

Factory whistles blow down
From reverberant throats.
Hollow and mournfully drawn
Are the answering notes
Choked from the factory and shore
Through the fog wreaths, and then
Cityward ceaselessly pour
Foundations of Men.

Torrents and billows of life
And, alas, for the spray!
Highway and house-top are rife
With the turbulent clay.
Men in the ruck and the stir
And the roar of the street.
Men in the factory's whirl
And the furnace's heat.

—Arthur Guiterman, in the New York Times.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

I DON'T see why we need guides."
Harry Thurston glanced toward
the dark bulk of Vesuvius, from
the summit of which a few curls
of smoke lazily floated upward against
the blue Italian sky.

awful crater, its sides streaked with
sulphur and gilded by ascending
curls of steam. The crust of slag and
ash on which they stood was warm
to their feet, and here and there were
crevices coated with bright yellow sulphur
and giving forth hot fumes of
nauseating gas.

"The path is plain enough on the
map," continued Harry, "and I, for one,
don't care to have a 'Pietro' or 'Jacopo'
tagging after me all the way up."

He was interrupted by a hollow roar
from the volcanic depths, like the discharge
of a ship's broadside. A shower
of red hot stones flew upward, to fall
back again into the crater, while a
cloud of black smoke drifted away
against the blue sky. The boys had
started back, and were a good deal
shaken.

"Come on!" urged Dick White. It
was Dick who usually got the party into
scrapes, and Crothers who extricated
it. Harry, in either case, simply
helped form a majority.

They cautiously circled the great pit,
carefully avoiding the steaming cracks
in their path, and then paused for a
last look.

"It's like a nightmare!" exclaimed
Harry, breaking a long silence, during
which they had been plodding onward
and upward. "I'd give something for
a drink of New Hampshire spring water."

At that instant a faint voice was
heard, as if from somewhere far away.
"Harry! Harry! Bob!"

"Well," said Dick, "let's get on.
There's a sort of restaurant up there,
at the end of this path, where we can
rest before taking in the final cone and
the crater."

Dick heard the voice of his friend
calling to him, although he could see
nothing but the opposite wall of the
crater, the ascending steam, and a
piece of blue sky above. He closed
his eyes as he hung there within six
inches of a horrible death, and nerved
himself to wait. After a pause the
voice came again.

"It's of no use to tire ourselves all
out," he said, "wading through that
stuff up a slope like the roof of a house.
It's all right coming down, but if you
fellows ever tried to climb a hill with
feet, and it's hot, too."

Professor Hill believes that the functions
of the body are normal in compressed
air. Both men remained in five
atmospheres for four or five hours.

"Near the upper terminus of the railway
there was a cabin, where a number
of guides were waiting to conduct
tourists to the edge of the crater.
They pointed upon the boys eagerly.
"Go, no!" said Harry in English, making
off one of his tormentors. "No guide
for us! We go alone—see?"

Just as he reached "the valley of the
shadow of death," he heard an increased
rumbling in the volcano, far
below him. A new terror beset him.
The crater was about to belch forth
a "flow" of stones again. Would the
concussion shake him from his position?

"I—I will fear no evil!" stammered
proud Dick, in a whisper.
Then the crash came, and the column
of black smoke rolled upward. He
was indeed in the "shadow of death!"
The stones rattled sharply against the
rocks round him, and fragments of slag
slid past, disappearing in the abyss.
Still the projection against which his
heels rested did not give way. Half-
suffocated with nauseous gases, his
limbs cramped and aching, he grimly
held on.

