

THE MAGIC WIRE.

Electrical Currents as an Aid to Agriculture.

Wonderful Results of Experiments in France.

During the past year Brother Paulin, Director of the Agricultural Institute of Bauvais, France, has been making electrical experiments, in the promotion of horticulture, and, if they continue as they have begun, they must have a great influence on the food supply of the future. Professor Paulin's experiment was almost as simple in its method as Franklin's appliances for drawing lightning from the clouds. In the middle of the ground selected for his purpose, the professor erected a tall pole on which there was an ordinary lightning rod, with a wire brush attachment to catch the atmospheric electricity and convey it to the earth. Attached to the rod were wires which carried the current along the ground and under the vegetables he had planted. All the farmers and wiseacres, who, like their fathers, had been carrying their grist to mill with the grain in one end of the bag and a stone in the other, laughed at the professor, but the crop that followed this experiment fairly dazed and amazed them, and it delighted the man who expected something from his work, but nothing so startling.

Turnips treated in this way literally choked the ground, and potatoes not only yielded twice the quantity of former years, but the tubers were of extraordinary size and sound to the core. All the other vegetables and fruits near the magic wire flourished like the prophet's greed; and today the farmers about Bauvais, without being able to understand the reason, are planting the electric lightning rods in their fields, and place wires instead of the customary fertilizers under their garden rows.

The supposition is and it may be right, certainly no one is in a position to controvert it, that the marvelous effect has been produced by the vivifying action of the electricity on what are called the "nitriding bacteria," that is the microscopic organism that supplies in some mysterious way the essential element of nitrogen to plants. As Franklin's simple experiment was followed by the most marvelous results so we may anticipate with certainty that in the near future electricity, no matter where derived from, will become an essential factor in farming, and that lands worn out and abandoned as worthless, under this new and magic stimulus, will again blossom like the rose, and become more fertile than in their palmy days.

Russia is not usually regarded as a land of progress, but in that country it was demonstrated three years ago, that even during the long winters in latitude fifty-seven degrees north, plants flourished under glass as vigorously under electric light as when subjected to the direct rays of the setting sun. By means of this light and artificial heat, it has been demonstrated that vegetables, fruits and flowers can be grown as luxuriantly in a cave up near the North Pole as inside the tropics. Indeed, it is claimed by some that the fertility of equatorial lands is largely due to the greater electrical action between earth and sky, induced by or manifesting itself in frequent violent storms accompanied by rain and lightning.

Cotton for Pointed Shoes.

"Yes," said a man in a shoe store the other day, "I like that shoe first-rate; it fits well, it feels well and it looks well, but I don't think it will do me."

"Why not?" asked the clerk, somewhat surprised at the man's apparent contradictory statement.

"Because," replied the customer, "the toe is too long. It looks very nice now, but I have a short foot, and in a week or so the toe will have wrinkled and caved in, and it will not only look shabby, but will wear out much sooner. I like the looks of a long toe—fact is, I hate a globe toe or anything else in the stubby line, but I have to wear them, that's all."

"Beg your pardon, but you don't," said the clerk, knowingly.

This time it was the buyer's turn to be surprised. "And why not?" he asked inquiringly.

"Because it is just as easy to fix a long toe if your foot don't fill it out as to take a drink. Put cotton in it, that's all. Fill up the end of the toe with a sufficient amount of cotton and the shoe will preserve its shape perfectly. See my shoe? Now, I'll wager dollars to toothpicks that I've got as short a foot as yours, but my shoe looks all right because it has cotton

in the end of it. You say you have a short foot. Well, so do half the people that walk this earth, but they either don't know this simple trick, or are too lazy to try it, and so buy shoes that they don't like or go around with a shoe all creased and broken in at the toe. Not only will cotton keep the shape of your shoe, but it's a good thing to have in them, anyway. It keeps your foot from getting chafed from too much crowding into a narrow point, and, besides, it saves to a great degree the wear on your stocking right at the place where the holes usually come, you know, or, rather, your wife does. Yes, sir, cotton in one's shoe is a big scheme—it's a big racket."—Washington Star.

Senator Hill's Story.

David B. Hill never allows himself to be caught with an interview when it doesn't exactly suit his convenience. A newspaper correspondent who was sent to interview him on the political situation found himself baffled, for the Senator kept him a full half hour without giving him a word that he could use. Finally the reporter, in desperation, said he would like to ask the Senator a single question.

