

MOTHERLESS CHICKS.

SURPRISES AT A LONG ISLAND POULTRY FARM.

Where the Thermometer Rules—Thousands of Birds Within Call, but Few in Sight—In the Brooding House.

Hundreds of little balls of fluffy down, sedate old hens, arrogant roosters, velvety, lily white ducks. They are all within reach of the mildest halloo and yet not a dozen of them in sight at once. That is the first impression one gets of a large, well ordered poultry farm.

It is a curious impression, too. The unmeaning of your ideas seems utterly out of gear. Where is the traditional cluck-cluck and the feathered bustle of the barnyard you know so well? Then you suddenly remember. Modern science has stepped in with her incubators and her mixed feed and deposited Mother Nature on her own ground. The "settling hen" is good, but the hot air box is more reliable.

"The chickens and the ducks are all there" behind the scenes" in a long row of frame buildings. The poultry farm of today is run on scientific principles. The machinery does not wear itself, it is far too well oiled. But you may feel its motion.

"Sandacre," the country seat of Robers Colgate, on the outskirts of the village of Quogue, L. I., within sight and sound of the bluest sea, is one of the most famous and representative of modern poultry farms. It is famous because of its size and its varieties of fancy fowl, representative because every innovation and improvement is brought into play within its boundaries. Once upon a time there was a farm on the New Jersey sands that far exceeded it. But now that Jersey chicken settlement has handed over its glories and "Sandacre" reigns—unique at least.

"Sandacre Farm" as it is today is the outgrowth of years. Mr. Colgate has long been a fancier of note. But until recently he has always exhibited in the name of his manager and kept aloof from the turmoil of county and state fairs. It was the organization of the New York Poultry and Pigeon Association that brought before the public as a man of fact. Here he is not one of the association's originators, but summoned to the very first convocation he made his mark among those who were and was elected the first president. This post he has filled ever since.

I visited "Sandacre Farm" on a hot morning. The sunlight lay warm and glistening on the brown roofs of the long rows of chicken houses and the waters of Quogue Bay—a magnificent duck pond—shimmering in the glare. "Sandacre" is most appropriately named, and, I paraphrase a bit, it might well be called "a fowl's paradise." And the Scriptural injunction has been obeyed. The soil is sandy everywhere, but it is not upon the sand that these houses have been built.

Gaylor, the manager, awaited me at the incubator house door. And a strangely interesting person I found this Gaylor. He was a man of science, a machinist, an electrician, an inventor and a fancier all rolled into one. The incubator in use (there were two others in the little house) was of his own make, piece by piece, and he could tinker any part of it should need be.

August is the twilight and between seasons for the mechanical hatching of chickens and ducks. The incubator's greatest activity is in the early months of the year. Then brood flocks hrood without the loss of a day. Seven hundred and fifty eggs are put in the hatcher at one time, though its actual capacity is double that.

"Has experience proved the incubator a greater success than the old-fashioned backyard hen?" I asked.

"Yes, and no," answered the manager, with a reflective whisker twirl.

"The incubator chickens are no stronger and no better than those hatched in the natural way. But it is difficult to get setting hens, enough of them I mean. Then again, the proportion of loss is very much smaller in the hatcher. Look at this machinery and you will see why."

And again it was impressed upon me how modern science is able to give points to nature.

The eggs rest in rows in wire-bottomed trays, eighty-five to ninety eggs to a tray. These trays slide in and out of the hatcher like desk drawers. Along the top run ten iron pipes, five for the flow of water, five for its return. Several inches lower extends a thermostat of peculiar design. It is a bar of hard rubber, one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and one inch wide. It is held taut by a powerful spring and a bar controlled by it plays between the points of an electric circuit, completing it by touching every point, breaking it by standing midway. The thermostat is regulated to 102-102 1/2 degrees, the lamp is lit, the hot water circulates through the pipes. The temperature rises above 102 1/2, the circuit is completed and clock work is put into motion, which throws a loose sleeve or shutter over the lamp wick and opens the ventilators. When the temperature has fallen one degree the thermostat bar files to the other point. The clockwork moves again, the sleeve is lifted off the lamp wick, the light blazes up again and the ventilators are closed.

