

Of the 11,000,000 square miles of Africa only about 1,500,000 remain which have not been claimed by some European power and more than half of this lies in the desert of Sahara.

A Maryland fruit grower has succeeded in raising a crop of peaches with skins as devoid of the annoying fuzz as is an apple. Next year he proposes to raise peaches with a skin that can be removed like that of an orange. When he gets peaches without either skins or pits, grapes without appendicitis-producing seeds, and green corn without the provoking cob every one will be happy.

More and more American manufacturers, according to the Philadelphia Record, are showing a disposition to invade markets heretofore deemed inaccessible. Six iron and steel manufacturers of Pittsburgh and vicinity have formed a company to go into the British markets and seek trade. They have opened offices at Pittsburg, and the company is capitalized at \$110,000. The backing, it is stated, is sufficient to guarantee any amount as soon as an increase in business shall demand it. A London agent has been appointed, and an attempt will be made to transact business in India, South America and Japan. A specialty will be made of cotton ties, hoops, bands and other manufactured products.

The extraordinary spectacle of a dead man walking about the streets is what the people of Jackson, Mich., have been treated to the past few days. The dead man is, or from a legal point of view was, Frank Townley. In 1864 Townley, while a resident of Jackson, enlisted in the army and served until the close of the war. Then he went to Dakota and some time later to Alaska. Nothing was ever heard of him at home, and in 1893 his relatives applied to the Probate Court to have him declared dead and his estate divided. This action was finally taken, his death being dated in 1885. On a recent Sunday Townley returned to his childhood's home, after an absence of thirty-three years, and was surprised to find out the state of affairs. He visited the court and examined the records of his death and the disposition of his property. Although he breathes, moves around, eats and sleeps like any ordinary individual, Townley is in the eyes of the law a dead man, and what is more, has been dead for twelve years past.

The establishment of a lightship on the outer edge of the famous Diamond Shoals of Cape Hatteras suggests to the New York Times some considerations about lighthouses. It is generally known that an attempt of no small importance was made to build a lighthouse on the Diamond Shoals. A contractor constructed a caisson at a great cost and caused it to be towed out to the required point, but the seas overwhelmed it and it went to the bottom and was lost. The Diamond Shoals are famous for their constant rough weather, and they lie, as sailors would put it, "slap in the fairway" from New York to Southern ports. It was necessary that some kind of a guide be put there, and it has been found that a lightship answers the requirements of commerce. A much-needed lightship is that which has been placed ten miles south of Fire Island Lighthouse, and in the path of steamers approaching this port from France to Great Britain. Many persons, doubtless, will wonder how a lightship can take the place of a light house, for almost every one knows that the former cannot be seen as far as the latter, because it does not throw as powerful a light. The popular idea is that a lightship is situated on some dangerous spot which its light enables the mariners to see. This is a greatly mistaken idea. A lightship is of almost as great value in the daytime as it is at night. It is merely a landmark by which the mariner shapes his course. A ship coming from England, for instance, steers so as to sight Fire Island Light, and, having done so, by processes known to the navigator she ascertains her distance and direction from it, and then steers to sight Sandy Hook Lightship. This being the case, a lightship is almost as useful as a lighthouse. It is true that the latter enables a vessel to keep further away from a danger than the former, but a lightship will make it possible for her to keep several miles

away, and that is a thing that is necessary. In the case of Fire Island the new lightship is extremely valuable, because it lies directly in the beaten track and enables navigators approaching this port to verify their position with great certainty. The same is true in a less degree of the Diamond Shoals light vessel, and the difference in cost between placing her there and placing a lighthouse is very large.

#### MOLLY'S KISS.

Have thirty years gone by, indeed, since she and I were young,  
And skies were bright, and earth was new, and love its ronzels sung?  
It seems to-day I hear her sing as plain as then I heard,  
Sweet "Aton Water" and "Bon Bon," and "Maggie"—every word;  
And how her eyes grew tender, and how hope sprang elate—  
For life was bliss with Molly's kiss, down by the farmstead gate.

