Above our heads curved a roof of blue.
Where oft we saw the ghost of the mor Go drifting by with the sun tipped cloud That sailed away to the port of noon. From nodding thistle and mullein stalk. The meadow larks through the summ

O little path of the long ago,
I've wandered far from your beaten dust,
And stumbled oft in my journeys wide,
And lost 'ne key to my childish trust;
But now and then in my waking dreams
I stand once more by the pasture wall,
And hear again from the harvest nelds
The cheerful sound of the bob white's

-Adella Washer, in the New York Sun.



"Hey, Billy! let me have a ride?" cried a boyish voice, and Billy pulled up his handsome roan mount to speak to his friend, who came running down the dusty country read very hastily to meet him.

could not oblige his friend in this re-"I've just had him down to roads, and must get home and feed He wants to drive the horse this afcount of the bad, sandy roads."

Hal was stroking the smooth side Now he looked up and persisted in Paper. his request.

But I won't hinder you. Just DON'T CUT YOUR SLEEP SHORT. take me up behind, for a ride, and I'll walk back," he said.

Billy saw that he would have to be quite frank with Hal. "No. Doc-Barnes raid, when I first went to help around the stable, that I should never let any one else ride like to let you have a ride, but I must get him home as soon as I can, now. Good-bye," and Billy was off at a were out of sight.

Billy was thinking deeply as he

Too bad that Hal can't have my old world anyway. We get the things we don't care a snap about, and the doing better work. things we'd give our heads for, alfor you to eat grass to-day," and he urged the horse into a trot. Some-

Into the village street they turned from the country road in a few minutes, and trotted down the long. straight thoroughfare. He rode past its porch decoration of idlers; past the pretty notion store windows, and the town hall; and on toward the doctor's home, at the extreme other end of the street.

But they did not get home without an interruption. As they went on down the street, and past several great after an hour's sleep as after houses, Billy saw ahead the familiar automobile of his employer standing in front of a nouse.

Wonder who is sick at Harris'?" he thought, and glanced again at the car as he neared it. "Hello, doctor has Myrtle out with him," he added as he saw the golden head of the doctor's little girl over the back of

Myrtle saw him at the same instant, turning around at the sound of hoofs in the street. She smiled and waved her chubby hand as he passed, and he waved back, for they were very good friends.

Almost as soon as he had gone past the car this happened. He heard it start and looked back, expecting to see the doctor in his seat, with his hand on the lever; but he saw instead Myrtle, grasping it with chubby fingers, laughing mischievously, curls tossed back and her face alight with daring.

Bill gave one gasp, and pulled the roan around so suddenly that he of Smith County.—Smith Centre Piovheeled on two feet. Even as he did so, the big car gained headway. and the child in it, realizing some thing of her danger, but ignorant to avert it, or stop the car, screamed helplessly, "Oh, Billy, come,

make it stop, quick!" Even as she spoke the machine passed the boy and horse, running so moothly and swiftly that he paled at the danger before the child. The thought came: "If he had made me chauffeur, instead of stable boy, as I wanted him to do, this would not I wanted him to do, this would not have happened." For only the day before, the man who had held that position—the place Billy wanted with all his machinery-loving heart—had been discharged for drunkenness.

Then came the plan. Quick as a fash he urged the roan after the machine, kicking his feet free of the stirrung as he neared the outerwishle.

rups as he neared the automobile. The car ran faster and faster—who as going to try, must be done

When Billy was abreast of the car and it took good work on the part of both horse and rider to achieve that—he called to the terror-stricken ittle offender:

"Get over on one side-quickmake room for me-I'm going to ump." And as she crept away to the other side, he leaped from the back of the running horse and fell

all in heap—but in the car.

It was but the work of a moment o gather himself up and reverse the lever. The next moment he had the steering wheel in his hand, and had the car turned, and then ran back to where a wildly excited group stood and waited, with the frantic father. Arrow slackened his speed gradually, and when he quite understood that his rider had suddenly disappeared, he stopped and cropped an especially fine bunch of grass with supreme indifference to races or runaway cars.

