

Before the end of this year every one of the 168 towns in Connecticut will be connected by telephone.

The Peruvian oil region is said to cover 74,000 square miles. That of Pennsylvania is about 350 square miles.

A correspondent asks the Chicago Times-Herald to "describe the Greek cross." It would be much easier to describe what has made the Greek cross.

According to the London Labor Gazette, there were 1037 strikes last year, as against only 876 in 1905; but the number of laborers involved was 263,758 in the latter year, and only 199,600 in 1896.

A curious illustration of the diverse conditions that may exist in this country is the fact that while so many people in the Mississippi Valley are suffering from floods the New Orleans papers are raising money for sufferers from the drought in Louisiana.

A woman's bicycle club was organized in Detroit the other day, but the Free Press says that it collapsed within a week because no two members could agree as to the uniform to be worn. When Colorado musters in its company of women militia there will be trouble.

While a marriage ceremony was being performed near Danville, Va., a kerosene lamp flamed up and was about to explode when the bride seized it and hurled it through a window. The groom then came out from under the table, where he had hidden, and the ceremony proceeded.

Promotions are coming rapidly these days in the upper official circles of the regular army. What few veterans of the Civil War are left find the age of retirement close at hand in the youngest cases. "The army will soon be in the hands of officers trained only in the walks of peace," observes the New Orleans Picayune.

For the first time in twenty-eight years the State of Ohio is without Democratic representation in the United States Senate. The long period of divided representation began in 1869, with the election of Allen G. Thurman as the colleague of John Sherman. Once only has the rule of divided representation been broken, and that was in the Forty-sixth Congress, when George H. Pendleton was the colleague of Senator Thurman.

One of the new dictionaries has in it a pretty big and yet perhaps a useable word, "politicization," of which it seems to be itself somewhat in doubt, although it half-supports it with a quotation from the Brooklyn Eagle, which coined the phrase. The Eagle, it seems, once referred to "the steady politicization of the public schools," by which it meant the subjection of these schools to political control. Whatever we may think of the word, comments the New York Observer, the danger indicated is certainly a real one.

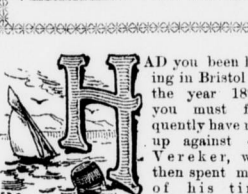
Illinois women are making a strong effort to lift the compulsory education law of their State into activity. At present the law only remains that every child shall attend school for sixteen weeks each year. Children easily evade it by an irregular attendance during the last term of school. When the school has closed it becomes difficult to determine whether or not they have had the prescribed amount of tuition. Actually, although there is a penalty for infraction of the law, and although infraction is frequent, the penalty has never been imposed. It is believed that a simple amendment requiring the sixteen weeks of tuition to be consecutive and at the beginning of the term, and providing for the enforcement of the law, will be sufficient.

A newspaper artist has been telling some of the woes of the men who make pictures for the daily papers. He says: "It makes me tired sometimes when I hear some smart Aleck who couldn't tell the difference between art and a side of sole leather criticize newspaper illustrations. The public doesn't understand what handicaps are continually thrown about our work. A few days before election I was given instructions to make a portrait of one of the candidates. He gave me an old daguerreotype, made just after the war, and said he had had no photograph taken since then. Well, I made his picture all right, but in order to do it I first had to cut off a full beard and curl his moustache. Then I gave him a hair cut, parted his hair on the other side, gave him a stand-up collar and a modern cravat, and added thirty years' worth of wrinkles to his face. And yet they say such work isn't art."

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

- I live for those who love me. Whose hearts are kind and true; For the heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit, too. For all human ties that bind me, For the task by God assigned me, For the hopes not left behind me, And the good that I can do.
- I live to learn their story. Who've suffered for my sake; To emulate their glory, And follow in their wake; Barbs, patriots, martyrs, sages, The noble of all ages; Who sheds crown history's pages, And time's great volume make.
- I live to hold communion. With all that is divine; To feel there is a union. 'Tis nature's heart and mine; To profit by affliction, Reap truth from fields of fiction, Grow wiser from conviction, And fulfill each grand design.
- I live to halt that season. By gifted minds foretold, When men shall live by reason, And not alone by gold; When man to man united, And every wrong thing righted, The whole world shall be lighted, As Eden was of old.
- I live for those who love me, For those who know me true; For the heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit, too. For the task that lacks assistance, For the wrong that needs resistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that I can do. —G. Linnaeus Banks, in the American.

