## A CONTEST WITH THE WEATHER BUREAU.



SACOUNDED By F. E. C. ROBBINS, NOSS

The young man in the linen suit, ! after attending to the slight errand that had brought him to Lufkin's store at Hardhack Corner, lingered for a little chat with the proprietor, Lufkin scorned to imitate the phrasewho looked as if he might be a "char-

As the visitor had approached the store he had seen a letter carrier narrow slip of paper emanating from driving away from it, and this fact the Weather Bureau bore in modest suggested a conversational opening type this prediction: that has come to be a favorite with the summer visitor.

"This rural free delivery is a great institution," he began, graciously.

But he perceived at once that he had made a mistake. The reply elic-ited was in itself noncommittal. off, and be a toler'ble warm day."

to-morrow morning, but it will burn 80,000,000,000 feet of coniferous timber in excess of the total conifer-Mebbe 'tis and mebbe 'tain't." But the scorn that the old storekeeper continued to throw into his tone left

been heard to say, the honor was something. Besides, as "trade follows the flag," so does it come to the store in which the Government postoffice is domiciled.

Furthermore, in the little gatherings of farmers who came for mail and remained for conversation, Mr. Lufkin had been something of an

But now all this was changed. The postoffice had been abolished, trade shook his head ominously. had fallen off somewhat, and worst of had made a lifelong study, was no longer unquestioned. No wonder he ters: could not be roused to enthusiasm over the blessing of rural free deliv-

Perceiving this, the young man hastened to change the subject, selecting a topic this time that is supposed to be safe on all occasions. Ah, I see that we are likely to have another fine day to-morrow," he said, glancing at a thin sheet of paper lying on the counter.

"Well, if we do, it won't be because that thing says so," returned the old gentleman, as testily as before. "I dawning day give fairer promise of verily believe there's been more hay sp'Ued in this vicinity since that rural carrier began to bring those predictions than there had been before, for I don't know how long. Why, if I'd her task of filling her lunch-basket. made as many mistakes in twenty years as the Gover'ment has in two, I'd have given up trying altogether!"

in forecasting the weather."

the young man. "At any rate, I have

am an assistant observer of the party that soon passed by. Weather Bureau."

Gover'ment predictions?

"In a way, yes." The old man stared for a moment rival. "What may I call your name?" he asked.

"Dole. Clarence Dole, at your ser-Mr. Blake's, on the hill."

"How long are you going to stay kin, with interest.

'About two weeks, I think."

"I want to know! Well, now, I suppose you're laughing in your sleeve pleasant voice again. at my setting up to be a better weather prophet than the Gover'ment. But I'd like to put the thing to a test supposed you were at the picnic." with yo, and I'll tell ye what I'll do. along, and I'll stick 'em up side by said the young lady, demurely. side on the wall. Then you and I'll you dare to try it?

that he would be glad to watch the ground. result; and without attempting any took his leave:

"Who is that gentleman going voice a moment later.

The old man's stern face lighted young lady standing in the doorway, but he answered curtly enough: "Oh, it's a young chap that's boarding at Claims to be a weather observer for

"Mr. Dole of the Weather Bureau! Why, I know him," said the young He is a very pleasant young man.

"He is pleasant-spoken enough," admitted her grandfather, "but I know what he thinks. He thinks an old eddger like me can't foretell weather, but I'm just going to show him his

For the next two weeks Mr. Lufkin devoted himself to his task with an absorption characteristic of the apecialist. Every day the rival forecasts were placed conspicuously on the wall, and every day Mr. Doie, according to his promise, called to compare them, and to discuss the degree of fulfilment of these of the day before, after which it became quite a habit of his to make a social call at the storekeeper's pleasant house near

among the neighbors, with the result that visits to be store became almost as much a matter of course as in the old days of coming for the mail.

