

A Song of Harvest.
Sing a song of harvest—sing it, ring it sweet;
Set it to the music of the ripple of the wheat!
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Reaping as we go,
A kiss amid the music
And the wheat would never know!
Sing a song of harvest—sing it, ring it true!
Symphonies of sunlight and mysteries of dew;
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Summer sighs to go,
A kiss amid the music
And the wheat would never know!
Sing a song of harvest—of many a golden tith;e;
Set it to the tinkle and the twinkle of the scythe;
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Love's a reaper, too;
Love is in the music
And the thrilling heart of you.
Sing a song of harvest like the ripple of a stream,
Till the shadows kiss the meadows and the stars above us dream;
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Summer sighs to go,
A kiss amid the music
And the wheat would never know.
—F. L. STANTON, in Atlanta Constitution.

BARD VS. BOXER.

Ferdinand de Cruza was, in his own opinion, the greatest man of the day in right of being the most illustrious living poet. Neither part of this modest definition was entirely endorsed by the world at large, though to some degree it ran current in a certain literary circle.
Ferdinand de Cruza was a decadent poet. Like Agag, he walked delicately, but the same manner was not observable in his compositions. Realism was what he delighted in. His enemies described his soulful yearnings as "decompositions." In appearance he was large and heavy in build. He wore his hair tangling over his collar in the true poetic style. Also, his eyes were big and black, like plums, and under the influence of what he wished to be taken for extreme emotion he would roll them with startling effect.
Ferdinand was once described as a young man with a talent for conversation. Oh, how he would talk! And the subjects which were ever most in his mouth were himself, his works, his eminence. He had a curious knack of spreading himself out like a peacock's tail as he spoke, until he seemed to dominate the entire room. He had a theory that the world will only take one at half one's own valuation, and that, therefore, it is as well to pitch the estimate high. Certainly he never erred on this point, and there were those who said that the process of self-puffery produced some curious internal expansion as well. Poets of this calibre have usually a considerable feminine following. Nor was Ferdinand an exception to this rule. Lank damsels languished metaphorically at his feet and lent eager ears to his utterances with soulful squirmings. Large ladies of exalted rank but less exalted taste listened with much laughter to his "brilliant dialogue." "Mr. de Cruza is so amusing," they said, by which they meant that he told offensive anecdotes well.
The homage of the fair sex was sweet to Ferdinand. Specially delicious, moreover, was the adoration of a woman like Lady Laelia Dislebar, the daughter of the Earl of Harrogate, and the widow of old George Holofernes Dislebar, who made a huge fortune, don't you know, out of coal tar, and was for some years Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lady Laelia was old George's second wife whom he had married some time after the coal tar episode, and within a few years of his death. There were no fewer than forty years between the pair; and it was said at the time that Lady Laelia had been led like a lamb to the altar solely by the indomitable will of her careful parent. As it turned out old George died four years after the wedding, and Lady Laelia was left a widow of twenty-four with a very handsome jointure to begin life over again with the view of getting some enjoyment out of it.
As the wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer she had been bored to death by serious people at an age when she was utterly incapable of appreciating them. When she was free, she flew to the opposite extreme. Ferdinand de Cruza may be regarded as one of the symbols of this revolt. He gave her new and pleasurable sensations which she only half understood, which were delightful to her. He had sufficient acuteness not to descend too low in her presence. She openly declared that she was devoted to "dear Mr. de Cruza."
Now Ferdinand, in spite of his poetic temperament and habit of railing at the sordid practice of money-grubbing, was a capital man of business. It occurred to him that Lady Laelia, with her large jointure, would be an excellent investment. At the same time, her beauty was not only grateful to his senses, but would constitute her a trophy of no inconsiderable value to his self-esteem. Also it would be far preferable to be master in a house which he could style his own than to continue the social free lance with the duty of earning his dinner.
These circumstances may account for the fact that little Lord Hounslow, who was calling on Lady Laelia, was by no means pleased when the door opened and Mr. de Cruza was announced.

