EXPENSIVE BEETLES.

Kansas Once Inhabited by a Breed of Insects Now Extinct.

Fifty dollars seems an extravagant price to pay for one beetle. Yet Kansas was once inhabited by such insects, and they sold readily for that much and sometimes for more.

Twenty-one years ago two young scientists, Prof. S. W. Williston and Dr. H. A. Brous, while exploring the branches of the Smoky Hill River for fossil remains, came across the rarest of beetles, the amblichila, belonging to the family of voracious tiger beetles, the highest type of these insects.

AN EXPENSIVE BUG.

During the remaining days spent in the field the two naturalists studied the insects' habits closely. They learned that this species was even more ferocious in its nature than other members of the tiger beetle family. The larvae dig holes about a foot deep. Climbing by two sharp sickel-shaped mandibles to the top of the burrow, with jaws open level with the ground, they wait for any unwary prey that attempts to cross the opening. They are not only carnivorous but combative. If a stick or straw be thrust into the hole the angry grub will fasten on it with a tenacious grip, and will be dragged from its hole rather than give up its supposed enemy.

A man may wake his first baby just to see it laugh, but he never disturbs the peaceful slumbers of the second one.

Rheumatism
Is permanently cured
By Hood's Sarsaparilla
Which neutralizes the
Lactic acid in the blood.

Thousands who were
Sufferers write that they
Have felt no symptoms
Of Rheumatism since
Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

"Coasting" on the Bible.

A friend of the Listener has seen a funny sight down in Maine. At a place there, which needn't be named, there lives a small boy named Jonathan Longfellow, who is a third or fourth cousin of the poet; and he is a great boy, too. One day this friend of the Listener was driving past Jonathan's house, and saw the boy engaged at a little distance in sliding downhill, on a slippery crust on something that was not a sled. What could it be? Evidently the scrutiny of the passerby was observed by the boy, for he stopped his coasting and called out amiably: "I'm sliding downhill on the Bible!" And it was the fact, too. He had got the smooth, leather-bound family Bible, containing the generations of all the Longfellows, and was coasting on it with magnificent success.—Boston Transcript.

Onomatopœia.

A wag who, for a consideration, helped the Cincinnati police court to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty, got off a good thing.

His honor asked an officer who the prisoner was.

"A Russian, your honor."

"His name?"

"I can't pronounce it, your honor."

"Spell it, then."

"V-e-z-z-i-z-a-z-e-z-s-h-s-h-z-z-l."

"What is he charged with?"

Then Carl Nippert, the wag, jumped up and said, "Soda water, your honor, I should say, by his name."

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
It has made miles and miles of hair grow on millions and millions of heads. Not a single gray hair. No dandruff.

APPRECIATIVE "THANK YOU."

It Is the Smallest Courtesies That Make Life Worth Living.

"On every hand one hears of the neglect to say 'thank you,'" writes Edward W. Bok on "The Saying of 'Thank You,'" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "I wonder sometimes if some people really know how little of what comes to them is their due and right, and how much of what comes to them is by favor and courtesy. The vast majority of things which come to us, come by pure favor, by courtesy. And we should recognize this. No act of kindness, however slight, should go unnoticed. A 'thank you' is a simple thing to say; it requires but a few moments to write it, but it often means much; it means everything sometimes to the person receiving it. It means a renewed faith in human nature in some cases. A word of thanks is never lost, never wasted. If it sometimes seems to be lost upon the person to whom it is directed, its expression has not been lost upon some one else who has heard it. It is certainly not lost upon ourselves. The most of us are quick enough to thank some one who does us great service. But the small courtesy, just as great as the large service in reality, we overlook. It doesn't seem worth while to give thanks for small things. And yet what would some of us be to-day, and where would some of us be but for the small courtesies of life? They are what make life worth living.

" * * * It is all very well to have the last Thursday of each November set apart as a day of Thanksgiving. But it would be far better if a great many of us carried the spirit of the day into all the other days. Perhaps, if we did so we might have more mercies to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day. * * * Do not let the spirit of thanks stop with nightfall on Thanksgiving day."