Thomas Doubleday,

For a week or so the honors were about even. Indeed, the rival forecasts were quite similar in substance, although worded differently, as Mr.

ology of the Weather Bureau. But at last an issue was fairly joined. Wednesday afternoon the ests of the United States grow in the

with light rain in the afternoon or in order to furnish the products taken night," while beside it on the wall might be seen the announcement, scrawled in red chalk, "A little hazy been cut for lumber alone, including

On Thursday morning the sun rose very clear and then within two hours of 1880. continued to throw into his tone left no doubt as to his attitude toward his innovation in country life.

went into a cloud, which was a bad no doubt as to his attitude toward his innovation in country life.

went into a cloud, which was a bad no doubt as to his attitude toward his innovation in country life.

These are some of the remarkable statements made in Circular 97 of the Forest Service, which deals with went into a cloud, which was a bad For more than thirty years Moses Lufkin called it. But an hour later the timber supply of the United States Lufkin had been the postmaster at the sun was again shining brightly, and reviews the stumpage estimates Hardback Corner. The salary had and for the rest of the day there was made by all the important authorinot been large, but, as he had often an almost cloudless sky. It was warm, too.

The weather prophet of Hardhack the United States have been and are Gover'ment" was beaten.

Mr. Lufkin was not only gratified, but considerably emboldened by his success. A neighborhood picuic to take place on a small island in Long in the United States. This result is Pond had been planned for Saturday, a timber famine. This country is but on Friday the native prophet

"I rather calculate that picnic will all, the ex-postmaster's authority, have to be put off," he said. And eareven in that special subject which he ly in the afternoon he seized his red chalk, and wrote in flaming charac-

> Look out for thunder showers and high wind to-morrow. The report from the Weather Bureau, arriving a little later, merely

said: Fair and warmer Saturday. This left the community somewhat in doubt, although the young people, who were especially interested in the picnic, were inclined to believe that Uncle Lufkin was a little off that time." . This opinion was strengthened the next morning, for never did

"Do you really believe, Grandpa, that there is any danger of showers?" asked Fannie, pausing irresolutely in

good behavior

"Now, Fannie," broke in her grandmother, impatiently, "don't you "Indeed! I judge then, that you It does seem as if he had gone clean are something of an expert yourself daft about the weather. It's going "Well, I ought to be. I've been wish. Of course you will go to the studying it for going on forty years." picnic. All the folks will. I declare, The Pacific States will soon take the "It is certainly quite a study," said I'd go myself if I wasn't so lame."

The old gentleman, thus discredited in his own house, started off in the front, and now ranks first of all Then, answering a look of inquiry, decided ill humor, and shut himself he added, "You see, I'm in the weath- up in his deserted store, out of sight er business myself to some extent. 1 if not out of hearing of the merry total forest area of the United States

"What! You help get up those and blow great guns!" he muttered, passed or are most likely to pass over ment predictions? noon and cast a searching look at the of the trees felled for lumber this sky. "No, I don't, either!" he deat this embediment of what had been clared the next minute, in a tone of and fifty years. In other words, if he to him hitherto only an impersonal repentance. "I hope they will have is to secure a second crop of trees a first-rate good day, and I guess they will, fast enough."

In this better mood he seated himvice. Here is my card. I am taking self on a much-whittled bench just a little vacation, and am staying at outside the door, and was soon peacefully engaged in the never-falling occupation of the aged-living over byin these parts?" demanded Mr. Luf- gone days. He was just on the point of falling into a nap when his granddaughter's voice roused him.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" came the

"Why, Fannie!" he exclaimed, his eyes blinking in the sunlight. "I

"Oh, no, grandpa! I didn't quite I'll write out my predictions every like to take the risk against your day before the Gover'ment's gets advice, and so I concluded not to go,

"What, you here, too, Mr. Dole!" keep tally how they come out. Do cried the storekeeper, in fresh wonder, as he became conscious of an-Mr. Dole replied good-naturedly other figure a little in the back-

"Yes. I thought I'd better not go. new lines of conversation, he quickly either," returned the young man, in a very respectful tone.

