

THE COUNTRY STORE.

Does there live a little archer, growing up about the farm,
Who can scorn the honest pleasure or resist the breezy charm
Of a jolting drive in a "father," while the horses pick their way
Over April's chirping runlets or the autumn's hindling day?
For the drive is to the "Corners," and the team draws up before
That shade of life and color which its patrons call "the store."
In its depths are plow and harrow, while their pictures on the wall,
Boldly done in green and scarlet, speak in eulogies of all.
On the shelves are rainbow gingham, woven stout for little boys,
Candy loafs for Sunday service and to swell the schoolroom noise,
Shining tin, and loops of harness—could a city shop hold more
In its prime and ordered quarters than this bulging country store?
Then the clients that it gathers! Men of wisdom most profound—
And Captain Abel's "most a hundred," and has said the map around;
Jolly, self-proclaimed "fooler," drawing out a traveler's tale
While the depot of the post-bag shuffles calmly through the mail.
Politics and local news and weather-lore
Occupy this humble senate grouped about the country store.
Then, perhaps, the boy grows weary while the graybeards wag away,
And his copper-toed tormentors feel amiss

this working-day.
Wistfully he eyes the roadside, where the waiting horses stamp,
Till the gift of father's penny rubs again
Aladdin's lamp.
For within one ancient show-case bristle, bright as precious ore,
Yellow stick and crimson lozenge—quite the treasures of the store.
What is this? The years have hastened, and a man, grown stout and gray,
Steps across the rounded threshold after many a homesick day.
Tailored cloth in place of gingham, careful clip for mother's art,
Change the outward man's appearance, but they cannot change his heart.
To a hopeful beat it quickens as he pauses in the door—
Scarcely has a feature altered in the well-remembered store.
Now he knows another reason, as he gazes up and down,
Why they say God made the country while His children made the town.
Quiet life has brought these neighbors to an age of placid grace,
And a seaman, scarcely younger, drones in this Old Home Week the townsmen, back to haunts he used to know,
Wondering he could have left them, since they grip his heart-strings so;
And among the kindly faces and the quiet, pined stock of yore,
He is ed to see farm-warden, come with "father" to the store.
—Jeanne Pendleton Ewing, in Youth's Companion.

THE "LINE-BACK'S" CALF.

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON.

Fleet as a scared fawn, the little red calf darted under Jerome's riata and fled into the bunch of cattle rounded up on the parade grounds. The guarding vaqueros raised a laugh at the disgraced cowboy; the red calf had twice eluded him.
The rodeo "boss" lifted the Crescent-H branding-iron—the range mark of Jerome's employers—from the fire and tossed it into the dust. He took up the "scissors" iron of the Dry Creek outfit and gazed at it reflectively.
"Well, whose calf is it?" he asked. "You two will have to settle it."
Now to tell the percentage of a huerfano, that the eyes of no man have seen until the round-up, will baffle even a boss of the rodeo. Young Teddy Jerome was positive that the red calf belonged to a "line-back" cow that had Mason's Crescent-H mark. Bernal, a truculent Mexican half-breed vaquero from the Dry Creek ranch, swore that the red calf's mother was a gaunt old "long-horn" with the scissors brand on her flank.

"Look!" shouted Jerome, angrily, drawing in his rope. "It knows its mother—it's ours!"
The disputed calf was dodging among the swaying cattle that the cowboys held on the parade space; it nudged close to the line-back—then was through like a streak of red to the side of the Dry Creek cow.
Bernal and some of the riders laughed. Young Jerome was nettled, but not shaken in his belief. He was the only man from his employers' ranch at the rodeo and felt the responsibility of getting every calf that was rightfully due him. Bernal had already secured one that Jerome thought was his, but the wild mother had so nearly weaned their offspring by the end of the season that doubt might well arise.
"You and Bernal will have to settle it," repeated the rodeo boss. "Now cut out another calf from the bunch—lively!"

