A YOUNG POET.

Story of Two Rejections and an Acceptance.

Translated From the German by LOUISE WARING.

He gazed at the double letter in his hand, not fully conscious as yet what it meant for him. This was the end of so much joy in creative work, of such boundless hopes! "Regret, not available for us." The letters grinned at him derisively. He hastily slipped the fatal paper into a portfolio, but ever before him flitted those gray, cold words, "not available." All through the air they danced; the walls of his room were dotted with them. He could contain himself no longer within these walls, which had witnessed his inspiration and hopes, and on which were now written in black letters, "Regret, not available."

He rushed out. Life, and all it contained was hateful to him; he hated the whole universe: the plain "bourgeoise" pushing her offspring along in a go-cart; the young men and girls with their tennis racquets—was there ever a sillier game?—the old ladies knitting and munching Kaffeekuchen (coffee cake); old men strolling along, their eager talk interrupted now and then by a little coughing spell; and then those sweethearts with their mien of blissful imbecility. All of them he despised, the whole conceited lot of them. The park was filled with these ridiculous people, who were enjoying the early spring and seemed glad to live, not knowing what it was to have one's work returned with "regret, not available."

The mall was one trembling mass of glitter. The tender fresh green of the lindens was as yet not too dense to prevent the sun from filtering through, making bolden blotches on the blond heads of young girls and glorifying the shabby black gowns of the old ladies.

A general disgust filled the young poet. He turned into a side path. Here about the fish pond walked patient governesses with their rich charges; on every bench sat a pair of lovers, on every tree a nightingale. He stared into the water as if eager to murder the poor little goldfish disporting themselves on the sun-flecked surface. Oh, if that pond were not so shallow, harmlessly shallow like the ordinary German reading public, he would not have begrudged them the pleasure of hauling his dead body out of the water: they might then understand that once more indifference and lack of appreciation had driven a poet to his death. He walked on rapidly, regardless of those who came in his way. Those whom he jostled roughly looked angrily at him. This pleased him, for he felt himself at war with the whole world.

The heavy laden spring air soon overpowered him, and he looked about for a place to rest. All the seats were taken. At last he found a bench with but one occupant, a young girl. He sat down on the extreme end. Resting his arms on his elbows he buried his head in his hands and gave himself up to broodings. He did not care to see the laughing sunlight.

Just along the line of vision, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a small foot, shod in a gray gaiter; a dainty foot, which moved slightly, but regularly. He followed the movement mechanically. Something quieting to his nerves seemed to emanate from it. His tempestuous mood soon gave way to one of melancholy. All pain seemed to have vanished, and he was conscious of but one wish, and that was that that little gray body might keep on swaying indefinitely. Gradually he got a glimpse of a blue skirt, then a very slim waist, and finally a delicate profile. The lips quivered, and tears were visible on the long lashes. He dropped his eyes, and resumed watching that moving foot.

Here, at last, was a woman who was not giggling and chattering like the rest of them. She was a sufferer like himself. Birds were jubilant, and from the distance came sounds of voices from the merry throng which thought life good and nature benign.

The sound of a suppressed sob aroused him. Involuntarily, he turned towards her. The girl, overcome by grief, was pressing her handkerchief to her eyes; wiping her tears, she looked at him askance.

He could contain himself no longer. Moving closer, he addressed her in modest, respectful terms: "Don't put any restraint on your feeling; I, too, know what sorrow is. Could I perchance be of any assistance to you? To be sure, we are strangers, but misery loves companionship."

"I thank you," she answered in a childlike way, scrutinizing him closely; "no one can help me. I am so unhappy." And again her tears began to flow.

"You are right," he said sadly. "Who can help another? No one."

"In order that you may not think me foolish," she began hesitatingly, "or think Heaven knows what of me" (he had in reality thought Heaven knows what of her) "I will tell you all. I got a letter which disappointed me dreadfully, a letter of refusal."

"Indeed!"

"You see, I am a governess by profession."

"Ah!"

"And felt sure I had the position; when this cruel letter came."

"My dear Fraulein, nothing is certain in this world, and one should never count on anything with confidence," he replied with the acrid bitterness of the disappointed.

"You are right one should not. Everything seemed satisfactory. I passed my examination, and I am a good musician."

He bowed slightly in acknowledgment of such accomplishments.