This handsome recognition of his down the road, grandpa?" called a standing as a weather prophet was decidedly soothing to the old gentle-The old man's stern face lighted man's pride. "Well, it's generally up with pleasure at sight of the safest to follow my advice," he admitted, "but I guess I missed my calculations for once. The fact is, all signs fail in a dry time. Dinner Blake's-Dole, he says his name is, ready, did you say, Fannie? Well, I'll go right in. And you must come, too, Mr. Dole, and have a bite with

The invitation was accepted, and "He attends our church in the the simple 12 o'clock dinner finally assumed quite the proportions of a banquet, at least so far as time was

> The chief topic of conversation was, of course, the weather, and the local prophet listened, at first with tolerance, and finally with keen interest, while his guest expounded the methods of the Weather Bureau.

> So absorbed did the little company scome in the talk that no one no ticed the lapse of time until darkness began to steal upon them. Then Grandmother Lufkin, mindful of household duties, peered anxiously through her spectacles at the face of the tall clock in the corner, while her husband sprang up from the table

and hastened to the window. "There's a shower coming, true as I live!" he declared, in a voice pitched

to its highest key. As a matter of fact, the shower when it arrived, proved to be a rather small affair, but it served to justify Mr. Lufkin's frequent "I told you so,"

and to establish more completely than ever his confidence in his fore-

casting ability. In that confidence he still abides "I've got a grandson," he is wont to say, "or grandson-in-law, I suppose you'd call him, that's connected with the Govr'ment. He works in the Weather Bureau, helping get up those predictions. Well, it's quite a science; and taking the country, by and large, it's amazing how well they hit it. But when it comes to predicting for just Hardhack Corner and vicinity, my grandson has to own up that the Gover'ment can't hold a candle to me. "-Youth's Companion.

### OUR DISAPPEARING TIMBER.

Three Times as Much Used Each Year

as the Forest Grows. Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country, as a whole, consumes every year between three and four times more wood than all of the formean time. The average acre of forest lays up a store of only ten cubic feet annually, whereas it ought to be "Increasing cloudiness Thursday, laying up at least thirty cubic feet out of it. Since 1880 more than 700,000,000,000 feet of timber have ous stumpage estimate of the census

ties. A study of the circular must lead directly to the conclusion that There was no room for controversy. the rate at which forest products in Corner had scored a success, and the being consumed is far too lavish, and that only one result can follow unless steps are promptly taken to prevent waste in use and to increase the growth rate of every acre of forest to-day in the same position with regard to forest resources as was Germany one hundred and fifty years ago. During this period of one hundred and fifty years such German States as Saxony and Prussia, particularly the latter, have applied a policy of Government control and regulation which has immensely increased the productivity of their forests. The same policy will achieve even better results in the United States, because we have the advantage of all the lessons Europe has learned and paid

for in the course of a century of theory and practice. Lest it might be assumed that the rapid and gaining depletion of American forest resources is sufficiently accounted for by the increase of population, it is pointed out in the circular that the increase in population since 1880 is barely more than half the increase in lumber cut in the same period. Two areas supplying timber have already reached and passed their maximum productionthe Northeastern States in 1870 and mind a word that your grandpa says. the Lake States in 1890. To-day the Southern States, which cut yellow pine amounting to one-third the total to be as nice a day as heart could annual lumber cut of the country, ascendency. The State of Washington, within a few years has come to

individual States in volume of cut. "I wish it would rain pitchforks remaining four-fifths have already of the same size, the lumberman or private forest owner must wait, say, at least one hundred years for the second crop to grow. As a rule, such long time investments as this waiting would involve do not commend themselves to business men who are accustomed to quick returns. But the States and the Nation can look much further ahead. The larger. then, the area of National and State control over woodlands, the greater is the likelihood that the forests of the country will be kept permanently productive.

