

GIpsy SONG.

Under me the grass,
Over me the sky,
I can sleep and dream until
The night goes by,
Till the shadows pass,
Till the stars depart,
Let a roving gipsy fill
His hungry heart!

Voices in the vines,
Visions in the vales,
It is mine to know them all,
Along green trails,
When the morning shines
Like a rose above,
Let me hear the gipsy call
Of birds I love!

Murmur of the stream,
Whisper of the trees,
I can understand the song
They sing to me,
Mine the blissful dream,
Bubbled of delight,
Let the gipsy's day be long,
And brief his night!

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

A LONG, QUIET DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

It was Betty Goman's idea—a long, quiet day in the country. It did sound nice, but it turned out to be the longest day I ever remember.

Betty invited seven of us girls to go on an early morning train to Brookton. From there we were to drive eight miles to Linden Falls. She said Arthur Knight had promised to bring some of the men in our crowd out in his automobile in time for an early supper.

There was a wagonette waiting for us at Brookton and we girls climbed into it and it was nearly lunch time when we got to the falls. We were all hungry, but Betty said we must save the best things for supper, when the men would be with us. So we had only a little snack of plain bread and butter and spring water. After that we thought we'd take a nap and lay down in the shade, but the mosquitoes were so plentiful that sleep was out of the question.

Because we wanted something to do we decided to arrange the supper table. We spread a beautiful white cloth that Betty brought and laid out all the sandwiches, salad, eggs, soups, dainties, cake and cookies with heaps of pickles and jelly. Then we made wreaths of maple leaves which we wore. The lunch looked so inviting we could hardly resist it. For fear we might be tempted to nibble, we went for a walk, leaving our driver in charge.

We strolled beside the brook into a deep wood, where we found quantities of ferns that we thought would add the finishing touch to our decorations, and we became so interested in getting them we stayed longer than was intended. Then, suddenly realizing how late it was getting, we were afraid the automobile party had arrived during our absence, and we ran so fast that we were all hot and breathless.

Betty fell and turned her ankle. She is always turning her ankle. She did it at almost every dance we went to last winter. I can understand that, for the men used to flock around her and offer to carry her or tear up their handkerchiefs for bandages, but I can't see why she should turn ankle out in the country with only us girls around. Of course we had to stop running and help her. She leaned so heavily on me that I had to get one of the other girls to take my place.

Maybe we weren't surprised when we got back to our picnic place and found the horses, which had been taken out of the wagonette and tied to trees, standing on that handsome tablecloth of Betty's. We rushed upon them and shooed them away, but we were too late—there was nothing left of our delicious luncheon but a few olives and one pot of rye soup. The tablecloth was utterly ruined. Betty cried when she saw the dreadful holes the horses' hoofs had cut in it and all the jelly spilled over it and trampled in. I think it was silly of Betty to bring a fine tablecloth. It was just a bit of ostentation on her part.

"What will the men say?" all the girls asked.

"They'll be starving and we haven't a thing to give them," moaned Betty.

"I don't believe they'll be any hungrier than I am this minute," I said.

"If you had let us eat some of those things at lunch time we would have been better off now."

"Well, don't blame me. I didn't know that those horrid horses were going to spoil every thing."

"The driver is to blame," said one of the girls. "I'd like to know why he didn't stay here to watch them and where he is now."

"He's here," cried another of the girls who had wandered a little way from the scene of the disaster. "He's sound asleep. Shall I wake him?"

"Yes," we all answered in an angry chorus.

When he opened his eyes after a thrust in the ribs from a white embroidered parasol he looked around stupidly. Then he suddenly jumped up, and asked excitedly, "Where are the horses?"

Where were they? Not one of us had thought of them since we chased them off of the tablecloth and now they were nowhere in sight. The driver began calling and whistling and tearing around in every direction, and we girls, all except Betty, joined in the search.

"Well, we won't see them animals again to-day," said the driver at last. "It's dollars to doughnuts they have picked out for home. I seen their tracks on the road and it's no use hunting any more."

We looked despairingly at each other for a moment and then Betty remarked that Arthur would just have to take us to the station in his automobile—that we could all pile in somehow. That thought cheered us and I looked at my watch to see if it wasn't time for the men to come.

"Why, it's after six!" I exclaimed. "They ought to have been here long ago."