VEREKER'S VAN DYCK.



AD you been living in Bristol in the year 1890, you must frequently have run up against old Vereker, who then spent most of his time prowling about the streets of that west-country metropolis. He was a man who could not fail to attract attention, by reason both of his striking old-fashioned attire—of the style which John Leech has made immortal—and of his disregard of such everyday amenities as barber's scissors and soap and water; for a more unkempt and dirty looking old aristocrat than Jan Vereker was surely never seen in the public streets. He was a younger son of Sir Hudibras Vereker, seventh baronet, whose family was among the best in Gloucestershire; though to be sure, this seventh baronet's lady, and Jan's mother, was a somewhat obscure foreigner, a native of Antwerp.

In his youth he had been a painter, who, but for his desultory disposition, might have achieved great success; and he had studied in half the art schools of Europe. But he had now practically abandoned this profession, and devoted his whole time and energies to his pet hobby—the collection of curios. No sort of rarity came amiss to him. Old paintings, old china, old coins, gems, furniture, what-not, appealed to his antiquarian tastes. Indeed, at one time or another, he had been over a great part of Europe in quest of such treasures; though latterly his efforts had been chiefly confined to his native land. He never frequented the large shops or the emporiums of professional dealers, for his purse was not long enough to enable him to buy recognized articles of vertu at fancy prices. But he was ever exploring little all-sort shops, and the cottages of working men and country villages, where he stood some chance of picking up a good thing for next to nothing. With this end in view, he was perpetually traveling about and working from different centres, until he became conversant with half the towns and villages in Great Britain.

Whenever he went away for a tour of exploration, he was always careful to transfer his most valuable articles—such, as last, as were likely to be stolen—to the safe custody of his bankers. These were chiefly in the way of old coins, gems and plate. But besides these there was one thing which always went to the bank, and which he evidently regarded as by far the most precious of all his possessions—a small, very cracked and griny portrait in oils. His acquisition of this painting was a source of unbounded pride and self-congratulation to old Vereker. He had picked it up at a little emporium of rubbish in Antwerp for a few florins. When he bought it, the canvas had presented a flaring and abominable dash of the Madonna. But Jan Vereker's practiced eye had told him that this was only a secondary use to which it had been put. He took it home; he carefully cleaned off the upper dash. Another painting—a landscape—appeared beneath. But even this was not the original, though, apparently, a hundred years older than the first; and he cleaned this also off. Then he came upon the real thing; and he understood that he had experienced a marvelous stroke of good fortune. There was no doubt about it. The painting which he had unearthed was an unmistakable Van Dyck.

But to make matters perfectly sure—though, in his own mind, he was already satisfied—he submitted the painting to half a dozen independent experts in London and Paris. All were agreed in one verdict. They unhesitatingly pronounced the piece to be a genuine Van Dyck. Old Vereker was on the tip-top of elation. And well he might be. For to acquire a Van Dyck on any terms is, nowadays, hard enough. But to have picked one up for nothing, as he had done, constituted a simply phenomenal achievement.

He took it down with him to his home at Bristol, where he nursed and cherished it with extraordinary solicitude. It was the darling of his heart,

the apple of his eye. No fondlehold husband ever doted more upon a fair young bride than Jan Vereker upon his Van Dyck. Profane people averred that he said his prayers to it. That he worshipped it, in a metaphorical sense, could admit of no dispute; and whenever he went off upon a collecting tour he not merely, as has been said, deposited this precious picture with his bankers for safe custody, but always accompanied it to the bank himself, and, with his own eyes, saw it consigned to the security of the strong room.

