

The bacillus of gout doubtless regards the germ of grip as a very common person.

Some of the scientists convey the impression that all one really needs to hold an off-hand conversation with Mars is a good, active imagination.

Lord Rosebery wants the "nation of shopkeepers" to send its young men abroad to learn how to keep shop. Talk about sending coals to Newcastle!

Maximite is the name of a new explosive, which throws projectiles through seven inches of Harveyized steel plate. It is now up to the plate makers again.

Among the latest cures are glyco-phosphate of sodium for old age, decomposed light for consumption and electricity for various other ailments. And still not one ray of hope for the victim of the soft corn.

The titled aristocracy of the Old World are singularly indifferent to the opportunities presented to them of marrying some of the American servant girls who are acquiring fortunes by inheritance from the estates of rich European relatives.

Sam Lewis, late of London, may have been a heartless Shylock while he lived, but his will is certainly a benediction document, with its bequests of \$4,750,000 to charities and hospitals, nearly half of it to "provide dwellings for the poor of all creeds."

The Galveston News remarks that we have been so kind to criminals that the kindness amounts in many cases to downright cruelty. By over-generous treatment in the court houses scores of men have been led to take their chances of acquittal and glory.

In 1816 the first savings bank was established in the United States. In 1820 there were 10 banks of this class, with \$635 depositors. In 1839 there were 942 savings banks, with 5,678,000 depositors and deposits to the amount of \$2,230,000,000.

A night operator in a signal box of a southern railroad slept at his post and thus failed to transmit a regular signal which would have sent an express train crashing full speed into a siding. This young man is a chump if he does not claim a case of supernatural hypnotization, while the company are puzzling over what to do to him.

The Italian army has made an effort to recover its military prestige in China. The other day the commanding officer reported a brilliant victory over the rebels. On investigation it was found that he had fallen in with a body of Chinese soldiers, who ran away at once. They were pursued with great dash and gallantry and cut to pieces. Hence the laurels.

Winston Churchill, the English war correspondent, says that after careful study of many nations he has concluded that the distinguishing characteristic of English speaking people as compared with other white races is that they wash and wash at regular intervals. "England and America," he says, "are divided by an ocean of salt water, but they are united by a bath tub of soap and fresh water."

The instructor in physical culture at the Jefferson Medical college says that the physical training of the new century will have for its main object the increase of the exerciser's vitality and the purifying of his blood. It is encouraging to find a professional teacher of gymnastics who sees a higher use of his pulley weights and parallel bars than the building up of a man's biceps at the expense of his strength.

Many inventions designed to expedite the speed of communication by telegraph or telephone lie mouldering in the model room of the patent office. Out of the rack of devices there have been taken here and there one which has been applied to conditions of public service; but for the most part these inventions have been permitted to rest in obscurity and almost unused. Powerful corporations have brought them up, and being practically the only customers for such articles, have been enabled to consign them to oblivion. The announcement that the Pupin device, patented last summer, has been purchased and is to be utilized by the Bell Telephone company stamps this new invention as a rarity in the field of electrical intercommunication. Should it realize the glowing promises made in its behalf by electrical experts the entire system of world intercourse by wire would be eventually transformed.

### SWEET IDOLATRY.

Deep in a dreamy, ancient wood, Where once a mighty temple stood, In grandeur 'mid the fertile lands, A ruin centuries old now stands, Its crumbled walls 'neath mosses green So thickly buried scarce 'tis seen. Its columns faintly decay; Its grandeur long since passed away.

Amid this wreck, triumphant still O'er Time, which thus hath worked its will Upon this temple, carved in stone, An ancient idol stands alone; Sits passive on its granite throne, With lichens thickly overgrown.

On either side the forest dank, With tangled brake and creepers rank, Bars any seeking to intrude Upon the idol's solitude. Above twines many a leafy limb To form a covering for him. Below, 'e'en at its granite base, A pool flings back the idol's face, And from green pads upon it spread The stately lotus rears its head.

There, in its dreamy solitude, A thousand years the god hath stood, A thousand years, each summer through, The lotus' heart hath proven true; Hath breathed the fragrance of its love To please that stony face above.

While stands the image in the grove That loyal flower will prove its love, Though vain its efforts to beguile, It eye will strive to win the smile. A fate true love hath often known— To waste its sweetness on a stone. Arthur J. Burdick, in Los Angeles Herald.

### JONES'S LITTLE GAME

By Felice B. Barnard.

FOR the first time in life he found himself in the country. The express train from which he had just alighted dwindled into a mere speck on the horizon, leaving him surrounded by a vast wilderness.