The moonlight o'er the fadder fields still shines as bright as then;  
The plaining of the whippoorwill yet echoes down the glen;  
And I suppose that lovers like to linger there as we,  
Their eyes filled with the light that never shone yet on land or sea;  
But do they love as we loved then when we would linger late,  
And life was bliss for Molly's kiss down by the farmstead gate?

The world is filled with prosy things—there's little now to cheer;  
Gray hairs tell plain the time to leave off cakes and ale is here;  
Yet something of my youth returns when thinking how I hung  
Upon the words in "Maggie," there—"when you and I were young,"  
And little one! how much I'd give to take from age and fate  
One night of bliss with Molly's kiss down by the farmstead gate!

—Will T. Hale.

### RACING WITH FIRE.



UR train was crossing a vast prairie. The single line of rails ran straight as if it had been drawn with a ruler, from one horizon to the other. On each side the coarse grass, green with the tint of spring, waved breast-high. There was no sound except the monotonous beat of the wheels, as they passed from one rail to the next, and the steady swish of the grass, as it bent before the rushing wind of the train.

I was sitting on the platform of the observation car, with half a dozen other passengers. The conversation fell upon prairie fires, and each man had his say.

"It was along in 1874, when this road was a-building, and I was one of the engineer's assistants," spoke up a grizzled, hard-featured man who had taken but little part in the conversation. "We began at the western end, down by Bucephalus, and we laid out about forty miles of track in a straight line right across the prairie, and had got to within, say, ten miles from where we are at this identical minute. It was an easy job, for we just laid the sleepers down on the ground and spiked the rails to them, calculating to ballast the track when we got good and ready. I had a big gang of frishmen under me, and we used to average a mile a day of track laying. One July we had a strike among the laborers, and all hands quit work. I was down at Bucephalus at the time, and the chief engineer asked me to take a locomotive over the line and see if the strikers had done any damage before they left us.

"I started out in the morning with nobody except the engineer in charge of the locomotive, I agreeing to take turns with him in shoveling coal and watching the engine. We came along slow and easy, for the track was too rough for any fast running, and about noon we got to where it ended. There were no signs that the strikers had meddled with the track, and as it was a pretty hot day, Sam and I, after we had had our lunch, lay down alongside of the engine in the shade of the cab and took a nap.

"I woke up a little before 2 o'clock, and as I was filling a pipe and making up my mind to wake Sam and to start for home a big wolf bolted out from the high grass and ran across the track not two yards from us. His tail was between his legs and the foam was dripping from his mouth, and he was making about as good time as any wolf ever made before or since. He never so much as looked at me, and when he had vanished I called Sam and told him I had seen a mad wolf. While I was speaking about a dozen prairie dogs rushed past us, and then there came another wolf and a couple of hares. All of them were doing their level best, and they paid no more attention to us than if we had been a couple of corpses.

"What on earth is the meaning of this circus?" says I. "Are those animals just racing for the championship, or is there somebody after them?"

"Sam didn't answer, but I saw that he looked scared. He sprang up, and climbing on his engine looked over the prairie to the eastward. Then he sang out to me to get into the cab quicker than lightning, and started to open the draught and set the fires blazing.

"What is it?" I began to ask, as I climbed into the cab. But I didn't need to finish my question. I could see for myself what was the matter. The whole prairie east of us, as far as I could see, was in a blaze, and as there had been a strong east wind all day, and the fire wasn't more than three or four miles away, I calculated it would be down on us in a very few minutes.

"Hain't we better start a fire and burn some of this grass off before the fire gets here?" I asked Sam. You see, I had read about that way of stopping a prairie fire, and knowing that Sam had been born and bred on the prairie, I calculated he would know all about it.

"No," says Sam. "Can't you see that the wind has all gone down here, though it's blowing a gale where the fire is? Hold on now, for I'm going to open her out, and we're going to do some tall running."

"With that he pulled up the throttle, and the engine started with a big jump, as if she had just seen the fire and was badly scared. We went down the track for about a mile at a pretty good gait, and then we had to stop while Sam tightened a nut in the connecting rod.

"Do you mean to run away from the fire?" I asked.

"I calculate to try it," said Sam, "since it's our only chance, but I don't much believe that we can run as fast on this track as the fire can. That fire is coming on at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and whether this engine will keep on on the rail at any such rate as that I have my doubts. Hullo! here come the snakes."