"All that was asked was that I should send my photograph. I did so, and after a few days received a letter from the old ca—, I mean, lady, saying I was too young."

"Such injustice!"

"Do you not think so, too? It isn't my fault, and I can't add to my years just for the time being."

"There are so many children to be educated, unfortunately," he added pessimistically. "We are a rising nation. Look about you right here in this park and see the swarms of human beings."

"Indeed, there are a fearful lot of children; but if you knew what it meant to find a position, the demands that are made! Very likely I'll prove too young for other mothers." She looked about her helplessly.

A smile lit up his handsome, melancholy face. "Don't let that worry you, lieber Fraulein. Too young! Don't you see that this 'too young' is in truth the highest compliment, that it rouses envy?"

She shook her head dubiously.

"I am willing to wager that the woman in question is a 'mater familias' in the forties, void of graceful lines, who is suspicious of youthful curves. Or else a well-preserved middle-aged person still vain of her looks, who does not dare to have a young and pretty governess about her. Those whom fate has placed above you would willingly exchange places with you, be twenty-one, and have life before them."

"Are you a poet?"

"Why?" he asked, brushing a curl back from his forehead.

"Because you look like one."

He blushed and hesitated for a moment. "Yes," he answered, sighing deeply, "but the world will not recognize me as such. He stopped short, not knowing whether to confide in her or not. Hers were such soft, such dear brown eyes! "We are in a measure companions in sorrow. I, too, received a letter which crushed me mercilessly."

"Perhaps you, too, are too young."

"Yes," he almost shouted; "too young! that's it. The 'old ones' don't want to recognize us because we are coming on and they will have to yield us their places. They are getting uneasy on their toppling thrones. I can see him before me, the old worthy who rejected my work—an elderly chap, with bald head and an embonpoint. You laugh, my dear Fraulein? I am sure he is bald and has a paunch, like all those in authority and high in office, and he wears spectacles; for the eyes grow dim when one has a book of lyrics for breakfast, a drama for dinner, and a novel for supper to review. A sad office, this literary censorship! And what does such a demagogue know himself?"

"Never mind, another may appreciate your work," she said consolingly.

"Perhaps; or I may write something else. I feel within me the strength to create a hundred works, better than what I have done. I see it before me, still vague, but I shall hold it." His hand clutched the air. "We shall hurl something at those old fogies which they shall not dare to ignore."

The little governess looked at him as young girls are apt to look at a young enthusiast when he tells them that he is about to revolutionize the world.

"You will, no doubt, become celebrated some day; you are still so young."

"Yes, I am young!" he exclaimed exultingly. "We are young, the world lies open before us, to us belongs life."

"Listen to the nightingale," she said, almost piously.

"It sings for us! Spring is ours, and the poor old critic sits in his smoky room and reads poems on spring, and your mater familias may at this very moment be discovering a new wrinkle under her eyes."

The girl laughed a little cruel, triumphant laugh. "After all, it is delicious to be still free on such a day as this," and in a dreamy way she drew in the spicy, balmy air. "It may be wrong that I rejoice in it so fully."

"No, you are right. Don't you believe in fate? Isn't it a special act of Providence that we two should meet here to-day?"

"Yes, I believe in fate," she whispered. "We must meet again, must we not? Fate decreed that we should become closed acquainted." By this time there was little space left between them on the seat.

"I don't know, exactly."

"Only as long as the lilacs are in bloom—till the jasmine blossoms—till the time of roses! You must help me in my work. You give me courage, faith, and inspiration. When will you come back? To-morrow? After to-morrow?"

"I cannot come after to-morrow."

"Then, Auf Wiedersehn, to-morrow."—New York Evening Post.

The Traveling Salesman.

"Better than a letter from your wife, sweetheart or even President Roosevelt, is a letter from your firm increasing your salary," was the interesting comment of H. J. Williams, of La Crosse, sitting in the lobby of the Kirby House. "I just received such an epistle this morning, and I feel like a prince. Had I received a notification reducing my stipend I would not have been greatly surprised, because my sales recently have been nothing to brag of, and if the firm thinks by giving me a financial lift my results will be more noticeable, it won't be disappointed, because I am going to start out today and work like a major and prove to my people that I am worthy of the confidence shown me. There are times in the life of a traveling salesman, when, no matter how hard he tries, he doesn't do enough business in a day, or even a week, to make him feel like thinking of his occupation. And then again, the reverse takes place, but between these two we manage to even up the sales.

