

GOOD-NIGHT TO DAY.

The long gray bench with its spur of
roses
Sprinkled with peary spray,
With a face returned to greet the sky
Is wailing the last of day.

And the stormy waves toss up their hands
And echo their moaning cry,
And scream of the gales is loudly heard
As home to their nests they fly.

"Leave us not," cries the sand, the waves,
The birds,
"Leave us not, O Golden day,"
But "Hush my children," replies the sun,
"For now I must speed away."

The lonely traveller bows his head,
And is bathed in the day's last light,
And the sun bends down to kiss the earth,
"Good-night," she murmurs, "good-night."

And her streaming flocks of red and gold
Tinge the sky with a glory bright,
And she pulls night's veil across her face,
"Good-night," she says, "good-night."

And the lighthouse keeper folds his hands,
"Dear God," he murmurs low,
"Save thy children throughout the night,
Whom the waves toss to and fro."

And lo! as the earnest keeper prays,
There gleams a radiant light,
And God's lamp to guide his children safe
Is shining through the night.

One by one the stars peep out,
And the ocean reflects their light,
And the sails and the sea and the birds
And me.

Cry, "Good-night, O world, good-night!"

All night long from the lighthouse tower
Flashes a steady light,
And God's own lamp, the moon, and stars
Are watching on earth to-night.

So fear not ocean, nor birds, nor rain,
For God will make all things bright,
And with perfect light in his hand will
Murmur, "Good-night, good-night!"

A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE.

Part of the Story of the Boy Who Rode on the First Train.

Mary K. Maule in St. Nicholas.

There is a boy in New York, who—but wait a minute, he isn't a boy any more, come to think of it, he is ninety-four years old, and that is hardly a boy, is it?

But he was a boy once, and a lively, healthy, bustling boy he was, too, away back in the early '30's, and he did something that no boy had ever done before, and that no boy will ever do again—for he was the first boy that rode on the first train in America.

His name was Stephen Smith Dubois, and he was just as fond of fun and excitement, and of going to places and seeing things, as boys are today. In the autumn of 1831, after the crops were harvested, and he had in his pocket the money he had earned as a farm hand, he thought he would give himself a great treat. So he put his little bundle on a stick over his shoulder, and started to walk all the way from Providence, Saratoga County, up to Albany, to visit his uncle. He was fifteen years old then, and a forty mile walk was nothing to his active young limbs.

He had been living on a farm, and the sights of Albany kept him at a fever heat of interest for a week, at which time he felt that he would have to start on his return journey. He did not in the least mind the prospect of the long walk, but when he mentioned the matter to his uncle, he was told that if he would remain a little longer his uncle would take him on the trial trip of the new railroad then being built, and which was the greatest experiment that had ever been undertaken in that part of the country.

What boy could possibly resist the opportunity to ride in a brand-new invention that was the talk of the whole country, and which, moreover, it was predicted, would run away or blow up, or go over into a ditch at the first trial!

"The name of the engine was the 'De Witt Clinton,' but somebody called it the 'Brother Jonathan,' and it was afterward known as the 'Yankee,' I suppose on account of the English engine being called the 'John Bull.'"

"It was a pretty funny looking little contraption compared to what locomotives are now. It stood high and spindling, had a straight, small smokestack and the boiler was about as big as a kerosene barrel. Behind the engine there was a tender, just a sort of a platform on a truck, and on this were two barrels of water, a couple of baskets of fagots, and an armful of wood. Behind the tender were the coaches, hooked together by three links. Did you ever see an old fashioned stage coach? Well, these coaches were made just like them. Regular stage coach bodies, placed on trucks and supported by thorough braces with a "boot" at each end for baggage—and four seats inside, each holding three people, two seats in the middle, and one on each end. There were five coaches that day, and all of them were packed full when the train finally got started, so there must have been something like seventy-five people aboard.

"All the 'big bugs,' and dignitaries of the whole state were there. I reckon no boy ever rode in more distinguished company. Most of them were directors of the road, senators, governors, mayors, high-constables, editors, and all sorts of celebrities. Many of them were old men, even then, and most of them were middle-aged or over while I was the only boy on the excursion and I was only fifteen. That's why I say that I know that I am the only person now living that was on the Mohawk and Hudson on its first trip with passengers over the road.