"Well, we started on again, running over snakes by the dozen. We had lost about twenty-three minutes by stopping, but the fire seemed to have gained on us about half the distance that it had been when we first saw it, and we were near enough now to hear the crackling and the roaring of the flames. I saw the fire strike a big tree, and if you'll believe it, that tree burst as if it had been filled with gunpowder, and vanished clean out of sight in less than a minute after the leaves began to frizzle. The wind was drawing toward the fire, but we could see by the way the flames acted that a high east wind was bringing the fire down on us at an awful rate. The flames would shoot up thirty or forty feet into the air, and wave just as if they were hurrahing at the prospect of catching us.

"Our engine was doing at least twenty-five miles an hour, and was swinging from side to side and bumping over the joints—for we didn't have any fish-plates in those days—as if she was bound to jump the track. We had outrun the snake procession, and the only live thing we could see was a coyote who was loyng down the track fifty yards ahead of us, without so much as turning his head to see what was after him.

"How long will the track stand this sort of thing?" says I to Sam, as he finished shoveling fresh into the fire.

"Don't know," says he. "It's eighteen miles from here to the Wachusett River, and if we can't get across the bridge ahead of the fire there is a fair chance that we won't cross. I don't much believe that we will fetch the bridge, but if we don't it won't be because I don't drive thisher engine better than all she's worth. We're dead men if she jumps the track, and we're dead men if we stop short of the river. So we might as well let her go and take our chances."

"Sam hung on to the lever and I hung on to the edge of the cab window. Neither of us could have kept our feet without hanging on to something. I am free to say that first along I was pretty badly scared, but when the engine didn't leave the track, for all her sleevings and jumpings, I began to think she would carry us through. So far as I could see, the fire didn't gain any on us, but then we didn't seem to be gaining anything to speak of on the fire.

"Presently Sam swore in a general sort of way, and sang out to me to rake up the fire. I did so; and then, supposing that something must have dissatisfied him, I asked him what was the matter.

"That coyote's the matter," said he. "We don't gain an inch on him, and I do most everlastingly hate to be beat by a coyote. Here! you take the lever while I ile her jints a little. I'm bound to beat that coyote between here and the river or to pile up this engine. I never see such an impudent brute since I took to railroading."

"Well, Sam went out on the engine with his oil can, and when he had oiled her to his satisfaction he came back and raked up the fire again and fussed round with the gauges. He seemed to have forgotten all about the danger we were in, and to think of nothing but racing with that coyote. Pretty soon we could see that we had gained a little on the beast, and Sam was as cheerful as he would have been if a Bucephalus saloon. He never so much as looked back at the prairie fire, that was as near as ever and as bent on gathering us in.

"The ground is sort of loose and swampy just below here, if I remember right," said I. "Will she keep the track, do you think?"

"Sam didn't answer me, for he was leaning out of the cab and watching the coyote. Suddenly he sings out, 'Hurrah, boys!' The coyote's losing his rrah. There ain't ten minutes' more run in him, and we'll be atop of him in less than that time."

"Just then we struck the swampy part of the road that I had been speaking of, and one side of the track sinking a little too deep, the engine jumped the rails and struck out across the prairie on her own hook. Sam and I jumped at the same minute, and when we picked ourselves up the engine was lying on its side about a rod away from the track and the tender was trying to climb over the wreck.

"That there coyote's won after all," said Sam. "He's got a fresh wind, and he's safe to make the river in time to save his bacon."

"What's the use of talking about him?" says I. "Tell me what we're going to do. There ain't any sort of use in trying to run, I suppose?"

"Not the smallest grain," says Sam. "That fire is due here in about fifteen minutes, and we might as well sit down quiet and wait for it."

"I saw that Sam didn't consider that there was the least bit of a chance for us, and you can imagine whether I was scared or not.