Little Lord Hounslow was honestly in love with Lady Laelia. He would have married her if she had not had a penny in the world. He had stated his sentiments to her with as much fervor of expression as he could command. She had replied coldly that she did not intend to marry again, and that if she did, she should not marry a little man. She added, gratuitously, that she thought that a woman ought not to marry a man whom she could not look up to and respect. At this she drew herself up to her full height and towered a head and shoulders above him. Also she declared that she liked him very much as a friend, and offered to be a sister to him. At which he had uttered a bad word, but had immediately apologized with the utmost abasement. Eventually, like another person, he went away in a rage. When he had cooled down a little he decided that he would never give her up.
Therefore, when he heard of the De Cruza intimacy he felt an unholily wish to maul and mangle that eminent man. He could not really believe that Lady Laelia could actually have any tender feelings toward "a fellow whose hair hung half way down his back, and whose appearance and talk were enough to make one ill for a month," but he did not like the idea that "such an animal's" name should be coupled with that of his adored one. Still less did he like the anxiety which racked his breast whenever he thought of this friendship and its possibilities.
"This is a most fortunate coincidence," said Lady Laelia after she had responded to De Cruza's large and effusive greeting. "I can now introduce two of my great friends to each other."
The interview did not proceed felicitously. De Cruza blundered on a subject on which Hounslow, as a military man, entertained strong opinions. To do him justice, the poet did not know Hounslow's profession, but the knowledge would not have caused him to change his topic—especially as Lady Laelia agreed with him.
"Moral suasion and the dignity of being in the right are all rot," said Hounslow, hotly. "A nation must be able to defend itself, just as a man ought to be able to defend himself. What should you do supposing some rough?"
"I should call a policeman," replied De Cruza, with dignity.
"I have no doubt of it," replied Hounslow, contemptuously. "It would perhaps be too inquisitive to inquire what you would do if the policeman did not turn up."
"And what would you do?" inquired Lady Laelia, haughtily; "supposing the man were bigger than you?"
Lord Hounslow flushed hotly, for he suspected a covert hand.
"Well, seeing that I am the champion light-weight of the brigade, I expect that if the other man was game there would be a decent little set-to for a few minutes."
"How horrible!" ejaculated Lady Laelia.
"Barbarous!" echoed De Cruza.
Hounslow stood up straight, every inch of his trim little figure bristling erect with indignation. For the first time in his life he said good-bye to Lady Laelia with a feeling of strain. He regarded De Cruza's observations no more than the snarling of a drawing-room lap dog which relies on the protection of his mistress's skirts; but that she should take part with it against him!
Lady Laelia was decidedly imprudent with regard to Mr. De Cruza. It was distinctly foolish, for instance, to be seen so often bicycling with him. The world would probably have said something strong if it knew that she made that arrangement to ride down to Richmond Park on bicycles with him. If there was one thing more silly than making the engagement, it was keeping it. Lady Laelia did both.
It was a delightful day, warm and bright, yet not too hot. The roads were smooth and hard, and though the water-carts had been active, the effects of their passage had worn off sufficiently to prevent danger from side-slip.
De Cruza was gorgeously arrayed. He wore a bright blue coat, orange waistcoat, trousers to match the coat, a white broad-brimmed (Jameson) hat, patent leather shoes and tie of a new and wonderful shade of red. Instead of the usual transfer on the lower main tube of the machine his own signature sprawled in gold.
Richmond Park was at its best. It was deserted save by the deer. The heavy woodlands shut out the horizon, the houses, the busy life which teemed all around at such a short distance. It was possible to imagine oneself in the heart of a delicious desert of oak and fern and chestnut, traversed by excellent roads, tempered only occasionally by low hills.
Lady Laelia most unwisely called a halt by a clump of towering trees. The pair dismounted, and, abandoning their bicycles, sat down on the comfortable bank to rest.
The spirit of the scene, of his art, of the divine passion, entered the breast of the poet. Hand in hand came the thought of that excellent business speculation. Here in the wilderness (that was so near town), under the open sky (just ten minutes' run from a first-class hotel), he would declare himself to Lady Laelia. The proposal should be a veritable poem in prose. It should thrill her to the very soul, and reveal to her, as in a lightning flash, what manner of man he was.
"Dear Lady," he began, with impassioned tenderness.
Lady Laelia turned toward him, and by that movement fate willed that her eyes should catch a sidelong glimpse

