advance.

Later Mower seems to have recalled the protest. He found the route to the crossing an embarrassing one, whereupon he said to one of his staff officers, Captain de Grasse: "Bring up that Colonel who objected to remaining behind and we'll give him a taste of what he's yearning for." Rusk received the order from the aid, and rode up to Mower and asked him if he had any orders.

"None," he said. "Drop right down there," pointing to the crossing; "throw your men is and clear that any effect. road. I wish to get the river. If you don't do it right I'll know it. That's all;new go."

Rusk got his command in position and charged down the narrow causeway that led to the ford, and which was swept by the shell and musketry of the enemy.

His men were cut down in dozens. but he persevered, and gained the position after a desperate contest. In the charge a shell cut the brow-band of the bridle of the colonel's horse; the animal fell to the ground and threw the rider over his head.

The colonel scrambled to his feet. and although considerably bruised, headed the column on foot. The same shell took off the head of his bugler and killed two other men who were immediately behind him. The tremendous canonade demoralized the staff of Mower, who were following in the rear of Rusk's column, and they took cover by leaving the causeway and taking refuge in the swamp, but found that route impassable, and were obliged to dismount and make their way on foot.

Colonel Rusk carried the crossing "I made the crossing," he says, "and was successful—as I thought, very successful. I reported back to Mower, who ordered another brigade in to relieve us, and then we went back into camp." He had scarcely reached camp when a messenger from Mower ordered him to report to headquarters. Rusk was nonplussed at the reception of this order, and he was not certain as to whether he was to be commended or condemned for what he had done.

what to expect." He "fixed up" and

sage which he wished to send. Rusk replied that he was ordered to report to Mower, and must see him in person. Just then Mower from within the tent called. "Come in! Come in!"

Colonel Rusk pulled aside the flap of the tent, entered and saluted the general. The latter glared at him an instant and then said: "Yes, sir, I sent for you. You are the only man in this army that other. In point of fact, boomerangs once your preference when asked I ever saw who could ride further into are of almost every shape from semi- "Which part do you prefer?" all these hell than Mower .- Consul Whitshire Butterfield in Milwaukee Sentinel.

Musical Twin Girls.

The other day there came into my place of business two prepossessing young ladies whose similar dress, forms and features proclaimed them to be twins. They were followed by two other young ladies, and a second glance showed that they too were twins

Ella Ida and Emma Ada Alton were born November 9, 1865, in Putnam, Conn. They were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Alton. From Putnam they moved to New Britain, and have since lived in Woodstock, Southbridge and Worcester. Their father died while they were yet children, and and their mother is married to Mr.

The young ladies are tall and slender, distinguish them, and even their father gave it up as an impossible task, while One had a string of red beads and the other blue. But when they grew the little rogues were apt to purposely mix them. At school the teacher could occured that they exchanged seats without detection. But if caught in The division was moving north from the wrong place a sharp scolding surely

"The twins were always healthy." said their mother, " but if one was sick the other was sure to be. They have always dressed alike, looked alike and been exactly alike in disposition." The young ladies at present reside on Prospect street in Worcester, Mass., and work in Whitney's art rooms, where they have been for the last six years. Each one has an organ, one they keep at their Worcester home and the other at their mother's home as difficult to capture as the celebrated cations. They are both musical, able to play and sing well. Both are members of the First Baptist Church on Salem Square, Worcester.

A Handsome Adirondack.

Among these Adirondack guides whose services cost \$3.50 and \$4 a day there are several of the finest examples of physical manhood that I have ever seen. I do not exaggerate when I say that one young man in particular, whose headquarters are at Paul Smith's, is quite the handsomest fellow that could be made. By association with refined people he has acquired the manners of and his abilities as a hunter and a guide make of him a very romantic and theatrical figure. He wears a large cartwheel hat, with a bright silk handkerchief tied about it, a loose flannel shirt, and tight-fitting top boots. He is about the same figure as John L. Sullivan, but his head is remarkably beautiful. He has dark curly hair, his complexion is a deep red, and his eyes are gray and gentle. He is known as the best carsman and fighter in the woods. A clubman from New York took this handsome fellow down to New York a few seasons ago. and wherever he went a crowd stopped to gaze at him. He was photographed in his rough costume and more than one woman in New York still treasures that picture. The best thing about this Adirondack Adonis is that he dislikes being an object of admiration, and some time ago he declared that he would guide only men and old ladies, as the young girls made him feel like a fool, and he couldn't do his work with

Selling a Second-Hand Coat.