"I did read once," says Sam, "about a chap who was riding on the prairie and was chased by a fire, same as we are now. He shot his horse and ripped the hide off and wrapped himself up in it. The hide being green, you understand, didn't burn, and the man came through all right. It's a middling tough yarn, but all the same it's a thing that might have happened. I was thinking that if the fire would wait half an hour till my boiler tubes cooled down, I could pull them out and we could get into the boiler, the same as the man got into his horse's hide. But there's no use in signalling that fire to stop and lay up on a siding for half an hour, just to suit us."

"There's water in the tender," said I, "couldn't we do anything with that?"

"Your head, pardner," says Sam, getting up and going toward the tender, "ain't so far from being level. Let's see how much water we've got."

"With that he opened the water tank and looked in. 'We're all right,' says he. 'You come along here and get into that tank with me. We'll put the cover on when the fire reaches us, and I expect we can stand it for five minutes or so. It's a scheme that lays way over that fellow's horsehide game, and I shouldn't wonder if it turned out satisfactory for all concerned."

"The manhole was big enough to let a man through, and when Sam and I got into the tank and crouched down in a sort of sitting position the water came just up to our chins, and we had about ten inches of headroom. Sam pulled the iron cover part way over the hole and said, 'Now we're pretty certain not to be roasted, which that fire is aiming at. It'll be some satisfaction to get the better of it.'

"I don't see," said I, "that we're bettering things very much by putting ourselves in the way of being boiled instead of roasted."

"I don't suppose," said Sam, "that there is any great things to choose between being roasted or boiled or fried, or, you might say, baked. But that fire has set its mind on roasting us, and if we're boiled, I'll be disappointed. Besides, I ain't so sure about the boiling. I'll take some time to heat up this water, and we may pull through, after all."

"Just then the noise of the fire showed that it was getting close to us, and a whiff of smoke came into the tank. Sam pulled the cover on, and says to me, 'Just sit and take it easy. There's air enough here to last us for some time if we don't use it up talking.'

"I kept quiet, and said my prayer to myself. The fire came down on us with a whoop like ten tribes of Injuns, and the top of the tank was hot in less than no time. The roaring of the fire seemed to pass on and away from us but there was a tremendous crackling going on in our neighborhood, which showed that the fire was still around us. We waited and waited, hoping every minute that the fire would die out and let us open the tank. The water kept getting warmer and warmer, and when I touched the top of the tank, where the water didn't reach it, I burned my fingers. The air, too, kept getting more and more choky, until I was very near my last gasp, and Sam was about the same. When he couldn't stand it any longer he threw off the cover and put his head out. Then he broke into a big laugh that was a little hoarse by reason of the choking he had undergone, and he climbed out of the tank, calling to me to follow him, which naturally I did without wasting time.

"The prairie fire was miles away, and the crackling which we heard was made by the woodwork of the tender and the wreck of the engine cab, which was all in a blaze. There wasn't anything to hurt us when we were once outside the tank, but if we had stayed in it long enough we should have been boiled without the least doubt. We jumped down on the ground, and stood there to see the wreck burn, and with the exception of my burnt fingers and a little hair that was singed off the top of Sam's head, we were as cool and comfortable as a man could want to be.

"We walked back to Bucephalus, and I had considerable difficulty in getting my chief to believe that Sam and I had saved ourselves by hiding in a tank. I was so well pleased at my escape that it made very little odds to me what he thought about it; but Sam was that discontented at having his engine heat by a coyote that nobody could get a civil word out of him for the next week."—Pall Mall Magazine.

His Bread Upon the Waters.

Fifteen years ago Carrie Burch was a servant girl in a California household where William F. Hastings was also employed. The girl became ill and had to leave, but had no money. Hastings loaned her \$200 and she went away. The years rolled by without the \$200 being returned, and Hastings had forgotten the occurrence when he received a letter from a bar-ber in London stating that an estate of \$73,000 had been left him by a Mrs. Hall, formerly Miss Carrie Burch, of California. Hastings could hardly believe what he read, but he has the money now, and for his generosity to a strange girl years ago he has become independently rich. When the girl left California she went to Australia as a nurse and there married a retired English merchant, who died some years afterward, and the widow then returned to London and lived there until her death.