The firm with which he banked was a private house, having many branches in the West of England, and its headquarters at Bristol. They shall here be introduced as Messrs. Rosier & Sons. Mr. James Rosier, the head of the business, lived at Bristol, and was chief manager of the bank. He was a personal acquaintance of old Vereker's, whose family had banked with Rosier & Sons for upwards of a century. But besides this business acquaintance, he found himself drawn occasionally into Jan Vereker's company by their similarity of tastes. For James Rosier was himself something of a virtuoso and a collector of curios and was enabled, moreover, by his wealth, to gratify this taste pretty freely.

One morning, after an absence from Bristol of about three months, the old fellow turned up at the bank, and asked to see his friend the manager. He was shown into Mr. Rosier's private room. When they had exchanged the usual greetings and a few mutual civilities, Jan proceeded to unfold the nature of his business.

"The fact is, Mr. Rosier," said the old gentleman, "I want some money. I have an opportunity of buying some extremely valuable works of art at a figure far below their real value; but it is necessary that I should pay cash down for them. Unless I can produce the money to-morrow I may very likely lose them."

"Umph! How much do you want to overdraw?"

"Two thousand pounds."

The manager whistled. From a man of old Vereker's means such a request seemed to him to border on the audacious.

"A tall order, my dear sir. We could not possibly allow such an overdraft without security."

"No. I did not suppose that you would. I propose to offer you security, though I admit that the security is of a somewhat unusual character. You already have my Van Dyck portrait in your custody. Whatever its value, it is considerably in excess of £2000. Will you allow that to stand as my security for the overdraft?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Vereker. It is contrary to our practice to accept security of this description. If you could deposit scrip with us, now, or title deeds, or obtain a satisfactory personal guarantee—"

"I cannot," interposed old Vereker. "Not, at least, at a moment's notice. Besides, this picture is worth as much as all the rest of my effects put together. Only four days ago a Bristol firm offered me £4000 for it—the Messrs. —"

With this assurance the manager consented to interview Messrs. —, with the result that next morning Mr. Vereker had a note from Messrs. Rosier & Sons, advising him that, on the strength of Messrs. —'s valuation of his Van Dyck, they were willing to hold the picture as security for the proposed overdraft of £2000, and requesting him to call at the bank and comply with certain requisite formalities. This he duly did, and the arrangements for the overdraft were completed.

Now, Jan Vereker, as has been mentioned, had named two months as the period of his overdraft. He made it good, however, within six weeks and took his Van Dyck back to his house. From a commercial standpoint, his promptness should have been hailed with satisfaction by James Rosier. As a fact, however, it was not. Truth to tell, the banker had cherished a half hope that old Vereker might fail to repay the advance; and that he (Rosier) would get the chance of obtaining the picture at about half its market value.

A month or so later, Jan Vereker started off on one of his periodical journeys, having, as usual, deposited his Van Dyck again with Rosier's for safe custody. Soon after his return he paid another visit to the manager of the bank and ask for another loan of £2000 on the picture, which was readily granted him for three months.

The three months went by without any communication from Jan Vereker being received at the bank. By the terms on which the overdraft had been allowed, Messrs. Rosier & Sons were empowered—did they so wish it—to deal with the security when fifteen days after the specified term had elapsed. During these last fifteen days of scarcely concealed restlessness and excitement, he was expecting a call or a communication from Vereker every day, and at the same time hoping that he should not receive either. He had determined to stand upon the letter of the agreement. To do so might, no doubt, be considered rather sharp practice.

And James Rosier's wish was actually fulfilled. The fifteen days of grace elapsed. No communication arrived from Jan Vereker. On the morning of the sixteenth day, the manager took his stand upon the strict letter of the agreement. He paid £2000, plus interest, into the partnership account out of his own pocket. And thus he acquired old Vereker's Van Dyck at less than half its value.

There was no need, as it turned out, for the banker to have been in such a hurry. For days and weeks went by, and still Jan Vereker remained absent and silent. Of this Rosier was glad, because now, when the old fellow came back, he could scarcely complain of

his security having been dealt with; whereas, if he had turned up within a day or two of the limit, he might reasonably have been incensed at finding his Van Dyck already sold.