"They must come soon," said Betty. "But they didn't come. We waited

and waited, getting crosser and more tired every minute. At eight o'clock we sent the driver to find some farm horses to take us to Brookton. It was after ten o'clock when we reached the station, and discovered that we had just missed a train. We had an hour to wait, and we were all so hungry, irritable and peevish that we couldn't speak without almost snapping at each other's heads.

Father met us at the train when we got to town. I had telegraphed him, and he and Betty's brother, who was there, too, got the crowd safely home.

Arthur Knight called me up this morning and told me that the automobile broke down fifteen miles from everywhere and that they had a really terrible time. He seemed to long for sympathy, but he didn't get any from me.

I hope Betty won't try to get up any more excursions.—Chicago News

Uncle Rez Maack A Clean Getaway

By STICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

"Once," said Uncle Rez, "our oldest vet, as he hitched up on his crutch and thoughtfully picked around over the box of crackers until he found one that wasn't chipped. 'I made what some braggin' windbags 'round here would call a purty keen get-away.'"

"Spin it, Rez; spin it. Don't let it ferment on yer mind. 'Tain't none too strong, as 'tis,' put in Oscar Jambuckie as he shaved on a quarter-inch slice of cheese.

"I was in Andersonville prison, time o' th' war, an' I was wantin' turrible bad 't' git out. The meals wasn't what I'd be'n ust to 't' home, an' some other things about th' place hed got us fellers some disgruntled with th' management. I would of left a heap sooner, only them blood-hound dawgs was so all-fired keen on th' scent that mighty few o' th' boys that started ever got more'n a mile or two before they was ketch'd.

"Once, though, I was hangin' 'round th' drug-store o' th' prison, when th' feller in charge steps out, leavin' me standin' 't' th' door unbeknowst 't' him. A idee come to me like a shot. I hustled inside an' grabbed a big half-gallon bottle o' chloroform an' got plumb complete away with it afore he returned back.

"That night I filla m' boots full o' the stuff an' sneaks through a hole I dug 'n' under th' stockade. Away I went, lickety-split, an' 'twasn't more 'n ten minutes afore I hears them hound dawgs a-bawlin' on the trail.

"I hurried on, hopin' my roose might work, an' purty soon they wasn't but one hound dawg a-bawlin' on th' trail, an' he was stoppin' right in the mid of 'a loudst and surr-grusset bellers 't' gape an' stretch hisse'f. Ye could jest see 'im a-doin' it. Between his bellers ye could hear th' other hound dawg a-snorin' half a mild furder back. I was still hopeful.

"Finally th' other hound dawg laid down an' fined in th' snorin', an' I knowed I was saved. I tuck off m' boots, emptied the rest o' th' chloroform out o' my boots, worked over my feet till I got 'em 't' set up an' take notice, an' by moralis' I was out o' reach—hey, Oscar? What's that you're puttin' through yet?"

—From Judge.

An Old "Ad."

"Nothing succeeds like perseverance," said Mark Twain at a dinner.

"When the luck seems most against us, then we should work and hope hardest of all. In moments of discouragement let us remember my old friend, Henry Plumley, of Virginia City."

"Henry Plumley ran a collar factory. Times were reputed to be hard with him. When his factory, which was very heavily insured, burned down there was every indication that he had set the place on fire himself in order to get the insurance money. Virginia City was the soul of honor in those days. Shocked beyond words, it rose en masse, seized Henry Plumley, put a halter round his neck and lynched him.

"But he did not die. The Sheriff arrived and cut him down in time. He was tried and found guilty and served a term in jail.

"On his release you wouldn't have thought that he'd return to Virginia City again, eh? He did, though. He came back, reopened his collar factory and prospered.

"What gave him his start was the old advertisement with which he announced his return to business among us. Preceded by a brass band, Henry, in a great gilt chariot, burst upon our streets. He sat on a kind of golden throne, and he held on a crimson cushion in his lap an old, old collar. Above the collar, on a crimson banner, waved this inscription in large letters of gold:

"'This is the collar we wore when we were lynched. It saved our life. Be wise in time and use no other. At all retailers, ten cents apiece, three for a quarter.'"

—Washington Star.

A Story of Fires.

Figures collected by the International Society of State and Municipal Building Commissioners and Inspectors show that every week, on an average, fires in the United States burn up three theatres, three public halls, twelve churches, ten schools, two hospitals, two asylums, two "colleges," six apartment houses, three department stores, two jails, twenty-six hotels—the fire at seashores reports this summer will raise the total average—140 "flat" houses, and 1600 single dwelling houses. Moreover, many of the buildings destroyed would have been torn down if they had not burned. A countryman who suffered from a slight fire said he had lost two houses and three barns, if you counted the doghouse, the chicken-house and the cowshed. In such lists as the foregoing a house is a house, a fire is a fire, a worthless, and "colleges" may call itself so even if it occupies but three rooms, and does most of its business by mail.—Youth's Companion.