#### A Gallant Savant.

When Professor Virchow was in Russia, a few weeks ago, he was waited on by a deputation of female physicians, who came to thank him for having thrown open his lecture room and laboratory to a Russian woman at a time when the German universities did not yet admit female students. Virchow, in reply, invited Russian female physicians to make use of his pathologic and anatomic museum at Berlin, which has been recently enlarged.

#### New Fancy in Embroidery.

A new fancy of the women whose eyes are as strong as their fingers are left is fan embroidery. This delicate work is for the expert fancy worker only, and although very fine and very tedious, is said to be proportionately fascinating. The fans are usually of gauze (as the worker scorns silk and satin as unworthy of her skill), and the designs are both delicate and intricate. The material is placed in a frame and the finest of needles and silks are used. Exceptional surety of touch and unerring taste in colors are absolutely essential. In the Watteau designs these fans are unusually lovely, but, except as examples of skill and patience, are useless and wholly superfluous follies. Painted fans are so extremely dainty and nowadays so common that these pieces of feminine industry and sight-destroying needlework are to be deplored rather than praised. The jeweled and spangled fans can be made by any girl who is fond of unnecessary work, and the sewing of glittering sequins at random over a bit of gauze, or the placing of pearls or jet beads in even rows, is a strain on neither eyes nor mind.

#### Jewels to Match Eyes.

"The very latest of all the latests with regard to the wearing of jewelry," said a fashionable jeweler the other day, "is that the color of the stones should match the color of the eyes of the fair wearer."

"The latitude allowed in this is not great, but the proper following out of the idea will doubtless lead to the popularity of many stones which have hitherto been ignored, not because they lack beauty, but because they do not happen to be as expensive as others."

"In accordance with the regulations laid down turquoise is to be the peculiar property of the women with blue eyes, while the yellow topaz will have a vogue among the women with bright hazel eyes."

"Sapphires belong by right to the woman 'orb'd with violet,' but to the large number of brown-eyed beauties rubies are allowed. They will no doubt help to bring in cats' eyes, and all shops of this sort are being ransacked in order to find peculiarly colored stones to harmonize with the eyes of the up-to-date woman."

"I dare say you wonder to whom diamonds belong, since their beauty depends entirely on their lack of color? Every woman has bright eyes though, and therefore every woman ought to be allowed to wear diamonds. This, however, is not to be the case."

"The edict has gone forth that they are to grace the person of the woman whose eyes are black."—New York Journal.

#### The Season's Big Muffs.

The muff of the season is big. It is drawn up at the top into a satin bow and a cascade of lace. Inexpensive mink or sable or Persian lamb paws. These are lined with brocade and finished with lace or ribbon. Ruffle collars in mink, twelve-tailed neckties in the same fur and white-tipped fox boas to set over dark coats are among the most novel fur accessories.

I have seen a few fur-trimmed dresses, green tweed and Persian lamb being one of the best, writes Ellen Osborn, of New York. A theater party that burst into a restaurant the other night for supper brought some good goods. One of [old rose silk, was slightly trained. A band of jeweled lace insertion edged the skirt behind and ran up on either side of the front to the waist line. Across the bottom of the front was a line of sable. The blouse bodice of old rose velvet was cut with a large square yoke of silk outlined with the jeweled insertion. The yoke was prolonged into epaulets, edged with sable. There was a high collar of unique shape made entirely of insertion and standing in a flat ruffle of old rose ribbon. The large hat of old rose velvet was trimmed with old furs.

A second costume was of fawn-colored cloth, with the lower part of the skirt sprinkled with irregular spots of green velvet. A green-velvet blouse, porselet belt and sleeves of cloth and fringe hat of brown felt, faced with green and trimmed with upstanding feathers, completed the outfit.

A pink-face cloth dress was charming. Its skirt was trimmed with bands and bars of golden-brown velvet. The bodice was tucked round and round and was finished with a velvet belt and a tabbed, collarlike top of brown and pink figured silk. This also had velvet garunures.—Chicago Record.

