

Some recent statistics on the unemployed of London showed that a large number of those who were without work had drifted out of employment for which they showed no special aptitude and at the same time showed no inclination to take up other work.

The Russian government has decided to transform its artillery armament and to adopt the new quick-firing French cannon. The cost of this innovation is estimated at \$40,000,000, and until it is completed, it is unlikely that Russia will take part in any great European war.

The suicide of a Texas schoolgirl because she feared she couldn't pass an examination gives pretty good evidence to the St. Louis Star that there is something wrong with the system of pushing children too rapidly. More physical and less mental training should be the tendency.

It is costly luxury to insist on speaking the truth on all occasions. Silence is often golden in more ways than one. Henry Labouchere, the editor of London Truth, and an M. P., a man who has gained a world-wide fame as a fearless exposé of shams, says he has spent \$200,000 in defending actions for libel brought against him, all unsuccessfully. There is a standing premium on compromises, and it means true bravery to speak up what we sincerely believe at all times.

It may be of interest to know what church in the world is accounted the wealthiest. This recognition is generally assigned to the Orthodox Church of Russia. As an evidence of this, it is stated "that it could easily pay the National debt of the empire, amounting to about \$200,000,000, or nearly \$1,000,000,000, and yet not be impoverished." This seems almost incredible, but it must be remembered that it has some very lucrative sources of revenue. One of the most profitable is the sale of candles.

The millionaire is appealed to by Professor A. C. Haddon to save the vanishing knowledge that is to be acquired only now and will be of incalculable value to future ages. Colonization, the spread of commerce, and the intentional or accidental importation of animals and plants, are rapidly changing the character of the indigenous life of many parts of the world. In many islands the native forms have been largely swept away already. Investigation of even the best known portions of land and sea is yet far from complete, but there are men competent to record details of life that are disappearing if means were available.

The Trenton (N. J.) American says: That historic building in New York City, which for two generations past has been the place of detention for offenders against the laws, known as the Tombs, is to give way to a new structure on the present site. The present building was modeled on the front after the style of an Egyptian temple or tomb, and hence its name. In appearance it is very much like the front of our own State prison, a style very much affected at the period when these buildings were erected. The new Tombs will present a very different appearance, and while it may not be regarded as "an ornament to the city," it will be very much more commodious than the present structure, and constructed upon better methods of sanitation.

A German scientist has tackled the problem of the stovepipe hat. His explanation of the place of that piece of headgear in the general scheme of things will fill a long felt want. Incidentally it may cause a social revolution. He says that man has gone a step further than woman in the social evolution, and that whereas he once wore, as woman does now, flowers and feathers on his head, he has now come to the conclusion that his cranial beauty is "when unadorned adorned the most." Hence the shiny stovepipe. Also that this explanation, though plausible, is not convincing! A German scientist is, of course, generally speaking, a mere machine into which you feed facts and get out theories, but in such a matter as this he is only frail humanity, and is liable to have his judgment warped by his prejudices. What a tale of domestic tragedy may lie wrapped in the pessimism of his theory! The idealism of the courtship, the rudesock of the first post-nuptial milliner's bill, the rapid succession of similar shocks throughout the matrimonial experience, comparable only to an electric battery getting in its fine work, and then finally utter and ungalant cynicism. Why, asks the New York Tribune, does not some woman rise like him with ponderous scientific verbiage to the defence of the theatre hat? It needs it.

THE MEN WHO LOSE
Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be'er so nobly planned
And watched with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand;
Content is failure's share.
Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Conrage is easy then;
The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
Can up and fight again.
Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears;
The vanquished's banners never are unfurled—
For them there soon I no cheer.
Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success;
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press,
And bravely do one's best.
Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this the toast I choose:
"A hard-fought failure is a noble thing,
Here's luck to them who lose."
—George H. Broadhurst.