A Marietta merchant tells how he sold a second-hand coat that had been worn but a few times. He had repeatedly tried to sell the coat to different colored men, but always failed. So he tried a new scheme. He get a cheap pocketbook and stuffed it generously with paper and put the book in accosted a negro man and wanted to sell him the coat. The "colored man" said he didn't desire to buy the coat. "Yes, but you just try it on. It belongs to a man who has plenty of Free Will Baptist ministry. He was money but has no use for the cont." a brother to James N. Atwood, who The negro put the coat on, put his hands in the pockets, and of course be | The present proprietor prizes them felt the pocketbook. His eyes fairly dilated with an astonished but pleased expression. "Boss," he inquired, "what do you ax for dis coat?" "Three dollars and fifty cents." "I takes it, boss!" and with the satisfied air of a man who had just come into the possession of a fortune the darky took the coat and went on his way re-

Squatter Bees.

Honey bees are invading dwellings both in town and out in the valley. The new swarms are determined to find homes. The bees have taken a great notion to the residence of Rufus Kinney, in Truckee Meadows. it into a vast apiary and compelling the "I was in doubt," afterward said filled with bees; the walls are trans-Uncle Jerry. "Mower used to get a little full at times, and I did not know colonies have lodged themselves under the building. The chambers are alive

Boomerangs.

More has been written, and less is understood, of the boomerang than of almost any other weapon. It is generally known to be a flat stick of wood bent in a shape which suggests a comcircular to nearly straight, and seem to go without the saying. depend for their efficiency not so much upon the evident form as upon the curves which are shown upon their flat an enemy behind a tree and then comes croquettes. cheerfully fluttering back to its owner. who thereupon hurls it on a fresh mission of carnage. A flock of frightlaugh.

The boomerang is sufficiently reevery tourist in the colonies. It is bottom of an earthenware jar. Place held perpendicularly and taken firmly a row of lemons upon this, stalks in the hand by one of its extremities, downwards, and be careful that they hurled with a full arm and assisted by with another layer of sand, fully three a run and swing of the whole body. inches in depth, lay on it more lemons, moment of discharge causes it to in a cool, dry place. Lemons thus assume various erratic courses. Sometimes it will fly straight forward for 100 or even 200 yards, then rise sharply to a great height, lose its force, and flutter down to the feet of the thrower. Again, it will rise in the air, swoop down with immense rapidity, and skim around in a great semi-circle a few inches from the ground, rise once more, and return to the spot whence it started. It will also start off in a great swoop to the right, reverse it and turn to the left, skim around the thrower in a series of ever-narrowing circles, and, finding their centre, fall into it like an exhausted bird. There is something uncanny about the thing; its move-ments are so nnexpected and out of reason that it seems to be alive, and to take a savage delight in strange shoots and dashes, which make the new chum (Australian equivalent for tenderfoot) dodge every time it turns, lest it should knock him on the head.

John Brown's Irons.

James N. Atwood of Livermore Centre has in his possession the veri- lies in attention to little things. table "leg irons" worn by John Brown during his imprisonment previous to being hanged at Harper's Ferry.

H. Atwood, Jr., (Company I, First people he has acquired the manners of Maine Volunteers), was at the jail a gentleman, and his picturesque garb shortly after John Brown's death. The officers in charge of the buildings youched for the identity of the irons at the time, and Mr. Atwood was thoroughly satisfied with the proof. He also formed the acquaintance of the old negro and his wife who had the care of the cell where Brown was con-

> On the day of the execution the old man, being afraid that he would forget which pair it was, tore a strip from the quilt on John Brown's cot and fied it into the key of the shackles. but the old negress, his wife, said: "Law! I didn't forgit nuffin, for it was de only pair of irons in de whole jail where de key turn de wrong way." (It was a left-handed key.)

Untying the dirty strip of calico from the key Mr. Atwood went to Brown's cell and found the torn place in the quilt, the figure of the cloth matching perfectly.

Mr. Atwood tried to buy the shackles from the authorities, but they good-naturedly told him they "Had no right to sell;" then he made this proposition: "If these irons should disappear and a new pair be found hanging in their place would there be any investigation?" They answered him, "Probably met."

He then paid \$8 for a new pair and made the transfer on his own respon sibility.

The shackles were sent home. For a few years previous to the death of one of the pockets of the coat. He H. Atwood, Jr., the shackles were on exhibition in the museum in connection with the Boothbay Custom House.

Mr. Atwood after returning from his service in the war, entered the now has these shackles in possession. very highly, and says they are not for sale, being almost the only souvenir he has of his departed brother .- Aubur Gazette.

A New Material. "Celluvert" is the name of a materi-

al which is being placed on the English market. It is prepared from cellulose or vegetable fibres. It is applicable for many purposes, such as the manufacture of baskets, dishes, roving cans, journal bearings, tubes, cylinders, canes, shoemakers' fillings, bushings, gibs, cross-heads, washers, nuts, bolts, wheels, trunks, chair-seats, &c. Its taken a great notion to the residence of Rufus Kinney, in Truckee Meadows.