#### Names of Days.

Our names for each day are derived from the Saxons, who probably borrowed the week from some Eastern people, substituting names of their own divinities for those of the classical gods, as is easily seen when

the names are tabulated: Latin. Saxon. English.

Dies Solis. Sun's day Sunda;

Dies Lunae. Moon's day Mooda

Dies Martis Tiw's day Tuesda;

Dies Mercuii. Woden's day Wednesda;

Dies Jovis. Thor's day Thursda;

Dies Veneris. Friga's day Frida;

Dies Saturni. Saterne's day Saturda;

Among the ancients the belief in the influence of the planets upon the life of men was so strong that many in selecting their daily ornaments would wear only the gem associated with the planet of the day. Thus on Sunday only yellow gems and gold should adorn the fingers. Pearls and white stones, excepting diamonds, belonged to the Moon Day. Tuesday, day of Mars, claimed rubies and all stones of flery lustre. Thursday, Thor's Day, demanded amethysts and icep colored stones of sanguine tint. while Friday, dominated by Venus, reigned over the emerald, color of jealousy, which is love's shadow, Saturday, dedicated to Saturn, the oldest of the gods, had for its distinctive talisman the most splend'd of all gems, the diamond.—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### The Scotchman's Great View.

Two smart young men from Lonon once came upon a respectable oking shepherd in Scotland, and ac-sted him with: "You have a very no view here—you can see a great 'ay." "Ay, ay, a ferry great way." Ab, you can see America here, I uppose?" "Farrar than that." "How is that?" "Yu jist wait tule he misis gang awa' and you'll see

# CONFIDENCES OF A CONFIDENCE MAN.

When I sit down with pencil and pape, and jot down the amounts I've made during the past year in my profession as a confidence man, the total staggers me. What have I done with I have squandered money like a prince and borrowed it a week later like a beggar. I have missed my breakfast in order to "skin" a greengot my lunch. I have helped a stranger unload \$10,000 in a "framedup" poker game, and then gone up" poker game, and lost the whole up" and lost the whole up" before the boat reached the other two horses—Firestone, which I knew was likely to prove the best two-year-ing the stranger and lost the whole up" and lost the whole up" before the boat reached the other two horses—Firestone, which I knew was likely to prove the best two-year-ing the stranger unload \$10,000 in a "framedup" in the stran roll bucking another poker game. There is one thing I'm sure of—I'm smart enough to get another man's money, but I'm not smart enough to

keep it. I saw in a paper the other day a list of the salaries they pay to Con-gressmen, members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court Justices, Governors and a lot of those big guns. I make more than any of them, and I haven't a cent when the notice comes up from the office to pay the room rent or move. It's always so with bunko men. While he is framing up a game that will "skin" other "suckers," somebody else has a game waiting that will "skin" him.

on every stranger we caught loitering around a hotel, there was an Oregon That's a fact. He had a big men. play, too, and went to Europe on his profits. Every night you'd see the table and go against the same game in which they had trimmed the yokels earlier in the evening. It was a private game and none but "con" men and crooks had the entree. Nobody seemed to think it strange, and we lost our money about as regularly as we made it. Of course, we didn't always lose the first night, but it was only a matter of time.

There are no faro games in San Francisco, but craps, poker and the races do just as well, and keep the about. gang hunting fresh marks without made half of \$700 and lost it before I had the price of a lunch out of it. It happened this way:

My partner and I picked up a fellow in a place on O'Farrell street who was anxious to beat the races. We something good coming off in a few days, and introduced me as the man. I was offish and didn't want to have anything to do with outsiders, but let him in on the deal.

"We'll make no mistakes," said I. when it had been agreed that our host was to be a party to the clean-"My horse worked the threeup. quarters in thirteen flat this morning, and there isn't a thing in the race that ever did better than fourteen and a half. But I'm taking no chances," Here I leaned over toward them, looking around cautiously, as if afraid of being overheard and lowered my voice.

"I've got an electric boot," I whishave to turn my nag into a dynamo to do it."

