

To commemorate the record reign a Welshman named John Jones suggested that all the Joneses in the world should contribute toward a magnificent building, to be erected in honor of the Queen.

According to the Jewish Year Book just published in London, there are 1,000,000 Jews now living. The London Spectator finds that should they be Zionized in Palestine they would be 2000 to the square mile.

There is a clear hint of Russian policy and purpose in her refusal to permit the Turkish navy or fortresses to be strengthened, while raising no objection to increase of the army. Russia hopes to use Turkey's offensive force, but will not tolerate increase of defensive force which might be used against her.

Mayor Ziegenhein, of St. Louis, has opened a matrimonial bureau at his own expense. He says there are 10,000 marriageable young men in St. Louis who are single because they cannot find "old-fashioned women." We had supposed that the female patrons of matrimonial bureaus were in a sense new women—women at least who knew too much.

When "the lion's skin is too short," British statesmen are content to "eke it out with the fox's." So now comes the news that British influence is to be exerted to defeat the re-election of "Oom Paul" as President of the Transvaal Republic. If the Boers can be induced to sacrifice their watch dog, the fold may be invaded without the unnecessary effusion of blood. The success of this scheme is yet problematical, but it illustrates the "patient search and vigil long" with which such Britons as Cecil Rhodes inexorably pursue their projects of self-aggrandizement.

Although Mr. George was as great a champion of individualism and a great believer in competition as Herbert Spencer or Thomas Jefferson, his popularization rather than discovery of the law of rent, and his magnificent optimism in social reform are recognized in England as the leading factors in developing the enthusiasm of the masses for all lines of social reform. From his later utterances and the platform which he practically worked for himself to run upon in New York City it appears that his early opposition to direct public operation of street railways, gas, electric light, telephones and similar monopolies or situations had changed to indorsement of such public management.

That Cuba, the fairest and most fertile island in all the oceans, should be the scene of widespread starvation—starvation so cruel that hundreds of women and children are perishing every week—is the most shocking anomaly of the century. It means that the prodigal wealth of nature has been destroyed and her generous processes suspended by the hand of man, that the native luxuriance of plantation and forest, in a territory where hunger should be an unknown word, has been blasted by the torch of the invader, and that this region, which should blossom like a garden of fruits and flowers, has been laid waste and its inhabitants starved to death at the behest of tyrants beyond the sea. And all for the honor of Spain!

While the atmosphere is full of strange and startling rumors growing out of the present status of affairs in Europe, it is nevertheless interesting to note that if the latest of these rumors has any foundation in fact, serious complications may be expected. According to this rumor, Germany and Turkey have recently formed a compact as the fruit of which Germany is to fit up a Turkish fleet and supply the Turkish army with improved guns, making the Ottoman power, already flushed with its recent victory over the Greeks, doubly strong. On the other hand, Turkey is to hold in readiness not less than 250,000 men to march at a moment's notice against Russia in order to check the designs of that power upon the Caspian region. In all likelihood the rumor which credits the two countries with forming this compact is without foundation. Turkey is not anxious to hurl herself upon Russia, even though backed by the puissant arm of Germany, nor is it likely, in view of the compact existing between Germany and the other members of the triple alliance, that Germany would lock arms with Turkey while still united to Italy and Austria-Hungary. To entertain for a moment the supposition that Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy intend to combine with the Sultan is simply monstrous, and the supposition that Germany alone intends to do so is equally unreasonable.

THE DAY BEYOND.

When youth is with us all things seem
But lightly to be wished and won;
We snare to-morrow in a dream
And take our toll for work undone;
For life is long, and time a stream
That sleeps and sparkles in the sun.
What need of any haste? we say;
"To-morrow's longer than to-day."

And when to-morrow shall destroy
The heaven of our dreams, in vain
Our hurrying manhood we employ
To build the vanished bliss again;
We have no leisure to enjoy,
"So few the years that yet remain;
So much to do, and ah! we say;
"To-morrow's longer than to-day."

But when our hands are worn and weak,
And still our labors seem nobler,
And time goes past us like a bleak
Last twilight waiting to the west,
"It is not here—the bliss we seek;
Too brief is life for happy rest.
And yet what need of grief?" we say;
"To-morrow's longer than to-day."

THE MAJOR'S RETURN



"HELLO!" said Mr. Clinton, as he read his letter at the breakfast table. "Why, here's one from old MacPherson. He's come back from India at last, and wants to pay us a visit. Of course he shall—the sooner the better. Why, it's twenty years since I set eyes on the dear old fellow."

Now, when Mr. Clinton mentioned MacPherson's name, Miss Nabb, his guest, gave a slight jump. "Is that Major MacPherson of the—?" she inquired, in an unnaturally natural voice, if the expression may be used.