#### Administration Curly Stylish.

All the femininity of any conse-

quence in Washington are wearing their hair cropped, curled and held at either side of the parting by tiny combs. This is because Mrs. McKinley, as the first lady in the land, wears her hair that way, and, of course, should be copied. The curls have come to be known as "Administration curls." At the various summer resorts these dames from the capital were gazed at in horror at first, because the fashion is certainly unbecoming to almost every one, but when the "why and wherefore" was learned maids and matrons rushed to their rooms, combed out their Merode curls and cut them off. Now the McKinley curls have made their appearance from Maine to the Rio Grande and from Key West to Klondike, and will doubtless hold their own until the arrival of some new social or theatrical star.

Why women should change the fashion of wearing their hair is incomprehensible, because to every face some one style is absolutely suited and all other modes are more or less unbecoming. But let a professional beauty or a French music hall dancer adopt some curious and wonderful method of arranging her hair and women the world over will make this method "the fashion." It is many years since Mrs. Langtry started the fashion of chopping off all the hair on the top of the head, curling the short ends into little rings and waves and producing what was known as a "bang." The much-abused tresser has had time to grow long, and now women are looking out at the world from behind straight bands of hair drawn down over the ears, because Cleo de Merode, Parisian music hall dancer and favorite of a king, has set the fashion for so doing.—San Francisco Chronicle.

#### Fashion Notes.

Corded silks and ribbed woollens and velvets will be very fashionably used for handsome gowns, entire street costumes, redingotes and wraps this winter.

In the silk departments of Gotham shops are exhibited some gorgeous red lining silks, satins, and brocades, vivid in coloring and to be used in gowns, evening wraps, and also for fancy waists and tea gowns trimmed elaborately with black lace or chiffon and jet.

A gay and pretty coat for a girl of five years is of scarlet cloth, double breasted and ornamented by military frogs of black silk braid. A cape of scarlet velvet, under heavy cream guinea lace, falls from a yoke braided with black. A rolling collar and deep cuffs of the cloth, both braided, complete this pretty little garment.

Some of the new fur capes are made very short and fall on the shoulders, and many models show a fur ruffle and standing collar attached to a rounding yoke of deep moss-green, wine-colored or golden-brown velvet. Other peleries have inlaid yokes of jet, bronze or vari-colored Persian beads, or the yoke is nearly covered with rich, heavy-silk-cord arabesque patterns en applique.

Facings, revers and vests of white or cream cloth still appear on some of the handsomest cloth costumes for special wear. This is an easy and most effective addition to a gown, and always a becoming one. Some of these gowns show the white or cream portions bordered with rows of white and gold braid; others are almost hidden by an intricate arabesque or vermicelli design in hand-braiding.

White fur is used for trimming many of the new coats, and silk, wadded or quilted, is used for the toddlers of two and three, instead of cloth and cashmere. A coat of rose-pink corded silk falls in full folds from a yoke formed by lines of ermine. The high, rolling collar is of pink velvet and covered with white lace, as the latest edicts of the baby's doctor is that fur around the neck will make her throat delicate.

In the lighter materials for evening wear, and also in soft, delicate wools like Henrietta cloth, cashmere or vicogne, tucks are still highly favored. Sleeves are tucked all the way up, and the frills overhanging them have a number of tucks at the edge. In evening bodices of silk muslin, the whole waist is covered with tucked frills graduated in width from an inch to the very narrowest tuck that can be laid.

There is no doubt that chinchilla will again form one of the very popular furs of the winter. It is stylish, refined in effect, and very expensive. Silk velvet Russian blouses, capes and jackets will be very much trimmed with this fur. On cloth costumes of dahlia, Russian green, dark blue or plum color, small pieces for various portions of the bodice look soft and dainty against a clear complexion, be it fair or dark.

A smart afternoon frock for a girl of ten is of bright blue cloth. The blouse front is a separate piece which is fastened to the shoulders by bretelles of the cloth. A square yoke of finely plaited bright red satin and sleeves of plaited red satin give a charming touch of color. The edges of the bretelles and of the blouse where it touches the yoke in front are adorned by a fine design in narrow braiding, which also finishes the bottom of the skirt.

#### CROP-DESTROYING CARP.

A Two-Acre Field of Buckwheat Eaten by Fish.

Some years since Farmer Woodward, of Great Bend Township, Pennsylvania, secured a quantity of carp from the Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners. Making a pond in his pasture, he placed the carp in it and waited patiently for the grand fishing days to come.