The Jack Rabbit.

Kansas dealers in hides have at length awakened to the fact that jack rabbit hides, known in commerce as American hare pelts, are in great demand in the Eastern market, and notices similar to the following are appearing in many papers throughout the State:

"We will buy nicely handled cased jack rabbit skins at 3 cents each; opened or damaged, half price; culls and pieces 3 cents a pound; cottontails at 5½ cents a pound. Must be perfectly dry and free of meat."

The skins of the jack rabbits are used for making hats. The best quality of hats, says the New York Times, are made from fur, and the fur has heretofore been obtained from Australia, where the rabbits are successfully disputing the possession of the country with the human inhabitants.

To cement leather to iron, cut the leather roughly to shape, allowing about one inch per foot in the width of the pulley. Then soak the leather in water until it is wet through. Now stretch it well in the direction of the circumference of the pulley and cut it to exact shape and length. It should next be sewn up butt to butt with a shoemaker's awl and thread, and the leather, having been stretched in the direction of the circumference only, will, as it gets dry, have a tendency to resume its former shape, thereby shortening in circumference and "clip" to the pulley.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Dry Bran for Fowls—Keeping Milk from Odors—Experience With Thoroughbred Fowls—Dry Land Grasses—Etc., Etc.

DRY BRAN FOR FOWLS.

It is quite a common practice to moisten wheat bran fed to fowls so that they can swallow it faster. Yet this is just what is not wanted. If bran is fed dry and spread out very thin the fowls will pick a long time before they get a full mouthful. Part of the ration of fowls should always be whole grain, so as to give something for the stomach to work on.

KEEPING MILK FROM ODORS.

One reason why at this season much poor butter is made is because the milk is set in some room adjoining the kitchen, where it is subjected to all the odors of the kitchen stove used in cooking meats and vegetables. These odors, with the heat from the stove, are absorbed by the milk, and as the cream has to be warmed so as to ripen, the germs thus admitted have the best possible chance to increase.

EXPERIENCE WITH THOROUGHBRED FOWLS.

Every farmer keeps fowls of some sort and after the first cost of buying the thoroughbreds, it takes no more to keep them than the common fowls, while they certainly bring in greater returns, the laying breeds in eggs and the market fowls in flesh, writes Mary S. Stelson, of Iowa. Possibly all the good returns do not come from pure blood alone, but some of the extra care bestowed upon them. It is natural for one to take pride in and care better for fine stock of any kind than for scrubs. Although I have raised chickens for six years, this is only my second year in the breeding of thoroughbreds, but I am convinced that there is money in it.

Like most women, I am naturally cautious in making a business venture. So my start was in a small way. With a few dollars I bought a dozen small-combed White Leghorn chicks four weeks old. I lost but two of them, the others growing into fine beauties, five pullets and five cockerels. I sold two of the cockerels the next spring for a good price. The pullets began laying early. I kept them yarded and sold enough eggs from them, together with the money from the cockerels, to get back while I invested the summer before.—New England Homestead.

GROWING SQUABS FOR MARKET.

When well cared for and warmly housed doves will breed three and sometimes four nests of squabs a year. The young birds are taken away when about half-grown, and they make a tender, toothsome and rather high-priced morsel for the epicure. The caring for doves is best done away from cities and large villages, for if allowed free range as they generally should be, the birds are very destructive to peas and other vegetables in market gardens. By fitting up dove cotes in the loft of a barn many dozens of squabs can be produced in a year, which, when sent to market, will bring more money with much less labor and cost than most of the products of the farm. It is a job which boys and girls on the farm can undertake, first obtaining a few birds, and increasing the number until they have all their houses will accommodate or that they care to provide feed for. The feeding will be principally needed while the young squabs are growing. They should be fat to bring the best prices, and will be so if food is nearby for the old birds to use in feeding their young.—Boston Cultivator.