"That reminds me of a story," said Hill. "A genuine Yankee came to New York state many years ago peddling tinware. He met a man with one leg and the stump of another. The peddler's curiosity was aroused at once. He determined to know how that man lost his leg, and, after scraping an acquaintance, and, pointing at the remnant of a limb:

"'Been in the war?'"

"'The one-legged man was sensitive and reticent. His reply was simply: 'No.'"

"'The Yankee then began to talk trade, but the lost leg was uppermost in his mind. Presently he said:

"'Mebbe you lost it in a saw mill?'"

"'No,' again the answer.

"'The peddler talked trade again, all the time keeping his eye on the remainder of another leg. At last he said:

"'I'd just like to ask you one question.'"

"'Only one?' said the man with the crutches.

"'Jest a bare one.'"

"'Well, go ahead.'"

"'How did you lose your leg?'"

"'It was bit off.'"

The moral of the story and the discomfiture were obvious.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Cicada.

The seventeen-year locusts are not locusts, nor are they closely allied to the family. They are cicadas, and unlike the locusts they are not seriously injurious to vegetation, nor are they—popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding—at all poisonous if handled. Although so long in coming to maturity, the time varying for different varieties from one to seventeen years, the active life of this cicada is only about two months, and it usually terminates near the place of its birth. The female lays her eggs under the bark of branches, and about six weeks afterward the grubs fall to the ground, in which they burrow at depths varying from one to three feet. Here they undergo six distinct changes before after their long period of hibernating they again come to the light.

When the locusts or cicadas appear on the surface they are encased in a hard shell like a crab, and like a crab this shell is cast by a rent up the back from which the creature emerges. Although the development has been so slow, there are no wings apparent when the shell is cast, yet so rapid is their growth that three hours afterward the long gauze-like wings are developed and the creature can fly. The peculiar whirling noise that distinguishes the cicada is made by the male only, and is produced by rubbing the serrated hind legs against the resonant wings.

The Eyes of the Bee.

The honey bee is supplied with a pair of compound eyes, with hundreds of facets, each capable of sight by itself, and several ocelli or little, simple eyes more closely allied to our own. How those eyes are used, what are their separate functions, what sort of images they can present to their owners, all remain questions as interesting and well-nigh unsolved as they were before the days of our powerful microscopes. Notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of entomologists has been and are interested in this subject, we yet are only at the stage where we can affirm that the honey bee sees a very different flower from the one in which we observe her in search for sweets although of what that difference is and how it is produced we can form but little idea.

LIGA WAS DOCILE.

Relieving a Circus Elephant of the Toothache.

The Big Brute Ate Candy while his Tooth was Plugged.

A Parisian dentist has just filled a cave in an elephant's tooth. Animal surgery is a subject which has received some attention in this country. A lion was relieved of a carbuncle in his neck in Philadelphia recently, and the tusks of the late Tip were abbreviated on several occasions, but this last operation was, of course, attended with no pain, otherwise that homicidal animal would have protested in a very emphatic manner.

In Europe, where there are many more large public menageries than here, the services of the surgeon are frequently called in to save valuable animals. Veterinary surgeons are accustomed to perform small operations on horses and dogs, but the surgical treatment of wild animals is a very different matter. It is attended with difficulty and danger.

Many a savage animal has, however, shown himself appreciative of the efforts which are made to relieve him from pain. There is the old story of the lion that unexpectedly confronted a traveler in the African forest, holding one paw before him with an expression of anguish. The traveler was not unnaturally perturbed by the meeting, but the lion forced his paw on his attention in such a way that the man could not but discover that the king of beasts was suffering acute pain from a large thorn which was partially buried in the soft part of his paw. The lion detained the traveler until he had removed the thorn and dressed the wound, and afterward he explained plainly that he desired to live with the man as his devoted servant.

The elephant operated on in Paris bears the name of Liga. He is a gifted animal, engaged in performing at the Nouveau circus. He is nine years of age. For a long time he had suffered torture of untold extent from the toothache. He endeavored to relieve the disturbed condition of his nervous system by chewing wooden beams and iron bars, and blew his trunk with painful violence. The director of the circus finally called in Professor Valadon of the Dental College, of Paris, who diagnosed Liga's case.