Jones was a city man; he worked on a high stool in a counting house. He had gathered his ideas of the woods from the trees in Central Park; but no one would have ever guessed by his conversation that Jones was not truly rural, for he always took care to mention rotation of crops and new farm machinery and other topics pertaining to the gentle art. From the pages of an agricultural weekly he stocked his mind with rich stores of information, out of which his imagination constructed alluring pictures of rural bliss.

Sometimes he strolled through the commission markets, regaling his eyes with the sight of prize pumpkins and inhaling the fragrance from the newly opened barrels of apples. Sometimes he attended the theatre, where domestic dramas of farm life were presented in which the old folks gather in the front yard, and the prodigal son returns from the Klondike and pays off the mortgage to slow music and immense applause.

Sometimes he slipped away to an agricultural fair to catch a sight of blue-ribbon cattle and to chat with the rustics. If occasion offered, about the newest thing in labor saving machinery, of which they happened to know nothing. All this time Jones knew nothing of the country at first hand and it looked like a great waste of energy to his friends to see him continually dreaming of what might never be his; but they did not know what pleasant fancies of plowed fields and home-grown vegetables beguiled away the long hours at the ledger. They did not know the satisfaction he took in walking out into the middle of the paved street and looking up between the tall buildings at the blue sky—the only natural object in sight.

But least of all did they know that Jones had a wife with vast social ambitions. Mrs. Frances Flower-Jones, as she styled herself, longed to out-do people of ten times their means; their two daughters were figuring on a couple of noblemen already. Papa Jones had only one way of suppressing these unnatural and dangerous longings, and that was to threaten to pull up stakes and move the entire establishment to the woods.

At the mere mention of farming, catalogues of cheap European tours and invitations to swell social functions disappeared like magic. The household resumed the even tenor of its way, and endeavored to look decently happy over one thousand a year. Not that Jones was a brute; for he was a very passive, obedient sort of twentieth century husband, acquiescing in everything reasonable, and perfectly willing to walk while his wife rode in an automobile if it could be arranged.

But one Saturday afternoon Jones came home and found the house turned topsy-turvy. His wife was waiting for him at the head of the stairs. "Philander, dear!" She used this name exclusively for raising money; Phil was sufficient for all other occasions. "Philander, you'll have to make together enough to buy something new for Evelina; she's fretted herself sick over her old ball dress, and the two young noblemen arrive to-morrow."

"If that's the case I guess I'll have to look at some farm property, mother." Jones observed very seriously. "Never mind the farm just now, Philander! we need your help; I've almost completed arrangements for the automobile, and as for the yachts—" "I don't feel equal to it at all," said Jones, examining his empty pockets. "You must really excuse me this time." "Philander!" cried his wife, bringing down her foot somewhat emphatically. "But it was too late; Jones was hurriedly jamming a few things into a valise.

He notified his family of his future whereabouts and then struck out for the station, expecting to reach in two hours the farm he had seen advertised in the morning paper. Heretofore Jones had always soothed their unquiet longings by merely subscribing to an additional farm paper

or writing to the secretary of agriculture for information relative to early garden truck. He was sorry his little ruse was played out, having doubtless intended to go on dreaming of the untamed joys of country living to the end of the chapter.

Now that he found himself in the land of his dreams, he hardly knew whether to be disappointed or not. The bracing air was laden with the dried fruits of autumn. It had been smoky in the city the afternoon he left. Here all was very quiet and peaceful, with nothing to break the stillness but an occasional chirp or the sound of falling nuts. Jones was not an artist and he had no eye for the picturesque. The zig-zag fence and the tangled underbrush jarred upon his nice sense of order and regularity. At the end of four miles he was conscious of nothing except that the roads were abominably muddy, that the tall weeds were wet, and that he was tired and hungry and wished he hadn't come.

It was still a mile to the farm which was advertised to be sold, and he longed to turn back; but he recollected the yacht his wife wanted to buy on time payments, and the automobile she had in view, and the thought drove him forward—there was no chance to retreat. "How d'ye, pardner?" said the farmer, who found Jones vainly trying to locate the front gate by the dim twilight.

"Is this the place that is advertised?" asked Jones, resting against the fence almost exhausted. "I calculate it is. Be you from the city?"

"I be," said Jones, dropping into the dialect of the place. "Then you'd better come to the house." The whole family set about making him at home. They took it for granted that he had come to stay awhile. They opened some new preserves, and got out the softest and most yielding of feather beds.