DRY LAND GRASSES.

Prof. E. J. Wickson, of California, writes: "There are unquestionably some lands so dry that it is hopeless to expect to find a grass that will yield pasture all the year without irrigation. There are shrubby plants that will give continual browsing, but not grasses or clovers. At the same time, California experience has shown that there are some grasses that will resist drouth much better than others and maintain life in the root and start up quickly with the first rains. The best of these are orchard grass, Australian rye grass, Hungarian brome grass and tall oat grass. They do best on dry lands near the coast, where they have of course more moisture in the air to assist their growth. Some interior arid lands must have irrigation or else depend upon winter growths of annuals.

Of the Italian, English and Australian rye grasses, the last is best for California. It is a variety of the English species which comes to us after acclimation in Australia and its experience in that part of the world makes it better fitted for another dry country like the arid belt. It has been very largely used and approved in this State for the last twenty years. It may be worthy of trial on the dry lands that are so common in much of the eastern and southern States.

VALUE OF MANURE.

Manure, like anything of worth, requires some care, and neglect here can not be made good by care in the choice of seed or in the management of the soil. There is one point of exceeding importance in the care of manure, that is to keep it from wasting. After an article of good quality has been secured, it surely is worth caring for. Now, in traveling over our State how rarely do we see care bestowed upon the protection of manure and how often is it evident that never a thought was given to saving this important element of good crops from waste? Frequently the barnyard is an incline, more or less steep, draining into a ditch; or there is a hilly field near the barn, where many hundreds of bushels of corn are fed, year after year, and the manure is washed away to the streams. What wicked wastefulness! And these things happen on farms owned by intelligent men, whose counsel is often sought in important matters. Economy in the care of manure is the rare exception, careless waste is the rule. The manure of many distilleries, where large numbers of cattle are fattened, is often flushed into the streams, that being the cheapest way of cleaning the stables. I have never seen farmers do just the same, but many are doing nearly as bad.

Manure would be of no value if it were not soluble. The plant is incapable of appropriating the fertilizing constituents, except when they are in the liquid form, just as our stomachs must turn our food into blood in order to nourish us. Plants assimilate fluid manures alone. But those ingredients which the rain sets free in the field it also washes out and sets free in the barn yard, and once leached out before the manure is carted into the field, there is little left for the rain to leach and the plant to absorb. Just as little as you can press cider from the pumice can the forces of nature make food for plants from manure that has been washed out by the year's rains. It is suggested that manure be either taken directly to the fields, or, where that is impracticable, put it in a heap; make your heap high and have it come under the least surface possible, then there is little danger from leaching. Manure that has been lightly spread and exposed to a year's rain and frost has lost more than one-half of its value. It requires the same labor to handle an almost worthless manure as to handle that which is rich in plant food.—Epitomist.

LET THE TEAM WALK.

Roland Smith, in the Farm Journal, says that one of his employers kept three large teams, and always gave orders to trot them whenever a level or the load permitted. One time, being laid up by sickness, the employer promised to give a suit of clothes, when he got well, to the driver who kept his team in the best order. Smith, who believed in walking large horses, resolved to win the suit. It was six weeks before the boss was around. The first day of walking, the horses having been trotted so much, were not very ambitious, and their trip was not completed till long after the other boys were through and their teams put out. The next night Smith finished his rounds earlier. In ten days the team would do as much in a day on a walk as either of the other two, which were jogged at every opportunity, and began to gain wonderfully in flesh and appearance. The same quantity of grain was given as before, but he thinks he rubbed them a little more—he could not help it, they were so handsome. He also frequently allowed them after working to roll in the loam of a freshly ploughed field or garden, which they greatly enjoyed. Then they were cleaned—first with a broom, and then with a rice-root brush, followed by a big cloth—rarely or never with a curry-comb. When the employer was able to visit the stables he did not know Smith's team—could scarcely tell it belonged to him. After having all the horses hooked up to wagons and seeing this team walk away from the others, he gave orders to all to "walk your horses," and took "Rollie" to a first-class place and told him to pick out the best suit in the store, for the lesson learned was worth it.