The elephant had scraped away the ivory and dental pulp from a portion of one of his molar teeth. Probably he had bitten a stone wall in a fit of passing irritation. Caries or decay had set in over a space the size of a silver dollar.

The dentist made use of the largest of his excavating instruments. He had to cut a distance of three inches into the diseased tooth. While he drilled with all his might one of the keepers fed Parisian confectionery to the gifted performer. He, as it is said, evidently aware that the object of the operation was to relieve him from suffering, for he scarcely budged during the tedious operation. When the tooth had been prepared it was filled with a wad of cotton soaked in iodine. This was renewed every week for two months, until the nerve was dead. Then the cavity was filled with composition covered with a tin cylinder.

The director of the circus inquired what the cost of filling the elephant's tooth with gold would be. It was estimated that at least \$300 worth of gold would be required, and the director decided that he could not afford it.

It need hardly be added that Liga is a very intelligent and docile animal to have submitted patiently to this operation.

Bradlock's Sash.

Mrs. Bettie Taylor Dandridge, only surviving daughter of President Zachary Taylor, now an aged woman living at Winchester, Va., has discovered among the relics of her father the long-missing sash of General Bradlock. This sash was sent by General Gaines to General Taylor just after his brilliant achievement on the Rio Grande, in 1846. A historian of that time says: "General Taylor took the sash and examined it carefully. It was of unusual size, being quite as large, when extended, as a common hammock. In the meshes of the splendid red silk, that composed it, was the date of its manufacture, '1707,' and although it was 143 years old, save where the dark spots that were stained with the blood of the hero who wore it, it glistened as brightly as if it had just come from the loom. Upon the unusual size of the sash being noticed, General Worth, who had joined the party in the tent, mentioned such was the old-fashioned style, and that the

soldier's sash was intended to carry, if necessary, the bearer from the field of battle.

"It was mentioned in the conversation that after General Ripley was wounded at Lundy's Lane his sash, similar in form, was used as a hammock to bear him from the field, and that in it he was carried several miles, to which the ends of the sash were securely fastened."

Mrs. Dandridge found the valuable relic carefully wrapped up in linen and labeled "Bradlock's sash." It was found with her father's two military sashes. Mrs. Dandridge was formerly Mrs. Bliss, and presided over the White House in the short year her father was president. On the death of General Taylor what remained of his personal effects were placed in his army chest, and remained there until at the death of his widow, they were sent to Winchester, Va., the home of Mrs. Dandridge. The sash is of very dark red silk, some twelve feet long by four in width, and near the centre there are three dark, black stains, each as large as a woman's hand, the marks of General Bradlock's life blood.—Atlanta Constitution.

Bermuda's Brilliant Coloring.

The attention of the traveler is at first attracted by the colors of the waters as he approaches land, and in the innumerable bays and inner sounds. The blue reminds him of the Mediterranean, when the Mediterranean is at its best; but among the islands the blue changes to emerald as vivid as the Pope's ring, to Tyrian purple and maroon in the shallow bays, while if he looks across any wide stretch of it there is an iridescent appearance, a shimmering of shifting colors like changeable silk, only the colors seem more solid, and one doubts whether they are sky reflections, and not solid colors of the bottom seen through the transparent water. For the water at a great depth is absolutely apparent. On the eastern coast of Sicily, below Taormina, are seen just such wonderful colors along the shore, just such sparkling blue in the sun, and there it is associated with ages of romance and adventure, with suggestions of treasure wrecked along the coast in the galleys of Phoenicia and Greek voyagers. It is here difficult to believe that these brilliant colors are not inherent in the water, and the fancy is quickened by some of the fish that sport in these halcyon seas. One of these is the angel-fish, flat and oval in form, of a cerulean blue, with two long streamers edged with yellow, apparently one of the happiest, as he is one of the most graceful, of all marine inhabitants. Another is the parrot-fish, a larger animal, so called from his colors of green and brown, who moves about vigorously with his long fins, that imitate in their motion the stroke and recover of the Yale boat crew. His head is brown, his back is vivid green in shining scales, and his tail is brown again, with shadings of green. He knows that he is one of the handsomest of swimming things.—Harper's Magazine.