Chauferols existed, says Liguoro, long
before there were automobiles. His-
tory tells us that along about the year
1705 there sprang up in France, principally
in the eastern and central regions,
fantastically dressed men with their
faces blackened with soot and their
eyes carefully concealed, who gained
admittance to farmhouses and other
isolated dwellings at night and committed
all kinds of depredations and
outrages. They had an atrocious
habit especially, from which they obtained
the name that posterity has preserved
for them. They first garrotted their
victims, and dragged them in front
of a great fire, where they burned the
soles of their feet. Then they demanded
of them where their money
and jewels were concealed. Such in-
terrogatories could scarcely be resisted.
It is from this that is derived the appellation
of "chauffer," which once
so tormented old ladies, but which at
present evokes in us only cheerful and
pleasing thoughts of automobilism, and
of voyages and excursions at twenty-
five and thirty miles an hour, in which
there is nothing but the roads and
paved streets that are scorched.—Scientific
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"Yes, you can!" replied Bob, fiercely.
"You've got to! Here comes the rope!"
Two sturdy guides had stretched
themselves flat on the ground at the
edge of the crater; half a dozen of
their comrades planted themselves
firmly, with the rope twisted round
their bodies, a few feet farther back.
Dick felt the loose particles of ash
sliding past his face as the rope slid
down slowly toward him. The dust
got into his eyes, but he could not rub
them. At last the noose glided over
his head and rested on his chest. At
the same moment he heard the pre-
monitory rumble of the volcano fore-
telling another discharge.

"Now!" screamed Bob.
Dick drew a long breath and caught
the rope, thrusting an arm through the
noose. The quick movement and in-
voluntary bending of his feet dislodged
the slight projection which had arrested
his fall, and he began to slide down-
ward.

It was a moment of terrible sus-
pense. Would the rope hold? Dick
could not help himself a particle, if
indeed he was still conscious. But his
grip was firm, and the noose, which
had slipped up to his armpit, clutched
him tightly.

Slowly the silent form was drawn up
the slope, farther and farther, until
his rescuers, cautiously reaching over
the edge, caught his wrists, and drew
the half-dead lad to safety.

It was a triumphal procession that
wound down the path to the hut, carry-
ing Dick, who feebly protested that he
could walk, but was not allowed to set
foot on the ground. The boys were
pretty silent, but the guides chatted
volubly, laughed, shouted and threw
up their hats, now and then turning
to shake their fists at the volcano. All
filling was forgotten.

"What did you think of, old fellow,
as you were lying there waiting for
us?" asked Harry that evening, when
the three were once more on the moon-
lit piazza of the Castellammare hotel.
He threw his arm over the other's
shoulder as he spoke. It was good to
feel that his friend was alive and
well.

"Think," said Dick, slowly. "I don't
know. I've forgotten. About mother,
I guess, and—well," he shuddered a
little, "that place, you know, about the
'shadow of death.' I tell you, fellows,
I've been in it!"—Youth's Companion.

CHANCE TO BREAK RECORD DIVE
Experiments Show Possibility of Going
Down More Than 300 Feet.

The Royal Society, of London, has
just issued a report of interesting ex-
periments by Professor L. E. Hill and
the younger scientist, M. Greenwood,
with a view of ascertaining the effects
of compressed air on the human system.
Besides throwing light on ob-
scure points in physiology, the experi-
ments will have a practical result in
the direction of enabling greater depths
of water to be reached by divers than
heretofore.

It has been well known that it was
impossible for divers to go below a cer-
tain depth owing to the necessity of
compressing air within the diving
dress to resist the pressure of the
water. Few divers have ever reached
170 feet. The record dive is 204 feet,
but it killed the diver. Until a method
superior to the present one is invented,
heaps of buried treasures which are
known to be lying in spots on the ocean
bed cannot be recovered.

The experiments of Messrs. Hill and
Greenwood seem to open the way.
They tried the effects of compressed
air on themselves, using a specially
made steel cylinder of forty-two cubic
feet capacity, with a motor driven
pump for compression, and specially
designed taps for decompression. In
this cylinder they underwent a pressure
of five atmospheres, which is equivalent
to a depth of 170 feet. Mr.
Greenwood successfully resisted seven
atmospheres, which is equivalent to
more than 200 feet.