Our intended was properly impressed, and we made a date for the following morning, when I was to have the electric boot in evidence. I had to borrow \$25 from the own-

er of the poker game where I usually first thing in the morning. I was up bright and early and

the boot was not to be used. My man showed up, prompt to the

how the contrivance worked. He was delighted. Then I told him that he would have to give me his money to bet, as I didn't intend to trust anyabout to demur.

to you and leave it at a messenger He stood pat. Knowing how the fel-office with instructions for them to low had been bluffing on the same you are concerned."

He hesitated a minute, but we had money I had. assured him that my horse would be as good as fifteen to one, and the was to keep a third of the amount | ing just one hand. won to give to the "jockey."

In this sort of business the money, of course, is not bet at all. I wrote down the name of a horse that didn't have a chance and put it in an envelope and pocketed the \$700 as a clear an explanation that night, and I showed him a fake ticket showing

course he had no redress. But to return to the fate of the \$700 after it dropped into my pocket. I had been in such a hurry to get the my breakfast. When I separated from the "greeny" it was after 12with him. Then I jumped on a car for the ferry and was off to the races. In my pocket I had \$350 of the

quarter went forcarfare and with the remainder I bought a round-trip ticket across the bay. In conse-quence when I boarded the boat I I had intended to get my lunch on the boat, as I was hungry by that time, but on the after deck I met an ant trainer in one of the big sta-

bles at the track, "What's good to-day?" I asked him after we had chatted a while. "Got any money?" was his answer to my question. I lingled my pock-

"There is something coming off in the first race," he hastened to say when he heard the clinking twentles. "You'll do the right thing if I put you wise?" "You know me," I said.

promised myself that I would get it persuaded me to stay off Firestone, at the track immediately after the which he said was not ready to race.

opening event I went round the ring ter was left at the post and Proper betting \$20 at a crack on Yellow-Others were doing the same, stone. and before post time every book in the ring was loaded with Yellowstone broke ever since, and the way things money.

It was a mile race, and the minute Nie barries went up I knew my money my path, if there are any in town. was burned up. Yellowstone-got off Now, I am an old hand at all ki lengths behind the field—might just of gambling. I make my living by as well have been left at the post. knowing more about that sort of Why, back in Chicago, where we used to work the crooked faro dodge ished fourth, but that did not save want, and yet I squander all I make my \$200. I still had \$150 in my pocket and was standing in the ring gambler who ran a faro game on Wa-snawing my mustache and snapping bash avenue exclusively for bunko my fingernalls in my disappointment gnawing my mustache and snapping knew came up and told me that Mich- of Chicago. We were discussing igan Smith, the plunger, had sent gambling and the chances a man has 'con" men line up around his fare \$1000 into the ring to be bet on the to win. favorite, which was then two to one. "It looks like a cinch," my friend said as he drifted away.

I didn't hesitate a moment, but elbowed my way to the nearest book and handed over my remaining \$150. The horse was beaten a nose after a furious drive. Everybody said the boy tossed the race away by overconfidence. It didn't make any difference to me anyway. The books As I turned back toward the bet-

Not very long ago I ting ring curaing myself for a fool, right on losing my money. I saw a fellow being served with a There's a conundrum. If I had \$10,nice, thick porterhouse in the restaurant. Then I remembered my swer.—San Francisco Chronicle. lunch. Gee, I was hungry, and I didn't have the price of a cup of coffee about me. On the first two were ready to help him. My pal told races I had lost all my money, even him he knew a horseman who had including the \$25 I had borrowed to buy the boot. I hadn't bought even a shave or a shine or a lunch out of the money.

As I "mosied" gloomily ground the finally, after the stranger had bought | ring the rest of the day and saw the a dinner for all of us, I warmed a horses I would have bet on win right little to him and agreed that I would down the line I tried to figure what horses I would have bet on win right was the difference between myself and the "sucker" who had given up the \$700. The only difference I got only \$3100 fees for their year's could see was that I had the privilege | work. of betting my money before losing it, while he had not.