The Danish Idea of Order.

The Danish peasantry have a notable love of order and symmetry in household arrangement, placing their furniture wherever possible in pairs, and in exactly corresponding positions. The old peasant who had accumulated a little money, and had been prevailed upon to buy his daughter a piano, seriously considered buying another to place against the opposite wall. Their bedsteads consisted of great boxes, generally painted red or green, and heaped with feather beds, between which they insinuate themselves winter and summer. If unable to afford so many feathers, the under bed is of straw, and receives so little attention that mice build their nests in it and race back and forth, squeaking shrilly without disturbing the peasant slumbers. The bedding is not washed oftener than once or twice a year.—Detroit Free Press.

A Persian Rug Diet.

After sleeping for two months with a Persian rug ten feet square in his stomach, the big box constrictor in the Adelaide (Australia) Zoological garden, said to be the largest in captivity has disgorged the remarkable meal and appears none the worse for the experiment. The rug does not appear to have suffered either in texture or tone, except that there were stains where the gastric juices had striven to operate. It had, however, taken the form of the reptile, being rounded to a thin long point and twisted like a wet blanket hard wrung out. The snake cost the garden \$10,000 and great anxiety has been manifested for fear fatal results would follow the meal.—San Francisco Examiner.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

THE LAST SHOT.

A Disagreement as to Who Fired It.

On May 1 the rebel ram Webb had a 125-pound ball put through her as she ran past New Orleans. The ball was pulled down the Stars and Stripes and hoisted the rebel flag. That I think, was the last actual shot of the rebels within the limits of the United States, but there was a blunder, and a blunder, and a blunder, which did some good scoring for a short time. Sherman's army paraded through Washington on May 24. On the 14th day of July following, at a few minutes before 12 m., Robert Hughes, of Battery M, 1st L. A., at Charleston, Tenn., just as the guns were being loaded on the car to start for God's country, loaded one of the guns with a blank and an abundance of wadding to give tone to the affair and fired it, just to let the blasted rebels know that they better behave themselves after we had gone, or we will come back and blow you all to —. For the Johnnies who had returned to their homes thereabout had suddenly become very insolent when they learned that the Union soldiers were going to leave there.

"After Lee's and Johnston's surrenders, they were coming in daily on old, jaded horses, singly, in pairs, or in lots of half a dozen. They were very meek, and walked around like some many cur that had been caught trying to dispose of an aged egg that had made a report he had not expected, and if they spoke it was always in a subdued tone, and they acted as though they felt they were expected to look upon a blue coat as a little god. But the instant they received the word that the soldiers were to leave, Richard was himself again, and they could boast and threaten as boldly as ever. They assured the negroes and Union people around there that as soon as the Yankee had gone, the Confederate would rule, and was to be any one who might oppose; and so Bob Hughes thought he would 'take the starch out of them for a minute, and he did.'—G. E. Dillon, in National Tribune.

H. T. Bird, 8th Iowa Cav., M. Pleasant, Iowa, writes as follows: "Sometime ago I made claim that our Lost Brigade fought the last battle of the civil war, which occurred in the month of April, 1865. The history makers will soon have told their tale, and being interested in having this matter settled beyond a doubt for the benefit of future generations, I quote from the July *Chautauquan* of this year in the article entitled 'Overland by the Southern Pacific.' 'Just beyond Painted Cave we cross the Pecos River by a high bridge, and soon after leave the Rio Grande del Norte behind us. This stream is connected with recent historical events, for it was near this river, on Texas soil, that the last battle of the civil war was fought, May 13, 1865.'"

A Tale of Two Capitals. A friend of mine, recently deceased, told me, if my memory serves me, correctly, that he had the following facts from Baron Haussmann himself: Ordered by Napoleon III, to submit plans for the renovation of Paris, the Baron was for some time at a loss to meet the twofold requirements, as the contemplated improvements for the new streets, to be at once beautiful and so laid out as to be readily commanded by artillery. Suddenly he hit upon a plan of that city, and this seemed an excellent one, so exactly to meet the necessities of the case that he finally submitted it to the Emperor.