FEWER ACRES AND SMALLER DEBTS.

The following by W. L. Camp in the Prairie Farmer hits one of our agricultural drawbacks so squarely that it is of interest to all growers. It is also more than probable that many gardeners are "scratching over" more ground than they can attend to properly—raising second-rate produce for a fourth-rate price—don't do it; there is no money in it, and you are at the same time glutting and destroying the market both for yourself and for others. Mr. Camp says:

I am an advocate of small farms. I lose my patience when I see farmers grasping after more land, skimming over a half section, raising half a crop of grain and a whole crop of weeds. In many cases a large farm is a curse to the family. It takes all a man can rake together to pay interest, taxes and extra running expenses. Just stop and think, friends, how happy and independent most farmers would be if they owned eighty acres, or even forty, with not a debt in the world, great or small; taxes paid the first day the books are opened; when they sell anything put the money in their pockets and use it as it is needed in their family to keep the wife above want, so she will never need anything she does not have on hand or the money to get it with. Families on a large farm are often more cramped for the conveniences and necessities of life than many who don't pretend to own any land. One of my friends here in the West owned 160 acres, with a mortgage on it. I tried my best to persuade him to sell eighty acres, which would have paid the mortgage and left him out of debt.

He asked me very coolly if I did not think he could look after his own business. This is about all I ever got for my counsel. Poor times and poor crops came on, and now he is renting the same farm, and without an acre of land to his name, or anything else. I believe a man and his family would be far happier on a small farm, even if he was able to own a whole section, and still be clear of debt. We ought to find some rest before we are dead. My younger days were spent in Vermont among small farmers. The smaller the farm the more independent and well-to-do the farmer seemed to be. From ten to twenty-five acres of tillage besides the pasture was thought to be a good farm. We kept cows, sheep and hens and a few hogs. Many of these small farmers became wealthy. My uncle commenced with nothing on the roughest kind of a farm. He died at 78 years of age, and left $70,000 to his children without a single debt. I believe it to be supreme folly for any farmer to work and worry his life away on a big farm which is beyond his capacity to manage successfully; then die and leave a mortgage that will sink his family to poverty. I have a small farm and a little money—if I had a big one I should be dead broke.

He Now Regrets

J. H. Swift, of Paducah, Ky., told a good story on himself in the lobby of the Midland recently.

"Fifteen years ago, when I was but a seemingly incorrigible youth," said he "I chanced, while out hunting one day, to trespass upon the farm of one of our neighbors, whose acerbity of temper was known the country over, with the result that a severe chastising was given me. At that time my anger knew no bounds; still, discretion was not entirely overthrown, and a plan for revenge at last occurred to me. So one dark night, when all the elements seemed at war, with pockets well filled with Johnson grass seed, I sallied forth and here and there scattered them about his magnificent field.

"In a few years the scattered seeds had covered the field, with the result that it had to be abandoned for agricultural purposes, and eventually one of the finest farms in the old Blue Grass State was overrun with this pest. The years went rapidly by, and soon both my father and the old farmer were gathered to their reward, each leaving a single child. It was only last year that 'my chickens came home to roost,' so to speak, for I then led to the hymeneal altar the sole surviving heir to that Johnson grass field, in the person of the lovely daughter of my enemy of boyhood days.

"To-day," said he, sadly, "about all we have in the world in the way of realty is that magnificent waste of rapidly growing grass. Every time I look at that old farm I am forcibly reminded of the short-sightedness of human flesh in general and the fact that after all, a strict observance of the golden rule is by long odds the best policy. To-day I am spending every dollar I can possibly rake and scrape together in a seemingly vain endeavor to render serviceable my wife's inheritance."

Chinese Dog Farms.