I had to walk up from the ferry that night for the lack of carfare, but I was comforted somewhat by the thought that Micky, my pal, would lend \$50 or even \$100, and I would be on my feet again. The minute I saw him I knew it was all off-that his money was gone, too. pered, "and I'll win that race if I His face was longer than anybody's besides a majestic presence. in town. Before a word was said each knew the other was "broke." "What did you lose yours on?" he

asked. "Good things in the first two races. Where did you drop yours?"

"Poker game," he answered. went up to where there was a big lost my money to buy the boot the game going. They had been at it all hight. I lamped around for a while and saw that they were playing them bought the boot and spurs. Inside high and loose. One fellow in particwas as pretty a little battery as you ular was bluffing on every other hand ever saw. It seemed a shame that and standing 'pat' if anybody stayed. Then he'd shove in his whole pile and make 'em lay down. I stood beminute, and I proceeded to show him | hind him and he did that a couple of time without a pair in his hand as I could see. So I thought that I'd sit in and wait for him to try it again. I bought checks for a hundred and body with the secret of the horse's left the rest of the \$350 in front of

name until post time, and he was me. The first hand I picked up three and 370 feet high. Somebody opened the pot, I "Look here," said I, "I'll write the just stayed to draw them on and the name of the horse on a sheet of pa- bluffer raised us \$50. We both saw per, put it in an envelope addressed the raise and drew two cards apiece. deliver it to you at post time. You kind of a play my three aces looked are to give me your money now to like a cinch. We both passed and take over with me. If that doesn't he shoved in all he had in front of suft you everything is off as far as him. The other fellow laid down and I called him, putting in all the

"Three aces here," I said, and was reaching for the pot, I was so sure of thought of the amount he could win | it, but he showed down a small full overcame his scruples. He handed house and took the money. I left Oliver Wendell Holmes as a close secover \$700 in gold to me to bet. I the game minus my \$350 after play- ond.

We were silent for a while. "Let's go out and rustle up dinner money," I said at last, and we went.

At the commencement of the present racing meeting at Oakland my pal and I opened a "tipping" bureau rofit. The "sucker" came to me for Our idea was that he would run the "tipping" game and I would pose merely as a customer. In this way him that I had bet the money. Of I could hang around the office and 'freeze" on to any likely looking suckers" who appeared. His dealings were to be strictly on the square that is, he would sell a couple of electric boot in time that I missed tips a day and refund the buyer's money, as per agreement, if they did not win. If I landed any of the just time to take the boat for the clients for a bunch of money I did race track. I went from my room di- it on the outside and my pal symparectly to our rendezvous, where I thized with them, but told them he met my pal and divided the money only knew me as an occasional cus-

The business prospered beyond our hest hopes. Micky had all kinds of 'sucker's" money and a lonely quarluck in picking the winners and by advertising we soon had an income of nearly \$200 a day. In addition I ter of my own. Five cents of the steered one of our clients into a poker same where he lost \$3500, and the hext day I caught a boy from San Jose for \$5000, which he had just received from his guardian on his

These "killings" set us up in the world, and we lived like millionaires.

out or a \$100 bill after we had had dinner. But we didn't care nor evan think about it. It's casy to be prodi-gal when you have \$18,000 in a box waiting to be spent and more coming in every day.

But it wasn't long before the tide turned. In the first place we struck a losing streak with our tips and the \$200 a day dropped off until we scarcely paid office rent. Meanwhile Then he went on to tell me about I was dropping big wads of coin at a "frame-up" in the first race by the track. I couldn't seem to pick which a horse called Yellowstone was them right. One day I lost \$4500. to win. On another \$2800. My roll couldn't "It is all cut and dried," he assured stand that long, and on New Year's Yellowstone in the first race. Also old on the Coast, and Proper, in the I was still without my lunch, but I New Year's Handicap. A horseman and at the last moment I switched When the odds went up for the from Proper to Logistilia. The lat-

won On the way back that night I felt natural. I was broke. I've been look now I am likely to stay that way for the easy marks are staying out of

Now, I am an old hand at all kinds thing than the man whose money I in going against games in which my money isn't worth ten cents on the dollar the moment I sit in.