The result was that the plan in the main was accepted, and modern Paris was built upon the lines of modern Washington. Thus is explained a certain similarity which strikes every one who is familiar with the two capitals, although one might naturally suppose the American city, being the younger, to be the daughter instead of the mother. But General Washington, more than half a century earlier had ordered L'Enfant to design him a plan for his seat of government in much the same manner as Napoleon III. had commanded Baron Haussmann.

Now, L'Enfant was not only a Frenchman, but a student of Versailles, as the undoubtedly derived his inspiration from his surroundings; consequently Washington was an enlargement of the Royal Park, with its alleys extended into avenues and its numerous flower-beds and parterres enlarged into circles and quadrants. Thus by a transoceanic leap Baron Haussmann took from the New World what he could have secured at his own gate. So much for a merely curious artistic coincidence.

But in light of recent developments in our capital, a singular inquiry suggests itself, namely, whether Gen. Washington, in laying out the city, did not have in mind the same two-fold object that Napoleon the Third had when laying out Paris. To be sure, the problem of a national movement now lies far to the right of the Atlantic. But at some later date a desperate one may require to be controlled by artillery, and then the broad avenues and straight streets of the capital may be appreciated for other than mere aesthetic considerations, and, on the contrary, serve as an additional proof of far-sightedness on the part of the Father of his Country.—North American Review.

Chloroforming in Sleep.

It is becoming fashionable for burglars to chloroform their victims in the hope that their work will be more easily and effectually done. As the plan is to administer the anaesthetic while the patient sleeps, it is no wonder that failure attends the effort. Happily, it is one of the most difficult feats to accomplish, requiring the greatest care and the highest degree of skill. By many good observers it has been claimed to be impossible. The latter may be looked upon as the rule, especially with novices. Before primary insensibility is obtained, the victim awakes from the irritation of the inhaled vapor, when force is necessary for the completion of the purpose. In the meantime the alarm may be given and the assailant may be captured. Fortunately, the chances are always against the burglar, as his victim, facing the horror of strangulation, is instantly and almost instinctively roused to desperate resistance. Taking all the chances, however, chloroform in the hands of a burglar should be considered as dangerous to his victim as a club, an ax, or a bullet, and its administration should be punished to that extreme limit of penalty which is due to the employment of other murderous measures.—Medical Record.

Sunday Postage in Belgium.

In Belgium when a person posts a letter he can decide whether it shall be delivered on Sunday or not. The Government issues postage stamps with a narrow coupon attached. If this is torn off the letter or package will be delivered if it arrives at its destination Sunday; if left on, it will not.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

COUNCILMEN ARRESTED.

A LIVELY TIME IN THE VILLAGE OF BRIDGEPORT. BRIDGEVILLE.—There was a lively time at the Bridgeport Council meeting. D. M. Hart, whom the regular council don't recognize as a legal member, was ordered arrested by Burgess L. C. Waggoner, taken before Justice Moorehouse and placed under \$300 bail for having violated an ordinance by disturbing and breaking up a meeting. Hart claims to have been elected, but the members of the council say he was not. The president of Council No. 2 was also arrested for swearing in the council chamber.

A BOY'S HORRIBLE DEATH.

PITTSBURGH.—Closter C. Brown, 5 years old, was killed on the Allegheny Valley railroad near his home at the foot of Fortieth street. The child had followed several other boys from the street to the river bank to play ball. In crossing the track on their way home the boys crawled under a freight train, which started just as the Brown child got under. The little fellow's body was cut in two at the waist. He was a son of Presley M. Brown, secretary-treasurer of the Aeronaut Foundry Company.

MANAGERS OF STATE INSTITUTIONS.

HARRISBURG.—The following appointments were made by Gov. Pattison—Ray Walker, Jr., member of the Board of Managers of the Diamond Hospital; Andrew J. Maloney, Philadelphia, trustee of the Eastern Penitentiary; Dr. J. B. Seawalter, Chicago, trustee of the home for training of speech of deaf children; Louis Streuber, Erie, and T. B. Stillwell, Scranton, members of the State Fish Commission.

TWO CAPITALS.

CHICAGO.—At Tremont, the 5-year-old daughter of A. Troutman, was firing shooting crackers, when her dress caught fire and burned her so badly that she died. At the Central Hotel at Clearfield, a scuttling derrick lamp, which was used to illuminate the platform, fell into the lap of Miss McBride, setting fire to her clothes and burned her in a frightful manner.