"I would like to do something to show you how I appreciate your act, and the courage and quickness of thought that it showed," said the doctor to Billy in a talk that was ex-coolingly uncomfortable, and yet pleasant, to that praise-shunning young man. And at that, Billy's eyes suddenly brightened, and he spoke:

"If you would let me run the machine for you, instead of getting another man, as you said you were going to do-" he began, "I know all about it, sir. I've studied it up, every spare minute since I've been I thought if I ever got a chance to run one-I've always been crazy over machinery, cir, and-" And then the doctor put a few questions that settled the matter.

You shall run it for me from this day, until you get something better," the doctor said quietly. "And, if you care to study machinery-if you have any desire to make an expert meet nim.
"I'm afraid I can't, Hal," Billy an- line of business, and I think we can swered regretfully, sorry that he arrange to let you learn all you want

Then : Il at once Billy realized that the blacksmith shop at the cross- this is not such a mixed up old world, him and rub him down before the ful in what he has to do, and what doctor comes in with the machine. com - to him, even suddenly and un-He wants to drive the horse this af-ternoon, out somewhere where he cap't we in the entemphile on accan't go in the automobile, on ac- his heart—that the things he "would give his head for," as he had put it, were, after all, some of them, apt to of the fine horse while Billy talked. come his way.—Young People's

British Scientists Frown On the Wellington Rule.

The papers read in the physiological section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science dis-Arrow. So you see I really can't, I'd cussing sleep and rest were all opposed to the old idea that mankind should be content with short slumber. The Duke of Wellington's dictrot, while Hal stood at the gate and tum of sir hours for a man, seven watched horse and rider until they for a woman and eight for a fool went by the board.

Francis Dyke Acland urged the rode along. The subject was one that necessity for plenty of sleep for the often occupied his thoughts, when he young as necessary to their bodily had the horse out for exercise, or was and mental development. He said busy with his work about the stables | that most of a boy's growth was done in bed. He quoted a letter from the head master of a large school, where place at the doctor's, and I have what the breakfast hour had been changed want. I think this is a mixed up from 7 to 8 o'clock, as saying that the whole school was brighter and

Dr. Gotch said that the healthiest most, don't come our way." "Get sleep was dreamless. He mentioned along, Arrow, old fellow, I can't wait Lord Kitchener's faculty of being

times Billy had time to let him crop a particular fine bunch of grass, and the first half hour was very deep and then grew shallower.

Professor Meyers related his own experience with a German doctor. He arranged to be awakened after a the post-office and general store, with half hour to see what his mental condition was. He set himself several problems in arithmetic. The next day he was awakened after an hour's sleep, and so on, increasing his time for sleep by an hour a day until he got six hours. He found his ability in connection with arithmetic as six hours. When, however, he came to try another test this one completely broke down. In trying to test his memory he found it grew in proportion to the number of hours of sleep he took.

Bootjacks Among the Sunflowers.

It is popularly supposed that the contjack has disappeared from the common articles of household use as completely as the candle snuffers and the warming pan. But this is not true in some parts of Kansas. In Smith County they are numerous, Why they should still continue in existence in the vicinity of Smith Centre while at Mankato not one is to be found is explained by the prevalence of the old fashioned custom of wearing boots at the former place. Many bootjacks may be found hanging behind the kitchen stove in the farme houses in that vicinity. The oldest one was made in Wisconsin in 1851, and is owned and used by G. W. Sage,

Sorrows of the Rich. The man who made \$15,000,000

n a few years looked downcast.
"What's the matter?" his friend asked. "Why are you unhappy? You ought to be thoroughly satisfied. You made a splendid fortune, you are still in the prime of life and the workmen have just put the finishing

ouches on your fine palace. What more do you want?" "That's Just 'It." the disconsolate one replied "Instead of roving into my palace now and enjoying life I've got to spend five or six years hunting hrough European !ank-shops for lingy picture with which to decorate ur walls."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shortest Name For a Street.

Shortest Name For a Street.

The thoroughfare which can boant the shortest name of any in London is D Mews, in the locality of Regent's Park. It is the only surviving "alphabet" street—I. s., streets whose names were simply a letter of the alphabet. Some years ago nearly every letter in the alphabet gave its name to a thoroughfare, but D Mews is the only one which has not had its name lengthened.—Tit-Dits.