So the branding went on; the huerfanos, one by one, were cut out, roped, and dragged to the branding fire to be identified and marked with any one of the dozen irons that were hot in the embers. Bernal and Jerome were among the cowboys who rode about the wild herd. Every few minutes it was augmented by other terror-stricken steers which the vaqueros were beating out of the brushy gulches leading down into the main canon where the rodeo was held.
It was rough, dangerous work. Even leather "chaps" and sombreros could not protect the riders from the thorny mesquit, nor could the sure-footed pony guarantee them from broken bones on the steep hillsides. Since daylight the rodeo hands had held a bunch of tame valley cows on the parade grounds to serve as a buffer to the wild steers that charged down the canon. Young Jerome was behind these cattle, plying his quirt and yelling in the stinging fashion of the cattlemen to stop the pressure.
But from up the canon a shrill "hy-a-by-a" announced the arrival of another bunch of cattle driven out by the workers. Straight into the uneasy herd on the parade grounds charged two dozen fierce steers; the mass broke before the impact, and the riders were swept away among frightened groups of cattle.

Jerome flew over the rocky creek-bed in pursuit of a score that gained the brush before he could turn them. But one by one his trained cow-pony headed the fugitives. He saw Bernal riding before half a dozen of the cattle, and when the American went to his aid, all but three had been turned back to the parade.
But these three, charging wildly over a thorny ridge beyond the riders, happened to be the line-back cow with Mason's mark on her flank, the old long-horn that bore the scissors brand, and the feet red yearling that had no brand at all. Bernal turned in the saddle to laugh derisively at his younger rival. The Mexican was reputed the best man with a rope in Northern Arizona.
"You cut 'em—ha!" he called. "Jerome, who rope 'em—he have 'em, eh?"

"No," shouted Jerome. "It's Mason's calf! I'll not gamble it like these boys, and you know it, too!"
But the calf kept so impartially with the two gaunt, fierce mothers that one might well have reserved judgment. They plunged over a brushy knoll, and Bernal, with a twist of his Spanish bit, turned his pony to cut across their path.
The move suddenly crowded Jerome off the narrow trail, so that his animal went floundering down a steep pitch of loose lava rocks on the hillside, and before he could gain the ridge the three feet outside and the

reckless Mexican had disappeared in a little canon.
Jerome was angry at his comrade. He was the youngest man on the rodeo, and his skill as a cattlemen had twice been discredited by some unfortunate chance-of-day. Bernal would have some sarcastic remark about his horsemanship now, when they rode into camp; he had crowded Jerome out of the chase purposely.
The Crescent-H ride felt his reputation was at stake; he could never yield the disputed ownership of the red calf before his fellows at the rodeo now. He clattered along in the dust which the Mexican had left in the arroyo.

A hundred yards up the canon a riderless cow-pony dashed past Jerome so fast that he barely recognized it as Bernal's pinto. The American reined in to avoid the rocky canon-bed in astonishment. Where was the dark-skinned vaquero with his wonderful skill in riding and roping? A cowboy unhorsed on the range is like a fish out of water. Some evil had befallen Bernal.

Jerome rode rapidly on. The arroyo opened out on a steep gravelly slope on one side, which ran down a hundred yards to the edge of a sheer precipice. Over this cliff it was a drop of two hundred feet to the creek-bed, whence came the shouts of the men and the bawling of the calves on the parade grounds. The cowboy stared down this slope in surprise. The arroyo ended here; on one side the rocks barred the way, on the other was the sloping stretch to the edge of the cliff. Bernal was not to be seen.

The cow with the Dry Creek brand suddenly clattered past Jerome, being turned from her flight by the unscalable rocks beyond. Then, half-way down the slope, the cowboy saw the red calf flat on its side, roped about its forefeet, helpless and stunned, with Bernal's long riata trailing back in the soft lava rock and dust. Farther down the slope the line-back cow, making furious plunges on the very edge of the canon, grinding the rocks with her long horns.

Jerome stared at her, a reassuring satisfaction rising even through his wonder, for the Crescent-H cow was in all the rage of a wild mother or protecting her offspring. No cattlemen would doubt for an instant to whom the red calf belonged, if he saw this frantic maternal solitude. The scissors-brand cow had thought only of escape. But how came the calf to be roped and abandoned, and where was Bernal?