They have liserally taken possession of Mr. Linney's residence, transforming it into a vast apiary and compelling the family to vacate portions of the house. family to vacate portions of the house. will take a high polish, and it can be Every accessible part of the house is filed, turned, sawn, planed, drilled and filed, turned, sawn, planed, drilled and tapped. The ordinary solvents have no effect upon it, and acids and alkalies attack it but very slightly. Its resistence to the passage of electricity will make it useful as a non-conductor, and it is also capable of withstanding rode over to Mower's quarters. Colonel Christianson was standing in front of Mower's that when Rusk rode up, and offered to carry in any mesHINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

To eat slowly, for both health and manners; not to lounge on the table. or sit too far back; to pay as little atbination of a "V" and a "U," although tention as possible to accidents: never with the extremities spread spart until to help yourself with your own knife they are at right angles with each or fork to any food; to indicate at

Many people think a cold boiled or side. The boomerang maker knows fried egg unused must be thrown away instinctively just where his boomerang but a boiled egg can be put into water will go when he throws it, although he again and reboiled and poached, or never seems to aim any two in the fried eggs may be minced and put on same way. More lies have been told to toast, or warmed up with seasoned about the boomerang than can be well gravy or mixed with bread crumbs and enumerated. One hears of men who fried in hot fat, or they may be can so throw a boomerang that it kills mixed with salt fish and made into

Always keep a clean dishcloth; dirty, ill-smelling dishcloths and towels have ened cockatoos, speeding in intricate been known to create typhoid fever. gyrations through the air to escape the It is a good plan to have three dishattack of natives who want a bird for cloths, one for glass and silver, another dinner, are pursued at every turn by for china and a third for the cooking these erratic weapons, which strike utensils, keeping each one perfectly them down a dozen each, and so return | sweet and clean, washing, scalding, to the hand that cast them. Old wives' rinsing and drying out of doors after fables, these, at which Australians each meal; also the towels for drying dishes.

markable without being regarded in the light of a long bow, and drawn by dry, fine sand, an inch in depth, at the with the other pointed forward, and is do not touch one another. Cover them A slight turn of the wrist at the and repeat until the jar is full. Store

> Legs of mutton, sirloin of beef, steak, veal cutlet, pork chop, contain as much as 70 to 75 per cent. of water. There are some vegetables which contain much more water, viz., potatoes, turnips, cabbages and carrots; but there are other vegetables which contain less water. Oatmeal, for example, contains 5 or 6 per cent.; good wheaten flour, barley meal, beans and peas, 14; rice, 15; and good bread, 40 to 45 of water.

> A small home is far more easily managed than a large one, and refinement and delicacy may be just as well displayed in the arrangement of the dishes on a coarsely covered pine table as in grouping silver and china on the mahogany of a millionaire. Skill in cooking is as readily shown in a dish of oatmeal as an elaborate ragout, in a snowy pile of mashed potatoes as a roast canvas back duck. The charm

> were made for the comfort and convenience of our fellow beings, still all social observances have some good reason and common sense back of them; therefore, why should they ever be omitted, or ever sought to be elaborated? If we remember that the source of all politeness is unselfishness and a nice perception of and consideration for the rights, feelings and even whims of others, one can never go very far astray.

> A handful of wild flowers and grasses, common field daisies-anything almost the garden or hothouse, or even the fields and meadows, afford-will lend a charm to the plainest table. The capabilities of a screen are quite inexhaustible; it forms both a protection from draughts and a picturesque background for the mistress of the house -presumably young and fair-against its contrasting or harmonizing background. To make a good picture is always a great point gained in dress or furniture.

> Just now one of the most important items about the whole household economy is cleanliness-absolute, uncompromising cleanliness in the kitchen. the chief feature of which is the sink, Wash it daily with soap and water, and rinse with boiling water. This cannot be insisted upon too strongly. Twice a week, all summer, pour hot water, containing a little chloride of lime, into the drain. This will prevent unpleasant and unhealthy odors. Don't use, or allow to be used, quantities of soap in washing dishes; instead, substitute washing soda, and see how you will like the change.

Look scrupulously after the refrigerator every morning. In thousands of families, cellar and storeroom are combined within its zinc walls.

For Sunday's dinner (and I think the idea of a specially nice dinner on Sunday is lovely) I know it entails extra labor on the wife, but it paysit certainly pays to note the enjoyment. of our own especial lord of creation who has all the time he wants this one day in the week to enjoy his dinnet and cigar. And by a little extra work on Saturday, it isn't so dreadful after all. It need be no excuse to keep you home from church unless your help is very inefficient)-have pea soup, roast tenderioin of beef, new potatoes, stewed tomatoes, sliced cucumber. For dessert, pineapple pudding, ice cream.

What and Which.

"What are the four great lakes be-tween Canada and the Gulf of Mexico?" asked a Lewiston mother of her youngest and only, whose geographyshe was conning. "Water," said the boy. The mother pondered a moment, and then looked into the geography again and found herself in error. She should have asked "Which are the four great lakes." are the four great lakes, etc." This question repeated, the boy answered correctly. It's a smart seven-year-old who knows the difference between what and which. — Lewiston Jour-