"That's the man. I was at school with him—let me see—why more than thirty years ago, and though I have seen nothing and heard little of him since he went to India, we are sworn friends for life. Have you met him, then?" And Mr. Clinton cast a quick, scrutinizing glance at poor Miss Nabb.

"I rather think," she gasped out, "that he must be a man I used to see a good—at least, something of, once upon a time."

Then Miss Nabb took a long sip of tea, being apparently under the impression that the large breakfast cup would conceal the color of her cheeks.

If ever there was a typical old maid it was Miss Nabb. She had "nerves" and some years before had consulted a doctor, who had given her a medicine which, as he cynically remarked to a friend, "would act powerfully on her imagination."

After the conversation at the breakfast table already described, Miss Nabb's nerves were much in evidence. Not that they were in pain, but they were all in a flutter.

"I think, perhaps, I had better be off in a day or two," she remarked to Mrs. Clinton.

"Why?" answered her hostess, with feigned surprise. "We were hoping you would stay with us for at least a fortnight."

"But won't you want my room for another visitor? He's coming soon, I suppose?"

"The day after to-morrow, I hope. But there are plenty of spare bedrooms."

Now Miss Nabb knew there were plenty of spare bedrooms and Mrs. Clinton knew that she knew it, but Miss Nabb had got information she learned to receive and she actually thought her willingness was not discovered.

And then she thought that perhaps it was her duty to stay and recruit her health, and her thoughts took a new direction.

Two days after a carriage drew up to the door. There was as great a removing of rugs as if it had been mid-winter and then the cheerful sounds of old, long-separated friends greeting in the hall.

"Come into the library," cried Mr. Clinton. "It's warmer there, but I'm afraid there isn't a fire, and the temperature is under ninety degrees. Why, you don't look a scrap changed!"

Miss Nabb did not put in an appearance till tea time. Then she entered in a casual sort of way, and with such remarkable composure that only her heightened color betrayed her inward agitation.

"Miss Nabb, Major MacPherson, Miss Nabb tells me that she rather thinks you are an old acquaintance."

ances intent upon his paper, and Miss Nabb, though most anxious for conversation, hoping that she might not have to begin.

But the clock moved on, and the Major, when he had finished one page of the Times, simply turned over and started on a fresh one, and the good lady's patience began to give way.

"Do you suffer from toothache?" she asked, casually, "as you used to when—"

"Not often—not often now, though this villainous climate may bring it back again," answered the major, and then he added, "that was an excellent remedy you told me about."

"Ah," replied the lady in a low voice, "you have not forgotten that?"

"I have a long memory for some things," said the Major, and went on reading.

"I often used to wonder when you had gone away," Miss Nabb continued presently, with a little quaver in her voice, "whether you were still suffering."

"Not from toothache," said the Major, rather gruffly.

"I beg your pardon?" said Miss Nabb, interrogatively.

"Not from toothache." And he went on reading.

Miss Nabb took some moments to ponder over this dark saying and to devise means for carrying on the conversation. But she was relieved from her difficulty by the Major himself, for suddenly he dropped the newspaper on his knee and carefully looking away from her, jerked out, "Good old times those were, weren't they?"

Miss Nabb responded with a little sigh, but the ice was broken and in a few minutes the two were busily engaged in talking over reminiscences of former times—of picnics, walks and parties which they had enjoyed together, of people they had met and interests they had shared in the days when Miss Nabb had been admittedly one of the belles of the countryside.

The conversation went briskly forward and as the past revived, the two grew more and more animated and yet neither was quite at ease.

To tell the truth there was one episode to which Miss Nabb hoped the Major would allude, but to which he had not the remotest intention of making any reference whatever unless she touched on it herself. Time after time she brought him right up to the dreaded subject but he invariably shielded till there was nothing for it but to give him a lead.

So, at last, after a somewhat prolonged pause, during which both had sought frantically but in vain for a new starting point for conversation, Miss Nabb plucked up courage to remark: "There is one thing I have often wanted to ask you, Major MacPherson."

"What is it?" inquired the Major, his voice sounding as if he had suddenly retired into a shell.

"Was it you who—who—sent those flowers before the last ball—when you were going to India?"

"There was a letter with them," said the Major rather shortly, gazing into a remote corner of the room. "You knew the handwriting."

Miss Nabb started and stared and showed signs of tearfulness.

"There wasn't any letter indeed—there wasn't," she pleaded. "And I didn't like to wear them in case some one else—I mean—And her voice broke down as she added: "And then you wouldn't dance with me at all."

"No letter!" shouted the Major. And jumping up he began to pace the room, while the memory of long years of mourning for false love rolled over his mind. "No letter! Curse the boy! He must have dropped it, and I addressed it properly."