BOY ROBBED AND MURDERED.

TRENTON.—John McAndrews, a lad 17 years old, was robbed and murdered near his home. The body was found shortly after midnight, with the throat cut and skull crushed. Two arrests on suspicion have been made.

FATHER KILLED, SON FATALLY HURT.

BIRDSON.—In attempting to drive across a railroad here George Garbaugh was instantly killed and his son probably fatally injured by a freight train. One horse was killed.

An attempt was made Friday night to wreck a passenger train on the Beech Creek railroad at Summit, 15 miles east of Clearfield, by placing a railroad tie across the track. A freight train running at a low rate of speed about thirty minutes ahead of a passenger train, discovered the obstruction before striking it.

Five men were buried by the fall of a portion of the roof of the Susquehanna Coal Company's mine, at Nanticoke, Saturday. Evans Adams was taken out dead. Joseph Nashely, George Hancy, Antony Zulkoff and George Van Arsen were badly injured. Hancy and Zulkoff died Saturday night.

Two masked robbers entered the residence of Philip V. Cooper, of Moon township, Beaver county, Tuesday night, intimidated Mr. Cooper and his wife with revolvers and took \$25 in good money and a roll of bills amounting to \$500 of a wildcat issue of a long defunct Ohio bank.

A riot took place at the Central Coal Works, near Greensburg, Saturday. A number of families attempted to move into houses from which strikers had been evicted and the former occupants gave battle. Three men, five women and 10 children were arrested.

A number of Italian strikers beat a man named Thorp, who was working in the new Larimer mines, near Greensburg, Saturday night, and left him for dead. His friends found him lying in the woods late Sunday afternoon.

Andrew McDermitt was arrested at Prospect Sunday night, for stealing \$200 from Edward Mitchell. McDermitt was permitted to sleep in Mitchell's room and it is alleged he took the money out of his trousers pocket.

The reunion of the Lutheran church will be held at Idlewild, Westmoreland county, Aug. 2, and the reunion of the Reformed church at the same place on August 5. It is expected 20,000 people will be at each gathering.

The residence of Joshua Lath, in Mt. Pleasant township, Westmoreland county, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$1,200, with a small insurance.

Walter Wortman, a fireman at Jones' sewer pipe factory, got caught in a belt and was instantly killed. He was working around at the rate of 100 revolutions a minute.

ADAM SVYDER, a merchant of Manorville, had his pocket picked at Stewart station, and \$200 was taken, which he had with him to buy goods in Pittsburg.

Mrs. JONAS BROWN, a colored woman, was found murdered at Washington, Saturday. Armstrong Asbury, a colored man, has been arrested on suspicion.

James McElwell, aged about 55 years, a resident of Petersburg, Huntington county, was killed by a Pennsylvania railroad train at Johnstown.

R. LANG, a laborer in the tube works at Oil City, was instantly killed by coming in contact with an electric light wire carrying 3,200 volts.

Burglars entered the residence of Dr. R. B. Kennedy at Beaver, early Sunday morning. One of the men shot at the doctor, but missed him.

Edward Hunter, of West Newton, while engaged in painting the Presbyterian church, fell from the swing and was almost instantly killed.

The residence of Simon Sadler at Delmont, was burned and \$310 in money consumed. The loss will be \$1,500 with a small insurance.

DAVID MCCOLLUM, of Jacktown, Westmoreland county, was fatally injured by being thrown from a dog cart on his head.

ELLA WATT, an attractive looking girl shot herself in the Pennsylvania railroad station at Williamsport, Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Catherine Trauger, of Greensburg, died suddenly at her home Sunday night of paralysis. She was aged 73 years.

The Scottish iron and steel company at Scotland made terms with its employees and the plant will be started at once.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE miners at the Export coal works near Greensburg, returned to work at old rates.

The store of John Kells, at Derry station, was robbed Sunday night of a considerable quantity of goods.

The "Industrial Vindicator," a working-man's paper published at Gallitzin, has suspended.

John Ritter, a brakeman, was struck by a train and killed at Parker, Armstrong county.

The miners at Walston, near Punxsutawney have gone to work again.

"How is Dykins getting on with the farm he bought?" "Pretty well. He tells me he saved money on it last year." "How?" "Let it to another man."—Tid-Bits.