Seemingly the mechanism is perfect, but there is yet another safeguard. A second thermostat is in the machine. This is regulated between 95 and 105, the danger points of incubation. When the temperature touches either of these the circuit is completed, and three electric bells ring—one in Sandacre mansion, another in the manager's house, the third in the brooding house. It is a danger signal by night as well as by day, seldom if ever sounded, but a hatch of 750 eggs is too precious to take risks with, and some sudden mischance might befall.

Each egg is carefully scrutinized as it goes into the trays and many times thereafter. The examination is an interioerone, though made wholly from the outside. Hens' eggs are studied by lamp light, the concentration of rays being needed. Ducks' eggs, however, are studied by the parent and can be looked over at any time. The period of incubation is sixteen to twenty-two days for hens, twenty-six to twenty-eight for ducks.

The science of the poultry farm is not only not ended, but it is just begun when the chick comes out of its shell. In the barnyard the fledging is thrown upon the cold, hard world at once, and he must scratch for himself even before he cuts his eye teeth. It is different. With the incubator-raised chick it is very different. A silver spoon is truly in his mouth. From the hatching room he is carried directly to the brooding house.

The brooding house is divided into eight "pens," each about 4x10, and with tiny "runs" in the sunlight under glass. In the front are rows of steam pipes, which keep the room at an even temperature of a little over seventy, and the chicks huddle up close to them at night,

fall in default of a mother's warm wings. The floor is well sanded and the "run" outside is made of sandy soil itself. Here the fledglings learn to scratch in an amateur sort of way. Not for a livelihood—they are too well provided with food for that—but from a natural instinct.

The food for the first three days is pinhead meal. Then there follows a week's diet of old-fashioned johnny cake, baked hard for two hours in a slow oven, ground fine and fed dry. It is composed of corn meal, wheat bran and ground beef scrap. After this their rations are those of the older fowl, a mixture of corn meal, wheat bran, bone meal scrap and ground charcoal. In the winter chopped cabbage is added to make up for their loss of other green foods.

The chick hospital hangs on the wall near by. It is a big cage divided into four wards, or rather compartments, where the fledglings can receive special care and warmth. Medicine is seldom necessary. A weighing machine is used, but a few feet off. This, too, is a cage, the flooring resting immediately on the ceiling.

The chick's promotion to the secondary brooding house depends mainly upon the weather. It is ordinarily a matter of three or four weeks. The secondary brooding house has twenty rooms, each 5x8, and open air "runs" of fifty-two feet, separated from each other and the outside world by screens of wire netting higher than a man's head. Fifty chicks are placed in each room instead of one hundred, which is the rule in the other houses. Here the young fowl first feel the responsibilities of life. He is deprived of artificial heat and now has a broad field to run and scratch in.

But the poultry village is yet incomplete. There is a feed and cook shop, a sanitarium, a building for "stragglers" birds, half a dozen small brooding houses, with large yards attached, and the duck buildings down on the edge of Quogue Bay, with a duck pond that is a veritable Southern Sea close at hand. The ducks, however, are omnipresent. They have a large yard all to themselves in the midst of the poultry's domains, and in the heat of the day it is a pretty picture, a flock of fifty or more of the glossy, glistening white, huddled in the shade of an upright bough arbor of pale brown, with the sparse green grass of the sandy soil as a frame.

They are quite unconscious of their end, of course. And yet the chopping block stands in that very yard. They have been driven up from the water's edge, especially for incrimination. The season of the markets has not come upon them and from fifty to a hundred are killed each week. But this is but a drop in the bucket for a duck yard producing two or three thousand a year.—[New York Telegram]

Pasted Fifty Days.

Alexander Jacques, who undertook to fast for fifty days at the Royal Aquarium, London, England, completed his task. Although during the last week his condition caused much uneasiness to Drs. Robin and Whitmarsh who watched him throughout, Mr. Jacques succeeded in abstaining from food. The bulletin issued gave his temperature as 100 and during the last night he was only able to sleep for two hours. This was one of renewed attacks of gout and to excitement. He still maintained a cheerful countenance and spent the early part of the morning in attending to his correspondence and talking with those about him. The bulletin issued at noon the last day stated that during the past twenty-four hours Mr. Jacques had lost two pounds, leaving his weight at 114 pounds four ounces, his total loss being twenty-eight pounds four ounces. His pulse registered sixty-four, his respiration 24 and his temperature 98.8. During the previous day he drank thirty-four ounces of fluid.