Years ago I was talking with John when a man-about town whom I Condon, the blind racetrack magnate

"Well," said Condon, "there's only one way to beat a gambling game. Make the other fellow go against your game. With me any time a man didn't want to go against my game these was no play.

Shrewd old John Condon hit the nail on the head. As long as the "suckers" play my game I money. The moment I begin to gamble in any other game where anhad that \$350, which was all I cared other man has the percentage I lose my money the same as any other "sucker." I know this and yet I go 000 I'd give it all to know the an-

# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Although South America has about twice the area of the United States, it has only half the population.

Life insurance companies in Japan are paying sixteen per cent, dividends. In one of them the directors

Lancaster County, Pa., has twentyone Presbyterian churches, and at least three of the congregations are almost 200 years old.

Wounded Elk, a full-blooded Sious

missionary, is organizing a revival

movement in New York City. He has a wonderful flow of simple oratory, The consensus of opinion among historians is to the effect that the most ancient city is Damascus. There is no doubt about the fact that

Damascus has the longest continuous history of any city in the world. Lord Breadalbane has more deer on his estates than any lan the United Kingdom, and yet, when he was Lord Steward, among his perquisites was a present of six bucks and six does every year from the

The Tower of Babel, at Babylon, was composed of eight square towers, one upon the other, the pile being 660 feet high. Babylon was a square, fifteen miles on each side, the walls being eighty-seven feet thick

The English occupation of India began with the administration of Clive, in 1763. The present population of India is 240,000,000. The English residents in India, civil and military, number less than 100,000.

Porson was a great talker and a man of immense learning, and Carlyle was not far behind him, but both were handicapped by temperamental difficulties. Perhaps the greatest and most admirable all-round conversationalist was Lord Macaulay, with

Horseshoeing is very ancient. It is represented on a coin of Tarentum, South Italy, about 300 B. C. and bronze horseshoes have been found in tumuli in France, Germany, Belgium and England. It is, of course, impossible to designate the first instance in which a bronze or iron horseshoe was used.

To Encourage Thrift.

A New York man has just patented a device for the encouragement of thrift. It consists of a toy savings bank with a clock attachment. clock is set in the face of the bank and cannot be wound unless a dime is dropped in the slot. As winding causes the dime to fall into the vanit and the clock will run but twentyfour hours without rewinding the contrivance assures an accumulation of seventy cents a week. The theory is that the necessity of depositing a dime every day will lead to slipping in other coins at odd moments and thus establish a habit of saving .-New York Sun.

Automobiles and Coaching

James Martin, at whose North Side stables the "Blue Dog" coach which was used to make trips to world, and we lived like millionaires. It also had luck at the track, and in the middle of December I had \$18.-000 in a safe deposit vault. That was the heyday of our prosperity. It was a common thing for us to have nothing but a tip for the waiter left lar.—Chicago Evening Post. WATERING THE ELEPHANY.

Whenever I think of the farm of my childhoed
And there let my fancy delightfully dwell,
I do not recall with a bit of affection
The old oaken bucket that hung by the well.

I never was stuck by its moss covered beauty, Its creaking refrain never made my heart glad. And surely there wasn't a throb of ex-

In drawing a bucket for mother or dad. But still do I cherish in fond retrospection, As memories sweet that shall ever be nursed, The paiffuls of water I patiently carried For quenching the dephant's marvellous thirst.

I'll bet that old Sisyphus, hard as the job Was,
Would surely have filled the sieve up to
the brim
If only, as object and guerdon of labor,
A seat at the circus was given to him.
-McLandburgh Wilson, in The Sur

RIPPLE

"She let fall a few remarks-"Is that why she spoke in such broken tones?"-Baltimore American,

Yeast-"What kind of men get the most enjoyment out of fishing?" Crimsonbeak — "Why, liara, of course! "-Yonkers Statesman.