Jerome sat in his sweaty saddle on top of the terrace-like top of the hill, watching the line-back's exhibition. A wild mother cow's rage is to be approached with caution. A man might dismount, secure the riata, and then drag the calf up the slope, while the cow was raging along the edge of the cliff below; she could hardly charge up through the soft crumbling lava to reach him. Bernal must have gone over the cliff in some fashion; he was inevitably killed, if such was the case.
The gaunt line-back cow was on her fore knees, scraping her horns in a clump of greasewood that grew on the edge of the cliff. She threw bits of froth over her sides at each sweep of her head; she bellowed at each futile plunge of her horns into the bush, and then Jerome saw what so excited her animosity.
Bernal lay half over the chasm, clinging desperately to the greasewood roots and the crevices of the rocks, and the frantic mother was, at each plunge, tearing his support from the soil.
Jerome whirled his pony on the narrow flat to come nearer to the spot. He shouted at the Mexican, whose head and shoulder he could just see. The rest of the man's body actually appeared to hang over the precipice.
Bernal heard, and turned his head feebly.
"Loco! loco!" he cried. "Shoot 'em!"
Jerome's six-shooter was in his hand at the suggestion. But he hesitated. It was a long distance to use a revolver; he might hit Bernal, or, if he simply wounded the enraged animal, he would in nowise assist her victim. And if a bullet struck her dead she would plunge squarely upon the Mexican and carry him down to the rocky creek-bed two hundred feet below.

"Shoot! shoot!" shrieked Bernal, in a crevice of the precipice.
It seemed as if the terrible horns were smashing his very knuckles as he clung to the greasewood. The animal almost lay in the hole she had torn out of the loose soil on the edge of the cliff. At any moment she might dislodge the last root of the

tough brush, or even get low enough to stun Bernal with a blow on the head.

But Jerome dropped his pistol back in his holster. He would take no chances with shooting the cow. He spurred his reluctant pony over the flat, and was plunging down through the sliding lava stuff toward the edge of the cliff. The red calf struggled feebly in the riata as Jerome's pony stumbled past it. The rider had hoped to draw off the mother, but she would not be enticed from her victim. A man dismounted will instantly arouse the savage instincts of the range cattle in the Southwest; the old line-back seemed bent upon revenging all the wrongs of her kind upon the unfortunate Mexican.

Again he called upon his companion to shoot the animal. The greasewood was cracking; there was nothing else to stay his fall. Bernal's body simply lay in a crotch of the bush pulled down over the cliff.
But Jerome spurred his sporting pony in a half-circle about the cow some yards away. Then he unclosed his riata, measuring the distance. The line-back's head was so constantly down in her efforts to get at the Mexican that roping was no easy feat. And in the struggle she might go over the cliff, dragging horse and rider after her, for there would be no time to escape if she fell.

Already Bernal seemed to be slipping from his last clutch. So, gathering in his bridle-reins, that he might urge the stout little pony forward if the throw was good, Jerome sent the heavy riata whirling down the slope. The maddened cow had just bowed her neck for a final sweep at the brush when the rope struck her. She threw back her head, and the rawhide fell clear about her nose, tightening with a jerk. Jerome's spurs sent the pony up the slope in a desperate plunge, and the cowboy was plying his quirt and yelling as the line grew taut.

The line-back cow was upreared; then she toppled and rolled, fighting the line, almost to the edge of the cliff. It was a critical moment; once the brave little pony lost his feet in the loose, treacherous rock. Then he was up, making plunges after plunges, until the heavy animal at the end of the line was choked into helplessness.
The heaving body of the cow lay with her hind feet over the cliff in Bernal's face, when Jerome at last stopped the trained pony with a single word. But the wise brute still hung forward, keeping the line tight.
His rider dismounted, and ran to help the Mexican. Bernal was weak enough as he staggered up the slope. He had roped the calf, but a broken cinch had given him a hard fall on the rocks, and he had scrambled up, to find himself dismounted and pursued by the cow, maddened by the bawling of her offspring.

"I jumped behind the bush on the edge of the canon," said Bernal, as he watched Jerome releasing the subdued line-back and her calf. "Dat cow push dat bush clear over the edge. She tear it to pieces! Dat calf yours all right. I wouldn't put 'em. I tell the rodeo boss I put the Crescent-H on 'em myself!"—Youth's Companion.