Professor Hill believes that the functions
of the body are normal in compressed
air. Both men remained in five
atmospheres for four or five hours.
They measured their respiration and
noted the state of the blood, tempera-
ture, etc. They subjected dogs, mon-
keys, cats, rats and mice to even ten
atmospheres and they resisted success-
fully. One monkey was subjected to
eight atmospheres for a month, and did
not show the least unfavorable symp-
toms.

The Farm

Other Experiences.
An excellent thing for a farmer to do
is to profit by the lessons unintention-
ally taught by others. The mistakes
and failures of your neighbors should
always be observed and should be of
the utmost value to you.

Salt is essential for poultry as for
humans or animals, but it is not wise
to feed it by itself. The better way is
to use it to season the food whenever
that can be done. The warm salt in
the winter, whether fed morning or
night, gives one an opportunity to sup-
ply several commodities which could not
be so readily given to the fowls in any
other way.—Indianapolis News.

The Butter Fat We Lose.
It has been estimated that the losses
of butter fat—that are practically un-
avoidable—by the different methods of
skimming the milk of twenty cows dur-
ing the course of a year amount to
\$120 by the shallow pan system of
setting, \$60 by the deep setting sys-
tem and \$15 when the cream is sepa-
rated by means of a centrifugal sepa-
rator. These figures are based on a
price of twenty cents a pound for but-
ter.—New York Witness.

Freshen Up the Buildings.
It is very important that farmers
should keep their buildings well paint-
ed. There are several reasons for
this, and probably the most important
one is that paint enables a building
to withstand the ravages of the
weather much better. Then, again,
take two farms exactly alike in every
way, except the paint on the buildings,
and when it comes to a sale the farm
with buildings not protected with
paint will generally sell at from ten
to fifteen per cent. less than the other.

Potato Men Must Fall in Line.
The recent bulletin of the Geneva
(N. Y.) Experiment Station gives re-
sults of co-operative tests made by
thirty growers which together show a
net profit of \$10,000 from spraying.
The average increase in yield from
spraying was 62 1/2 bushels per acre,
done at a cost of \$4.98 per acre. The
cost for each spraying was 95 cents.
The net profit per acre was \$24.50.
These results are in line with those
obtained with similar experiments in
1903. The spraying was found to
lengthen time of growth by prevent-
ing late blight. Not only was the quan-
tity greater, but it was found that the
potatoes contained one-sixteenth more
starch, and, as might be expected, were
more nearly of a better cooking qual-
ity. Spraying is almost a universal
practice in the Arrostook region, it
being declared that there is scarcely
an acre in the whole section not regu-
larly sprayed. Growers use the large
power sprayers which treat four rows
at once and do the work very quickly,
making three to eight applications dur-
ing the season according to circum-
stances.

A Large Poultry-House.
As a rule, a poultry-house intended
to hold fifty or more birds is quite an
expensive proposition, for usually it is
designed with all manner of fixings
which are costly without being particu-
larly useful. The large poultry-house
is not generally desirable, and while it
costs more to build two smaller ones,
it will pay in the long run by reason of
a lower mortality among the fowls.

The Horse's Foot.
If the horse cannot readily use his
foot in a natural way, it is a great hurt
to his value. The Horseshoer's Jour-
nal says that a large per cent. of all
the horses are continually more or less
lame. Of this number it is estimated
eighty per cent. are lame in the foot.
Even if only half this estimate was
correct, what a deplorable state of
affairs, that could easily be prevented
if only common sense was used.
Largely, this is the result of habit,
because the writer has seen instances
where men who have been taught to
know something of the physiology of
the foot, and the mischief of mutila-
tion from the force of habit, still go on
with the old practices of paring, etc.

How many horses retain the shape
of the foot in old age? Very few and
for a very short time. In losing this
shape solely on account of shoeing, but
because the shoe is an improper one,
usually, in fact, nearly always, too
heavy, the use of the frog entirely de-
stroyed; this consequently wreting the
sole panned and drying up in conse-
quence; the wall losing its strength in
carry the weight through excessive
rasping of the whole fabric; of the
horn becoming a dry, brittle atrophied
mass, instead of being supple, firm at
the heels, with perfect bars and an
elastic frog, giving a springy motion
to the leg in the riding horse of so
much value.