At the commencement of the fast the aquatic authorities issued over 2,000 invitations available at any time, day or night, during the fifty days to the medical men of London. The last afternoon a large number of English and foreign physicians visited Jacques, one of whom, Dr. Henrik G. Peterson, a Norwegian, practicing in America, tested the strength of the fasting man's grip on the dynamometer before hepartook of food, with the result that it was said to be equal to seventy-four pounds. As the time approached for the completion of the fast the reception-room in which Jacques has remained during the whole of the time became crowded with spectators. Jacques, who had been smoking cigarettes during the latter part of the afternoon, appeared to be rather excited. The cheering of the audience at 4 o'clock announced that the fast was over.

Mr. Davis, who has been the fasting man's lecturer throughout the whole of the time, said that Mr. Jacques had accomplished the most stupendous feat ever known, and it has proved the great value of his herbal powder, the secret of which he alone possessed. His contention was that armies campaigning through a hostile country, or an man suffered shipwreck or met with an accident where food was not procurable, the powder would probably be the means of sustaining life until help or succor came. Jacques had been watched night and day by doctors and members of the press, and he hoped they had now proved to the public without doubt that he was in possession of a secret which most prove beneficial in all cases of emergency. Jacques then rose and carried Kennedy, the mesmerist, twice across the room, and immediately afterward partook of his first meal, which consisted of chicken broth, fish and grapes.—[Chicago Herald]

The Diamond Duke.

The Diamond Duke was a nickname given Charles Frederick William Augustus, a Duke of Brunswick in the present century, who was driven out of his dominions by his people in 1831 and who died in exile a few years ago. He was undoubtedly crazy, and manifested his mental aberration in several peculiar ways. He thought everybody was trying to rob him, and his house in Paris was constructed like a fortress. No one was admitted save his intimates, and sometimes his freakish temper denied even them. He converted a large part of his wealth into diamonds, which he kept in strong boxes, secured in cellars and guarded with more precautions than are taken by most banks. The underground rooms where he kept his riches were accessible by secret staircases, the doors of which, when discovered, could be opened only by a knowledge of the numerous combination locks with which they were fastened. His valuable papers and most precious jewels were kept in a large chest at the head of his bed, and by touching a button the box and its contents descended into a well 150 feet deep. During the last years of his life he spent his time either in forcing his diamonds or in selecting his costume for the evening. Bewigged, powdered and painted he went out in the afternoon for his drive, then,

with as many of his jewels as he could bestow on his person and guarded by half a dozen private detectives, he visited the theatre and returned home. He lived in mortal fear of being poisoned and finally died under the impression that his servants had given him arsenic in his coffee.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat]

SCALING HERRINGS.

The Work is Performed in a Somewhat Peculiar Manner.

A peculiar feature of the smoked herring industry in this country is the method by which the fish are scaled. Enormous quantities of them are captured in weirs and gill-nets and the catch thrown into boats. When a load has been secured the fisherman "treads them out" by walking briskly back and forth through the mass of squirming objects at the bottom of the boat. The motion of the fish upon each other and also the contact with the feet and legs is the "treading" quickly removes or scales. In the course of half an hour a skillful operator will thus scale four or five hogheads of the fish.

Another method consists in using a piece of board about a foot long and four or five inches in width, which is securely fastened to a long handle. This is thrust into the center of the mass and moved briskly about by continued striking the scales are moved in an incredibly short time. The work must be done while the fish are fresh, as otherwise the scales become set and can only be taken off with great difficulty.

Care is exercised in both processes, as if not systematically done, many of the catch will be only partially scaled, and if stirred about or "rod out" for too long a time the flesh will be soft or bruised, in which case the catch will be less saleable, and if the skin is broken, absolutely worthless.

After scaling they are washed and strung in tubs, barrels or hogheads; then staled on sticks, from twenty-five to thirty-five being placed on each, according to their size. The next step consists in re-washing, to remove all the blood and dirt that has accumulated, and the strings are then laid on frames in the open-air to drain and also to harden and dry the gill-covers. This being accomplished they are taken to the smoke house, properly arranged, the fires started and the smoking begins.

Several kinds of wood are used for this purpose in different countries, while birch being preferred in France, white pine in England, Scotland and Holland, oak chips and sandust are considered the best. In this country pine logs that have been soaked in salt water are selected, as the salt renders the wood less inflammable and it also gives a greater volume of smoke.