"Persistency is what wins with us fellows. No matter how angry your customer gets after the fifteenth or twentieth refusal to give you an order and you are not convinced he needs something in your line, adopt the schoolday proverb and try again. Your pluck may elicit his admiration unless he throws you bodily out of the store, and nine times out of ten you land him."—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

THE FACTS ABOUT COBALT

WHAT IT IS AND WHERE FOUND.

No Great Demand For the Mineral Heretofore, Hence It Has Not Been Extensively Mined---Mr. Edison's Discovery May Create a Demand For It---Original Form of the Mineral and How It Is Obtained---The Form in Which It Appears in North Carolina and the Localities Where It Is Found

By JOSEPH HYDE PRATT.

The North Carolina geological and economical survey has, during the past two or three weeks received a great many letters regarding the occurrence of cobalt in North Carolina, and it has been thought that a short article giving a description of the occurrences of the cobalt and the localities where it is known to occur in North Carolina would be of interest.

Cobalt is a material that is very similar to nickel and nearly all the minerals in nature that contain one of these metals contains also a small percentage of the other. There is great similarity between the two metals and in the reduction of the ores both the nickel and cobalt go into the matter, which is afterwards refined and the two metals separated from each other. "On account of the small demand for cobalt, there has not been a great deal of prospecting directly for deposits of this metal; while on the other hand, the demand for nickel has constantly increased so that deposits of minerals containing this metal have been prospected for in many sections of the country. Up to the past two years all the cobalt has been obtained in this country, and Canada has been as a by-product either in nickel or lead mining and smelting, and there has been no direct mining for cobalt ores. Recently, however, new sources of supply of cobalt ores containing but little nickel has been found in Canada, which have resulted in the production of cobalt in some quantity and this could be increased very largely if a sufficient demand for the metal could be created. These deposits are along the line of the Temiscuming & Northern Ontario Railway, ninety miles northeast of the town of Sunburry, Canada. These cares carry a considerable percentage of cobalt and are rich in native silver, which makes the ore very profitable mining.

Missouri Cobalt Ore.

In the United States the only cobalt ores that have been mined to any extent are the lead ores at Min La Motte, Mo., which contain considerable percentage of cobalt and a very small quantity of nickel. These are melted to a slag containing lead, nickel and cobalt, which is afterwards refined. The principal use of cobalt which is in the form of the oxide, is in manufacturing pigments, the principal one being known as cobalt blue. With nickel, however, the principal use has been as a steel hardening metal and some experiments have been made with cobalt for this purpose. There is not, however, a distinct enough property of the two metals to warrant the use of cobalt to any extent as a steel or iron hardening metal as long as its cost is so much higher than nickel. If, however, a special use can be devised for it, as has been advocated by Mr. Thomas Edison, in the manufacture of storage batteries, there should be a considerable increase in the demand for the metal, which would warrant more prospecting for sources of supply, although the present known sources of supplies of this metal can satisfy a very large increase in the demand.

There are a number of minerals that contain a considerable percentage of cobalt, principally in the form of sulphides, arsenides and oxides. The principal minerals and the ones more constantly met with in nature are as follows:

Linnaeite: A pale, steel gray, brittle mineral which tarnishes quite readily to a copper red color is as hard as steel, has a specific gravity of about 5; it is quite commonly found in octaherval crystals, but also occurs to massive. It is a cobalt sulphide containing sometimes a considerable percentage of nickel. This mineral is also known as cobalt pyrites.

White Cobalt.

Cobalite: This mineral is a cobalt arsenic sulphide of a silver gray to steel gray color, sometimes with a tinge of red or violet. It is of a tin white color and also massive, when the color is apt to change to a steel gray or a grayish color. It is as hard as steel and about 6.5 in specific gravity. It is known also as tin white cobalt and gray cobalt.

These minerals have not been found in any large masses, but are more apt to be more or less sparingly disseminated through rocks and also through veins containing other minerals. These minerals in decomposing would form carbonates, sulphates, and oxides and cobalt, which would be entirely different in appearance from the minerals from which they have been derived. The more common alteration product would be the oxide and this is apt to be found largely mixed with other minerals, so that little or none of it has been found in the free state.