Another Kind of Memory.
In the Hewitt family it was Frank whose wonderful memory was held up as an example to the other children, and Mabel who was alternately chided and pitied for her forgetfulness. Therefore a remark made by Great-Aunt Hewitt when she went to the city on one of her rare visits caused considerable surprise.
"You ought to have trained that boy of yours better!" said Miss Hewitt, with considerable severity. "How in the world he can be so forgetful when there's Mabel for an example I don't see for the life of me!"
"Mabel!" echoed the mother, in amazement. "Why, Mabel has the poorest memory in the family! If she has an errand to do, we have to write it down for her, and in school she can't remember dates or rules or anything without an awful struggle. But Frank—why, he never forgets anything he's once been told."
"Yes, he does," said Great-Aunt Hewitt, testily. "He forgot which was my chair in the sitting room every day of the two months those children were at my house, except when I managed to get it ahead of him. I've seen Mabel rout him out of it day after day, and he looked just as bewildered every time."
"It's all very well for the boy to have a head crammed with rules and dates and figures, but there's another part of his memory that needs looking to, and mightly hard work it'll be to get it in good order, if I'm any judge."—Youth's Companion.

Baffled But Determined.
While Mr. Graham calmly and deliberately opened the morning paper and ran his eye over the headlines, his wife looked volumes of reproach and impatience.
"Can't you tell me about that fire yesterday before you read everything else in the paper?" she asked at last.
"Certainly, my dear, certainly," said Mr. Graham, when she had repeated her question. "Er—here it is."
"At four-thirty yesterday afternoon the great boiler at Stafford's burst. The scene which followed baffled all description."
"Is that all it says?" demanded Mrs. Graham, as her husband's eye seemed inclined to wander over the page.
"No," said Mr. Graham; "there are three full columns of description on this page, and it says 'continued on page six.'"—Youth's Companion.

Chopped Off His Finger.
From Singapore comes the story of a Chinese cook who had been addicted to gambling, but repented his evil ways. Finding that his debts were accumulating day by day, he went into the kitchen and chopped off the forefinger of his left hand as a self-punishment and warning to himself that he must relinquish this evil habit of gambling in the future. He became unconscious through the pain, but was brought round again in a few minutes.

Cupid Versus Sport.
Although weddings are many at this season of the year, engagements are few. The masculine mind is too much taken up with sport, and the delights of a "warm corner," when the long-tailed birds are sailing overhead in large numbers, or the pleasurable excitement of cub-hunting, which is only a promise of greater joys to come, occupy it to the exclusion of all softer emotions.—The Crown.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG GUNS.

Long Ranges and Improved Accuracy of Fire.

A few weeks ago the American Society of Mechanical Engineers was invited to follow up its session in this city by a visit to Sandy Hook, where the United States Government has a fort for the permanent defense of the harbor of New York, and also special grounds for the testing of new cannon. The party included six hundred members. Though the visitors were not permitted to learn certain secrets of the War Department relative to the protection of the country from a foreign foe, they had a good chance to see some of the guns which would be employed in emergencies.

Much the largest cannon ever built for the United States has a calibre of sixteen inches. This was not fired for the visiting engineers, but they had a good look at it. The monster takes a charge of 640 pounds of powder and throws a projectile weighing 2400 pounds, or considerably over a ton. Up to the present time it has been discharged only five times. The extreme range of the piece is said to be twenty-one miles, but it would do no particular damage at that distance. Its best work would probably be limited to a range of eight or ten miles. The sixteen-inch gun is mounted on a "disappearing" carriage, as are most of the heaviest guns employed for coast defense.

An idea of the appearance of the disappearing gun carriage can be derived from the accompanying picture, which shows that type of mounting applied to a six-inch rifle. As will be perceived at a glance, the gun is sustained by two enormous wheels which are hinged at both top and bottom. It is thus possible for the gun to occupy two positions, one higher than the other. After being fired the gun swings backward and downward. When it has been loaded it can be raised several feet without altering the aim. This arrangement allows the gunners to load the piece while it is out of sight behind the parapet, but to bring it up again for actual service. The gun carriage can be rotated so as to sweep the horizon from right to left, like the older form of artillery mounting.