Some of the curers, when the smoking process is nearly completed, build a fire with oak logs for the purpose of giving a higher or brighter color to the fish. As a matter of fact, however, the woods make little or no difference, the chief idea being to get a kind that will burn slowly and at the same time yield a sufficient amount of smoke to cure the fish, and at the same time burn so slowly that there is no possibility of scorching them.—[Detroit Free Press]

Large.

The largest railway depot in the world is at Birmingham, England. It covers eleven acres.

An army of locusts ten miles wide recently swept over the Punjab in India. It occupied five days in passing.

The highest trestle on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad is that across the Corsican defile, Missoula, Mont., 300 feet above the gorge below.

Gladwin county, Michigan, boasts of having the largest frame barn in the world. It is 156 feet long, 50 feet wide, and in its construction 500,000 feet of lumber were used.

The biggest horse in the world is now the pride and glory of Detroit. The noble brute is 21 hands high, weighs 2,365 pounds, and is possessed of remarkable intelligence.

The largest lighthouse lens in this country measures fifteen feet in height and seven and a half in width, the internal diameter, or "bull's eye," being eight feet eight inches.

Some land in Paris has been sold at the rate of \$2,000,000 per acre; some in London for what would net \$5,000,000 per acre, and some in New York for a sum equal to \$8,000,000 per acre.

The British debt is so large that if it were divided into notes they would completely cover the States of Ohio ten times over. If paid in penny pieces, and each penny piled one above the other, it would make seven columns of copper reaching to the moon.

Edison's Latest Device.

Thomas A. Edison, the electrician, claims to have just patented a new system which he can apply to any steam car and which will revolutionize rapid transit. The price of electricians said he would not explain at present his plans or details, but that he had just finished the tests; that they were a grand success, and that the North American Company is going to use the system. It is a trolley system, only the rails are used and there is no slot. It is not a storage battery system either.

Mr. Edison said that by the time the Broadway Company got through digging and ditching, his system would be in operation in some other city at much less expense, and it will give more satisfactory results. He said, too, that he could pave the old Broadway line and change a block each night, and no one would be able to see the work as his system was in complete working order.—[New York Commercial Advertiser]

China's Postal System.

A writer in a Shanghai newspaper recently, describing the Chinese postal system, observes that China has never considered the conveyance of the correspondence of the people as a necessary function of government. This is provided for by postal establishments, which are to be found in every town of any size, and Europeans in the interior who have to use them report favorably of the system and repose considerable confidence in it. It offers some advantages even over Western postal systems. All letters carried are practically registered and the contents insured to the full value of the mail in regard to weight. Letters need not be stamped beforehand; the rule is to keep current accounts with customers, which are settled monthly.

A Sweet-Smelling Disinfectant.

The Bank of Paris is said to have offered \$100,000 as a loan of \$40,000 to four poor cent.

SELF-MURDERERS.

NOTED PEOPLE IN ALL AGES WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Boulanger and Balmaeda had Many Celebrated Predecessors—Samson the First on Record—Suicide a Fine Art in China.

Boulanger and Balmaeda, each of whom played for high stakes and committed suicide when the game was lost, had many noted predecessors. From the days of the Roman Empire down to the present time men who had staked their all and lost have capped the climax of their defeat by self-destruction. Rather than endure disgrace they have acted as their own executioners. Balmaeda, the would-be dictator of Chili, shot himself when convinced that escape from the victorious insurgents was impossible.

Boulanger, after making a brilliant record as a soldier in Algeria and in the Franco-Prussian war, and being idolized by his people, aspired to greatness in the Republic and found an Empire, of which he would be head. A traitor to his country and branded as a thief, he was outlawed. When at last the woman who was his companion in exile died, he ended his strange career by shooting himself on her grave.

It is only a few months since Prince Radolph of Austria and Marie Vetsera ended their lives in a manner that shocked the entire world. In the days when Romans believed it a disgrace to be killed by a foe in battle suicides were common. Catostabbed himself rather than live under the despotic reign of Caesar, and when Thermistocles was ordered to lead the Persians against his countrymen he took poison.

Hannibal and Mithridates poisoned themselves to escape being made prisoners. Samson was the heroic suicide of the Scriptures, for, in order to be revenged on his enemies, he pulled down the temple in which they were reveling and perished with them. Many of the noted suicides of history are due to the philosophy of heroism rather than to insanity.

Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, lived until he was ninety-eight. Then, when he fell one day and put his thumb out of joint, he decided that he had lived long enough, so he repaired to his dwelling and hanged himself. Homer is said to have hanged himself because he could not solve the "fisherman's riddle." Terence stabbed himself because he had lost 108 translated comedies. Brutus took his life on his sword. Licurgus took poison and Nero cut his throat.

In China suicide has been a fine art for several centuries. If a Mandarin is guilty of misconduct he is requested to put himself out of the land of the living. There is a distinction, too, in the manner in which the Oriental may die. If he is of exalted rank, and entitled to wear the highest or brightest rank badge, he entitles himself to death with sword, lance and bow.

This is regarded as a distinguished manner of ending life. If the Mandarin is only of the rank that is entitled to wear the red button he must be content with strangling himself with a silken cord. Such are the distinctions of caste. One of the most remarkable cases of suicide was that of the King of Falaha on the west coast of Africa.

The king was attacked by a Mohammedan force, and finding resistance impossible, he assembled his family and principal officers, and after addressing them and intimating his determination never to accept Mohammedanism, and inviting those who did not agree with him to go away, he applied a light to a large quantity of gunpowder collected for the purpose and blew up the palace and all who were in it.

Suicides among the aristocracy in England are rather numerous. The suicide of the Duke of Bedford in January last shocked society circles of both continents. He was one of the largest landed proprietors in England, immensely wealthy and was seventy-two years of age. Lying on a sick bed, from which he had promised of immediate recovery, he succumbed to the agony of death, and found relief in death. The fact that it was a suicide was carefully concealed from the newspapers, but the secret leaked out after the body had been cremated. Lord Conington, who was Mr. Parnell's great-uncle, hanged himself in 1842.

In the same year the Earl of Munster shot himself in the head. In 1869 Lord Cloncarry, the last of his lineage, jumped from a window and broke his neck. In 1873 the last Earl of De La Warr drowned himself, and in 1876 Lord Lytton, the insane brother-in-law of Gladstone, escaped from his keepers, threw himself off the staircase of his own house and was killed.

A story of suicide in which sentiment is mingled is that of Prince Baudouin, the youthful Prince of Belgium. He was engaged to marry a young girl, and finding that love could never be realized, sought peace in the eternal silence of the grave.

Commercial disaster to any member of the Rothschild family is as great a disgrace as crime is to any other family. This was illustrated by the recent attempts of Baron Gustav de Rothschild to end his existence. His attempt at self-destruction followed close upon his loss of \$8,000,000 in the London market. The attempt was a failure, and in that respect resembled his speculation. His was not the first affair of the kind in the Rothschild family. Baron James de Rothschild, crazed by ill luck, some time ago blew out his brains in the presence of his mother.

Only last May Lord James Edward Sholto Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensbury, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been traveling from Ireland during the night and behaved in such a strange manner that the railroad officials ordered one of their employes to accompany him to London. Upon arrival at that city Lord Douglas put up at a hotel, and, when at three o'clock he did not look, he sent his attendants to see if he were in his room. The tragic death of Lady Brassey, who plunged into the sea from her yacht while suffering from fever, will be long remembered. She was one of the most ambitious women and remarkably talented. When she jumped overboard last year her husband dived after her, and it was with some difficulty that he was rescued from sharing her fate.

Suicides are common among defaulters as preferable to facing the charge of dishonor and trying to live down the record. Politicians smarting under the scourge of defeat have ended all with a bullet. Disappointed lovers by the score take their lives when jilted by the objects of their choice, and so the category runs. Disappointment of every character has prompted all kinds of people to end this brief existence with a bare bodkin.—[New York Recorder]

A Sweet-Smelling Disinfectant.

A very pretty form of disinfectant is being introduced to sick rooms in Aus-

tralia, in the form of the green branches of eucalyptus. The reputation of the eucalyptus as an absorbent of malaria, and as an antidote in fever-cases is well established, and for some time its effect as a disinfectant in sick chambers has been carefully watched.

Dr. Curgenven states, after twelve months' trial, that in cases of scarlet fever, if the branches be placed under the bed, the bedding undergoes thorough disinfection, the volatile vapor penetrating and saturating the mattresses and every other article in the room. The vapor is also said to have a beneficial effect upon phthisical patients, acting not only as an antiseptic, but as a sedative, and to some extent, as a hypnotic.—[Philadelphia Press]

A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.

Visit to an Oriental House of Worship in Cairo.