"Well, as I said, we had a terrible time getting started, but at last we got off, and then it did seem to me as if we fairly flew. I had never felt anything like it. There were big white stone mile-posts all along the road, and it seemed to me that I no sooner would get through dodging one than another would come by. Oh, it was grand riding, I tell you!

"A man by the name of Jervis—John B. Jervis, I think it was—was chief engineer, John Hampson was the fireman, and John Clark, the fellow they called 'resident engineer,' acted as conductor. They didn't have a regular conductor. I remember that they filled up the boiler when we started, but at what they called the 'half-way house' we had to stop at a tank and take on water to carry us through.

"By the time we'd left the half-way house she was getting right down to her work, and it did look to me as if we were going at a terrible speed—although I guess about eighteen miles an hour was the best time we made.

"I saw some of the passengers turn pale and clutch their seats like grim death when we rounded the curves; and others of them, solemn old fellows, looked at each other and shook their heads, as if they knew that going at such a rate as that was almost wicked, and that they surely were tempting fate. But I wasn't a bit scared. The faster we went the better I liked it. The engine couldn't go too fast to suit me.

"People all along the way ran out to look after the train as dumfounded as if it had been an airship or a comet, and the horses and cows and pigs and chickens took to the hills, bawling and quawking as if they thought the very devils were after them."

ENGLAND'S BAYONET.

It is New and Superior to Its Predecessor as a Weapon.

The order for the manufacture of 55,000 new bayonets recently placed by the war office is one of the most important given for some time. As is well known there has long been dissatisfaction with the type of army bayonet now in use, which, it is said, is lacking in thrusting power and is generally inefficient as a weapon of war. A glance at the new and the present pattern will show at once the great gain in thrusting power which is obtained by the new style. Apart from an additional five inches in length it is a more formidable and useful instrument from almost every point of view than the present knife bayonet.

One consideration which no military expert can leave out of his calculations is what may be called the fatigue of a bayonet. In addition to the grim purpose for which it is mainly devised a bayonet should combine, with a minimum of weight and cumbersome, a maximum of usefulness for cutting away brushwood and other rough hacking work. Here again it will be seen that the swordlike shape of the new weapon is infinitely more practical than the daggerlike form of its predecessor. To some extent the latest bayonet is a reversal of the old triangular bayonet pattern and resembles the bayonet used by the Japanese and French infantry.

"Undoubtedly it is the best bayonet of any European pattern," said a manager of the firm before referred to, when seen by a representative of the Globe yesterday. "It is a longer pattern blade and the design is an exceedingly good one. Its manufacture, moreover, involves the most highly skilled workmanship, as the hardening, tempering and grinding of the steel is a very careful performance. No, I have not the slightest doubt that it is a far superior article to that which is about to be discarded.

"We shall get to work on the order in the next two months, and I should say it will keep us employed until the new year. It will mean the regular employment of 200 or 300 men at our razor and bayonet department at our works at Acton.

"Yes, the bayonets are of English manufacture throughout. It is not true that orders for weapons for the British army go abroad. The steel for these bayonets comes up from Sheffield in lengths of about 24 feet, and it leaves our factory in a finished condition. Before the final stage is reached each blade goes through no fewer than 200 operations."—London Globe.

A Mistaken Applicant.

An Episcopal clergyman had advertised for a butler, and the next morning a well-dressed clean shaven young man in black was ushered into the study. "Name, please?" asked the clergyman. "Hilary Arbutnot, sir." "Age?" "Twenty-eight." "What work have you been accustomed to?" "I am a lawyer, sir." The clergyman started. This was odd. However, as he knew, many were called in the law, few chosen. "But," he said, "do you understand the conduct of a household?" "In a general way, yes," murmured the applicant. "Can you carve?" "Yes." "Wash glass and silver?" "I—er—think so." The young man seemed embarrassed. He frowned and blushed. Just then the clergyman's wife entered. "Are you married?" was her first question. "That," said the young man, "was what I called to see your husband about, madame. I desire to know if he can make it convenient to officiate at my wedding at noon next Thursday week."—Bellman.

A Wall from the West.

Every woman greedily reads the hints for economical housekeeping in current publications, but I have yet to see any such articles addressed to men. We women are told how to feed hungry families with mock-duck, use milk when we are accustomed to cream and dye last year's fancies. Why not a cheaper brand of cigars, less clubs, or perhaps more whiskers and a smaller barber's bill? And, too, why not paint the auto another color and skim the gasoline?—Harper's Bazar.