The visiting engineers saw two rounds fired from a six-inch rifle and one from a ten-inch gun. They also examined the twelve-inch gun provided with a style of disappearing carriage unlike the others and invented by General Crozier, chief of the ordnance bureau of the army. Explaining the wonderful advances which have been made in the last five years in practice with these guns, one of the officers present stated that where a shot could be fired every three minutes and fifty per cent. of the shots would be hits at a range of 4000 to 4500 yards, now the guns are shot with 100 per cent. accuracy at a range of 700 yards, about four miles, with an average interval between the shots of only forty-three seconds.

Discovery of Nubian Manuscripts.
While examining some sheets of parchment bought at Cairo for Coptic manuscripts, Carl Schmidt made a discovery of much importance to philology and history. The repetition of the word "Uru," which among modern Nubians means king, convinced the German savant, who is an authority on Coptic and the early Christian archaeology of Upper Egypt, that the text was Nubian, a language which, although no longer spoken, is still written. The manuscripts date from the eighth century A. D. and are translations of Christian works in which frequent references to St. Paul are made. One manuscript is a collection of extracts from the New Testament, and the other a hymn of the cross. The Greek original of the hymn is not known. When the documents are deciphered the philological science will be enriched by the knowledge of the language spoken by the people of Nubia before the invasion of Semitic tribes, and the mysterious inscriptions on many of the Egyptian monuments may be read.—Scientific American.

The Family Honor.
"Bobby," asked the teacher of the class in arithmetic, addressing the question to one of the younger pupils, "how many pints are there in a gallon?" "I've forgot it again, ma'am," said Bobby, who found it hard to commit to memory the tables of weights and measures.
Thinking that perhaps by turning from the abstract to the concrete she might succeed better in stimulating his power of recollection, the teacher tried another tack.
"Bobby," she said, "your father is a milkman, isn't he?"
"Well, now, think as hard as you can. He sometimes sells a gallon can full of milk, doesn't he? Just so. Well, when he does, how many pints of milk are there in that gallon can?"
"It's all milk, ma'am!" indignantly exclaimed Bobby.—Youth's Companion.

Talked in Her Sleep.
A Paris woman who was arrested for picking pockets, and who pretended to speak an unknown language, betrayed herself in her sleep. When brought before the magistrate she was interrogated by Turkish, Russian, Polish and Hungarian interpreters, but none could understand her. The magistrate ordered her to be kept under strict surveillance. In her sleep she talked fluent French, with the true Parisian accent.

Jews and Charity.
It is stated that more than a fifth of London Jewry are in constant need of charity doles—a curious and painful commentary on the popular phrase, "as rich as a Jew." How admirably the Jews who can afford it respond to the needs of their poorer coreligionists is indicated by the very striking fact that the value of endowments of metropolitan Jewish charities is now within easy distance of the magnificent sum of 1,000,000 sterling.—Jewish Chronicle.

He Was Right.
"See here," feebly complained the victim, after the accident, "I thought you said it was perfectly safe to go up in that old elevator?" "Well," replied the elevator man, "so it was safe to go by, but see, the dangerous part of it was comin' down."—Philadelphia Press.

PRICE OF SUFFRAGE.

Committee Asked Enthusiastic Woman to Remit.

Mrs. Anna Bagley, who is visiting in this city, was once an enthusiastic woman suffragist in Wyoming. Her enthusiasm in the cause of her downtrodden sisters has waned almost to the vanishing point. She cast just one vote—for Theodore Roosevelt for President," she says in the pride of her heart—and it came near costing her \$75. She declares it isn't worth the money.

Wyoming, it must be remembered, is in the vanguard of American States in the march toward the universal franchise. In that Commonwealth a woman is every bit as good as a man, or better, and, moreover, she can prove it. She may not be able to trace a jackrabbit or coyote through the sage-brush quite so fast as her buckskinned lord, or cut such fancy figures with a lariat at a "round-up," but when it comes to wielding the ballot she will admit no inferiority.

Mrs. Bagley, while holding a position under the State Government in Cheyenne, exercised her right of suffrage with due solemnity. Soon afterward she moved to Great Falls, Mont., where the fact that she had once voted, mentioned casually during some small talk, became known among her friends. Much to her surprise, she became a heroine and had thrust upon her honors she had not counted on. The women of her immediate circle made much of one who enjoyed the full political rights thus far denied them, and at a little dinner she attended she found herself ostensibly labelled, "Montana's Only Woman Voter." There it was on her menu card in letters so big and bold that there was none so blind she could not bear witness to the fame of this great. She bore her distinction modestly—somehow, in fact.