The principal sources of this oxide of cobalt are in association with the mineral psinlomelane, one of the manganese ores and that variety known as wad, or bog manganese. In certain localities this wad or bog manganese contains considerable cobalt oxide, when it is known as asbolite. These minerals are in color iron black, steel gray, and resembling somewhat a soft amorphous variety of graphite or black lead, for which they have at times been mistaken.

Asbolite: This is also known as black cobalt, earthy cobalt and cobalt oxide. It contains sometimes as high as thirty-two per cent. of cobalt oxide.

The North Carolina Deposits.

In North Carolina none of the sulphides or arsenics, the original metallic minerals of cobalt, have been identified, but in a number of localities the oxide, or asbolite, has been observed, associated with manganese minerals or ores. The principal localities where the asbolite has been found are as follows: A few miles southeast of Cary, Wake County, where black manganese cobalt mineral can be observed for a quarter of a mile, outcropping occasionally on the surface. A little prospect work has been done here by sinking pits and making cuts across the vein, and it has shown it to be probably continumicaceous schist extending in a general direction north twenty degrees east that can be traced from Bessemer City northeastward into Lincoln County. These schists contain throughout nearly the whole area numerous small seams, incrustations and stains of black manganese material which gives reactions for cobalt. Some of this material is largely iron oxide when it is more of a reddish or yellowish ochre color, but the most of it is black.

At the Ormond iron mine, one mile southwest of Bessemer City, there is a considerable quantity of this material found mixed with the iron ore, and it may be that it was the cobalt which went into the pig iron that gives this iron its reputation for hardness and toughness. At the Long Creek Gold Mine, situated about six miles northwest of Dallas, Gaston County, masses of quality, taken out of the Asbury shaft, were thickly encrusted with mammilary masses of asbolite or earthy cobalt. About a mile northeast from the Long Creek mine, on the old Lincolnton, Yorkville, S. C., road, near the summit of Cross or Paysour Mountain, a band of rock fifteen feet wide across contains veins and seams of wad or asbolite. Following this vein in a northerly direction, it descends the west slope of Cross Mountain and fifty years ago a number of openings had been made on the asbolite seams. Some of this material was analyzed and gave 13.26 per cent. of the cobalt and nickel oxides, the larger amount of this being cobalt. The same formation can be traced into Lincoln County and similar seams of wad are observed.

The original minerals from which this cobalt oxide is derived may be one of the sulphides mentioned above, or one of the sulphides that contain both nickel and cobalt.

Where It Is Found.

As all the cobalt identified in North Carolina has thus far been associated with psilomelane wad, it is such deposits that will attract the most attention in prosecuting for this metal. This mineral has been found at a great many localities throughout the State, as at Scott's Hill, Burke County, near Lenoir, Caldwell County; at Gillespie's Gap, near Bakersville, Mitchell County; on Cove Creek and Richmond Creek, Haywood County; near Buckhorn, Chatham County; Murphy, Cherokee County; Franklin, Mason County; Webster, Jackson County; and Zirconia, Henderson County.

The simplest test of cobalt is by fusing up some of the powdered mineral with borax, the cobalt oxide giving to the resulting borax glass a deep blue color. This test is so delicate that it will show even traces of cobalt and can be used even when a large percentage of nickel is associated with the cobalt.—Charlotte Daily Observer.

MYSTERIES OF "RED DEATH."

Strange Sect That is Said to Have Many Adherents in Russia.

In the Russian journal Ural are given some amazing details of a mysterious sect known as the Red Death.

The sect has its headquarters at Ekaterinoslav, and has many adherents throughout the region. They have their temples and meet at night for their mysteries, in which red wine forms a considerable part.

The feature of this strange sect which most strikes the outside world is that associated with its title. When one of the sect is at the point of death he is carried to the temple, in which is a room with no window, but covered—ceiling, walls and floor—with red.

There is no furniture, but on the floor are two cushions. The victim who, in the jargon of the sect, is "ripe for glory," is laid on the floor with his head on one cushion and left alone for some time.

A young maiden clothed in red then enters, slowly approaches the body, and if death has not already taken place, puts the second cushion over the victim's mouth and holds it down until all sign of life has gone.

Author of Leather Stocking Tales.