These evils could always be remedied
if we could only get all farriers suffi-
ciently intelligent and humane to leave
off the old practice and come into line
to carry out improved and natural
methods, to use their knowledge to
convince the often, "too often," ignorant
horseman that "there is more in
the horse's hoof than is dreamed of in
his philosophy." We trust that, when
the higher certificate comes about, it
will be the means of progress being
made at a rapid rate in farriery, even
as it has been in surgery.

Have the Team Matched.
A short time ago the writer spent
a little time in watching a farmer who
was doing some grading. First he
ploved up the soil and then distrib-
uted it around as he saw fit by means
of a scoop. His team was composed
of two horses, one much larger than
the other, and it was surprising what
a lot of trouble and trying of the man's
patience this team caused. In an
hour's work he must have spent at
least fifteen or twenty minutes in fix-
ing the wheel-trees and taking the
lines off the tops of the harness and
other such things. And both the
horses were entitled to an unlimited
amount of sympathy. Each time the
scoop was pushed down in order to
be filled and the strain on the traces
would come, just so sure would you
see the large horse dart ahead and the
small one be pulled back, which al-
ways resulted in a full stop and a new
tag at the traces in order to start the
scoop again. How those horses ever
managed to keep from having sore
shoulders was a mystery, and so for
the man keeping his temper—well, the
horses, if it were possible to, could
speak from experience.—New York
Witness.

Penning With Locust Trees.
Within the range of its occurrence
the black locust makes our best post
timber, for it is very durable, easy to
grow, a rapid grower and is ornament-
al. For these reasons it is being plant-
ed on the farms for a future supply of
posts, for ornament and for shade;
being the only tree that fills the bill
so well.
Unfortunately, it is so susceptible to
the attacks of the locust borer that the
Forest Service has wisely excluded it
from the desirable species for planting
in Nebraska and Dakota, and partially
in Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana,
Ohio and Pennsylvania. In Pennsyl-
vania and West Virginia it is at-
tacked by the leaf miner to such an
extent as to render planting ill-ad-
vised.

For posts they are grown along the
avenues and highways, where they
answer the triple purpose of post-grow-
ing, shade and ornament; also in the
pastures, where they thrive well inter-
fering but little with grass production.
Then, too, there are many untillable
spots, that are now producing nothing
at all, that could make good returns
if planted in black locust sprouts and

GREAT LOSS IN ONE MAN'S DEATH
Killing of Prof. Curie a Disaster to the
Scientific World.

The stupendous tragedy in San Fran-
cisco, which held the world in awe,
made such an absorbing claim on the
public interest and imagination that
the sudden end of the career of Pierre
Curie, the co-discoverer with his tal-
ented wife of the wonderful element
of radium, has been almost overlooked,
declares the London correspondent of
the New York Sun. Yet the opinion
may be hazarded without the least
derogation from the claims of the San
Francisco drama upon human sym-
pathy that the premature death of the
simple lived, retiring scientist who
was killed by a foolish freak of fate
in a Paris street, was an event of
greater actual importance to humanity
than the terrors which convulsed a
comparatively small section of the
world's population on the Pacific Coast.

One need only recall some of the pos-
sibilities to which the possession of the
new element opened the way to realize
the loss to the world of one of the pair
of master minds which brought it to
light. The potential aid of radium in
combating cancer alone conceivably
compensates for the broad human
viewpoint the tragedy of any war,
earthquake or fire.