After the lapse of a year or so Mrs. Bagley had called to her attention the fact that another election was about to be held in Wyoming, and the State—with a big "S"—needed her. Feeling sure of her party loyalty, the managers of the campaign wrote her, offering her transportation if she wished to return and cast her ballot. This was declined with thanks, and she resigned herself to life in Montana, where the electoral sovereignty of mere man is absolute and undivided. But she continued to be an earnest believer in woman's rights until—until she was rudely awakened to the fact that her suffrage idol had feet, not of clay but of mud.

The blow was delivered in this wise. Mrs. Bagley received from the head of the Wyoming Campaign Committee a letter reading something like this: "Dear Madam—We beg to call your attention to the fact that a campaign is in progress in this State in which is involved not only the very life of the party but the whole cause of good government, if not the safety of the Nation itself. We find ourselves plucked for funds with which to pay necessary campaign expenses and an allotment of the amount necessary has been made among those most interested in the success of the party. Your share has been fixed at \$75. Please remit by check or money order."

Mrs. Bagley rubbed her eyes, and the beautiful dream of the political equality of the sexes vanished.—Chicago Record-Herald.

For Those Who Would Be Strong.
Everybody seeks health nowadays, although all are not successful in finding it. At the same time, the amount of care which most of us take must surely have some effect on the longevity of the race, and certainly the average age does seem to be increasing.
The following rules issued by the New York Board of Health for the guidance of consumptives might very well be followed as nearly as possible by all of us:
Never sleep or stay in a close room.
When indoors remain in the sunniest and best ventilated room—one, if possible, which has no carpet.
Have at least one window open in your bedroom.
Have a room to yourself when possible, and at any rate have your own bed.
Go to bed early and sleep at least eight hours.
Avoid draughts, dampness, dust and smoke.
Keep your feet warm and dry.
Don't wear a chest protector.
If you have to work, take every chance to rest that you can.
Avoid eating when mentally or bodily tired, or when in a state of nervous excitement.
Eat plenty of good and wholesome food.—Washington Star.

Unexpected Bite.
One of the queerest experiences in catching trout that any man ever had was that at Moosehead Lake by an Attleboro sportsman named Williams. He was standing on the apron of the dam at Wilson's, fishing in the quick water below, and had met with fair success. Near the shore, on his right hand, in a little eddy, he noticed a barrel lying on its side in several feet of water. He wondered what it was there for, and was so curious that he left his fishing and went down to examine. He found that it was an old molasses barrel, and was lying so that he could see the bung-hole.
Of course, the barrel was full of water, and the man had no idea there was a fish inside of it, but just for curiosity he dropped his hook through the hole, and no sooner had it landed there than the water was boiling, and the fisherman knew he had a trout on the other end. He played him until the fish was tired, and when he came to land him he could not get him through the hole. He secured a saw and sawed a piece out of the top of the barrel near the hole. The fish came out. It weighed three pounds, and was one of the handsomest squaretails caught in that section this year.

One of the guides said that the trout must have gone into the barrel when small, and had lived on bugs and worms which had taken up their abode inside.—Maine Sportsman.

For Justice's Sake.
A Chicago lawyer tells of a Justice of the peace in a town in Southern Indiana whose ideas touching the administration of justice were somewhat bizarre. On one occasion, after all the evidence was in and the plaintiff's attorney had made an elaborate argument, the defendant's attorney rose to begin his plea.
"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the Court. "I don't see how you can proceed, Mr. Brown. I have got a very clear idea now of the guilt of the prisoner at the bar, and anything more from you would have a tendency to confuse the Court. I know he's guilty and I don't want to take no chances."—Harper's Weekly.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

It is now possible to see and hear plants grow. In the apparatus of two Germans the growing plant is connected with a disk having in its centre an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and this movement, magnified fifty times over a scale, shows the progress in growth.

Magnet windings of uninsulated wire are said to have proved feasible by the use of aluminum wire, the natural oxide upon which forms an effective insulation for moderate voltages. For over 200 volts, paper wound wet between the layers is effective, and for higher potentials, extra oxidation has been secured by dipping in a chemical bath.