CANNING CORN.

Maine's Interesting Industry, Where 3 Processes of a Business That is Almost Wholly Done by Machinery. Everything is Done in Haste.

All up and down the State of chinery with a decoction of water, Maine the canned corn industry is an ephemeral season of feverish activity, lasting not over a fortnight, upon which the whole outcome of the

year's industry depends. During the last weeks of August freight cars full of tin cans are shunted into the shops; the yards have been carefully cleaned and everything is prepared for the impending hustle, in which, perhaps, 1,000,000 cans must be filled, sealed and made ready for market.

The "buyer" all this time is making his daily rounds in a light wagon, visiting all the corn raisers within twenty miles, seeing that the contracts, signed a year before, are being when each grower's crop will be ready for the mill. No man must bring in his corn until it is called for: no man dares delay it (for greater weight) after the order has gone forth. The system is perfection and insures a steady and ample supply for the two weeks of canning timejust enough for the machinery to take it the corn might lie a day or two in the shop yard and spoil, for green corn is a highly perishable commod-

ity. When everything is absolutely ready the foreman gives the word. instantly the most amazing activity tue shop; school is delayed until cantask of getting the corn into the process. cans before the frost strikes it. In-

for the corn to come. utes the first lot of heaping bushel presto! the thing is done.

comes; the game is on. around the heaps of corn, stripping away for dear life. The incentive is very high temperature is maintained five cents for every bushel of husked by steam. corn-quite enough to make the poverty bitten ruralites "dig in" for all out of these bushel baskets.

Meanwhile, as the ox teams, drays and wagons of every description are hauling in the corn, and the chattering, competing townsfolk are husking away like mad, the stripped corn is of corn running through these sion of ratk scampering into their holes; they whisk along almost faster | ping platform. than the eye can follow. One "cuter," fed by a boy, does the work that

they are conveyed to a big rotating This corn is all caught in another cans, the rapidity of the work bevat, called the "mixer," where it is comes apparent.-New England Grois thoroughly incorporated by ma- cer.

sugar and starch. When the mixing is complete bucketfuls of the compound are carried to the steam-cooker; here the first cook-

ing takes place at a temperature of 180 degrees. On both sides of this cooker long chutes descend from the upper story, and down these chutes fall tin cans, dropping into place beneath nozzles which automatically discharge precisely a canful of corn. These nozzles fill fifty-six cans a minute-almost one every second, you notice—which is a great deal faster than a dozen skilled workmen could

do. As the cans are filled with the steaming, fragrant mixture, an endcarried out and ascertaining just less chain conveys them on to a revolving steel table, where they are roughly hustled and made to "move on" until they fall into a regular line and pass through the automatic "counter," a turnstile affair which registers the exact number of cans

filled every day. Without pausing a second, the cans travel along a belt which carries them care of, no more, no less. Without under the "wiper," a buzzing brush, much like a street-sweper in a small scale: this device instantly cleans off any stray kernels which may have adhered to the outside, and passes the cans to an operator who very deftly places the little round "solderated" covers in position. Just as they ensues. Every man, woman and leave the operator's hands, each can child who can possibly get away from receives a good brushing with muriother occupations is requisitioned by atic acid from a nest of whirling brushes, for all the world like mucining time is over; every other busi- lage brushes. This acid prepares the ness is subordinated to the pressing covers for the automatic soldering

The soldering machine receives side the mill the complex machines twelve cans at once, solders them sibegin to hum, outside, the yard fills multaneously with circular irons, and up with women and children, waiting delivers them out on to another belt before you half understand how it is The first load is acclaimed with accomplished. Its capacity is 42,000 cheers as it lumbers in behind a yoke cans a day. Each can cover is proof red oxen; no sooner is it dumped vided with its own solder, the irons than the swarm of workers burrows of the machine, heated by gasoline into it like so many bees, stripping flame and well dipped in salammonand tearing off the husks; in five min- iac, whirl down with a spiral motion?