WOMAN IN MEDICINE.

THE RESPONSIBLE POSITIONS SHE NOW HOLDS.

Cases of Prejudice Against Women Practitioners Excite Comment—Proof of Their Rarity—The Advance in England—India Absorbs Hundreds of Women.

The last report of the United States Commissioner of Education gave the number of women studying medicine in this country as 1,219. The number seems insignificant compared with the 25,538 men medical students reported, and in consideration of the growing regard in which women doctors are held. It may be said that the last remnant of prejudice against them has vanished in the United States, and, with occasional exceptions, in England. The case of Dr. Ethel Vernon occupied a good deal of space in the London papers recently, showing the rareness of prejudice there. Dr. Vernon was appointed to fill a vacancy in the staff of the Western Dispensary, Westminster, but her appointment was cancelled at the end of six weeks because the honorary consulting surgeon, a man of high standing in the profession, resigned rather than serve with a woman. It was frankly admitted that Dr. Vernon's qualifications were higher than the man's whose name had been proposed for the appointment, that she was very popular with the patients, and the Board of Governors came in for considerable criticism from medical men. The consulting surgeon's triumph was voted an altogether unenviable one.

In an article written by Dr. Helen McMurphy Toronto, Canada, in American Medicine, tribute is paid to the courtesy shown by many men doctors from the beginning. "It is not to be forgotten that if women have learned the art of healing, man have taught it to them, in the first instance, at least. Many medical men did this willingly and cheerfully, some did it con amore, with a generous enthusiasm." A notable instance given is the founding of the London School of Medicine for Women. In 1869 five women applied for admission to the medical college of the University of Edinburgh, and regulations were passed permitting them to enter. The Senate Academicus, however, refused to arrange for the instruction of the women, asserting that the University Court had exceeded its legal power in admitting them. The five women brought action against the university, but lost on appeal. They then went to London, where they found a friend in one of the prominent physicians then in practice, Dr. Anstie. He was not only a distinguished practitioner and writer, but possessed great personal influence. In his house was held a private meeting, at which was founded the first medical school for women in Great Britain. Dr. Anstie had drawn so many eminent men and women to the meeting that the success of the movement was assured, and within a few weeks the school was started, with twenty-three students and a remarkable staff of instructors. Before the first class had finished its course hospital instruction in the Royal Free Hospital was secured for women, and the University of London decided to admit to its medical examinations and degrees.

The school has now 200 students, and its graduates have taken their share of honors both in England and abroad. India absorbs the majority of English women doctors. The Lady Dufferin fund enables thousands of poor women to avail themselves of medical aid, and many women doctors are needed in this practice alone. Several native nurses, as for instance the enlightened Nizam of Hyderabad, have established hospitals for women in their states, and are glad to get English women doctors to serve in them. There are in all 247 hospitals, dispensaries, etc., in India, entirely under the charge of women. A woman doctor, Mrs. Stewart-Deacon, has recently been appointed Government officer of health for the Gold Coast Colony, Africa, a position which involves the inspection of a number of towns. Assistant medical officers in the Quarantine Departments at Port Said and Suez are women. In plague duty in India and at the South African concentration camps women doctors are employed, and one of these, Dr. Alice Cathorn, who had charge of the General Plague Hospital at Poona, has recently been given the Kaiser-I-Hind medal for public service. At least three English women physicians have been thus honored. "It should be remembered," writes Dr. MacMurphy, "that much of the distinction and success of English women physicians is due to the fact that they and their friends founded the New Hospital, officered entirely by women, and that the work done by the doctors there in advanced surgery, medicine, clinical teaching, and the various departments of specialists' work showed that these higher walks of medicine were not beyond them."

In Great Britain, as in America, women physicians serve as medical officers on charity boards, in insane asylums, etc. The general post-office has for years employed Dr. Edith Shove to look after the health of the women clerks. As inspectors of boarded-out children, resident doctors at children's institutions and general health supervisors in girls' schools they are greatly in demand.

On the Continent the woman doctor is slowly but steadily pushing her way. Four hundred and six women are studying medicine in Germany, but their position is rather difficult, as they are only allowed to attend lectures under humiliating conditions. In 1901 two women passed the state ex-

amination for medical practitioners in Freiburg, Baden, and are said to be the first to be admitted to the profession in Germany.