Nothing is known at the moment of
the work on which Dr. Curie was actu-
ally engaged at the time of his death,
but his unremitting devotion to sci-
ence and his despatch of all public dis-
tinction and social distractions had led
the scientific world to look to him and
his wife to lead the way to further
epoch-making discoveries. It was char-
acteristic of the man that he refused
the decoration of the Legion of Honor
as useless, that when he had obtained
some few decagrams of radium he
rejected a rich man's offer of half a
million francs for them because he
wanted the precious stuff to work upon
and that he only accepted the Nobel
prize and certain subsidies so that he
might consecrate the money to fur-
ther research. When he accepted the
professor's chair at the Sorbonne in
1905 it was on condition of having a
laboratory furnished there where he
could continue his labors in company
with his wife. It is a coincidence that
the Ministry of Public Instruction is-
sued official documents relative to the
cession of this laboratory on the same
day that Professor Curie was killed.

It is interesting to note that Profes-
sor Curie as a boy seemed so stupid at
school that his parents withdrew him
and put him under a private tutor. All
through his years of study, including
the final preparations for the arts de-
gree, he was hampered by the necessity
of studying unacquainted subjects. It
was only when he was free to follow
his natural bent that his powers were
manifested.

It is not surprising to learn that Profes-
sor Curie was generally so ab-
sorbed mentally that he was unaware
of happenings around him. There is
no doubt that his untimely death can
be ascribed to this.

While crossing the street in front of
a cab which an ordinary man would
have passed behind, he suddenly be-
came aware of his danger and ran into
a pair of horses drawing a dray, which
he apparently did not see, and fell be-
neath the wheels of the dray.

Professor Curie's devoted laboratory
assistant, on viewing the body at the
police office, said tearfully: "I know
my dear master would be killed some
day. He was very imprudent and was
constantly dreaming when walking the
streets."

WORDS OF WISDOM.
It is never safe to trust the man
who carries his virtues on the tip of his
tongue.

He that will rise to the top of a
high ladder must go up, not leap up.—
L. Machin.

People will believe in the virtues of
your character without the evidence
of its vinegar.

He who wears his heart on his sleeve
will often have to lament that daws
peck at it.—Carlyle.

He who has the truth at his heart
need never fear the want of persua-
sion on his tongue.—Ruskin.

HER PURSE.
She was an heiress, and the purse
she carried in her dainty hand
Might well the fortunes reimburse
Of any spendthrift in the land.
At least most men imagined so.
Yet they for years might rack their
brains.

And after all would never know
The total wealth that purse contains,
There in full we give the list:
From which no item has been missed:
A bit of string, a buttonhook,
A clipping from a cooking book,
A little Turkish cigarette,
A bit of gum (anized as yeast),
Samples of gingham, organdie,
Chiffon, crepon and dimity,
Besides a shawl of mousseline
De soie, a worn-out money pin,
A collar button made of bone,
A lock of hair (perhaps her own),
A fashionable mediate's card,
A strip of blue and white foulard,
A picture postal card from Rome,
And half a dime to take her home.
—Tallets.

"Tis but a man," remarked the
belligerent goat, as he saw the solitary
traveler draw near.—Baltimore Ameri-
can.

Mistress (soliloquizing): "I'm afraid
this hat's rather out of date." Maid:
"O-h, no, mum. It's quite fashionable.
Cook has just bought one exactly like
it!"—Punch.

Mrs. Shopper: "I wish to buy a pres-
ent for a servant girl. Can you sug-
gest something appropriate?" Sales-
man: "Certainly. Give her a traveling
bag."—Judge.

O very weepsome was the Fate
Of young Abijah Root:
He sought the hand of Sally Smith,
And got her Father's Foot.
—John Joseph, in Lippincott's.

Flub—"The Chicago woman made a
queer break at the wedding." Dub-
"Was it she?" Flub—"Wished
the bride many happy returns of the
day."—Philadelphia Record.

Mother—"Johnny, didn't I tell you to
save part of that pretzel for your little
sister?" Johnny—"No, ma'am. You
told me not to eat the 'hole' of it, so I
only ate the rim."—Princeton Tiger.

Rich Young Simpleton—"Oh, Gwen-
dolyn, I love you more than tongue
can ever tell." Foxy Young Widow:
"Well, then, why can't you write it to
me some day?"—Somerville Journal.