baskets, piled high with sweet green Nothing now remains but to seal corn, is being wheeled away to the up the little air holes in the middle 'cutters." Another and another load of the covers. This detail is attended to by a couple of men who drop solder Nothing in our prosaic American on the centre of each top as the cans life could be more picturesque, more pass by. Leaving these men, the suggestive of the free, open air labor cans are collected in great trays, each of southern Europe than this yard holding ninety-four cans. Five trays full of people, in all manner of parti- are piled together, and the whole colored dress, kneeling and sitting mass, containing 470 cans in all, is dragged off to the "retorts," where a

Into the retorts go the cans on the double quick; the doors are jacked they are worth. Many a new suit of on and the steam admitted. Here clothes, many a Sunday bonnet come the corn receives its final cooking; and when, with a great rush and hissing of steam, the doors are thrown open again, it is ready for market and table.

Other workmen now wheel the corn away to a large platform where hauled away on trucks to the first thousands of cans are piled; a hose is machines, the "cutters," clever de- squirted over the new arrivals to cool vices which whip off every kernel in them, and they are then ready for a twinkling and toss the cobs out into labeling and shipment. The whole the yard again through a chute. The process has consumed less than an hour, from the time of delivery in the machines make you think of a proces- yard until the finished product lies cooked, sealed and cooled on the ship-

The rapidity and entire precision the manufacture are miraculous formerly required ten or a dozen men Hardly twice does a human hand armed with corn knives. Hardly twice does a human hand touch the work—it is a triumph of The meaty kernels, running with machinery, pure and simple. There white juice, are poured down into are, in the whole range of mechanvats, from these machines, whence ics, very few processes excelling this for quickness and automatic perfecsleve which sorts out bits of cob, tion. When one considers that in the refuse and the like, letting only the very brief corn season a single shop clean and perfect corn pass through. turns out from 300,000 to 500,000

Honey in It.

When the Salvation Army first came to America, twenty-five years ago, says the author of "The Prophet of the Poor," is found a ready advocate of its methods in the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. Mr. Beecher had just and a lesson, in parable form, from a certain "Brother" Anderson, which he never forgot.

Brother Anderson was at that time the pastor of a colored congregation which was noted for the noise and enthusiasm of its services. Incidentally the old man wielded a whitewash-brush, but he was known as an exhorter of no mean ability. One day he persuaded Mr. Beecher to address his congregation.

The occasion seemed a good one for reproving the congregation for their uproarious methods, and Mr. Beecher did so. "Let all things be done decently and in order," he conci-ded. Then Brother Anderson rose to speak.

"I love Brudder Beecher; I love to hear him preach dis after noon," he said. "He's our good frien". And glory noisy 'n' shouting, and some goes still like, 's if they's ashamed of what's in 'em. And he say we better be more like dat still kind, and de white folks'll like us more. He say The experience meeting turned out de boys and de gels star' in de do'way to be highly interesting.—New York

de boys and de geis stair in de do way to be and laugh at us, and mock at us remuse o' de way we goes or.

"Yas, I see de boys and gein stan all ha' winter roun' de door, an' under de windows, su' laff; and dey peep in and laff. But I member what I saw las' summer among de bees.

"Some of de hives was nice astallan an' ettl. like 'mescrable meat-

de gospel bees do. Come in an' we'll you to de clover. "You won't come in? Well, den,

poor things, den stan' roun' de outside an' have de drippin's. We's got honey in dis hive." "As he spoke," said Mr. Beecher, "I seemed to see my own sermon shrinking and fading away."

Workmen and Their Tools.

The monotony of labor union meetings was broken the other night when a spirited young fellow blurted out: "You chaps can talk the year round about wages and hours, but mighty few of you know how to keep your tools in order and get the best out of them. I'll bet there ain't a dozen men here to-night who don't abuse their tools. You let 'em rust out, throw 'em away and buy new There was a general moveones." went in the room. An old man said he had used a saw for twenty years. A tailor declared one pair of sh lasted him eighteen years. A car-penter's drawing kuife was fifteen years old. Old Jimmy, of Washingsaid. "He's our good frien'. And ton Market, used a carving knife he say dat some folks goes up to twelve years. Joe Ochstel had a hatchet for twenty-two years. A boxmaker used a pocketknife nineteen years. A cabinetmaker had a plain oit that wore out a dozen stocks

The Oldest Bridegro

Sir Robert Turing, Bart., who was narried at St. George's, Hanover iquare, recently, though he will be seventy-nine'in a few days, is not the oldest titled bridegroom of recent cars. The late Marquis of Denegal



Furs that have become flat and oily looking about the neck may be made fresh and like new by rubbing the fur the wrong way with hot bran. Furs that have been wet should never be hung in front of a stove or an open fire to dry.