An Unusual Burglary.
BY MARY E. P. HATCH.
PEOPLE are decrying the sophisticated state of the country, and by people I mean writers in particular. They say that there is little picturesqueness except in the backwoods and in districts far removed from the environments of railroads and electricity, and that dialect peculiar to each locality is being flattened into monotony by the omnipresent schoolmaster, who, they complain, has his way far too much in this proudly new world of ours. But if this be true, as a whole, there are delightful exceptions. A carriage drive of a few hours, or the whirl of one's bicycle on high, brings one to the home of folk lore and provincialism capable of causing ecstatic thrills in the heart of the dialect-monger.

Such were my thoughts as I alighted from my wheel at nightfall, one cold autumnal day, and rapped (there was no bell) at the door of a low-browed cottage, behind which clumps of bushes shut off the horizon and seemed to narrow the world down to the little house, the yard, and myself, with a heavy heart, standing before it, steady my wheel, for I was tired.

Presently an old lady came to the door. Her comfortable, rotund form and mild blue eye but decided chin impressed me with instant respect, while the inborn ladyhood of her nature was evidenced by her courteous greeting and invitation to enter.

"Do you ever keep travelers over night?" I inquired after a decent interval had elapsed.

"We do and we don't," she replied; "but you can stay in welcome. Sit up and eat with me if you hain't had no supper."
"I haven't," was my reply; and presently the old lady and I were discussing her homely but toothsome supper, and doing it ample justice in the way of testing its qualities; at least I did.

"My husband has gone to town," remarked my hostess, "and if you hadn't come I should a ben here all alone tonight."
"Would you have been afraid to spend the night alone?"
"Oh, no! But to-night I feel different, for, you see, at last we're ready to lift the mortgage. It's two hundred and thirty-three dollars an one cent. That last cent I got by selling an pig," she said with a natty laugh. "And now it's altogether 'twixt the straw bed and feather bed in my room; and husband, he's gotter pay it off tomorrow—if he lives," she added, with the reverence felt by the old who have seen so many hopes fade and friends die that they never dare to speak even of almost certainties without an "if."
"But are you not unwise to speak of your money to a stranger?" I asked as a warning.

"'Good-evenin'. Set up to the stove and warm ye."
Peeping through the register, I saw a rascally, unkind man creep toward the stove, blinking uneasily. He had come up the cellar stairs, not through the outside door, which sufficiently evidenced his predatory intentions.

However, had the old lady's visitors always made their entrances through the cellar she could not have been more at ease than she appeared now as she bustled about, setting him a chair, putting wood into the stove, and otherwise mystifying her midnight caller by her carefree, friendly manner.

Admirable as was her acting, I knew that she had not dared to retire; and while regretting that I had not suspected her intentions, it now seemed wisest to remain where I was unless she should need my assistance, as she probably would very soon, I reasoned. Cocking my pistol and otherwise preparing myself for the emergency, I sat down on the floor, where I could watch the couple without myself being seen.

"It's the first square meal I've had for six weeks," he said with his mouth full.

"I want to know!" And rising, his hostess brought from the pantry a plate of cold meat and set it before him.

But at last the meal was ended, and the couple sat down by the stove on opposite sides, she with her knitting, and he fingering uneasily his old hat.

"That's so, I be. You shall have that money back if I live, old lady, and interest too, I promise ye. I feel like a man ag'in, and it's you that made me."
"Oh, no! You was a man afore, but kinder unfortunate, that's all."
"Well, here's your note. I've wrote it to pay in a year's time, if that will do."
"It will, less one of us should die, and then 'twouldn't be as if we hadn't got that note to show."
The man laughed a laugh of amusement and relief. I watched him as he went to the door, and this time his head was up and his shoulders were square. In listening to the colloquy I had entirely forgotten or overlooked the fact that I had constituted myself the guardian of the old lady's slender fortune. What to do I did not know. The man seemed anxious to pay the borrowed money, and she was ready to trust him. Perhaps I would better let the matter rest as it was, and in case he did not return to pay it in a year pay it myself as a fine for my negligence, which would then have been proved culpable.