Mr. Newlywed—"Did you say this
was pound cake, my dear?" Mrs. New-
lywed—"Yes, precious, and I made it
myself." Mr. Newlywed—"Are you
quite sure you—pounded it
enough?"—Philadelphia Record.

She—"Did you ever see the Homer
twins?" He—"Yes." She—"Don't you
think the boy is the picture of his
father?" He—"Yes—and I also think
the girl is the photograph of her
mother."—Chicago Daily News.

"No, Mr. Spoonful," the young
woman said, edging away from him,
"you mustn't try to railroad yourself
into my affections." "To railroad my-
self?" Yes; you seem to think your
arm has the right of way around my
waist."—Chicago Tribune.

Load the baby screamed, and louder;
Johnny fed it insect powder.
Answering, scolded, with a shrug,
"Kind sister aster,"—Princeton Tiger.

Little Lady—"What do you mean by
putting my spoon in your pocket after
eating the pudding?" Sandy Pikes—
"O-h, pardon me, mum. It was force of
habit. I was rich once and contracted
the souvenir habit."—Chicago Daily
News.

Bacon—"Have you noticed what
ridiculously high prices have been paid
for seats on the New York Stock Ex-
change?" Eghert—"Yes; I guess
they've been bought from the side-
walk speculators."—Yonkers States-
man.

"Drug stores sell ice cream, soda
water, confectionery and a lot of other
things that are not medicine," said the
man who complains. "That's true,"
answered the pharmacist. "But most
of them are likely to lead to the con-
sumption of medicines."—Washington
Star.

Largest Gas Engine on Earth.
The Carnegie Steel Company is now
installing a 4000-horsepower Westing-
house double acting horizontal gas en-
gine, the largest in the world, for the
operation of the steel rail manufacturing
machinery at the Edgar Thomson
steel works, near Braddock, Pa.

The introduction of a gas engine is a
new departure in the operation of
mills, which will become popular on
account of the advantages obtained.
The gas engine will aid in the elimina-
tion of smoke about the mills, which
is one feature in its favor, but beyond
this, the gas engine can be operated by
a mill product which is now going to
waste in all the mills in the country.
This is blast furnace gas, which is gen-
erated in the process of the manufac-
ture of iron or steel, and was allowed
to escape because it was not known
that it could be utilized.—Pittsburg
Special to New York Commercial.

A Georgian Who Wrote His Own Epitaph
Professor Charles Cox wrote the fol-
lowing beautiful epitaph for his own
tomb only a short while before his
death. It is inscribed in the monu-
ment just erected over his grave in this
city by Mrs. Cox, and will be read and
cherished in the minds and souls of
hundreds of his friends: "I go on a
distant journey to the Land of Light,
where truth and beauty shine with
full radiance, where love swells to
mystic strains of harmony, where broken
and wounded friend-ships are
healed; where faces of the long ago
welcome into a fellowship lasting;
where peace blooms in the Garden of
God; where activity finds release from
the weary pall of pain; and holiness,
vouchsafed by the King of Glory, shall
satisfy forevermore."—LaGrange Re-
porter.

Basin Obey Orders.
In a communication to the Academy
of Science the celebrated naturalist,
M. Bonnier, makes some interesting
observations on the habits of bees. In
the afternoon when they are sucking
water from the leaves of aquatic
plants, he says, they will not touch
honey offered to them on these leaves,
or on flowers of various colors. But if
honey is offered to them in the morn-
ing in a similar way, it is carried off.
He explains this as a way from the
strictures with which they obey orders.
If they are sent out for water they will
not stay to gather honey.

Peranan Industrial School.
The Shah of Persia has decided to
found at Teheran a school of fine arts
and an industrial school. To help in
the elaboration of his project he has
asked the Turkish Government,
through his ambassador at Constantinople,
for the rules and programmes
of the two similar schools at Stamboul.

Senator Piles, of Washington, never
appears in the Senate without a white
waistcoat, and is known as the "white-
waisted Senator."