Telephones at the Theatre.

To enable young married women. if they become anxious, to telephone home and inquire as to the condition of their children, telephones are fitted in every private box at the Coliseum. It is a common thing at the opera and many West End theatres to see a queue of ladies waiting their turn at the telephone between the acts, says London Opinion, just "to have a word with nurse."

When to Shun White Shoes.

The weakness for white shoes shown among certain classes is to be deplored. The material is cheap, the feet they adorn usually large-or is it that white makes even small feet look tremendous? They soil so easily, and in any event should be worn with white costumes. In any event, cheap white shoes should never be worn. Black shoes for street wear are always safe. The various browns do well for some occasions, but black always looks well and the feet look smaller in it.

Broderie Anglaise.

One generally sees broderic Anglaise worked in floral patterns, or, at any rate, in "fancy" designs; for a change in it is much prettier in a severe style, and a charming blouse of saffron taffeta embroidered in a design somewhat like the conventional wreath of bays, stretched out raight! A very fine piece of Valenclennes was embroidered thus, and the broderie worked on lace was most effective; this blouse had chiffon bretelles edged with tiny frills, and the embroidery was done in colored slik match.

Hand-Painted Hats.

There seems to be no stopping in the universal race for novelty. The latest craze is for hats hand-painted with the designs of the flowers with which they are trimmed. Large Leghorn hats in white and black have their brims painted with long trails of pink or white roses and trimmed with clusters of the flowers and big bows. A very dainty toque also fashionable is of pale mauve crinoline straw, trimmed with lilac and ornamented with painted sprays of the same blossoms, which are half hidden in the folds of the straw .- London Opinion.

Gloves Will Go Deep in Pockets. It will be enough to scare any father to learn how expensive his wife's and daughter's winter clothes are going to be. The icily calm importer of Paris frocks makes no apologies for her announcement that never in long experience have French models been so dear, while some of the accessories of dress, such as gloves and plumes, prove a ton weight on the man who has to pay for them. A Tashlor able woman's glove will b increased unpleasantly, as the bright shades that will be worn this year are costly. "Last season we could count on one hand our customers who demanded colored gloves," says the purveyor of modes, "but this winter the pale grays and fawns are considered insignificant. Already we have demands for claret, grass-green, royal

Sweet Faces.

purple and electric blue gloves.

The most expressive face is not the one which writhes or agonizes with every sorrowful feeling, or twists and squirms with every amusing situation; it is rather the one which retains a calm exterior while the strongest emotions of the soul play upon it with their lights and shadows. The face should be the smooth curtain on which the heart exhibits its various pictures without disturbing it, not the stage which requires the shifting of scenery for every act. The reason why so many beautiful faces are to be found in a convent is in a great measure due to the daily habit of composing the features in long hours of meditation and prayer. Unmarred by contending emotions, the features are gradually moulded into harmonious outlines. To sum up on this pointtrain your features to composure, and avoid all grimacing habits, says Woman's World. Because good humor is an obliging quality, many women think they must always be in a laugh or a broad smile in order to be charming. This is a grievous mis-

Tight Hose Harmful.

Worse even than narrow toes is the habit that many women have of buying hose too small for their feet and wearing them constantly.

It is needless to say that binding fiesh in tight stockings is one of the

most harmful forms of lacing, be when that is impaired the individual becomes a proy to all sorts of all-ments, which, by the way, not only manifest themselves in corns and cal-louses, but by affecting the general

Stockings too large, the other extreme, are also bad, but the ill effects they cause are not to be compared with the wearing of tight hose. When they are too long and wrinkle over the instap and under the arch of the foot they cause callous places and the folds of the material pressing into the flesh frequently irritate the skin, be-cause of the constant friction of rub-bing upon and down with every step

The ideal stockings have broad to sto ties, so that the feet care its straight of is in them. They should fit close to the

esh, not snugly enough to be uncomfortable, but just shape them-selves nicely to the feet. Once such hosiery is put on no other kind will ever be purchased again.