Mint Farming in Michigan.

More Than Two Thousand Acres Devoted to the Industry in One County—Some Account of the Planting, Cultivating and Distilling.

J. L. GRAFF, RAVENSWOOD, ILL.

Michigan mint farmers are anxious as to the future of this new extensive crop of the Wolverine State. In Berrien County alone there is now being harvested and hauled to the distillery somewhere between two thousand and twenty-five hundred acres' production of peppermint plant. The cause of the anxiety is the low price. It is now so low that some of the producers claim that no great amount of money is made in growing it. Great quantities of oil were hauled off from last year in the hope that an advance would come. One grower is said to be holding 13,000 pounds, another 2000 pounds, and others have not sold their crop of last year, still holding it for better prices.

All of this is in the face of the fact that uses of mint oil are multiplying, and there is an increased demand for the uses to which it has been applied in the past. In late years there has been a falling off of the crop, due to unfavorable weather and other conditions. The surplus oil always has been exported, but exports have fallen off because of the competition of Japanese growers, who produce a much inferior article.

This country annually produces in the neighborhood of 200,000 pounds of oil. Three-fourths of this quantity is distilled in Southern Michigan, which has become the centre of supply. Wayne County, N. Y., once held this distinction, but it surrendered to Berrien and other counties of Michigan long ago. Up to this time the best offers that have come to any of the growers this season are about \$1.40 a pound. In other years the price has gone to \$3 and beyond. It has been down as low as seventy-five cents.

Despite the uncertainty as to the future worth of oil, the acreage has held its own, if it has not increased. There are a good many reasons for this, the principal one being that drainage operations have reclaimed great tracts of land that are particularly well adapted to the growth of mint. The other day I passed over a farm of two thousand acres near Three Oaks, in Berrien County. Of this big tract of land four hundred acres had been planted in mint and harvesting and distilling were then in progress. Through this magnificent farm had been dug an immense drainage canal that had saved thousands of acres of the finest muck land in the State. This canal was six miles long. It was at least thirty feet across the top and from ten to fifteen feet deep. On the bank of this canal had been constructed one of the largest mint distilleries of the mint region. The water in the canal furnished all of the requirements for steam and cooling purposes, and this distillery had a capacity of from eight to thirteen forty-pound cans of oil a day.

Other reasons for increased acreage are that new and improved machinery and implements for distillation and cultivation have come into use, so that crops may be handled more easily and speedily. Then the growers have been educating themselves as to the different new uses to which mint oil is put. They are banking on the fact that the Michigan oil is the finest that can be produced, and that there must be an increased demand and that prices finally will rise.

The weather for this year's crop of mint was not good. It was too wet, and an immense amount of labor was required to keep the weeds out of the new patches. It was simply impossible to weed out the old patches, and to-day the weeds go into the vats along with the mint, except that which comes from the new patches. Until last year mint was planted in the spring, but recently a young woman grower who had forty acres in mint adopted and is now carrying out a new plan. She plants in the fall. Her farm is well protected by Lake Michigan. She argues that it is much easier to smooth over the land in October than in March. Of course, she runs the risk of the plant being frozen, but up to this time she has profited by fall planting. It must be understood that only a little planting is done each year, for the old plants continue to produce annually, but the production of oil is less with each ensuing year, so that finally its production is too low to allow it to stand. As the old patches give out new ones are planted.

The land on which mint is grown is black. It is prepared for mint just as ground for a potato patch is prepared. A hand passes along in the furrow carrying over his shoulder a sack in which are the long stalks of mint plant. These are dropped one at a time lengthwise in the furrow, at ends overlapping, so that there is a continuous row of plants from one end of the furrow to the other. The modern way of covering is by the use of a plow, but a good many growers cover the plants with their feet, tramp them down in the soft black loam and cover them as they pass along. The shoots on the stem are about two inches from each other, and in due course of time these shoots take hold in the ground and begin to send up spears. In the fall-planted mint the plants lie dormant through the winter. In early spring the shoots begin to show, closely resembling water-cress. At first it grows slow, but after the middle of June the progress is rapid. The new mint has to be hoed and weeded once a week. It blooms in August and September. The first year it is cut with a scythe. A man goes up one side of a row and back on the other. After the second year, the furrows are so levelled down that the cutter of an ordinary mowing machine is able to get hold of the stems, and from that on the cutting is done by the machine. After being cut it lies about twenty-four hours, until the plant has wilted but not dried. A field of cut mint closely resembles one of clover. A side delivery horse rake is used to

"COME BACK—FIRE'S OUT!"