of the two bicycles which leaned in close company against a tree.
"Oh, Mr. De Cruza," she cried in great excitement, "what is that man doing to my bike?"
Much disgusted at this prosaic interruption, the poet turned his head impatiently in the direction indicated. A distinctly ruffianly and unkempt individual was undoubtedly standing in suspicious proximity to the machines. Lady Laelia sprang to her feet with the impetuosity of a mother who sees her child in danger. Mr. De Cruza rose with far more deliberation, and a feeling of uneasiness became manifest in his breast. Good heavens! was there going to be an altercation with a common, low, uncultured person who would probably use the most unrefined language? How odious! How unpoetic! How execrably discordant to the artistic sense! Besides, the common person appeared to carry an ugly, thick stick, which he held precisely as Irishmen do their—what were they called?—oh, shille-laghs in pictures.
Lady Laelia rushed into the fray without thought of art or poetry, or even of the stick.
"How dare you touch my bicycle?" she cried. "What are you doing to it?"
"No 'arm, lydy," replied the tramp volubly. "Not a 'apoth of 'arm, s'elp me. Only hadmirin' of 'em, that's all."
"Then you will be good enough to proceed on your way," retorted Lady Laelia. "Mr. De Cruza tell this man to go away."
There was a pause. Then De Cruza observed in a high voice that had a curious lack of the commanding note: "Yes, do as the lady tells you. You are not wanted here."
There was another pause. The tramp looked from the woman to the man. He moved a step forward, and so stood between them and their machines. Lady Laelia commanded him indignantly to go away. De Cruza drew back a step in silence.
"I'm thinkin'," said the tramp, and his tone had less of the fawning whine, "that a pious and charitable lydy like you 'ud be willin' to 'elp a pore 'onest, 'hard-working cove with a trifle."
"I have nothing to give you," cried Lady Laelia; "and honest men don't meddle with bicycles behind their owners' backs."
"I'm obliged to yer, lydy," said the tramp, with an evil grin. "I will, since yer are so pressin', tyke the purse yer hoffer, and likewise them pretty sparklers yer 'ave on yer wrists."
"How dare you!" cried Lady Laelia. "Mr. De Cruza, drive this ruffian away!"
"Was there ever such a horrible, unpoetic, barbarous request addressed before to an eminent bard?"
"Yes, do go away. We have nothing for you," quavered De Cruza. "If you don't go away I shall inform the police about you."
"Stow gammon," cried the uncultured intruder rudely, "or I'll smash yer tallow-colored mug fer yer. And now, 'and over the dibs."
With a quick forward movement he caught Lady Laelia by the arm.
"Help, Mr. De Cruza, help!" she cried, struggling bravely with the assailant; and then, as De Cruza gave no sign, she added: "Help, you coward! Do you mean to see me murdered?"
With his heart sinking into his boots, De Cruza made a doubtful forward movement with his hands extended in a fashion eminently unscientific. But when the ruffian, flinging Lady Laelia to the ground by a brutal effort of strength, turned upon her male companion with a stick uplifted and the glare of a savage, the poet's heart seemed to fly out of his body far away, and that illustrious man fairly turned tail and fled in the same direction.
If he had preferred to refrain from this exhibition he would have heard Lady Laelia's cry of "Thank Heavens!" as a newly arrived bicyclist descended suddenly on the scene and dashed in to the rescue.
It was little Hounslow.
The tramp came up to the scratch nothing loth, for his club and the small size of the new arrival made him over-confident. Hounslow, however, was as active as a cat, and in excellent condition. He dodged a blow that would have felled an ox, darted in, countered heavily with his right, and put in one straight from the shoulder with his left. Over the other went, completely knocked out of time. Whereupon Hounslow naturally took possession of the club and pitched it far.
When Lord Hounslow repeated his proposal to Lady Laelia, which he did as soon as possible without the smallest delicacy, she owned that she had somewhat altered her views, not only on the subject of moral suasion and the dignity of being in the right, but also with regard to the question of height as a gauge of respect. She said that she realized that what a woman wanted was a man who was thoroughly able to protect her, and that she did not know any one who was more completely competent for the purpose than the present aspirant. Therefore—
Mr. De Cruza was not at the wedding. Nor did he call on Lady Laelia either before or after. He had many engagements, you see.—London World.

Soft Foods.