He had little systematic education. His character was developed and affirmed before his mind was either trained or stored. His taste naturally suffered. Taste is the product of tradition, and of tradition he was quite independent, quite ignorant. Fortunately, he was also ignorant of its value, and when at thirty he began to produce literature his energy was unhampered by diffidence. But it was inevitable that the literature he produced should be extremely uniterary, and noticeably so in proportion to its power. His talent was not distinctly a literary talent. He had not even a tincture of bookishness. Of the art of literature he had perhaps never heard. It was quite possible in his day—singular as it may seem in ours—not to hear of it. He left school early and was a sailor, a man of business, a gentleman of more or less leisure—enough, at all events, to encourage a temperament that was aristocratic and critical, and not in the least speculative, adventurous, and aesthetic.—From "Cooper," by W. C. Brownell, in Scribner's.

Excessive use of drugs is the cause of death of 20 per cent. of the population of Austria, according to official statistics, while 44 per cent. of the medical profession in that country die of heart disease.

Popular Science

Dr. Th. Mortensen, of the Zoological Museum of Copenhagen, is in Washington to study the fish in the National Museum.

The trials of electric locomotives within the Simplon tunnel have given a speed of forty-three and three-quarter miles an hour, which would reduce the passage through to about seventeen minutes.

The range of years over which cancer is likely to occur is practically the same in both sees—forty-six-sixty-four—but the mean age of incidence of the disease is 55.2 years in males and 49.9 years in females.

The latest theory about appendicitis is that advanced by Dr. Alexander Schmidt, of Altoona, who believes it may be caused by the minute metallic particles that get into tinned food when the can opener is applied.

A writer in the American Machinist stated recently that a steam pipe of six inches diameter was covered with a wooden box of twelve inches diameter which was filled with a sawdust mortar, one barrel of lime in five of sawdust. Before covering the pipe—nearly 700 feet in length — It condensed 1440 pounds of water hourly; after covering it condensed 195 pounds hourly.

It is at last definitely settled that the six new battle ships decided upon by the French Government to rival the Dreadnought, are to have a permanent protection of a special kind against torpedoes. M. Bertin, Chief Construction Engineer to the French Fleet, has made the announcement to the Academy of Sciences. The protection is to consist of internal armor-plating inside the vessel at a certain depth below the waterline. But nothing very heroic is claimed for the system. The most expected is that a battleship even badly hit by a torpedo can be kept afloat.

The diamond has now to yield its place as the hardest substance known. The title henceforth belongs to the recently discovered metal known as tantalum, which cuts itself but diamonds only wear out their own edges against it. The experiment was tried of working a diamond drill continuously for seventy-two hours on a sheet of pure metallic tantalum one twenty-fifth of an inch thick—hardly thicker, therefore, than a sheet of substantial note paper. The speed of the drill maintained night and day was 5000 revolutions a minute. At the end of the test the sheet of tantalum, so far from being perforated, was only slightly dented but the diamond in the drill was worn to a stub.

INTEREST IN ZAPUPE CULTURE.

Capitalists Investing in Mexican Land For Raising Fiber Plant.

Zapupe culture continues to be a field of large investment for many capitalists of Tampico, Mexico, and also of many investors from the United States. Within the past month there have been six large concerns, two of which are located in New York and one in Kansas City, that have sent their representatives to Tampico to look carefully into the question of zapupe culture. Three deals in land suitable for raising the fibre have been made, and several others are pending.

The nature of the plant has many things to recommend it to the planter; it is very hardy, runs little stocks, matures quickly and lasts fifteen years, is not dependent to any extent on climatic conditions or moisture, and the fibre is extracted from the leaves with economy. There are several grades of zapupe and planters have not as yet come to an agreement as to which is the best. The industry is in its infancy as yet. Planting at present is more in the northern parts of Vera Cruz, though there are several large tracts set out in Southern Tamaulipas as well.

Experts say that the zapupe fibre is far superior to henequen fibre, can be used in the manufacture of a much finer grade of material, and as such will command a good deal higher price. On the other hand, one experienced, wealthy and influential planter in this State claims that while zapupe is undoubtedly a good thing, henequen in these parts is better than zapupe, and far better than it ever was in Yucatan.

Blind Men Successful Fishermen.