But it was not long before the true explanation came. Rosier & Sons one day received a rather startling letter from a well-known banking firm in Manchester. They (the Manchester bankers) had learned a few days since, from something seen by one of the partners in the newspapers, that Mr. James Rosier had, in the course of a business transaction, acquired possession of the Vereker Van Dyck. This news was heard by them with astonishment, for they themselves (as they believed) held the picture in question as security for an overdraft allowed to their customer, Mr. Jan Vereker. Their suspicions being thus aroused, they called in an expert, and he had at once declared that their present security was merely a cleverly forged substitute. They had, therefore, placed the matter in the hands of the police, and had thought it their duty to communicate with Messrs. Rosier & Sons, in case they might have been similarly imposed upon.

James Rosier was in a fine state of mind after he had read this letter. He lost no time in dispatching a messenger to Messrs. —, the art publishers above mentioned, asking them to send up their Mr. — (who had previously valued the Van Dyck) to his private residence, at the earliest possible moment. When he arrived, the painting was submitted to him. He unhesitatingly pronounced it a forgery.

In the course of inquiries it transpired that ten other banks in various large provincial towns had been similarly imposed. In each case precisely the same method had been adopted. The first step was the depositing of the real Van Dyck at the bank for safe custody. The second, the advance made upon the genuine work, and duly repaid. The third, the depositing of a skillful forgery, so artfully executed as easily to pass for the original. The fourth, the advance obtained on the security of this forged substitute. The last, the disappearance of Jan Vereker with £24,000.

So far as could be ascertained, he had no confederates, and there was little doubt that all the twelve forgeries were the work of his own practiced hand. Though every effort was made to run him down, he still remains among the number of the "wanted."—London Truth.

WISE WORDS.

Silence seldom makes a mistake. To have a bad habit is to have a hard master. Some of our happiest moments are spent in air castles. The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time. If you are looking for trouble tell a woman that her new wrap is unbecoming. A woman's reason may not convince, but it often puts an end to the discussion. Women seem to think that husbands never have any need to reform their wives. The man who goes out of office as pleasantly as he does in is a very rare individual. When you are in trouble, people who call to sympathize are really after the particulars. A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them. There are others, but people never find it out until they are married, and it is too late. Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you will find two of a face as soon as of a mind. Fortune's ladder has no top. No man has ever stopped climbing for want of another rung. An egotist may be defined as a person who is so wrapped up in himself that he pays no attention to us. After a girl has heard some one say she has a sad face she always goes around trying to look sorrowful. Since a woman can't make her husband like her ideal, why not try to make her ideal like her husband. Give self power to move a mountain, and it will put a big sign out on it to show who did it, as the house movers do. The one who works the hardest receives the most blame. The idle, doing nothing, are responsible for nothing. There is such a thing as knowing too much. I have seen people who would be wiser if they could forget half they know.—The South West.

Electric Light as Bait. William Johnson, who has just returned from Binghamton, N. Y., from a trout fishing trip to Delaware County, made a successful experiment with a number of small incandescent light bulbs, which he used as bait. He attached a bulb about the size of those used by physicians, to his line near the hook. Then he made a trip up the stream at night, throwing the lighted bait into the water, the current being furnished by a pocket battery. His success was phenomenal. The fish attracted by the light would flock around the strange object and snap at the baited hook. Mr. Johnson says he has consulted counsel, and finds that this manner of fishing is not prohibited by the game laws, and experience satisfies him that it is most remunerative from a fisherman's point of view.—New York Press.

She Knew. Minnie (whispering)—"Mamma, isn't Colonel Grimsaw ugly?" The Colonel—"Don't you know, my little girl, that it is rude to whisper in company?" Minnie—"Well, it would be ruder to say it out loud!"—Punch.



FARM AND GARDENS.

Make a Study of Your Hay.