Habitually eating soft foods, even soft bread, to the exclusion of everything that is hard or crusty, is not only weakening to the digestive organs, but it leads to rapid decay of the teeth. When these are not used in the mastication of harder foods, the teeth become covered with a tartar and sometimes loosen in their sockets, or the gums will bleed.—The Home Doctor.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Two Denver boys have lately floated the Stars and Stripes by kites a mile above the summit of Pike's Peak, and claim that it is the highest point ever attained by Old Glory.
Of the thousands of prisoners released from jails in India on Jubilee Day, some have voluntarily returned to jail, while others are committing burglary and other offences.
In order to reach the deep-water sailormen on the great lakes, the Navy Department has decided to establish recruiting stations in several of the lake cities. The Bureau of Navigation has just issued an order notifying recruiting officers that native-born Americans be regarded with especial favor.
The English sparrow has spread far hence and increased rapidly. The farmers of the Province of Ontario are complaining that he is an unmitigated nuisance to them, and they insist that he should be exterminated as soon as possible. He drives away the insectivorous and singing birds and does nothing to compensate for their loss.
A patent has been allowed by the British Patent Office for making gold. A similar application has been made to the United States Patent Office, and the Treasury Department has undertaken to test the process. Sensational versions of this fact have appeared in some of the daily papers, but the patent has so far been withheld, and it is not probable that it will be granted.
No one disputed the dictum of a Chinese physician who had been called to attend a Celestial who had fainted in a store at Portland, Oregon, when the doctor said, after filling the prostrate man's mouth and nose with red paint: "Him blow out paint, him all same not yet dead; him no catch 'im wind, no blow out paint, him heap dead." The man didn't blow out the paint and the coroner was called.
"In one respect," says an English paper, "the Siamese Army is superior to every other, and that is in its elephant corps. Eight hundred of these animals, which are stronger, though smaller, than those of India, are organized into a special corps, commanded by a retired Anglo-Indian officer, and their heads, trunks and other vulnerable parts are protected against bullets by India rubber armor."
"The Railway and Engineering Review" raises the question "whether the present tendency toward heavier track, more powerful locomotives and larger cars has not reached its practical limit, if, indeed, it has not already exceeded it. The fact that a railroad is primarily designed and operated for the purpose of making money is too often lost sight of, and some officials in charge of the various departments are apparently impressed with the idea that its chief use is for the exploitation of their various hobbies."
Invitations to a "bloomer lawn party" from a church society of women of St. Louis recently stirred up great excitement and criticism, but the demand for tickets was tremendous. One of the conditions of the invitations was that all the women should wear bloomers, and those who were not properly equipped in that respect were to be provided with the articles on their arrival. When the crowd arrived on the night of the party it was discovered that all the women were adorned with immense sunflowers, which were the bloomers that had invited so much criticism.
As knowledge of the Klondike region increases, says the New York Times, it will probably be discovered that to live from the resources of the country is not impossible or even especially difficult. From time immemorial men have managed to subsist in places fully as cold and much more sterile. Most of the Yukon Valley is heavily wooded, and wherever trees grow there are animals and the possibility of raising at least a few rapidly maturing crops. This, of course, will be of no immediate advantage to the multitudes now hurrying northward through the passes to camp on an open plain just as winter begins, but it will have much to do with the future development of the new gold fields.
A Liverpool medical man was called in to attend a patient seized with cholera cramps as the result of excessive drinking, and found together about a dozen persons, mostly young women, in a room with full glasses before them, a three-gallon jar of strong ale on the table, and several bottles of whiskey, which from time to time were replenished. This remarkable session was kept up for five days. It was in celebration of a wedding, and all had saved up for weeks in anticipation of the event. The father pawned his watch, and most of his furniture; one young fellow pawned his coat, hat and watch. The whole party, twenty or thirty in number, slept together on the floors, or anywhere, the house being a small three-roomed cottage in one of the streets of Tox Teth Park. When the five days' revel was ended they all "proceeded to the house of Father Nugent and signed the pledge."
There was a narrow escape from a unique fatality in the Treasury Department at Washington. The vast accumulation of paper money and coin was being counted, an incident in the change of United States Treasurers. As fast as the bags of silver were weighed they are passed along from one man to another and piled from floor to ceiling in one of the steel vaults under the department building. It was suddenly noticed that the great pile of bags was toppling, and at the cry of warning the six men in the vault had barely time to escape before the mass came tumbling down with a crash. The bags were broken in the fall and the