It is reported from Paris that Professor Bohring has discovered a new method of sterilizing milk without boiling it or destroying any of its essential principles. The method is based on the powerful qualities of German perhydro, simply oxygenated. One gram per litre of this substance is sufficient to destroy all noxious germs. Milk thus sterilized can be kept a long time.

According to recent investigations, the peculiar flavor that pleases smokers is largely due to the activity of certain bacteria while the tobacco is undergoing the fermentation stage of curing. Dr. Suesbald, a German scientist, has cultivated germs taken from fine Cuban tobacco while fermenting and introduced them into inferior varieties of German tobacco. When the latter was cured connoisseurs could not distinguish it from the best Cuban brands.

Borings 1000 feet deep in New Orleans have encountered nothing more solid than mud, sand and a little thin clay; hence the problem of making safe foundations for the piers of a gigantic railroad bridge which is soon to be built across the Mississippi near the city is a hard one for engineering science. The piers will rest on timber caissons, each measuring over sixty feet by 126 and 140 feet high. The bottoms of these caissons will be 170 feet below the surface of the river.

"MOMENTUM IN VARIATION."
Explanation of Growth of Useless Animal Organs.
In many animals there are certain organs which, useful in their earlier stages, have apparently been so greatly developed as to become rather hindrances. The horns of certain deer, for example, useful as weapons of defense when smaller, have become so large as rather to handicap the animals in the struggle for life. The huge overgrown teeth, or tusks, of certain of the bear family may be cited as further examples. These are sometimes explained as organs which have been more useful in their present state under former conditions, and which have persisted through heredity. In the American Naturalist, however, Mr. F. B. Loomis brings forward another explanation. He thinks the growth of such organs is due to what he calls "momentum in variation." As a variation proceeds in a certain direction it acquires, like a body moving under the action of gravity, a momentum which may carry it past the stage of greatest utility. This factor in evolution, Mr. Loomis thinks, has not been assigned the importance it deserves.

Other evolutionists, however, have suggested that when an animal or plant has once started to vary in a given direction, it acquires a tendency to go on varying in that direction. And this, although the word momentum is not used, agrees with the above theory.

Logic is Logic.
The Irish intellect is more often associated with wit than with logic; but an Irish workman recently silenced for a moment the upbraiding tongue of his foreman by a display of something which bore just enough resemblance to logic to confuse the hearer.
The workman enjoyed leaning on his hod and making shrewd observations much more than he did stirring about, and the cry for "Mort! Mort!" fell on dull ears.
"Why don't you attend to your hod and keep that man going?" demanded the foreman severely, when Patrick was enjoying one of his frequent periods of rest.
Patrick raised his hod with a leisurely movement and turned a pair of twinkling eyes on his accuser.
"Sure, now," he said, easily, "if I was to keep him going all the time, sora a thing he'd say at all, at all; an' if he didn't say anything I'd be thinking he wasn't there. An' if he wasn't there, sora, what would he be wanting of murther any way?"—Youth's Companion.

A Direct Appeal.
A story is told of a New York car conductor who had once been in the ministry, and who retained some of his former ways of speech in his new calling.
He had been at the front of the car collecting fares, and when he returned to his platform a well-dressed person told him that a man had boarded the car at Houston street and had found a place inside.
The conductor stepped into the doorway, and ran his mild gaze up and down the car, but could not be sure which of the tightly-packed passengers was the late arrival.
"Will the gentleman who got on at Houston street please rise?" he asked, calmly.
The gentleman rose involuntarily, and with a bow said a "Thank you!" the conductor collected his fare.—Youth's Companion.

Butter in Armis.
Butter in Armis is made in churns suspended by ropes from the rafters and shaken from side to side by the women.

SONG OF THE MUSKRAT.

Oh, muskrat an swim on fat,
His nest an in the crer, at night
De, watch him swim de rivah rim
When de red moon stant to climb.
He snuff det trap, de triagh snap,
Ah, heah de dosh go slap.
Zh Ah ketch det sinah foh to-morrow's
dineh—
His most an sweet es ham.

Remus lub his 'possum,
All baked wid yellah yam;
But fust 'rat meat
So fat an sweet
An good enuf foh Sam.