Had it, then, been all a gigantic mistake? While he had moped and sulked at that miserable farewell ball, had she been wondering and sad and loving him all the time and waiting for him to speak? And during all those long years of pining in India and of vain struggling to forget, had ever loved been sore and desolate, hoping and waiting his return?

Now, the Major was an experienced man, prompt to act on emergencies and gallant withal, though somewhat misogynistic.

The Major finds the English climate much more tolerable now, serves on a Board of Guardians, makes political speeches of portentous length and is a devoted husband, and Mrs. McPherson has given up dieting and her nerves trouble her no more.—London Answers.

Spectacles For Horses.

Spectacles for horses have been patented by an inventor, and are being used with considerable success. Their object is not so much to magnify objects as to make the ground in front of the horse appear nearer to his head than it really is. The result is continual high stepping, which, after a while, becomes natural, and gives to a horse an aristocratic gait, which he will retain for many years.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

A very attractive skating costume is made of velvet, velveteen or corduroy, according to one's bank account. The skirt is short and the jacket is finished with fur collar and cuffs. A hat to match completes the smart effect.

Court Stenographer a Woman.
Miss Annie White, whose appointment as stenographer of the Superior Civil Court for Suffolk County, Mass., a few years ago attracted considerable notice, recently resigned her position, married Mr. Charles Bartlett, a prominent lawyer of Boston, and with him has gone abroad for several months. Miss White was an expert in her profession. Her position was worth \$3000 per year, with a summer vacation of three months, and she filled it with unusual ability. It will be of interest to those who believe that a business life renders a woman unattractive to learn that the acquaintance which ripened into marriage began in the court where Miss White was employed.

A Famous Woman Physician.
Dr. Susan A. Elson, who has just died in Washington at the age of seventy-four years, was one of the best-known women physicians in the United States. She was born on January 4, 1823, near Auburn, N. Y., and was graduated from the Cleveland Homeopathic College March 1, 1854. Returning to her home soon afterward she quickly built up a large and lucrative practice. This, however, she abandoned when the war broke out, as she believed it to be her duty to do all she could to ameliorate the sufferings of the soldiers, and she rendered invaluable professional services to the sick and wounded in hospitals. She was one of the physicians summoned to attend President Garfield after he was shot, and during the long illness of the President she was, it is said, at his bedside more frequently than was any other of the attending physicians. As a mark of appreciation for her services to Mr. Garfield during his long illness Congress voted Dr. Elson \$3000. She was for many years physician to the Garfield family.—New York Tribune.

Ties and Sashes.
New four-in-hand ties are of two-inch double-faced satin ribbon made, tied and fastened in the back with hooks. The ends are usually cut bias and edged with quite a deep plaiting of chiffon. In white, black and colors and tartan plaids they offer as many varieties as the masculine four-in-hand and make a good change-off with the lawns and muslin and liberty silk ties.

It generally takes about two seasons to bring a popular fashion up to its limit of favor, and sashes may be said to have taken a fair start this summer. There is no end to the styles and no limit in elegance or price. The old Roman sash, with fringed ends, is with us again, and nearly everybody has an old one somewhere that was much treasured in early youthful days. Take it out and wear it with white house gowns. A rather startling sash is made of the new velvet and satin-striped ribbon in three shades of geranium red. It is about five inches wide, and is made with two loops at the waist, and the bias ends are edged with very deep plisses of mousseline de soie to match the ribbon. Another is of plaid, the royal Stuart pattern, trimmed on the ends with plaitings of black mousseline. A royal purple moire of superb quality, with trimmings of black mousseline, has an unmistakable air of elegance.

May Have Meant Well.
It takes fully six months for a story like the following to become public property, says the Washington Star: Last season a Washington woman, possessing both social and charitable ambitions, elected to give a reception. The affair was to be very exclusive. Judge of the surprise when a bundle of invitations was left at the door of a hospital in town upon whose board of managers Mrs. Z. serves. The invitations were found to be addressed to the trained nurses of the institution, and great was the wonder that the professional ranks had been invaded for society recruits.

A few days elapsed, and Mrs. Z. paid a visit to the hospital. Making herself extremely agreeable, she remarked to the nurses:

"Well, girls, I hope you received cards to my reception?"

Smiles and acknowledgments answered in the affirmative, and Mrs. Z. went on complacently:

"Indeed, I was only too glad to remember you all. I appreciate how much work and how little play you girls have, and I thought you would enjoy a little glimpse of society fun."

"No doubt of it, Mrs. Z.," one of the nurses spoke up, "but none of us is likely to have a gown suitable to wear at such a function."