bright silver coin was heaped on the floor in a hopeless jumble. The store of public currency was literally shoved up, new bags were procured and the money was carefully counted and sealed in the regular way. It took a whole day to get the money back into the bags.
A year or so ago Major Rose, the Texas Commissioner of Agriculture, secured some cottonseed from Peru, which he distributed among planters of Southern Texas. In Peru this cotton does not have to be planted more than once every five or six years, the stalk standing through the winter and coming out green in the spring, like sugar-cane. It was thought probable that the cotton would grow equally as well in Southern Texas, but thorough experiment proves it to be a total failure. Among others who received seed from Major Rose was L. Allen, of San Antonio. Mr. Allen planted the seed on his farm, just south of that city, where the cotton came up, looked well and prospered finely during last year's drouth, when ordinary Texas cotton was almost burned up. The winter proved too severe for it, however, and in a letter to Major Rose Mr. Allen says he dug up some of the roots, and in each instance found them dead and perfectly devoid of life.
A Missourian, in speaking of Governor Stevens, of his State, said today: "He is a kindly disposed man, and has many eccentricities. He has amused the people more than once since he took his office. It had been the custom in Missouri for some years for the Governor to release two prisoners on each of the three principal holidays—July 4, Thanksgiving Day and December 25. Governor Stevens, without giving any reason at all, increased the number to three, and will exercise clemency on that ratio during his term. He calls the men in and gives them a little talk before bestowing their pardon upon them. He lectures them as to their duty, warns them against falling back into old ruts, points out how they may hope to regain the confidence of people, and in parting, gives each a cordial handshake. He makes the whole proceeding as fatherly and as encouraging as possible. He caused the latest trio he released to stare at him pretty hard when he remarked that he had no doubt there were many innocent men in prison, and many men who ought to be in prison walking the streets free.
The continual growth of the great cities of the world has of late attracted much attention, particularly on the part of students of sociology and hygiene, and at the recent Hygienic Congress this subject was treated in a lecture by Dr. Stephan Sedletzke, who produced statistics of the increase in population of the greatest cities of the world since 1800. He showed some very interesting facts. The population of Amsterdam, Birmingham, Brussels, Manchester and Rome doubled in that period; Copenhagen and Marseilles have now a population three times as large as at the beginning of this century; London, Lyons, Paris, St. Petersburg and Prague have quadrupled in the number of inhabitants within the last ninety years; Breslau, Dresden, Hamburg, Cologne and Vienna have five times as many people; Leeds, Liverpool and Warsaw six times as many; Glasgow and Sheffield seven times as many; Munich eight times as many; Berlin, Budapest and Leipzig, nine times as many; Baltimore, ten times as many; New York and Philadelphia, twenty-five times as many; Chicago, 245 times, and Brooklyn, 339 times as many as ninety years ago. Dublin, while slightly larger now than ninety years ago, has lost 17,000 inhabitants within the last forty years, and is the only large city in Europe which shows a retrograde movement in its population.
As much glory as Nansen brought to Norway from the north a certain Lieut. De Gerlache is about to seek for Belgium at the other end of the world. His vessel, the steam bark Belgica, is now at Antwerp preparing for an exploring voyage to the Antarctic, and the residents of the city are intensely interested in both ship and commander. When she arrived to take in stores she was greeted with salutes from the fort at Saint Anna, (Tete de Flandre,) and all the shipping in port was decorated in honor of the handsome little vessel. Her hull is protected by a formidable armor of the hardest possible wood, bois de fer, as a protection against the pressure of antarctic ice. At her bows she carries a powerful steel spur for cutting her way through ice floes. The interior arrangements are cleverly made with a view to comfort, warmth, and economy of space, for not a single corner is wasted. The cabins and saloons are heated from the engine rooms, and as an extra precaution layers of felt are laid in between all the partitions to prevent the heat from escaping. The latest implements and machinery for whaling are on board the Belgica, whose appearance is unique, and whose barrel, perched on the top of her mast for the "lookout," catches the eyes of the curious. The Belgica registers 250 tons, and makes seven knots with her 150-horse power engines, though with sails set she can easily make nine knots. There is on board the usual stock of arctic clothing, snow-shoes, or "skis," and a splendid collection of the most modern scientific instruments, of which Lieut. De Gerlache is extremely proud.

Look After the Cellar.