A commission has been appointed by the present government whose duty is the preservation of the monuments of Arabian art; occasionally, however, in a mosque one finds scaffolding in place, and a general dismantlement. One can only hope for the best—in much the same spirit in which one hopes when one sees the beautiful old front of St. Mark's, Venice, gradually encroached upon by the new raw timbers. But in Cairo, at least, the work of repairing goes on very slowly; three hundred mosques, probably, out of the four hundred still remain untouched, and many of these are adorned with a delicate beauty which is unrivaled. I know no quest so enchanting as a search through the winding lanes of the old quarters for these gems of Saracenic taste, which no guide-book has as yet chronicled, no dragoman discovered. The street is so narrow that your donkey fills almost all the space; passers-by are obliged to flatten their heads against the walls in response to the Oriental adjurations of your donkey-boy behind: "Take heed, O maid!" "Your foot, O chief!" Presently you see a minaret—there is always a minaret somewhere; but it is not always easy to find the mosque to which it belongs, hidden, perhaps, as it is, behind other buildings in the crowded labyrinth. At length you observe a door with a dab or two of the well-known Saracenic honeycomb-work above it; instantly you dismount, climb the steps, and look in. You are almost sure to find treasures, either fragments of the pearly Cairo mosaic, or a wonderful ceiling, or gilded Kufic (old Arabian text) inscriptions and arabesques, or remains of the ancient colored glass, which changes its tints hour by hour. Best of all, sometimes you find a space open to the sky, with a fountain in the centre, the whole surrounded by arcades of marble columns adorned with hanging lamps (or rather the bronze chains which once carried the lamps), and with suspended ostrich eggs—the emblems of good luck.

One day, when my donkey was making his way through a capitated region, I came upon a mosque so small that it seemed hardly more than a base for its exquisite minaret, which towered to an unusual height above it. Of course I dismounted. The little mosque was open; but as it was never visited by strangers, it possessed no slippers, and without coverings of some kind it was impossible that unsanctified shoes, such as mine, should touch its matted floor; the bent, ancient guardian glared at me fiercely for the mere suggestion. One sees something (even in 1890) in the eyes on the old men sitting in the mosques the original spirit of Islam shining still. Once their religion commanded the sword; they would like to grasp it again, if they could. It is suggested that the matting might, for a baksheesh, be rolled up and put away, as the place was small.

But the stony old keepers remained indolent. Then the offer was made that so many piasters—ten (that is fifty cents)—would be given to the blind. Now the blind are sacred in Cairo; to offer, therefore, was successful; all the matting was carefully rolled and stacked in a corner, the three or four Muslims present withdrew to the door, and the unbeliever was allowed to enter. She soon herself in a temple so cool, so fresh was incredibly rich. The floor was of delicate marble, and every inch of the walls was covered with a mosaic of porphyry and jasper, adorned with gilded inscriptions and bands of Kufic text; the tall pulpit, made of mahogany-colored wood, was carved from top to bottom in intricate designs, and ornamented with old little plaques of fretted bronze; the sacred niche was lined with alabaster, turquoise, and gleaming mother-of-pearl; the only light came through the thick glass of the small windows far above, in downward-falling rays of crimson, violet and gold. The old mosaic-work of the Cairo mosques is composed of small plates of marble and of mother-of-pearl arranged in geometrical designs; the delicacy of the minute cubes employed, and the intricacy of the patterns, are marvellous; the colors in fact, cooler than turquoise has been added; but the glitter of the mother-of-pearl gives the whole an appearance like that of jewelry. Upon our departure five blind men were found drawn up in a line at the door. It would not have been difficult to collect fifty.—[Harper's Magazine]

A Plague of Spiders.

Millions of small red spiders have attacked the fruit orchards in and around the town of Lodi, Cal. The pest is far worse than a plague of locusts. The spiders first made their appearance immediately after a season of very hot weather. The ground is red with the insects, and great damage to crops is the result.