The seams are, of course, small and soft and if possible get the styles that have them on the outside of the foot instead of down the centre. where, if the threads are drawn a trifle tight they often chafe the flesh. -New Haven Register.

The Birdenge Coiffure.

Women who have returned recently from Paris are introducing a new French evening costume that outdoes in altitude anything seen since the powdered wig of Colonial days.

The framework of the new arrangement is a cage-like wire affair. patterned after a high skull cap. This is placed just in the centre of the head and the tresses are arranged over it to give the effect of a towering mass of "crowning glory." The hair first is waved, then sepa-

rated to hang in even quantities on all sides of the head. When the "cage" has been adjusted the wavy locks are drawn up loosely over it and arranged in a graceful knot at the summit.

If the hair is too scanty for thin treatment, the ends are tucked in on top and pinned, and a group of artificial curls is fastened above.

A fillet is usually drawn around the new coiffure at a point about on a line with the lower edge of the cage. Sometimes this is a double string of pearls, or again it is a simple fold of tulle with a large artificial rose caught to it at either side of the head.

Tact and Patience. To say "no" to a child is often

much easier and quicker than to explain the situation and help the child to say no to himself. But the latter is the better way. It requires tact, patience and persistence, and, above all, prayer. When the child has been made to understand why he should or should not do a certain thing, then comes a supreme moment of testing. Will he choose the right course, or will he decide for the wrong? The mother must not interfere, and she can do nothing but wait, lifting her heart in a silent, pleading prayer for the Holy Spirit to direct her little one. And, for her comfort, she may be assured that He who promised His Spirit to those who ask, will not fail to answer. Do not let us make the mistake of thinking that little things are insignificant. The smallest decision that a child makes is large to him, and every one goes toward forming that strange power which we call babit and which will be so large a eactor in his later life. It is only by triffing and oft-repeated lessons that the child learns to govern himself, but the mother who helps her little one to such self-mastery is giving him the key to victory. for "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." -Clara E. Hamilton.

For Those Who Worry.

The worrying temperament often cupation lies within home walls, whose life is monotonous, and outlook circumscribed.

The frame inures itself to privation, to work, when it does not interfere too much with eating and sleeping, but the system never accustoms itself, healthily, to worry. It is a perpetual tease upon the

nerves, and never remits its rasping, wearing power. It is generally true that an anxlous tendency to take care rather seriously outruns its right propor-

tions, becomes a giant, and gains mastery over its victim. To "tie it well and let it go." to do one's duty, then trust in the goodness that rules the universe, and of which each individual is a part, is a

nobler, healthier role than to fret and fret. If Anxions was a divinity, to be propitiated by anxious thoughts, and offerings to his skeleton partner, Black Care, then worry might be worth while, but not when it hinders

usefulness and encourages croaking. Where care stimulates activity it is beneficial, but the moment it goes beyond that it checks good work

Think how much humanity suffers on account of the things that never happen. Think how worrying takes away peace of mind, nerve, unfits for the battle of life, the sweeping and lunging toward things outward and great in our lives.

Winnow your own individual life. See how the things about which you were worrying and twisting never came near you, and happiness came around the corner undreamed of, un-Experience does not seem to help

can be shown to be year in and out naiply of the imagination, he still coes submerged and water-logged by fear of anxiety. The condition of worrying is lestroying habit feels as uneasy with

the votary of Care. Though troubles

without his hair-cloth When fidgeting as to how ends are going to meet, just recall the fact nat they generally do meet, some

out some fret as an old friar would

No one has a right to convert the future into an outlying storm-ground and draw in upon himself and others its chills and blasis.

Fear secretes acids, affects that su-perb engine, the heart, but confidence and trust are sweet juices to the con-stitution and nature.—A. Day Rebinon, in Health.

A toiler raised his honest voice To tell of sleep screne Enfolding him, when work was done, Upon his pullet mean.