In Manchuria and along the Mongolian borders of China there are thousands of farms on which nothing is raised but dogs of a breed peculiar to this region. Each proprietor keeps several hundreds of them. They are of a large size, and when eight months old are killed, usually in midwinter, for the sake of their skins. As a result of the severe climate they are covered almost from birth with a magnificent growth of fur. Hence they are much in demand among the northern Chinese as material for midwinter clothing.

They constitute the only wealth of this desolate country. In each family a certain number of dogskins are laid aside as the daughter's marriage portion. Yet they command no very high price, eight skins being required for a gown about two yards long, and worth $3 or $4. This would make the average value of each but little over 40 cents, from which must be deducted cost of sorting and dressing; also of manufacturing the garment. The hides find their first market at several main depots, whence they are taken to Moukden, Fou-Tocheou and other cities to be made up. Last year the estimated proceeds of this traffic at Newchang, a leading emporium, amounted to 1,000,000 francs, against 1,500,000 francs the year before.

Mapping the Skies.

Astronomers everywhere are interested in the prospective publication of the great map of the stars, now well under way—that is, a photographic chart of the whole heavens has now for some time been in process of construction by an association of observatories in some of the leading countries of the world. In this important work the plan pursued is that of mapping the skies in sections, one section being assigned to each observatory; 3,000 photographs will be taken at each of the observatories, or a total of 54,000, and for each hemisphere there will be 11,000 small maps, or 22,000 for the entire universe. The vast map composed of these small ones will show some 30,000,000 of stars, of which 2,000,000 will be catalogued and numbered, by which means any star down to the eleventh magnitude may be located at a glance. One object of this immense and splendid enterprise is to show just what aspect is presented in the heavens now, so that any changes in the future may be detected and measured—a method by which, it is expected, valuable data will be obtained.

A Quaint Swiss Custom.

A sensational custom prevails in Welsh, Tyrol. When a young maiden is to be married, immediately before stepping over the threshold of her old home, on her way to church, her mother solemnly gives her a new pocket-handkerchief. The bride wipes away her tears with it, and then puts it aside, never to be used so long as she lives. When she dies the loving hands of the next kin places the bridal handkerchief over the face of the dead and it is buried with her in the grave.

ABOUT CAMPHOR.

How the Odoriferous Drug is Obtained From the Trees.

Notwithstanding the comparatively narrow limits of its natural environment, the camphor tree grows well in cultivation under widely different conditions. It has become abundantly naturalized in Madagascar. It flourishes at Buenos Aires. It thrives in Egypt, in the Canary Islands, in southeastern France and in the San Joaquin Valley in California, where the summers are hot and dry. Large trees, at least 200 years old, are growing in the temple courts at Tokio, where they are subject to a winter of seventy to eighty nights of frost, with an occasional minimum temperature as low as 12 degrees to 16 degrees F. The conditions for really successful cultivation appear to be a minimum winter temperature not below 20 degrees F, fifty inches or more of rain during the warm growing season, and abundance of plant food, rich in nitrogen. In the native forests in Formosa, Fukien and Japan camphor is distilled almost exclusively from the wood of the trunks, roots and larger branches.

The work is performed by hand labor, and the methods employed seem rather crude. The camphor trees are felled, and the trunks, larger limbs and sometimes the roots are cut into chips, which are placed in a wooden tub about forty inches high and twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering toward the top like an old-fashioned churn. The tub has a tight-fitting cover, which may be removed to put in the chips. A bamboo tube extends from near the top of the tub into the condenser. This consists of two wooden tubs of different sizes, the larger one right side up kept about two-thirds full of water from a continuous stream which runs out of a hole in one side. The smaller one is inverted with its edges below the water, forming an air-tight chamber.

This air chamber is kept cool by the water falling on the top and running down over the sides. The upper part of the air chamber is sometimes filled with clean rice straw, on which the camphor crystallizes, while the oil drips down and collects on the surface of the water. In some cases the camphor and oil are allowed to collect together on the surface of the water, and are afterwards separated by filtration through rice straw or by pressure. About twelve hours are required for distilling a tubful by this method. Then the chips are removed and dried for use in the furnace, and a new charge is put in. At the same time the camphor and oil are removed from the condenser. By this method twenty to forty pounds of chips are required for one pound of crude camphor.