—Week's clearest cartoon, by De Mar, in the Philadelphia Record.

ELECTIONS IN TWELVE STATES

Five Choose Full Lists of Officers—Significant City Elections.

COMPLETE LIST OF CANDIDATES.

- | | |
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| Kentucky.
DEMOCRATIC.
Governor—S. W. Hager.
Lieutenant-Governor—Seth Trimble.
Attorney-General—John K. Hendrick.
Auditor—Henry M. Bowworth.
Treasurer—Riley LaFayette.
Secretary of State—Hubert Vreeland.
Supt. of Public Instruction—M. O. Winfrey.
Court of Agriculture—J. W. Newman.
Clerk, Court of Appeals—John B. Chenault. | Rhode Island.
DEMOCRATIC.
Governor—James H. Higgins.
Lieutenant-Governor—Charles Sisson.
Attorney-General—Robert Grieve.
Secretary of State—Edmund M. Sullivan.
General Treasurer—J. B. Archambault. |
| New York.
REPUBLICAN.
Associate Judges Court of Appeals—Edward T. Bartlett, R.; Willard Bartlett, D.
DEMOCRATIC.
Associate Judges Court of Appeals—Willard Bartlett, D.; Edward T. Bartlett, R.
INDEPENDENCE LEAGUE.
Associate Judges Court of Appeals—Ruben Rohie Lyon, John T. McDonough.
PROHIBITION.
Associate Judges Court of Appeals—Colebridge A. Hart, Edwin J. Baldwin.
SOCIALIST.
Associate Judges Court of Appeals—Thomas Crimmins, Thomas A. Hopkins.
JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT.
Democratic, Republican and Independence League—William J. Gaynor, Socialist—Louis B. Bondin, Socialist-Labor—Timothy Walsh, Prohibition—Harold W. Watson.
Seventh District:
Republican—Samuel Nelson Sawyer, Democratic—John D. Abbott.
Eighth District:
Republican, Democratic and Independence League—Charles D. Wheeler, Socialist—Albert L. Purdy. | New Jersey.
REPUBLICAN.
Governor—John Franklin Fort.
DEMOCRATIC.
Governor—Frank S. Katzenbach, Jr.
Nebraska.
REPUBLICAN.
Justice of the Supreme Court—Moneah B. Reese.
Railroad Commissioner—Henry T. Clarke, Jr.
Regents of the State University—Charles B. Anderson, George Conpland.
FUSION, (DEMOCRAT AND POPULIST LIST).
Justice of the Supreme Court—George L. Leonard.
Railroad Commissioner—No nomination.
Regents of the State University—R. J. Millard, John L. Sundeen.
Cincinnati. |
| Massachusetts.
REPUBLICAN.
Governor—Curtis Guild, Jr.
Lieutenant-Governor—Eben S. Draper.
Secretary of State—William M. Olin.
Treasurer—Arthur B. Chapin.
Auditor—Henry E. Fursay.
Democratic—Edna Malone.
INDEPENDENT CITIZEN.
Governor—Henry M. Whitney.
DEMOCRATIC CITIZEN.
Governor—Henry M. Whitney.
Lieutenant-Governor—George A. Schofield.
Secretary of State—Odilon Z. E. Charest.
Treasurer—Daniel F. Doherty.
Auditor—Joseph A. Conry.
ANTI-MERGER.
Governor—Charles W. Bartlett.
Lieutenant-Governor—James T. Cahill.
Secretary of State—John H. Riley.
Treasurer—William T. Connelly.
Attorney-General—Harvey H. Pratt.
Auditor—Daniel L. Shea. | New Jersey.
REPUBLICAN.
Governor—John Franklin Fort.
DEMOCRATIC.
Governor—Frank S. Katzenbach, Jr.
Nebraska.
REPUBLICAN.
Justice of the Supreme Court—Moneah B. Reese.
Railroad Commissioner—Henry T. Clarke, Jr.
Regents of the State University—Charles B. Anderson, George Conpland.
FUSION, (DEMOCRAT AND POPULIST LIST).
Justice of the Supreme Court—George L. Leonard.
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Cincinnati. |
| Mississippi.
DEMOCRATIC.
Governor—E. F. Noel.
Lieutenant-Governor—Luther Manahip.
Secretary of State—J. W. Pover.
Auditor—E. J. Smith.
Treasurer—George R. Edwards.
Insurance Commissioner—T. M. Henry.
Superintendent of Education—P. C. Powers.
Land Commissioner—E. W. Nall.
Clerk of the Supreme Court—George C. Myers.
Commissioner of Agriculture—W. E. Bledsoe.
Revenue Agent—Wirt Adams.
Attorney-General—R. V. Fletcher.
Railroad Commissioner—John A. Webb, J. C. Lee, W. R. Smith.
Penitentiary Trustee—W. A. Montgomery, C. C. Smith, Le Roy Taylor. | San Francisco.