And then in praise of outdoor couch Spoke one of aypsy birth. And said the sweetest rest was found Upon the breast of earth.

At this the summer guest arose,
Aside all others swept,
And seasted that at his resort
Neath blankets he had slept.
—McLandburgh Wilson, in the New York



"You entertain a great deal more than you did formerly, I notice. "Yes, indeed. This is the first really hospitable cook we ever had."-Life.

"Papa, what is a 'gentleman of the old school?" "One, my son, who insists on having Bright's disease when he can abundantly afford appendicitis."-Puck Hubbubs-"Are you ever bothered

with tramps out here?" Subbubs "No: I have a sign on the gate reading: 'We are vegeturians, but our dog isn't." - Philadelphia Press. "Yes," sighed Mrs. Lapsling, "So-

phrony suffers terrible from neuralagy. The only relief she ever gets is when she has an epidemic inserted in her arm."-Chicago Tribune.

These ice magnates
Who charge so high
Can't take their ice long
When they die.
—Denver Past.

Bertha—"I say, father, you are still growing?" Father—"No, my dear. Why?" Bertha (puzzied)— 'Why because the top of your head is coming through your hair."-The Bystander.

Fat Squire-"But I tell you, sir, this road is private, and you shall not pass except over my prostrate body' Cyclist-"All right, guy'nor, I'll go back. I've done enough hill climbing already!"-Punch.

Tommy-"I wish our school was a Government office in Washington." Mamma-"What on earth do you wish that for, Tommy?" "Tommy-Because then us fellers could spell any old way."-Baltimore American. Bank Teller-"I have no doubt you are Billyuns, the ice magnate, but you must be identified. Can't you bring in some friend to-" Bill-yuns-"I have no friends." Bank Teller-"It's all right. You're identifled."-Life.

Two hearts with but a single thought,
Till life is done;
But how much better if two mouths
Could eat as one.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Never hit a man when he has got you down .- Philadelphia Record. Bacon-"She says she is twentyeight years old." Egbert-"Well, she looks as if she would say she was about that old." - Yonkers Statesman.

"Let me see," said the Boston oculist, "it's your right eye that troubles you, is it not?" "Oh, no!" replied the lady; "it is quite true that my right eye causes me some annoyance. but I am bothered more by my 'alter ego." -- Philadelphia Ledger.

Wife-"Weren't you awfully frightened; dear, when you made your first political speech the other night?" Candidate-"Yes; but I got through safely." Wife-"Safely?" velled for me to sit down."-Detroit Free Press.

"The road to knowledge, nowadays," said the first old schoolmaster, "is too swift and too easy, It's a regular railroad." "Yes," agreed the other old pedagogue, "and it's a railroad with fewer switches than are necessary,"- Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Elastic Wheels. For years inventors have been trying to devise a wheel with springs between the hub and rim, thus imparting to a vehicle the comfort now derived from pasumatic tires. The Tribune Farmer has described one or two of these devices in the past. As yet none of them have been introduced to actual use, but they may need only some trifling improvement to render them perfectly satisfactory. Wheels of that sort with solid rubber tires would last longer than do hollow rubber tires. They should enable the owner of an automobite to save money. According to David Beecroft, a writer for "The Technical World Magazine," a first class tire for a motor car wheel thirty-six inches in diameter, if the tire itself has a five-inch diameter, will cost \$67.50 per wheel, or \$270 for a set of four. This covers the cost only of the casings or outer portions, to which must be added the expense of the air chambers, amounting to \$15 each or \$60 for a complete set, thus increasing the entire cost to \$310. Besides this high faltist expense is the trouble due to puncturang, which robe the sport of much of its pleasure; more important still is the dan-ger of the car upsetting if travellog at a high rate of speed when a tire punctures.

Alcohol-Engines.

Professor Elihu Thomson says that experiment has proved that alcohol, provided it can be made cheep nough, is entirely suitable se a fac for internal combustion engines, though the heating value of als though the heating value of gassiin is truch loss than that of gassiin yet a gotton or aisolal will devel-substantially the same power as gallon of gasoline, because of the greater efficiency of operation, Les reater efficiency of operations in thrown off in mast on the alcohol, and a mis-