Ambulance Dogs.

One may see any day circulating in the streets of the village of Lechensch, near Cologne, a regular battalion of dogs. Their master is training them for ambulance service in military movements.

Each animal carries upon its back a little saddle furnished with pockets containing all that is necessary for a first dressing of wounds, as well as a bottle of brandy.

The dogs are taught to recognize the wounded, and to stoop down to them in order to permit them, while awaiting the stretchers, to quench their thirst and alleviate their sufferings a little.

A large red cross is marked on the saddle, and leather straps serve to fasten around the neck of the animal a little lantern that is illuminated for night service.

The ambulance dogs have already figured at the German maneuvers last year, where their usefulness was appreciated; so, this year, their instructor has been engaged to train a whole pack. He has chosen Scotch dogs, of medium height, whose docility and intelligence in learning are said to be remarkable.

An Eel Skin Factory.

One of the strangest factories that ever existed, and what is more, pays handsomely for its existence, is situated in a quiet street in the neighborhood of London bridge. Here are prepared and manufactured various articles from the skin of the commonplace eel.

The skins are manipulated by numerous complicated processes until they resemble and would easily be taken for leather, although of a more gelatinous and pliable nature. This strange commodity is cut into long thin strips and plaited very closely together for whip lashes, and to cover portions of the handles of more expensive whips. Certain kinds of lashes and harness laces are also made of eel skin.

This leather is almost indispensable in articles of this description, where flexibility allied with an uncommon toughness is desired.

Why There Was No Sermon.

In a small village in Gloucestershire the clergyman was visiting, but was expected back to preach on the Sunday.

Early on Sunday morning, however, the parish clerk received a message from the clergyman to say he would not be able to preach, as he was going to "officiate" for another clergyman.

As the service time drew near the clerk rang the bell; and when the time was up and the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit and addressed them thus:

"This is to give notice that the parson will not be able to preach here today, as he is gone 'a-fishing' along with another parson."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

It takes 2,000 of the Korean coins known as "cash" to equal $1. Travelers need an extra bullock to carry their funds.

A JOYFUL MOTHER OF CHILDREN.

Mrs. Pinkham Declares that in the Light of Modern Science no Woman Need Despair.

There are many curable causes for sterility in women. One of the most common is general debility, accompanied by a peculiar condition of the blood.

Care and tonic treatment of the female organs relieve more cases of supposed incurable barrenness than any other known method. This is why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has effected so many cures; its tonic properties are directed especially to the nerves which supply the uterine system. Among other causes for sterility or barrenness are displacements of the womb. These displacements are caused by lack of strength in the ligaments supporting the womb and the ovaries; restore these, and the difficulty ceases. Here, again, the Vegetable Compound works wonders. See Mrs. Lytle's letter, which follows in this column. Go to the root of the matter, restore the strength of the nerves and the tone of the parts, and nature will do the rest. Nature has no better ally than this Compound, made of her own healing and restoring herbs.

Write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She will tell you, free of charge, the cause of your trouble and what course to take. Believe me, under right conditions, you have a fair chance to become the joyful mother of children. The woman whose letter is here published certainly thinks so:

"I am more than proud of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot find words to express the good it has done me. I was troubled very badly with the leucorrhœa and severe womb pains. From the time I was married, in 1882, until last year, I was under the doctor's care. We had no children. I have had nearly every doctor in Jersey City, and have been to Kelvin Hospital, but all to no avail. I saw Mrs. Pinkham's advertisement in the paper, and have used five bottles of her medicine. It has done more for me than all the doctors I ever had. It has stopped my pains and has brought me a fine little girl. I have been well ever since my baby was born. I heartily recommend Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to all women suffering from sterility."—Mrs. Lucy Lytle, 755 Henderson St., Jersey City, N. J.