MAYOR.
Republican—Theodore E. Burton.
Democrat—Tom L. Johnson.
MAYOR.
Republican—Daniel A. Ryan.
Democratic and Good Government League—Edward R. Taylor.
Salt Lake City.
MAYOR.
American (Anti-Mormon)—John S. Brandford.
Democrat—Richard P. Morris.
Republican—Charles G. Plummer. |
| Pennsylvania.
STATE TREASURER.
Republican—John O. Sheets.
Democrat—John G. Harman.
Rhode Island.
REPUBLICAN.
Governor—Frederick H. Jackson.
Lieutenant-Governor—Ralph O. Watrous.
Secretary of State—Charles P. Bennett.
Attorney-General—Wm. B. Chesnut.
General Treasurer—Walter A. Read. | Stock Exchange Suffered.
While the ill-effects of hoarding money were felt in every branch of business, the inability to obtain money was most disastrous to the New York Stock Exchange, prices of the sixty most active railway shares falling far below all records since 1940. |
| Rogers Guilty of Murder.
After deliberating fifteen minutes, the jury in the trial at Goshen, N. Y., of Fred R. Rogers for the murder of Fred R. Oney on October 9, 1915, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. | Clearing House Certificates Used.
The movement for the general adoption of the clearing house certificate plan has been concurred in by the greater cities of the country. |
| James Reddick Killed.
James Reddick, of Chicago, chairman of the Cook County Republican Committee and a close friend of Governor Deneen, was killed in an automobile accident near Libertyville, Ill. | By Tick and Flash.
Wireless telephones are being placed in a number of the vessels of the British home fleet. |
| The Realm of Athletics.
Sam Liebigold, the champion heel and toe artist, will not be allowed to compete in the indoor championships. | The Japanese feel the newly completed Anglo-Russian alliance means that peace in Asia will be kept. |
| Not since the new rules have been in vogue has there been such a wonderful display of open football as that of the Indians. | According to a special St. Petersburg dispatch the cholera is still spreading in Russia, 7000 cases having been reported from Kiev in the last fortnight. |
| Harvard freshmen and Andover will not meet this season, owing to inability to agree upon a date. | It has been decided to improve all the roads in the environs of Paris, about which automobilists have made many complaints. |
| Coach McCoy, of University of Maine, says that Brown has a back field that is even better than Harvard. | |
| "Just Teased an' Tuck Him."
In a Tennessee court an old colored woman was put on the witness stand to tell what she knew about the apprehension of a hog by a railway locomotive. Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the train kill the hog in question. "Yessah, I seed it." | Constania Atque Mauritanis.
Lusitania was a Roman province that at one time embraced the greater part of what is now Portugal and extended over into Spain. The Lusitania's sister ship, the Mauretania, derives her name from the ancient designation of northwestern Africa.—Meriden Journal. |
| "Then," said counsel, "tell the court in as few words as possible just how it occurred." | The Female Whippoorwill.
Though the whippoorwill's eye cream-spangled white eyes are held wide open in the darkness of the night, she is not a nocturnal creature, for she is seen picking about her prey in the day. |

At the Minstrel Show.

By A. B. LEWIS.

Mr. Bones—"Muh-muh-muh-uh-uh Interlocutor?"

Interlocutor—"You have got the floor, Mr. Bones."

Mr. Bones—"I's dun gub-guh-guh-guh-got a new one for you tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-to-night, sah. It's about a muh-muh-muh-man who st-st-st-st-stuttahs."

Interlocutor—"You ought to tell a story of that kind to perfection, Mr. Bones, seeing you stutter so badly yourself."