One of the first things to receive attention at this season is the cellar, and throughout the year it demands care. No part of the house is so neglected. It is usually dark and ill ventilated. The air is impregnated with foul air arising from decomposed vegetables and refuse that is damp and mouldy

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.
Jests and Yarns Made and Told by Funny Men of the press.
MUSICAL NOTE.
He—When you were abroad, Miss Parvenue, how did you like the Matterborn? She—I—I don't believe I heard it.
THE SOCIETY MOTHER'S DUTIES.
Little Miss Avroo—"What is mamma's for?"
Little Miss De Fashion—"Why, they is to scold the nurses when we make a noise."
VERY CLOSE.
"Isn't there some sort of a relationship between Nudge and Mr. Dashing?"
"Oh, yes, indeed; he was the first man she was ever engaged to."
WHY HE DIDN'T KNOW IT.
Barber—You say you have shaved here before? I don't remember your face.
Customer—Probably not. It has healed up since.
AN EFFECT.
He—How dull it was at Wilkins' party last night.
She—Yes; in the early part of the evening. It got brighter soon after you left.
NEW AND FAR BETWEEN.
Brownie—Who wrote "Birds of a feather flock together?"
Towne—Some idiot who had never been out shooting.
A PATRIOT.
Ten Broke—Let me hold your hand.
Fenelope—The one that shook Queen Victoria's?
Ten Broke—No, the one in which you carry your pocketbook.
HOSTILITIES END.
First Indian—I have met my old foe, Scragging Squirrel, and I have buried the hatchet.
Second Indian—Where?
First Indian—In his neck.
MORE CREFUL.
Perdita—So you are really engaged to him. Where is your engagement ring?
Fenelope—I haven't got any. I made him give me a bicycle instead.
HIS OWN PROVERB.
"He gives twice that gives quickly," urged the collector earnestly.
"True," responded Suggie calmly, "but I've often noticed that he that gives slowly very frequently doesn't have to give at all."
FOILED.
She (insinuatingly)—There are more single than married men in the penitentiaries.
He (hastily)—Yes; that shows that there are a great many men who would rather go to prison than get married.
NOT THE RIGHT SHADE.
Miss De Style—"What? Going to cut the De Goodie girls?"
Mrs. De Style—"Why yes, ma—I have to at this season of the year. They have skins that never tan, and guests will think we associate with people who stay in town all summer."
BROTHERLY SOLICITUDE.
Bertie (mournfully)—I s'pose it'll take a hundred years for you to be big enough to have beans!
Gertie—I s'pose so.
Bertie (despairingly)—And Dicky Jones has more fun playing tricks on his big sister's ones! Oh, I ain't got anything to live for!
CAUSE FOR REJOICING.
Sunday School Teacher—And when the prodigal son returned home his father fell upon his neck and blessed him—why did he do that?
Scholar—"Cause he was so glad to think he didn't come back with a wife and family, I s'pose."
GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.
"Sweets to the sweet," murmured young Mr. Goslin as he handed the sugar to Miss Fostick.
"Spoons to the spoony," replied that young lady, passing him the spoon holder.
WAITING FOR WORK.
"I assure you, madam," said he, "that I do not need being my bread from door to door if I could but procure employment at my profession."
"Poor man," replied the good woman as she handed out a pie, "what is your profession?"
"I am an airship pilot, madam."
INFORMING OUT-LOOK.
"Mamma," said little Fanny Fangle, "I've been watching the people moving in next door, and there are only two children's wheels."
"Well, my dear, what of that?"
"Why, there are four of us children, and we'll just have to take turns borrowing them."
COMPARATIVE COST.
Handel Bar—Your wheel may be a very good one, but it can't quite come up to mine. Why, Great Sprockets! I paid a hundred and eighty dollars for mine. You paid only ninety for yours.
Scorchleigh—"That's all true enough, but you must consider this fact: Besides that ninety dollars I have paid over one hundred dollars for repairs thus far this season."
New Street Sweeping Apparatus.
A Berlin inventor has constructed a new street sweeping apparatus which combines the construction of a carpet-sweeper with that of a tricycle. It is worked by one man, who can cover as much ground with this machine as four men working with brooms and shovels. Compared to the street sweepers propelled by horses, the cost of covering a given ground is smaller; moreover, the new machines are widely superior on hygienic grounds, since the dust and sweepings are not thrown into the air, but absorbed by the machine and dropped in bulk into boxes specially provided for the purposes, which are to be sunk in the ground at different points and covered until called for during the night when there is least traffic in the streets. The new sweepers are intended to travel through the best streets at a fair rate of speed several times a day, and the receptacle for the sweepings will hold about forty pounds before it becomes necessary to empty it. Sidewalks and footpaths in the parks are to be swept by similar but somewhat smaller machines.