"I got my eyes and nose full of dust yesterday, and every muscle in my body aches." "Long auto ride, ch?" "Nope. Beating rugs."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Persian penman named Aziz,
Remarked, "I think I know my biz.
For when I write my name as is,
It is Aziz as is Aziz."
—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

"Do you favor any particular school of music?" asked the lady. Yes, Indeed," replied the young man who lives in a flat. "I favor the planissimo school."-Puck.

"When was their engagement made?" "While they were singing in the church choir." "What was the cause of their divorce?" "Singing in the church choir."-Milwaukee Sen-

Mrs. Newcome-"My husband has been a collector of curios and old relics for a number of years." Mrs. Knox-"Indeed! I have often wondered why he married you!"-Chicago Daily News. The man wore a badge with the

legend, "I am an undesirable citi-

"Why go to the trouble of an-

nouncing it?" queried an observer. At this point the trouble began .-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

zen."

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The ladies stopped a little boy whose legs were briar-scratched,
And laughed to see the novel way his little pants were patched.

"Why did they patch with white?" they asked. "Why not with blue or red?"

The small boy scowled and touched the spot, "That ain't no patch," he said.

—Dallas News.

The Scientist-"There is every reason to believe that the ancients used illuminating gas. In fact, I once dug up an article which I have no doubt was a primitive form of gas meter." Householder-"Was it still working?"-Judge. "I feel," he said, as he laid the morning newspaper aside, "that my country has called me!" "Make no

mistake, dear," said the wife. "That's only old Jones' blind mule braying for oats. He'll feed it directly! "-Atlanta Constitution. " 'Shopping by mail,' " quoted Mrs. Gaddie, quoting from the advertisement in the paper. "How ridicu-lous!" "Why so?" inquired her huslous!"

band. "Why, how can you 'shop' by mail? You can only buy things by mail."-Philadelphia Press. Jigley-We were talking about suburban cottages, and Subbubs remarked that the only thing they ever dreamed of out his way in Boghurst was Queen Anne." Citiman-The idea! Is that the way he pronounces it now?" Jigiey-"Pronounces what?" Citiman - "Qui-

nine?"-Philadelphia Press.

Extremes in Envelopes. "That's the first time I ever sold a single envelope," said a young woman at a big stationer's store in the city's "I've always sold them in packages, but that gentleman came in with a letter in his hand and asked for an envelope, and I sold him one for a cent. I imagine that's the smallest sale that has been made in this establishment since it opened. The biggest I ever made happened to be in the envelope line, too. A rather roughly dressed man came in, asked to see our envelopes and wanted to know the price by the thousand. I told him. Then he asked the price by the million. I got the figures from our manager, who smiled as he gave them to me. Yet the man ordered a million envelopes and when we asked for reference he said he would as lief pay the bill on the spot -which he did from a roll of yellowback notes about the size of a loaf of bread. We delivered the en-

chaser since."-Philadelphia Record. Sauce For the Gander.

velopes, but haven't seen the pur-

The modern wife is beginning to actonish the modern husband. man came home at 3 a. m. He took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously upstairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming through the keyhole of the bedroom oor. With a sigh he paused. Then ne opened the door and entered. Her wife stood by the bureau, fully "I didn't expect you'd be ftting up for me, my dear," he said, 'I haven't been " she said. "I just came in myself."-New Voice.

McCardell's Prize Chanffeur.

My automobile is so simple to han-die, writes Roy L. McCardell in the girl can run it. A feat that attracte much attention is when my daughter places a large fieldy bear at the wheel and, sitting beside it, operates the machine by the low gear pedal. It looks as if the Teddy bear was

running it During the calendar year 1905 we aported \$7,050,000 worth of mar-handes to the Philippines.