Three blind men fished skilfully, side by side, in a launch off Anglesea, drawing in black bass and flounders at the rate of one a minute. They never missed a bite. They never failed to land a fish. Only the captain had to bait their hooks for them—but then the captain baits the hooks of all deep-sea anglers as a rule.

The sightless trio, smiling, said that blind fishermen were not rare; that in the institution where they lived a full third of the inmates fished.

They pointed out that fishing is a sport singularly suited for the blind. To sit still, to catch fish by "feeling" them on the line, is, indeed, the only sport where the blind are at no disadvantage. Ely fishing, of course, is beyond them, on account of the difficulties of the cast.

Side by side in the rocking launch, hauling in the bass and flounders briskly, their faces growing redder and redder with sunburn, the three blind men fished and smoked and chattered, and at the day's end it was found that they had severally caught more fish than any other man aboard.—Chicago Chronicle.

"Grass" widows means in reality courtesy widow, from the French word "grace."

THE PERFECT TOMATO.

Formerly Cultivated For Its Beauty of Flower and Fruit.

What a great discovery the tomato was as an article of food. While most food plants are of comparatively ancient origin, there are plenty of people living to-day who can remember when it was only an ornament cultivated for the beauty of its dainty blossoms and handsome fruit. While its beauty was admired, it was considered like the poisonous oak, dangerous to even handle except by "dark complected" persons. Years of acquaintanceship, however, wore off the superstition, and a few "fool hardy" persons actually owned up to having tasted the fruit.

From this small beginning has gradually grown a use that makes to-day an industry with a combined capital of over thirty millions of dollars, which disbursed millions of dollars to its employes every year and aggregates an output of two hundred and forty million cans. This product goes into every household in the land and is as familiar an article of diet as any other of the staple products of the soil. Each year sees an increasing consumption, and the more intimate the acquaintance the greater the use.

The reason for this is obvious. There is no better appetizer, and as an article of seasoning the tomato imparts a taste that cannot be imitated. It is so distinctive that its presence can be located even in minute particles, yet the pungency has everything that delights the palate and nothing that offends the nostril.

The growth of its general popularity dates back to the time of the first successful packing houses. When the use of the tomato as a food was established, demand made it necessary to have a cheaper price than the local market gardener could afford, and to meet this first the glass jar and then the tin can as a diminisher of space were called into requisition. It was found much cheaper proportionately to raise one thousand bushels than ten, so by the aid of the tin the cooked product could be placed on the consumer's table at a price so reasonable as to enable its daily use. Moreover, the article put in the can is brought fresh picked from the field, hermetically sealed and immediately sterilized by heat, while the uncanned fruit is frequently shipped for hundreds of miles before it is used as a food. This artifically ripened fruit must be gathered green, and the red color it finally assumes is the withering of the hungry tissues that should have fed the fruit with the red nourishing juice that comes from the soil and by the aid of nature is thus transformed. No preservative is used by the canner, as the action of heat insures keeping for an indefinite time.

There is nothing more wholesome than this rich, ripe fruit dumped out of a clean white can ready for use. The taste is equal to the fresh fruit and every semblance of waste in shape of rind or core has been removed. The very sight and smell are irresistible, and the most insistent appetite can be sated because of its absolute harmlessness. Its healthfulness has never been attacked and the rich juices, colored as the life giving fluid act as a tonic even for the invalid stomach. There is no home where its visits are not welcome, and the table of either the millionaire or peasant is alike familiar with its presence.

France's Way With a Colony.

Consul Skinner writes from Marseilles that the colonial methods of France in Algeria are rather more scientific than our own.

The colonization portion of Algeria is almost equal to France. But it is more mountainous and less evenly watered, and its conquest only dates back some forty years. The native population does not exceed 4,000,000, and the white race numbers only 60,000 persons, of whom rather more than one-half are French.

Algeria contains 18,641 miles of national roads and other highways. In the interior more than 16,776 miles of wires and nearly 600 offices are devoted to the postal telegraph and telephone services.

The olive trees take a foremost place, those in bearing exceeding 6,000,000 and yielding approximately 39,625,570 gallons of oil, with an average value of $4,632,000.

The government of Algeria chooses annually regions which it connects by highways with the neighboring centres. To these districts it brings the water necessary for irrigation. The government also causes to be built the public buildings esential to a village, and provides the administrative, educational and medical services.