A prevailing opinion of the majority of farmers is to the effect that the consumers of hay and those engaged in the business in large cities do not know what good hay is. The sooner the people direct themselves of this delusion, the better. The commission men who handle thousands of tons of pressed hay every year have a better opportunity to judge of the different qualities, consignments, reaching them from all parts and the article being of all grades. Furthermore, it does them an injustice, inasmuch as they are a very intelligent class of people, equally well versed in their business as the most progressive farmer is in his. Those readers who engage in raising and marketing hay and who have followed the market reports, have probably come to the conclusion by this time that in the future it will not pay to raise inferior grades, but to produce a quality which will command the highest price and will always be saleable. This kind of hay is very scarce in this country at present and is annually growing less, and the trade in the past unless those engaged in the business will take steps to enrich their land and destroy the foul weeds with which their meadows are infested. A few tons of fertilizers every year with what manure can be saved on the farm would soon make the land produce the right kind of hay again.—Watertown Standard.

Feed for Chickens.

It is a great mistake to suppose because the chicken is small that it needs to be fed wholly or even mainly with soft food. The plate of wet corn meal, laid where the young chicks can run into it, trampling the food with their dirty feet, and then leaving most of it to ferment, as it is sure to do in the warm sunshine, is the cause of more mortality among very young chicks than any other one thing. The food even of little chickens should be as nearly dry as it can be to be fed conveniently. If corn meal is fed, mix it with milk curd until the curd becomes "crumbly." So soon as they will eat, give them hard-boiled eggs chopped very fine. Follow this with cracked wheat or rye. When a week or ten days old, the chicks will eat either rye or wheat whole, and be all the better for it. The digestion of the chicken is naturally strong, if not weakened by feeding exclusively on soft food. Some sand or very fine gravel should be placed where they can get it. They will only eat what they need. But with this gravel there is all the greater necessity for some hard grain for it to work on in the gizzard. Whole corn should not be given to young chicks. It is too large a grain for them to digest well, and its heating nature makes it apt to ferment in their gizzards, as indeed corn meal may do if eaten freely when digestion is impaired. Some whole small grain should always be fed to chicks while growing, and there is nothing better than whole wheat. The small, shrunken grains that go out with the screenings in cleaning wheat are even better for chickens than the plump grains. They are harder, have less starch and a greater proportion of the nitrogenous nutrition that is required to promote growth and make feathers.—American Cultivator.

Insects Injuring Apples.

Bulletin No. 30 of the Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station, Columbia, by Professor J. M. Stedman, reports the results of elaborate experiments with means of preventing two insects very injurious to apple trees, and describes cheap and efficient methods of combating them. The insect known as the apple leaf folder may be readily killed by thoroughly spraying trees or nursery stock just as soon as the young insects begin to hatch, and before they have had time to fold the leaves to any considerable extent. This spraying should be done just as the apple tree leaves are unfolding. The spraying mixture should be made as follows: One pound of Paris green, three pounds of fresh lime, 150 gallons of water. Since there are three broods of this insect each year, there are three periods during which spraying can be most successfully done. The leaf crumpler, another insect very injurious to apple trees, may be readily killed by thoroughly spraying the infested trees while the blossoms are unfolding and before the blossoms open, with the same mixture as recommended above. If necessary, the trees may be sprayed again immediately after the blossoms have fallen, but in this case the amount of water in the mixture should be increased to 175 gallons. Never spray a fruit tree while it is in bloom; serious injury to the blossom and imperfect pollination may result, and in many instances honey bees will be killed. Never omit the fresh lime, and always use two or three times as much lime by weight as Paris green. This will lessen the chances of burning the leaves and injuring the trees. Spray with a mixture of the strength just given. To make it weaker is to render it less effective in killing insects; to make it stronger is to injure the foliage of the trees. Always see that the mixture is kept constantly stirred while spraying. Apply with as much force

As possible, and use as fine a sprayer as can be made. Spray thoroughly. Hold the spray on the tree long enough to saturate it and to reach all parts, and always spray from at least two sides.

The bulletin is for free distribution to the farmers, and may be had by writing to the Director of the Experiment Station, Columbia, Mo.

Handling the Colts.