When I descended, which I did as soon as the man had been gone several minutes, I found the old lady to be very nervous.

"Why!" she said, starting to her feet in alarm at my entrance, "I clean forgot there was anybuddy in the house but me."
"So you wish I had come down before and prevented the loan you made?"
"No, I pitied the poor creature. He'll pay it back if he can, and if not it'll be just another orphan we've helped. Most like ben' so old, both of us 'pards of seventy, we shan't do for no more as we have done, and we shall git buried some way."
"Don't worry. If he doesn't pay it I will," was my reply.

"You needn't think nothin' about it. I've saved the mortgage money and given a man a lift on the road to heaven, and I'd oughter be satisfied. I be satisfied," she said fervently.

"And you have reason to be," I said. "We did not go to bed, either of us, and in the morning I returned to the city. But I did not forget the old lady nor the burglar. I felt convinced that he would return the money on the exact date when the note was given, if at all, and accordingly, in just one year, I made it convenient to visit the old lady at her residence.

This time I was so fortunate as to see her husband, and I immediately discovered that he was just such another guileless person as herself. They were expecting the man to pay the note, and it lay ready for him on the mantel when I entered.



TOP DRESSING POOR KNOBS.
It is often hard work to get a clover seeding on the dry, elevated knobs in grain fields. Lack of moisture is usually the cause. But the evil may be remedied by drawing a few loads of stable manure and spreading over these knobs. The manure not only protects the young clover plants, but it also holds the moisture in the soil by checking evaporation. A few times seeding the knobs thus will make them as rich as any part of the field. It is usually the lack of clover seeding on such places that has kept them poor.

HOW TO GRAFT.
On many farms there are fruit trees that bear fruit that is of little value for any purpose. Many of these fruit trees could be grafted with great advantage with some of the well-known varieties that are known to do well in each respective neighborhood. Every farmer should know how to graft fruit trees. A good plan is to visit a well-known gardener or horticulturist that understands grafting, and see how he does the work. A writer in the Farmer and Riversider gives the following directions:

Prepare yourself with a sharp knife, a small wedge, a saw, a ladder, scions of wood, and wax. Scions will keep best on trees. Cut as wanted until the buds begin to start, then cut, stack in cellar covered with damp moss. You are now prepared to graft until apples set. Graft cherries very early, splitting limb. All limbs must be split before starts. After the bark peels all thick-barked limbs should be set under the bark. Cut tree shape of umbrella, not too far in or out; give room for grafts to grow. Cut scion to a thin, one-sided wedge; be careful and take the outer bark off from the point, then insert by peeling bark from wood with point of knife; cut side to head, two or more to each limb; nick bark back of scion if very thick; spread wax on all cuts and a little down the limb back of scion.

When the limb is split make a true wedge by cutting both sides, leaving side next to heart thinner. Have three buds to every scion. Trim the sides that are split smoothly, insert, keep inside bark even. Put on wax and it is done.

Loss should not amount to more than one in five. Leave on two or three small limbs and all twigs to keep the tree alive.

To make grafting wax: First get your resin, beeswax, kittle, linsed oil and a pail nearly full of cold water. Pound resin into small pieces. Shave beeswax (the size of a large hen's egg to a pound of resin), put in kittle with enough oil to wet, melt, being careful not to get it afire.

Drop a few drops into the water with the stick you have stirred it with. Now oil your hands, press the wax between thumb and finger, thin as a water, snap when cold; if it breaks, add oil, stir; try again until it will bend. Turn the wax into the water. Oil your hands; when cold enough pull. Add beeswax to toughen, resin to harden and oil to soften. Try it. You will not bother to weigh much.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.
A LINEN PILLOW-COVER.
A dainty square pillow has a cover of white, embroidered with small sprays of flowers carelessly scattered over it. These are worked with washable silks in soft, pale colors. The pillow is finished with a four-inch ruffle of the linen, the edge of which is worked in scallops.