In Russia, on the other hand, many women practitioners hold Government appointments. The Poor Law Service, the County and City Medical Service, and the Municipal Ambulance Service all have women on their staff. Eighty-five women are practising medicine in France. In Austria women began to study medicine in 1897 and within a year fifty women were registered as students. In Italy there are about twenty women doctors. One of them, it is said, is physician to the queen. In Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and the Slav countries the labors of medical women have received approbation and reward. There are several successfully practising in Turkey, Egypt, Persia, and the East. An English woman is reported to be court physician in Corea.

Of the opportunities offered to women in medicine on this side of the Atlantic it is hardly necessary to speak at length. It is not difficult for a woman to obtain a first-class medical education either in the United States or in Canada. The examinations and degrees of all Canadian universities are open to women, and the Woman's Medical College at Toronto has been available since 1882.

The number of appointments open to American women is large, and is constantly increasing. In Massachusetts as far back as 1884 a state enactment made the appointment of women as assistant physicians in insane asylums mandatory. New York state provides many places for women physicians. Until recently no city hospital admitted women internes, but since Gouverneur took the lead others will undoubtedly follow. The work of Dr. Emily Dunning has been highly spoken of at Gouverneur, where she has served nearly two years. She took her turn at ambulance duty, and performed many difficult and not altogether agreeable emergency district operations on the streets; the Gouverneur district including a part of the town noted for its casualties.

There are close to eighty names of women physicians in the business directory of New York. In the Greater city there must be several hundred women in practice.—New York Post.

BERLIN'S SEWAGE.

It is All Turned to Profitable Use—Nothing Wasted.

The sewage of the city of Berlin is disposed of by conveying the liquid matter to two sewage farms about eight miles from the city, the one on the north being known as Bladenburg and the other as Mallowe. The German plan consists in depositing the sewage up on the farm and discharging it at various points, so as to make the distribution equal and uniform. At various points wells, or reservoirs, are established, and by the use of a simple wooden appliance the sewage is held or discharged, as the management of the farm requires. The contents of the little reservoirs are spread by gravity over small sewage fields, the surfaces of which are practically as nature left them.

Vegetables, fruit trees, shrubs and things of similar growth assist in taking up the sewage by natural processes, and the earth does the rest by absorption, the air and atmosphere assisting. The organic matter is thus discharged in vegetable growth, and the liquid is carried off through the pores of the earth. The farm is a garden of all the beautiful things that nature produces, and the product is sold on the provision counters of the city.

The interesting feature of this particular farm is that the effluent or retreating water is so purified that it is collected in a reservoir and pumped thence back to Berlin, to replenish the domestic water supply.

Sanitary engineers advise alternate use of these filtration beds for the purpose, among others, as is stated, of giving the beds "a rest," up on the theory that they will do better work if used only intermittently.—London Daily Mail.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The famous Macintosh whirlpool is four geographical miles in diameter.

Sheep used as beasts of burden in North India carry twenty pounds weight apiece.

In the kitchen of a house recently unearthed at Pompeii was found a fireplace with a kettle on its grate just as it was left by some Pompeian housewife over 1,800 years ago.

Lewis D. Hollenbach, of Jordan, Pa., has a pig which he offers to match against any hound in the state as a rabbit hunter. He says the pig can follow a scent with any dog living.

The amount of salt used annually in the curing of Gloucester (Mass.) fish production has been about thirty-two thousand tons, most all of which have been imported from Trapani by local dealers.

If the sun were hollow it could hold five hundred thousand globes the size of our earth, and an eye capable of viewing ten thousand square miles an hour would require fifty-five thousand years to see all its surface.

A botanical clock, a very pretty flower, has been discovered in the lachmus of Tehuantepec. In the morning it is white, at noon it is red, and at night blue; and the changes of color are so regular that the time of day can be told from the tint of the flower.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Raggydolls.
The Raggydolls are funny folks,
They live in Nursery Glade,
They use small mallets to crack jokes;
Their tears are lemonade.

Their breakfast food is sawdust dry,
Of which they eat a lot,
A handkerchief's their ruler high;
Each eye's a neat French knot.