On the average farm the colt is neglected. The value of the colts of all ages has been below par for several years. A change, however, is coming about and every one who has foresight should recognize good value in every yearling and suckling that is in sight. We would qualify the value where there has been neglect in proper breeding. Parentage and blood lines count fully as much in the colt at this time as ever. The average farmer regards the produce of his brood mares whereby they are worked as about so much clear gain, and too often gives them their food at weaning time grudgingly. The little fellow is expected to take care of himself after six months of age, and make his way along with a herd of older stock. Such a policy manifests poor management. From the time the colt is eight weeks of age, it should be gradually trained to eat oats, bran, etc., and is training to the halter should also begin at this time. When it is three months old, it should be quite gentle and not at all afraid of mankind. Hitting and feeding it regularly for a half hour once a day during the third month of its age should accustom it to the halter so that it will never in its life fail to be submissive to this restraint. It is not wise to take the colt with the dam into the field at any time, it is better off in a lot or pasture with other colts or horse stock. The dam's blood should always be permitted to nourish the youngster. Once or twice a week it is advisable when the colt is four months of age or older to hitch it beside the dam when she is given a short drive on the road. This accustoms the little fellow to the sights of the world and gives it a training that will be accomplished at this time with much less trouble than if it is permitted to run wild until five years of age. The colt must learn by experience and observation and will learn as fast as the older horse. When well trained to lead and to know the meaning of "whoa," half the battle of subduing the creature is accomplished. Every month up to eighteen months of age it should be haltered in the barn a few times, and also led either by hand or beside the team on the road. The colt could lead to advantage the colt with him when he goes to foot. After this period it should be hitched and driven occasionally.—Home and Farm.

FREAKS OF THE MISSOURI.

Farmers Who Find Their Fields Have Disappeared Over Night. In St. Nicholas Frank H. Spearman has a paper entitled "A Shifting Boundary," which is particularly timely just at present, as it tells of the way the Missouri River has of suddenly changing its boundaries. Mr. Spearman says: Of course you've heard of the curious freaks of the Missouri River—the "Big Muddy" how the sudden, tremendous mountain waters roll down into mighty floods from Montana and Wyoming, ricochet from side to side of the broad valley they have eaten deep into the soft prairies, and pour headlong into the Mississippi near St. Louis, how, night and day, winter and summer, the twisting torrent shifts its channel, cuts its banks, undermining railroads, astonishes the muskrats, keeps the fish studying guide-posts, worries the bridge guards, and sets the farmers crazy. For, just think of it, the Nebraska farmer whose land stretches along the river goes to bed thinking he will cut his broad acres of golden wheat in the morning; but lo! in the night that madeup river has entered his waving fields, and the like snow they have melted away. Grain, fences, trees, buildings, land—are gone! And a great, yellow, flood boils and eddies where his harvest smeltered yesterday.

Next week, very likely, the reckless stream will make his neighbor across the river a present of a hundred or more acres, just because he doesn't need them. Of course it was natural for a man who lost his land that way to look longingly across the river, and think, after a while, that the newly made land over there belonged to him; and land over a wearisome lawsuit has begun to recover title to "made" land which lies, maybe, exactly where the lost farm lay, but on the other side of the river. Perhaps there is some equity in such a claim; but the trouble is, that sort of thing is going on all the time, and the courts said they couldn't keep track of such freaks; that lands acquired by accretion—mark that!—should belong to the farmer who owned the river-bank where they were thrown up; that if the river took your farm, you would have to fish it out of the stream you lost it in; at least, you needn't ask the courts to give you another for it.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

He went to seek his fortune With light and joyous tread, And all his bag and baggage Was just a crust of bread. So proud and independent, That youth upon that day, So brightly beamed the future, He threw the crust away.

Years afterward a pilgrim Without sack or load, Came hobbling down the road. It was the youth you wot of, Now hunched, bowed and "bust," And he had journeyed homeward To try and find that crust.

I. L. Parks, in Truth.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bobby—"Pa, what is an heir-at-law?" Pa—"Usually the lawyer, Bobby."—Judge.

"I can't see why they speak of the wisdom of the serpent." "Well, you never heard of a serpent getting its leg pulled, did you?"—Truth.