He had not long to wait. In three years he was catching three or four pond specimens. He supplied the neighborhood and gave to the poor. Visiting fishermen carried six-pound carp back to the city, and Farmer Woodward's carp pond became famous throughout all this section.

The fish multiplied wonderfully, and it was not long before starvation faced them. They found the natural supply of animal and vegetable life in the pond inadequate. To supply their needs they gradually commenced to make incursions into Farmer Woodward's garden, near by. They ruined it in a week. The farmer boys killed scores of the fish with clubs, but for every carp killed ten came to the funeral and remained long enough to dine.

Last week Farmer Woodward and his family took advantage of a cheap excursion to New York, during which time the carp made a general exodus, tens of thousands strong, and, working their way gradually through an acre of stubble, invaded a two-acre field of buckwheat, and in two days and nights removed every vestige of the crop, leaving the ground as clean as if a company of cradlers had passed over it. A hard rain followed, and the gorged carp remained in the field to enjoy it.

When Farmer Woodward returned home on Saturday and beheld the ruin he set the farmhands at work with clubs and axes upon the black, moving horde of fish and slaughtered wagon loads of them. Woodward says that he will secure enough fertilizer in the deal to recoup him for the loss of the buckwheat crop.—New York Press.

#### A Homely Bit of Gallantry.

A man who gives up his seat in a street-car to a pretty girl, and then goes home and "kicks" because dinner is not ready, is not gallant. With new ways of living for both men and women, gallantry must take new forms, adapting itself to conditions, but it will ever exist in the hearts and be shown in the actions of generous men and noble women.

A homely bit of gallantry was enacted in this city a few days ago by a driver of an ordinary, every-day watering-cart. A woman had a fall from her bicycle, just in front of the street-sprinkler, and although not at all hurt, her hands were considerably the worse for contact with the dirt of the road. The driver watched her from his high seat, and then called out cheerily: "Want to wash yer hands, miss?" She admitted that it would be a desirable thing, so the man turned on a small stream from his cart and held his horses still while the woman washed her dirt-covered hands. Then, acknowledging her "Thank you" with a smile and a bow, he drove on, and the woman resumed her ride. The driver's action was as true gallantry as ever knight performed in olden time—and such as Parisians would never think of.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

#### Seedless Fruits.

More important probably than eliminating the thorns on trees and bushes is the extermination of objectionable seeds. The seeds of oranges, grapes, pears and similar fruits are no longer absolutely necessary for the production of plants and trees. Nature slowly and grudgingly relinquishes her right to mature seeds—the secret that she has guarded so carefully for perpetuating many of her choicest species. Before horticulture was reduced to a science most plants depended upon the seeds for their existence, but in these modern days, when budded and grafted stock gives more satisfaction than seedlings, they are superfluous to a degree. We might not be able to get along without any seeds, for seedling stock must continue to be raised so long as fruit trees are in demand, but, as all choice stock is budded or grafted, the seeds of our leading varieties of oranges, lemons, grapes and apples could be easily dispensed with.—Lippincott's.

#### Lightning Disproves a Proverb.

Lightning may never strike twice in the same place, but there is considerable evidence to the contrary. Mr. Query and his hired man were hauling hay on a farm near Wellington, when a thunder storm came up. A stroke of lightning dropped in the vicinity and nearly knocked the men and horses down. Mr. Query said to the hired man: "That came mighty near knocking you and one of the horses over." "It would take a harder lick than that to knock me and old Bailey down," responded the man, and the next instant a bolt struck him on top of the head, dashing his brains out.—Kansas City Journal.

#### Chimes Rang by Electricity.

Electricity now supplies the power for ringing the chimes in Grace Church, New York, and the curfew hymn is played by an automatic arrangement breaking the current to huge magnets connected with the big bells, the largest weighing 3000 pounds.

#### Making Loans to Farmers.

Victoria, Australia, has inaugurated an official loan office. Small loans up to a maximum of \$5000 are to be granted to farmers and others to enable them to improve their holdings. The loans will bear interest at five per cent. The money will be provided from the savings banks.