They haven't got a single hair
Upon their little heads;
But each is covered with its share
Of flimsy silken threads.

They had a party yesterday—
It was a dandy treat—
And when they finished with their play
They got these things to eat:

Some ging-ham sandwiches quite thick,
Some call-coconut pie,
Some taffety on a stick,
Some ribbon-buns, and my!

A great big cambric of ice cream,
It was a dandy treat—
O dear! I really wish I was
A Raggydoll! Don't you?
—Sunday Magazine.

Not So Easy As It Looks.

Put a coin on a table's edge, with half the coin's edge overlapping. Move three yards away and close one eye; now advance, and try to knock it off with one finger, keeping the one eye shut all the time.—Home Notes.

A Scotch Eagle.

The other afternoon a full grown golden eagle was captured in Rosshire under peculiar circumstances.

Three surfacemen were employed at a section of a new portion of the Highland line when they were attracted by the appearance of an eagle in a field three miles from Ardgay. On being approached the bird offered a fierce resistance with beak and talons.

The men threw their jackets over it, one holding its head enveloped in the jacket while the others tied its legs. The bird was secured alive without much injury. It is 7 feet 1 inch from tip to tip of wings.

Eagles, it is said, cannot rise from the ground owing to their immense spread of wings and comparatively short legs. They require pinnacles, boulders or steep precipices ere they can soar.—Westminster Gazette.

Turtles as Fishers.

There is a canny reptile fisherman which makes effective use of the bait which he carries in his own mouth. This is the alligator snapping turtle, a giant, among reptiles, known to attain a maximum weight of 144 pounds, with a length of shell of about twenty-eight inches. It haunts rivers flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, including the Mississippi, where it is common.

In appearance and actions it is an enlarged duplicate of the common snapping turtle. Its pale brown hues well match the soft, muddy bottoms on which it lies motionless, angling for fish with the decoy. The bait is attached inside the lower jaw, close to the tongue, and is a well developed filament of flesh, white and distinct from the yellowish mouth part. While waiting, the turtle keeps this grab in motion, giving it the aspect of crawling about in a small circular course.

Its mud-colored shell, often covered with a growth of fine, waving moss, looks like a great round stone, and close to it is a second smaller stone, the head. Close to this smaller stone crawls the plump white grub. A fish sees it and makes a natural mistake only to be seized by a sudden snap of the powerful jaws. The jaws are remarkably powerful. The common snapper, which attains only a third of the size of its larger relative, will bite a finger clean off, and the alligator snapper could bite through a wrist or foot.—Chicago Tribune.

Young Farmers at Noah's Ark.

Some people say it is hard for farmers to get hired men. They say men would rather stay in the city than go to the country and work. But there are two hired men on a farm on Long Island who are perfectly satisfied with their situations, and would object very much indeed if they were asked to leave. They don't get high wages, either. Elihu, who is a green hand, gets 15 cents a week, and Patrick, who is more experienced, having worked two summers, gets 25 cents a week. And, of course, they have their "keep." And when you consider that the "keep" includes a tent to sleep in—a big tent, in a green field, with a gnarly apple tree shading it—and when you also consider that there is a pond and the hired men have an hour off every afternoon for swimming, perhaps their content is explained. For Patrick is only thirteen years old and Elihu is only twelve.

When the two young aunts of Patrick and Elihu decided to give up teaching and take to chicken raising, all the family said: "What a good chance to train Patrick and Elihu to work!" For Patrick lives in New York and Elihu lives in Boston, and there isn't much in either of these places for boys to do except go to school.

The aunts said they thought they'd better try the experiment with one boy first. That was last summer. All summer Patrick fed chickens and cleaned coops for 15 cents a week, and long before school was out last June he was counting the days till he could hire out again. He never asked for a raise in his wages, but the aunts thought he deserved it, because this summer he has the responsibility of breaking in the apprentice, Elihu.

If you think the boys don't work, read this program of Patrick's daily duties. Patrick, being a methodical boy, wrote it out himself on a little piece of cardboard as soon as he found out what he had to do.

"Five o'clock—Rise, bathe, air bed and tent.

"Six o'clock—Feed ducks and chickens.

Seven o'clock—Breakfast.

"Eight o'clock—Make bed.

"Nine o'clock—Fix up tent.

"Ten o'clock—Cleaning jobs for the day.