In size the spiders are almost infinitesimal, but there are millions and billions of them. They cover the ground with a thin web. They seem to attack the eastern side of the trees, where the foliage is thickest, the most. They lay their eggs all over the leaves, and when the eggs begin to hatch the "lice of the leaf" begins to disappear. The body of the spider is not injured, that is, no holes are eaten in it, but the young spiders seem to draw the juice out. H. O. Williams, who is a prominent fruit grower at Lodi, said in an interview recently:

"I have examined the spider eggs under the microscope and could see hundreds of them on a leaf. The spiders themselves are not hard to kill, but it seems almost impossible to destroy the eggs. The insects multiply very rapidly. I have tried Paris green and a patented wash on the trees, but the stuff did not seem to affect the eggs, for they hatched just the same. I tried lime water a few days, and that seemed to kill some of the eggs, but I was afraid of getting the mixture too strong and injuring the trees. Spiders are the natural enemy of almond trees, but our new way may seem to attack everything. They are even devouring the peanut vines of a neighbor of mine. I have twenty acres of almonds that they have already ruined completely.—[New York Times]

President Barillas has asked Congress to restore capital punishments in Guatemala.

Fun Among the Missionaries.

"Occasionally the good missionaries to the Indians in the far West have a little joke among themselves at the expense of their converts. Said an Episcopal clergyman to his Presbyterian friend:

"One of your converts was up before a magistrate recently charged with intoxication, and the latter said: 'Uncas, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; you are a Christian and should know better.' 'I'm Christian, Mr. Judge,' said the Indian. 'Uncas only a Presbyterian.'" "That reminds me," responded the Presbyterian; "I was at your Sante mission, not long ago, and called on the Episcopal minister in charge, and while we were talking the door opened and in stumbled a top-heavy Sioux chief with, 'How, preacher, how! I come to see you (hic) and two or three other good churchmen with me.'—[New York Sun]

Start a Girl.

Remember, Mr. Young Mechanic, that the mechanic who studies and thinks, who seeks good society, who is cleanly in person, who is self-reliant, industrious, obliging and courteous, is the mechanic who is bound to rise in his profession. Remember, also, the reverse, that the mechanic who never studies or thinks, who seeks low association and indulges in vicious dissipations, who is slovenly, slothfully and unpleasant in person, who is shiftless and loafish, discontented, discourteous and disobliging, is the future inhabitant of the gutter, the grocery, the almshouse, and the prison, and the future occupant of the pauper grave in the potter's field. Which way are you taking at the start?—[Iron Industry Gazette]

AT a recent wedding, as the newly-married pair were marching down the aisle, the organist played "Onward Christian soldier, marching to the war."

To Protect the Public.

From fraud and imposition, the genuine medicines Dr. J. R. V. Pierce are now sold through druggists, and are not to be had elsewhere. They are the cheapest medicines to use, as well as the best, because in every case they guarantee for the patient the money is refunded if they ever fail to benefit or cure.

Being sold on this regular plan of "value received or no pay," the prices of the genuine medicine of Dr. J. R. V. Pierce have been, and always will be, as follows: Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (the remedy for all diseases arising from a liver or impure blood), \$1 per bottle. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (the remedy for female weakness and derangement), 75 cents per bottle. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets (the original and best Liver Pills), 25 cents per vial. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, 25 cents per bottle. Suspicion naturally and right fully attaches to any medicine purporting to be Dr. Pierce's, which are offered at any other price than those above given.

President Harrison draws his salary monthly in checks for \$4,166 67.

GRATIFYING TO ALL.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

Turkish soldiers are said to be very poor marksmen.

Children Tense For It.

Dr. Hoxie's Certain Croup Cure is a boon to children who are attacked with croup or acute congestive cold. Sold by druggists or mailed on receipt of 50 cents. Address A. J. Hoxie, Buffalo, N. Y.

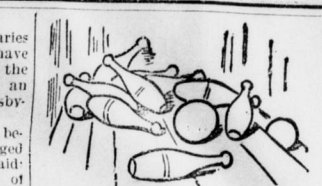
Switzerland yearly receives about \$25,000,000 from foreign tourists.

E. A. Root, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife's catarrh after two years and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists 75c.

Birmingham, England, has the largest railroad depot.

ETIC stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Russian language is to be taught in all of the Japanese schools. U 44



All over your sufferings from Catarrh. That is, if you go about it in the right way.

There are plenty of wrong ways, that perhaps you've found out. They may relieve for a time, but they don't cure. Worse yet, they may drive the disease to the lungs. You can't afford to experiment.

But there is a right way, and a sure way, that does cure. Thousands of otherwise hopeless cases have proved it. It's with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it permanently cures the worst chronic cases. Catarrhal Headache, "Cold in the Head"—everything catarrhal in its nature, is cured as if by magic.