TO CLEAN OILCLOTHS.
Cut into pieces half an ounce of beeswax, put in a saucer, cover entirely with turpentine, and place in the oven until melted. After washing the oilcloth thoroughly with a flannel, rub the whole surface lightly with a bit of flannel dipped in melted wax and turpentine. Then rub with a dry cloth. A polish is produced, and the surface is lightly coated with the wax. When the floor requires to be cleaned, the wax is washed off, together with the dust or dirt that may have gathered, while the oilcloth is preserved.

IN A SUNNY WINDOW.
The sweet pea may be used as a lovely and fragrant screen against the ugliness visible from many windows. Given a long, narrow box for this purpose, with a simple trellis work of ordinary wire or twine, well pulverized and enriched earth, with a small addition of sand and a moderate amount of sunshine—sweet pea vines being easily scorched, and if not actually dying, losing all their beauty in consequence—and a pretty window and a fragrant room and plenty of blossoms for cutting may be secured.

VERY Dainty NEW BEDSPREADS.
Daintiness and perishability seem to be the characteristics most sought after in the bedspreads that bear the mystic stamp "imported." The latest and perhaps the most frail is made of fine French swiss over pale-colored silk, pink, blue or yellow, finished with a deep fringe about the edge, and with insertion or honiton lace in a delicate pattern above.

As is the case with all the best household furnishings, whether for the table or the bed, its beauty is made to depend rather upon exquisite fineness of material and perfection of finish than upon elaboration. Simplicity is considered essential to true elegance, but, alas, it is the simplicity that means greater outlay than do the more ornate designs. Silk beneath and cotton above is always indicative of the highest degree of elegance. It is only the wealthy who can afford to hide their fine wares, and these lovely spreads are no exception to the rule. Their simplicity is only a cloak for a more generous expenditure than would be required for many a more showy covering.—New York Journal.

RAISING EGGS AND BROILERS.
To keep up the vitality of a flock—necessary for a steady supply of eggs—all old roosters must be disposed of every second year at least, writes Mrs. M. A. Decon. Procure a new lot from unrelated stock. This is one of the essentials. When spring comes and hens grow broody, remove each one to a small house prepared for hatching. Never leave sitting hens among the layers. Around the floor of the hatching shed arrange boxes half filled with earth and straw, in which are two or more china eggs. Cover the hens for a night, or until well settled again, then exchange the false for fresh eggs. Keep a supply of shelled corn continually in this sitting-house, that hens may feed at their pleasure and get back to eggs before they are chilled. The result is much more satisfactory. Also have plenty of fresh water and oyster shells.

Strong chickens will usually begin to hatch on the twentieth day, though some will be a day or two later. Remove when dry and keep covered in a basket in the house. If left in the nest the hen becomes restless, and is likely to crush them. When all are hatched put the hen with her brood of fluffy beauties into a coop, on grass if possible; but at least separated by six-foot poultry netting from the other yard. In a week let them run at large in their own division. Never feed raw cornmeal slops. It is deadly. If cornmeal must be used, bake it first into a crumbly johnnycake. The best feed is cracked grain, fed dry, cracked oats, cracked corn, cracked wheat. After the first week whole wheat may be fed, to which, when four weeks old, add whole corn, shelled. See that they have fresh water, oyster shell, and coarse gravel or grit of some kind.

When you notice any chicks going around with droopy wings, peeping plaintively, you may be sure the deadly lice are at them. Lose no time and go to work that very night. Have a cup of lard, in which is mixed one-half teaspoonful of kerosene, and grease every chick and hen under wings and tail, down head and neck. A drop of clear kerosene on the head may be necessary to destroy the big and terrible head lice. This operation

British Postal Savings.
One of the greatest bankers in the world is the British government. As a bank it holds nearly \$500,000,000 in postoffice deposits payable practically on call, and pays interest at the rate of two and a half per cent. per annum to its depositors. Last year the deposits increased \$50,000,000.—San Francisco News Letter.