After two days Jones was surfeited with fresh air, wholesome food and simple, unaffected country manners. He inwardly rebelled against brown sugar in his coffee, white butter, and feather beds, and the only institution he fully endorsed was the hard cider barrel. He was shocked at their ignorance of steam plows and costly fertilizers. About the only satisfaction he got was in telling the feats of famous horse trainers he had seen.

The neighbors came in to listen with open-mouthed astonishment. They put Jones down as a remarkable man, but the next day the oldest and laziest horse on the farm ran away with him, and made him the laughing stock of the neighborhood. Jones was mad enough to go home, but that day his wife wrote a letter imploring him to come back, explaining that the horrid man wouldn't sell the yacht or the automobile on time.

Jones answered with an enthusiastic prose poem on the delights of farming. Jones was a small man, and he often found some dissimulation necessary in dealing with his strong-minded wife. Every day brought its trials. The farmer attempted to "learn" him to plow, but gave it up. Jones had frequently alluded to the rough-shod agriculturist as a clod-hopper, but after he had watched his instructor and then tried a furrow or two himself, he made up his mind never to consider anybody awkward again.

That evening a letter from his wife announced the engagement of the eldest daughter to their well-to-do grocer of German extraction and further stated that the other girl had a "steady" who was saving his money.

Jones congratulated himself on his diplomacy. "Things couldn't have turned out better; I still have my old position as bookkeeper, and I reckon I needn't be afraid that the girls' beaux will look down on me. But what about buying the farm?"

He approached the owner while surrounded by his numerous family. "You've got the best farm in the State," he said, "and you are very reasonable in everything. You don't claim it's the Garden of Eden, but you ought to. You've got the homestead shaded by a spreading elm and the duck pond near by—everything is as complete as a chromo. I'd like to buy you out, but the fact is I haven't got the money."

"Why, we ain't no notion of selling mister?" said the farmer in an injured tone.

"I'm glad of it, sir; but what about your advertisement?"

"Pshaw! we only advertised for fall boarders."

"I see," said Jones, with a sigh of relief. "I must have stumbled on the wrong farm, but I'm blamed well satisfied. What's your bill?" "Well, bein' as the puppy et up your patent leathers, we'll call it four dollars if you're willing."

"Whatever you say," said Jones, counting out the money quite eagerly. "I've got a hundred dollars, at least, out of the deal."

Jones had a great deal to tell when he reached his flat that evening. The two young men, who came right regularly now, greatly admired the specimens of mammoth fruit he had brought home.

"You seem to have entirely regained your good humor," said his wife, picking the last burr off his coat tails. "The country is the only place for a change," he said with a sigh. "And what about buying the farm?" his wife asked nervously. "Why, the fool farmer won't sell."

"Oh!" she said simply, but the expression on her face showed she was greatly relieved.—Waverley Magazine.



The craze for veiling has reached such a degree that one sees women with three veils. One is the grandiose draped around the hat for no apparent purpose, then comes a thin white or black veil, then a dotted veil with figured edge. The oculists are happy.

English women are turning their attention to mechanics during the last few years, and the record of the patent office for last year showed that out of 2600 applicants 574 were women, and the greater number of the inventions of women have been successful ones. Most of these inventions are of small articles, 149 of them being improvements for dress and 40 patents were for cycling inventions.

Miss Cella Holbrook, a Massachusetts woman, has since the death of her father, two years ago, supported the family of one brother and three sisters by carrying on his blacksmith shop. In addition, she has a government contract to take the mail twice a day to and from the railroad station and postoffice. During the summer months she carries the mailbag on her bicycle. In the winter she makes the journey of a mile on foot. Miss Holbrook is in her twentieth year.

In the line of trained nursing a new departure has been taken which will appeal to the housekeeper who has struggled with the question of home nursing, or its alternative. Convalescent nurses are trained to take care of the patient during the last weeks of a fever, or other lingering sickness, before he is well enough to go out and yet demands companionship. The duties are light, consisting merely of reading aloud, giving tonics, keeping the depressed spirit up, seeing that the invalid does not overdo, and all the hundred and one things which the occasion demands.

Of course, the salary is not so great as it would be if more detailed attention were required, but by means of this change many a nurse who could not spend the time and money necessary to take the full course at a training school and hospital is enabled to begin her duties in this way, while the boon to the average income is a great one, enabling a nurse to be retained during the trying weeks which succeed a dangerous illness, when otherwise the family would be obliged often to do the hundred and one little things which a querulous patient demands, and which are so fagging. While the salary of the expert nurse is from \$25 a week up, that of the convalescent nurse is about \$8 or \$10, and yet her work may be as satisfactory as that of the other.—New York Herald.