The following qualifications are essential: (1) French nationality, (2) headship of a family, (3) knowledge of agricultural matters, (4) possession of sufficient funds for the working of the concession (minimum $965), and (5) an agreement to reside during ten years on the land granted.

Co-operative Cat and Hen.

A new form of co-operative homemaking was discovered the other day in a barn at Rogers Park. A Maltese cat and a brown Leghorn hen were in partnership in a manger. Between them they have three white kittens and eleven eggs. The hen was sitting on eight of the eggs and one of the kittens and the cat was lying on the other three eggs and coddling the other two kittens when the novel menage was discovered. When the hen goes to eat the cat tries to keep all the eggs warm. When the cat goes to seek food she leaves her kittens in charge of the hen. Apparently the kittens are three or four days old, and the eggs, it is judged, have been in incubation for a longer time. Mr. Touhy wonders whether the cat or the chickens will be more surprised when the latter break forth from the egg-shells.—Chicago Tribune.

With the Funny Fellows

Still Praying For a Man.

She's got a brand-new auto cap,
She's got some auto clothes;
She's got a pair of goggles, and
A smell-guard for her nose.
She's got a veil quite big enough
For a mosquito bar;
And now she's praying for a man
Who's got an auto car.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Can Out-Throw Mother.

Mike—"Kin yure wolfe cook as good as yure mother used, to, Pat?"

Pat—"She can not; but Oi niver mintion ut. She kin throw considerable betther."—Judge.

Knew His Place.

"What did you think of your daughter's graduation essay?"

"I didn't permit myself to think about it," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I simply did my duty and admired it."—Washington Star.

As It Was in the Beginning.

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, as he watched the meteors falling, "does you see all dat brighteness comin' down?"

"Yas, indeed."

"I know what makes it. De cullud angels has been put to work sweepin' up de golden city."—Washington Star.

Wealth's Drawback.

"Senator, how does it seem now that you have attained wealth and influence?"

"Well," replied Senator Badger, with a far-away look in his eyes, "it's relieved me of a lot of worry, but it's getting mighty tiresome trying to make a fork take the place of a knife."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He Has.

"Pa, what does savoir-faire mean?"

"Well, I don't know that I can explain it exactly, but the man who can looked tickled and interested when somebody starts to tell a story that he has heard about twenty times before has it, all right."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dan Boone, Jr.

"Aw, is dat all you shot?"

The Sportsman—"Naw. I've got to git a wagon an' go back for de bears an' things."—New York Journal.

Couldn't Say Things.

Mrs. Church—Did your husband play golf while you were at Pinehurst?"

Mrs. Gotham—"Only one game He said that was the hardest he ever played in his life."

"How so?"

"Why, he played with a minister!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Honest Salesman.

"But why do you call this hammer the 'Happy Thought?' inquires the customer. "I see nothing out of the ordinary about it; it seems to be no improvement over any other hammer."

"It isn't, sir," replies the salesman. "It is simply called the 'Happy Thought' because you never have it when you need it."

Natural Mistake.

We stop on the sidewalk and look at the man who is digging the narrow, deep, long excavation.

"Is somebody going to establish a cemetery here?" we asked in surprise.

"What?" replies the man with the spade. "Naw!" This is the basement for the new Vestibule Apartment House."—Puck.

Reassuring.

Mr. Nervey.—"I suppose you know the object of my call, sir. To be brief, I want to marry your daughter——"

Mr. Roxley—"Er? What? I'm surprised that you should think of such a thing. The idea!"

Mr. Nervey—"Nonsense! You're prejudiced against the girl. She's all' right!"—Modern Society.

A Lesson in Honesty.

"The clerk gave Maggie half a yard more ribbon than she asked for, and she chuckled all the way home."

"Why didn't she tell him about it?"

"Oh, she thought she was getting the extra amount for nothing, until she found she'd made a mistake, too."

"What was it?"

"She'd paid for the extra half yard."—Detroit Free Press.

Useful Citizens.

The Lady—"Why don't you go to work and earn your living?"

The Tramp—"Axin' yore pardon, ma'am, but ef sich gents as me went ter work der'd be more work fer th' undertakers."

The Lady—"Why, how's that?"

The Tramp—"De noospaper joke writers would starve ter death, ma'am. We all has our uses in dis world, ma'am."—Chicago News.