De Cunnel say when he cum mah way,
"To cook det thing's a crime;
Ah'd ruther eat a bahn rat's meat
Den a muskrat any time."
Aunt Chloe smyle an affah while
She sen a dish so sweet,
De Cunnel chew each rich slice fro
En think et's chicken meat.

Remus lub his 'possum,
All baked wid yellah yam;
But fust 'rat meat
So fat an sweet
An good enuf foh Sam.—Pack.



"Mrs. Baker gave a party for babies under two years old." "Was it a success?" "Howling."—Life.

Bacon—"Is that a popular song your daughter is playing?" Egbert—"It was before she began playing it."—Yonkers Statesman.

"We've shorted out our words a few. The scheme is far from twaddle. Progressive young folks say 'skakoo.' Our grandaids said 'skedaddle.'"—Detroit News.

"He—'Everything in this house looks run down!' She—'But, dear, you haven't seen the bills this month!'"—Detroit Free Press.

Rantington—"Frohman wanted to present me this season." Manager (Frostville Opera House)—"Goah! Couldn't you make yourself presentable?"—Puck.

The Western Senator had purchased a home in the East. "Do you intend to abandon your State?" he was asked. "Not at all," he replied. "I need it for purposes of mileage."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Professional Humorist—"Wit should never seem forced. Now, I never try to be funny." His Vis-à-Vis—"Oh, but you should, Mr. Woodbine. One never knows what one can do till one tries."—Puck.

The Vicar's Wife—"I'm sorry to see you're not paying into our coal club this year, Goodenough." Goodenough—"Well, mum, you see—well, it's like this 'ere. I lives right be'ind the coal yard now!"—Punch.

"You keep a cook, of course, madam," said the polite agent, who was trying to sell a new kitchen utensil. "No, I don't," snapped the woman. "The best I can do is to give one employment."—Cleveland Press.

Full many a sport of fame in other days
The verdant meadows and the cornfields
hide.
Full many a baseball hero gathers in
Your nickle when you take a street-car
ride.
—Cleveland Press.

"I can't see anything of special interest in that manuscript of yours," said the publisher to the aspiring author. "I didn't anticipate that you would," replied the author. "But I thought possibly your readers might have more intelligence."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

His Resolve—"When you first entered politics," said the young man who is looking for knowledge, "did you get out with the determination to win at any cost?" "No," answered Sorghum, "I set out with the determination to win at as little expense as possible."—Washington Star.

"Yis, ma'am," said Bridget, "I'll be 'avin' 'yer. I don't like that snip of a dude that does be callin' on Miss Mabel." "The idea!" exclaimed her mistress. "He doesn't call to see you, so what—?" "I know he don't, ma'am, but I'm afraid some of the neighbors might think he does."—Philadelphia Press.

Logic is Logic.
The Irish intellect is more often associated with wit than with logic; but an Irish workman recently silenced for a moment the upbraiding tongue of his foreman by a display of something which bore just enough resemblance to logic to confuse the hearer.
The workman enjoyed leaning on his hod and making shrewd observations much more than he did stirring about, and the cry for "Mort! Mort!" fell on dull ears.
"Why don't you attend to your hod and keep that man going?" demanded the foreman severely, when Patrick was enjoying one of his frequent periods of rest.
Patrick raised his hod with a leisurely movement and turned a pair of twinkling eyes on his accuser.
"Sure, now," he said, easily, "if I was to keep him going all the time, sora a thing he'd say at all, at all; an' if he didn't say anything I'd be thinking he wasn't there. An' if he wasn't there, sora, what would he be wanting of murther any way?"—Youth's Companion.

A Direct Appeal.
A story is told of a New York car conductor who had once been in the ministry, and who retained some of his former ways of speech in his new calling.
He had been at the front of the car collecting fares, and when he returned to his platform a well-dressed person told him that a man had boarded the car at Houston street and had found a place inside.
The conductor stepped into the doorway, and ran his mild gaze up and down the car, but could not be sure which of the tightly-packed passengers was the late arrival.
"Will the gentleman who got on at Houston street please rise?" he asked, calmly.
The gentleman rose involuntarily, and with a bow said a "Thank you!" the conductor collected his fare.—Youth's Companion.

Butter in Armis.
Butter in Armis is made in churns suspended by ropes from the rafters and shaken from side to side by the women.