No fur seems quite so soft and fine and poetic to the average woman as chinchilla. It has all the impractical attributes to recommend it to the elegant. Its color is so delicate that it soils quickly, and thus it is a constant care and expense. It is so soft and fine that the slightest ill usage ruins it forever. It is expensive and fine pieces are difficult to buy even if one is willing and able to pay exorbitant prices. It is not as costly as sable, "tis true, but it does not last so well, so the scales are pretty evenly balanced.

Taking all these things into consideration it is not painful to hear the chinchilla called brutally "a little rodent," to trap which the Incha and Amata Indians of the Bolivian Andes devote the best part of their lives? This "rodent" looks "something like a squirrel and also like a rabbit" and likes high mountains. It prefers elevations of from 6000 to 16,000 feet. The Indians trap these creatures at night and the skins are handed over to the chief of the tribe, who disposes of them and divides the proceeds among the tribesmen. One chief received \$80,000 at a single sale a few months ago. These Indians, besides trapping chinchillas, go to church, drink potato alcohol and it seems too dreadful to tell, but the potato alcohol is said to be at the bottom of it—occasionally kill and eat some unwary traveler who may be hunting chinchillas on his own account.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The ordinary gold tags and spikes are giving way to the more elaborate enameled ones. Some are in the shape of pansies, daisies and violets, others are conventional scroll designs but decorated with jewels and enamel. Turnover collars, to be worn with silk, satin or velvet stocks, are more popular than ever. Fine lawn, lace trimmed and hemstitched, delicate embroidery, silk, satin and crepe de chine are the principal materials used. Dark blue, emerald green and deep mauve taffetas, with stitched collar and cravat of white satin; the buttons of burnished gold and the vest full gathered mousseline, set into a deep pointed collar band of tinted gauze, form a lovely combination.

women, while John got the suffrages of 174 men and 23 women—and the place. The question was as to whether he was properly sworn in, and Lee thought he was not, holding that a woman might be sexton of a parish, and adding, "It would be strange if a woman may herself fill the office and yet should be disqualified to vote for it." So he further decided that the women's votes were good. "Women," he remarked, "have held much higher offices and, indeed, almost all the offices of the kingdom, as queen, marshal, great chamberlain, great constable, champion of England, commissioner of sewers, keeper of a prison, and returning officer for members of Parliament." If this particular lady's attempt is successful it will be a significant mark of the new century, the end of which may be familiar with the sight of lady barristers—a new race of "bar-maids," as Punch calls them. A hundred years hence the toast of "Our Mothers-in-Law" may be quite popular.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Many wise people have exclaimed: "Children need discipline." True, and yet with young children to avoid a conflict is often the best way to manage. Their opposition to a plan of procedure is overcome and yet they scarcely know it.

A dear young girl, relative to an overtaxed mother, volunteered one evening to put the overtaxed mother's little ones to bed. It was a mild evening in spring. A little four-year-old boy, who in the winter had his bed warmed with a hot brick, cried out, "I want a brick! I want a brick!" The child, sleepy and tired, was in no mood to hear opposition nor even to hear reason. The amiable young volunteer nurse seemed to understand all this, and very gently she said: "Well, you may have a brick." Then going to the closet where she knew the cold brick was kept, she took it and wrapped it up and laid it at the foot of the child's crib; and the little fellow went to sleep contentedly.

A woman who loves children and loves to see them happy, took two little brothers, her friend's children, to their bed chamber to superintend their going to rest. The elder boy knelt down and said his prayers. At this the younger (four years younger than his brother) began to cry, because Elmer had said his prayers first. The mother was not at hand, and the good friend was at first perplexed, but, brightening up after a moment's thought, she said: "We'll fix that; Dudley may kneel down and say his prayers, and then Elmer may say his over again." This was satisfactory to the belligerent one, and peace reigned where a storm threatened to disturb the scene.

A little two-year-old demanded more salt on her food. The father, by whose side she sat, shook a saltcellar over the baby's plate, taking pains to not invert it. It was amusing to see the contented mien of the child after the performance. Surely it was better than to contradict or ruffle so young a member of the human family.—Christian Intelligencer.



Irish lace is very popular for millinery as well as gown trimmings.

There is a gold embroidery done on black net in a heavy way that suggests a cross patch, which is in great favor.

An adorable petticoat lately shown was made of white gros grain silk with ruffles of black velvet ribbon on a circular founce.

A lovely bathrobe is of crepe de chine lined with albatross and made with a Watteau plait in the back, a surplice front and "kimono" sleeves.