Mr. Bones (Indignantly)—"I dub-dub-dub-don't stuttah, sah!"

Interlocutor—"You don't?"

Mr. Bones—"N-n-n-n-n-s, sah. I only st-st-st-st-stuttah."

Interlocutor—"Oh, you only stammer, eh? Will you kindly tell us the difference between stammering and stuttahing?"

Mr. Bones—"Why, when you st-st-st-st-stuttah you tuh-tuh-tuh-talk like this; but when you st-st-st-st-stuttah you only tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-talk like that."

Interlocutor—"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, you may go on with your story about the man who stutters; but be careful you don't get into the habit yourself."

Mr. Bones—"Well, sah, h-h-h went into a ruh-ruh-ruh-ruh-restaurant and looked over the ruh-ruh-ruh-bill-of-fare and saw st-st-st-st-st-strawberry shortcake on it."

Interlocutor—"Yes, Mr. Bones. A man who stutted went into a restaurant and looked over the bill of fare and saw strawberry shortcake on it. Well, did he get some?"

Mr. Bones—"N-n-n-n-n, sah. Ruh-ruh-ruh-ruh-when the puh-puh-puh-puh-poor fellow gub-gub-gub-gub-guh-guh-guh his ordah st-st-st-st-st-strawberries were out of ruh-sub-sub-season."

Interlocutor—"Very good, Mr. Bones—very good, sir. And now, Mr. Leader, if you'll give us some more of your good music, Mr. Johnson will sing us that pathetic little ballad entitled 'What is Home Without a Razor?'—From Judge.

See to Aid Japan.

A tiny American bee is about to be charged with a task beyond the power of man to accomplish—a task which means nothing less than changing the agricultural status of a nation. If successful—and results already indicate favorable progress of the experiment—it will mean wealth and prosperity for hundreds of farmers in Japan. Instead of trying unsuccessfully to raise fruits, such as apples and pears, the soil-tillers of the "Land of the Cherry Blossom" will yield in abundance, and the natives will rejoice in luscious fruits and delicious vegetables which, because of the lethargy of their native bee and its failure to carry pollen, it has been impossible for them to raise.

The bee to which this task is assigned is the golden bee. It is raised in America and was produced by an American, and already many little golden queen bees have been sent to Japan to begin their task.

The native Japanese bee is in a dolent thing and does little more than crawl about to meet the needs of its day. Because of its apathy it has been impossible to cultivate such fruits as apples and pears and such vegetables as cucumbers, tomatoes and melons. The male and female blossoms of the bellflower varieties of fruits and vegetables are usually so far apart that it is necessary for some agent of nature to carry the pollen. In many other countries the busy little bee, in its search for honey, is the means of fructification. In Japan the bees simply refuse to work.—Harper's Weekly.

Coffee Substitute Culture.

A syndicate of Stockton capitalists has purchased a 500-acre tract of very rich land on Robert's Island, one of the numerous fertile river islands west of Stockton, and expects soon to commence the cultivation of "coffee." They are going to put this large tract into "blackeye beans," which are used extensively in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of coffee. The bean takes a nice brown color, has a good flavor, and cannot be detected from the genuine coffee bean—the imported article—except by an experienced expert; and even such a person would find it difficult to detect the counterfeit in a ground mixture of the real article.

The blackeye bean owing to the demand for it in the manufacture of coffee sells readily for five cents per pound; much cheaper than real coffee can be purchased for. The blackeye bean is not at all injurious, as has been determined by repeated experimenting and chemical tests; but, on the contrary, it makes a very nutritious drink when mixed with real coffee, as is always the case, and the flavor is delicious. In fact, about the only thing against the blackeye bean is, that it is not coffee, and no enthusiastic coffee drinker would knowingly drink any substitute. This is the first attempt to cultivate the blackeye bean in California.—Scientific American.

A Lobster Monstrosity.

Charles A. Chase, of Bath, captured a freak in the lobster line on Monday afternoon, while fishing ten miles east of Seguin. He hauled in a lobster which measured thirty-two inches and weighed thirteen pounds. The shell was covered with barnacles and was judged by old fishermen to be at least ten years old. It was the largest lobster caught in that vicinity for many years.—Kennebec Journal.

Lusitania Atque Mauritanis.

Lusitania was a Roman province that at one time embraced the greater part of what is now Portugal and extended over into Spain. The Lusitania's sister ship, the Mauretania, derives her name from the ancient designation of northwestern Africa.—Meriden Journal.

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