"Eleven o'clock—Feed young ducks.

"Twelve o'clock—Grub.

"Two o'clock—Feed and water young ducks.

"Three o'clock—Swim.

"Four o'clock—Coffee.

"Five o'clock—Feed garbage chickens.

"Six o'clock—Feed ducks; inspect fountains.

"Seven o'clock—Dinner."

The 5 o'clock chickens get the food that is left over from the table. The only word Patrick knows for that is garbage, so he calls them garbage chickens. It isn't a chicken farm alone—this farm. It began that way, but now it has branched out in so many directions that Patrick calls it the Noah's Ark. The aunts love animals so well that whenever they see a new kind they can't help adding it to the menagerie. Besides, as one of them says:

"How can we tell what pays best till we've tried everything?"

So besides the chickens, Michael Angelo, the old rooster, and Mary Jane, his wife, and the young chickens—which are constantly going to New York to be eaten, but more come in their places, for the incubators are working all the time—there are, in the first place, Hungry Henrietta and Peeping Tom and their descendants. Hungry Henrietta is a Maltese cat, and a forlorn cat she was when Patrick found her one day last summer mewing and wet, on the edge of the pond, where some one had tried to drown her. After a few good meals Hungry Henrietta filled out wonderfully, and deserved her name no longer, only it would cling to her. But evidently she was lonely in spite of the getting she got, for one day she disappeared, and when she came back, four days afterwards, she had Peeping Tom with her. No one knows where Peeping Tom came from. Patrick named him that because he lives under the studio, in the corner of the garden, and peeps out at you, and will not no matter how nicely you say, "Poor Tom! Pretty Tom!" come out and be friendly. But he and Hungry Henrietta have some very pretty kittens, so pretty that though they are short-haired cats, they sell readily at \$1 apiece. Ten of their children and their children's children are at home.

Pouter Bullock, Bullock Pouter and Plain Pouter are another. The other five are so recent that they haven't been named. The relationships of these families are very intricate. Nobody but Patrick understands them.

But the plinks and prizes in the way of cats at the Noah's Ark are Bobby Burns and Peggy, two big, beautiful Angoras, and their four kittens. The kittens are so small that they can't do much, except lie on their backs in the Morris chair and sleep; but by-and-by they will be very valuable and sell for a good deal of money. The aunts don't dare to mention this though before Patrick and Elihu. That is the worst of raising things on a farm. You get fond of them and then they have to be sold.

The boys know that Wiggly Pig and Piggly Wig—the two little white pigs—are going to be eaten, and they feel so apologetic and remorseful toward the little creatures in consequence that they take extra good care of them. Every day they move the portable pen, part of which has no floor, to a new place, so that Wiggly Pig and Piggly Wig have fresh earth to root their pink noses in. They are very bright pigs. The other day Elihu wrote home to his mother:

"Dear Mother: We have two pigs. Their eyes are so human that they make you quite nervous. They are housebroken pigs."

Elihu probably means that they are well mannered in their own house, for the aunts haven't asked them into the big house—yet.

Besides the chickens and the cats and the pigs there are more doves than you could count, scores of rabbits, ducks of all ages, one venerable goose, a darling cooie named Fanny and her two still more darling puppies, a horse, Mrs. Dollie, and Queen Elizabeth, the Jersey cow. You can see that item No. 5 in Patrick's program, "cleaning jobs for the day," means a good deal of work. For the homes of all these creatures, big and little, have to be kept sweet and clean. Once a fortnight or so Patrick and Elihu and one of the aunts harness Mrs. Dollie to the farm wagon and ride to the sawmill and buy forty bags of soft shavings to make beds for the animals, and ride home on top of the pile.

The tent is the jolliest place imaginable. Along one side is Patrick's little white bed, and across the end is Elihu's. Their trunks make fine seats, and these and a bureau and some books and a few pictures complete the furnishings. There used to be an alarm clock, but the boys took that down to the pond to remind them to stop swimming when the hour was up, and one day they left it out in a hard shower, and since then, as Elihu says, "it won't alarm any more." The boys aren't always up at 5 o'clock since that happened, but really and truly they didn't leave the clock out on purpose. They aren't that kind of boys.—New York Tribune.

A veterinarian found a tooth growing in the ear of a colt, the property of Cloud Pyle of Monticello, Pa.