Gosling—"Miss Oldstyle seems to be very strong on literature." Miss Giddy—"Yes, poor thing; that's all that is left to her!"—Truth.

"My husband is a great lover of the beautiful." "Indeed he is. I should think that you would almost feel jealous sometimes."—Detroit Journal.

Jimmy—"I heard Tommy Jones was ill nearly all the holidays." Johnny—"Yes, and what's worse, he got well just in time to go to school."—Boston Traveller.

Mrs. Hasheroff—"Is there too much seasoning in the turkey, Mr. Billings?" Billings—"No, I should say there is too little turkey in the seasoning."—Indianapolis Journal.

Freshman—"I would like to get shaved, sir—close, sir." Barber—"Exactly, sir; there is nothing better for the scalp than that, if you don't mind the looks."—Judge.

Frances—"Yes, he is pursuing literature." Gertrude—"Indeed, and is he very successful?" Frances—"No. It is still a long way ahead of him."—Cleveland Leader.

Teacher—"Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make?" Tommy—"It would make him yell."—Harper's Bazar.

"How could you have the nerve—after hearing her—to tell her that she sang divinely?" "Why, my dear fellow, a woman who would sing like that could tell anything?"—Puck.

The Boarding Mistress—"And she moved away owing you for three weeks' meat?" The Fat Boy—"Yes!—I wasn't so much, mum. She kept a boardin'-house, you know."—Puck.

"Willie Washington," said the friend, "is one of those people who tell everything they know." "Yes," replied Miss Gayenne wearily, "and he doesn't talk very much, either."—Washington Star.

First Cabman—"I axed him three dollars, but he said he had only two; an', anyhow, he said he legal fare was only one." Second Cabman—"Well, I s'pose you took de two dollars an' accepted de apology."—Puck.

Tramp (desperately, to reporter)—"If yer don't give me some money, guv'nor, I'll commit suicide before yer very eyes." Reporter (eagerly)—"I wish you would my good fellow; 'copy' is awfully scarce!"—Standard.

Waggish Friend—"Where did you get that?" Spriggins (gasping).—"Eh! What—" "That hat?" "Oh! Hat? Of course! Bought it around the corner. I was afraid you were going to ask me where Weekly I got this umbrella."—New York Weekly.

Novel Rabbit Traps. Many of the Russian farmers west of town are complaining about jack rabbits falling down their chimneys and frequently lodging therein, stopping the passage of the smoke. Their peasant-like houses—which are all provided with large fireplaces and proportionately large chimneys—are mostly low and covered with the "beautiful." The chimneys, of course, have to be kept clear of snow. After it has been shoveled away several times, a large funnel-shaped cone remains, the walls of which are rendered icy by the alternate influence of the fire below and the cold above. Any fire below and no prowling around on a bitter old night, upon nearing one of those smoke cones and feeling the warmth, old naturally seek closer proximity thereto, whereupon its ventures would invariably result in a slide, Mr. Annual landing in the fire box below.—Nhn (N. D.) Wind.

Soap From Sunflower Seeds. Those interested in new industries will be glad to hear that it is possible to manufacture good soaps from sunflower seeds. Sunflowers grow easily, and need little attention. A company has been organized in the United States to manufacture this sort of soap. It is claimed that the average yield of nuts to the acre is 2500 pounds gross; percentage of oil is one-third the weight of the seeds, so that 600 pounds of seed will make 200 pounds of oil. The latter, when refined and ready to be in making soap, is worth about \$4 a pound, and is said to make the best of toilet soaps. The net profit of the sunflowers to the grower is put at \$11 an acre.

Hat Killing Their Fad. The newest fad in Scott County, Illinois, is "rat killings." The vicinity has lately been invaded by hordes of rats, which are doing much damage. A "killing" is arranged all the time, and robust boys in the neighborhood are invited, and, armed with dogs and accompanied by dogs, they enter a systematic cleaning out of the haystacks and corn cribs. The rats are very fierce, and several men have been severely bitten by them, but work goes on nevertheless, and the average mortality of rodents at a killing is about 200.—Detroit Free Press.