One of the prettiest novelties is a plain gray suede pocketbook, simply stretched around the edge and fastened with a buttonhole and jeweled button.

Bainty waists of India mull in pale tints are worn with the tailor-made skirts and coats. They are finely tucked and finished with a lace yoke, belt and cuff.

A dainty gown is made of white silk, pale turquoise velvet, and small silver buttons, the lower half of the fronts faced back with narrow shaped lapels of blue and white spotted velvet.

It is said that the surah silk so fashionable some years ago will return to favor with the spring. Taffeta has been used so long that people are turning to the soft silks in plain effects for variety.

The Raglan overcoat, so fashionable for men, appears among the tailor garments for women. In fact, there has never been a season when these coats have been such a universal feature of women's wardrobes.

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## FARM TOPICS

Warm Milk For Young Pigs. Use only warm, fresh milk for young pigs. As they begin to grow add a little cornmeal, bran and ground oats to the milk, increasing the grain foods according to the age of the pigs. They will thus be weaned without being checked in growth.

Hay For Cows. The clover with most hay, particularly timothy and timothy, is that it is not cut until too ripe. Insist upon getting hay cut early, particularly when the price is as high as it is this year. The cows will eat up timothy hay clean, if it is cut just as the bloom begins to appear. The same is true of clover. Corn fodder which was cut moderately early and balanced with bran is an excellent dairy feed.

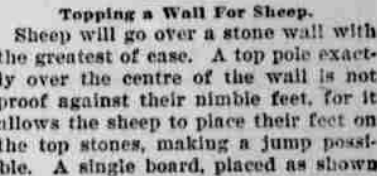
Remedy For Wet Soils. Too much moisture in the soil is as undesirable as too little. Drainage is the remedy for wet soils. If the soil contains an excess of moisture the land remains cold until the extra quantity is gone. Tile drainage carries away the water from below and allows the warm air to enter. When the soil becomes warm the plant food is more readily dissolved and the roots of plants become more active. A wet soil is always cold, even in summer.

Water For Fowls. If food is not furnished the hen, in her own special domain, she will find enough to keep her busy, but she is not so successful in getting water to drink. The farmer or his wife will usually provide some feed, but "birds" many times takes her chances for water. Yet chemists state that eighty-four per cent of the egg is water. In view of this, fowls to lay well, must be furnished with an abundance of fresh water. Drinking vessels should be thoroughly cleansed every day, and if possible, so made that the hens cannot stand in them. In winter these drinking vessels should be emptied at night to prevent freezing. It is advisable to give fowls a warm drink in the morning, when they first come from the roosts, as at this time they usually drink freely. If you will practice this the hens will come for water as quickly as for feed.—L. E. Kerr, in The Epitomist.

Estimating Quality of Butter. Most makers of butter on the farm would be offended if told that they did not know good butter or were not able to score their own butter. Yet such is the case, and it applies also to creamery men that make a business of making butter. A man cannot judge of butter without comparing it with other butter. The commission men that handle large quantities of butter are able to tell very closely, but even they are often thrown off the scent when they go to a creamery and try to form a correct opinion of butter without means for comparison.

The makers of butter on the farm need not, therefore, be surprised if they fall signally in forming a true estimate of their product. Surrounded by the aroma of the butter and the milk, as well as of the other odors in which the butter is made, it becomes difficult for the maker of the butter to really form a correct opinion of its value. Just as a person coming out of the open air into a closed room can detect odors that the people that have been a long time in the room cannot detect, so the maker in the midst of the odors of butter making has a taste deadened to proper appreciation of true flavors. It therefore becomes necessary for all that wish to make the best commercial butter to submit their butter to the judgment of men that are free from all influences likely to bias the taste.—Successful Farmer.

Topping a Wall For Sheep. Sheep will go over a stone wall with the greatest of ease. A top pole exactly over the centre of the wall is not proof against their nimble feet. For it allows the sheep to place their feet on the top stones, making a jump possible. A single board, placed as shown



in the cut, will retain sheep, provided the wall is not too low, since it projects into the pasture, and so gives the sheep no chance to gain a foothold upon the top of the wall. The board is shown in a perfectly horizontal position. It can be raised at an angle if desired by changing the shape of the bit of board that is nailed to the stake. If the land on both sides of the wall is owned by the same person, the stakes can be driven on the other side of the wall, the top and projects over the pasture side of the wall, the board nailed directly to the wall without any bit of board beneath. In Grand Rapids, Mich., the are given a free skating rink.

PLAN TO PREVENT SHEEP FROM JUMPING OVER WALLS.