"Oh, that need not trouble you in the least," returned the smiling Mrs. Z. "Now, my ideas this. Of course, I understand you have no evening gowns, and that you know very few society people, but these facts must not interfere with your getting a peep at my guests and eating some of my supper. I thought the whole thing would be simplified if you all came in your pretty uniforms and caps, and took up your stations in the dressing rooms. You would only have to assist the ladies with their wraps and you

could see the gowns to such good advantage, and—"

But such a chorus of indignant exclamations rent the air at that juncture that Mrs. Z.'s sentence was never completed.

The social veneering must be thickly coated on Mrs. Z., for to this day she does not seem to understand why the nurses meet her advances with frigid indifference, and why her visits to the hospital are no longer pleasant.

Guests.
A woman ninety-seven years old rides a bicycle in Dubuque, Iowa.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has just sailed for Europe, to remain there until spring.

Prominent women have started a movement for a national university in Washington.

Mrs. Rachel Harding, who died recently in Cincinnati at the age of 105, was born in Baltimore in 1791.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is seventy-one years old. She is the daughter of Count Cyprien de Montijo, a Spanish grandee.

The Secretary of the Interior has appointed Mrs. S. M. Fitts, of Lynn, Mass., to the position of pension claim attorney.

Mrs. Mary Van Uleck, eighty-four years old, earns a good living sewing carpets at Joliet, Ill. She also makes money cooking fine dinners on festal occasions.

The daughter of ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is to enter the church training and deaconess house of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Philadelphia.

Miss Ray, who writes over the pen name of "Jack Carlton," has given \$10,000 to aid in the establishment of a colony for colored people in Alabama, to be known as the "Cedar Lake colony."

The Queen of Italy has presented to her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Naples, a beautiful bicycle with a richly gilded frame and an ivory handle bar, ornamented with the arms of the house of Savoy.

The Duchess of Sutherland is the President of the recently established National Association for the Care of the Feeble Minded in London. The association has opened a home in West London for the training of girls in laundry work.

Queen Victoria is six months younger than Mrs. Gladstone. Baroness Burdett-Coutts is five years older than the Queen, Lady Louise Tighe, who was at the ball the night before the battle of Waterloo, was a young lady when the Queen was born.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has been appointed on the Board of Regents of the University of California. The appointment is a suitable one, not because Mrs. Hearst is a very rich woman, but because she has given largely of her time and attention as well as of her means to the cause of education.

Miss Marion Hunter, niece of Sir William Hunter, has been appointed the female member of the British medical corps sent out to combat the plague in India. She is, or was until lately, the only physician of her sex who holds the Cambridge diploma of public health. The duties of the medical corps are expected to consume six months.

Fashion Notes.
White marabout is used on children's white felt hats, it is so light, airy and delicate.

The newest shade of blue is best described as the shade of cornflower when it has begun to fade.

Bright colors are seen this year in the gloves. Vivid reds, greens and blues are shown in great variety.

Some of the latest materials shown are corded silks and wool poplins, with changeable effects, produced by the mixture of colored silk and wool.

On account of the popularity of the Russian blouse handsome belts are very much in demand. Some beautiful designs are shown in hammered silver and gold set with mock jewels.

For nicer wear the reps or poplins are fashioned with a blouse, gored skirt, small sleeves and an epanlette effect; high collar, tiny square yoke and folded belt of velvet of a darker or contrasting shade.

A pretty Russian blouse for a miss of fourteen years accompanies a skirt of the same blue serge; the blouse opens over a narrow vest of light-yellow cloth, with tiny gilt buttons edging the blue and black cord loops across the vest. Cord and buttons trim the hand collar, wrists and narrow, flat belt.

Scotch plaids are rampant this season, and come in several different materials, all of which are smart and serviceable. To begin with, there is the regular all-wool Scotch plaid; then there is the silk and wool, the poplin and the silks. For school wear, the first is the best, and the darker plaids are to be strongly advocated.

Black hose are worn by girls with all dresses except white or very light party frocks, that require white stockings and slippers. Two-button kid gloves in brown, tan and gray tints are also worn by little ones. After fifteen years misses wear the hook, snap or button gloves similar to their elder sisters, only keeping within subdued shades.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A newly patented ruling machine has a reservoir to hold the ink or color connected by flexible tubes or strips of flannel laid on the pens, which are held on a frame by movable clamps.

A new ferret muzzle for use in hunting rabbits, etc., has one or more short spikes in the tip of the muzzle to drive the animal out of its hole and yet prevent the ferret from killing it.

To protect horses' feet from injury on barb-wire fences a flexible metal band is used, which is adapted to fasten around the foot, with an armor shield at the rear to prevent the barbs entering the flesh when the horse gets its foot caught on the wire.

A Michigan man has patented an air ship, comprising a cigar-shaped inflatable vessel, a car attached to it by pivoted arms, so that the car can be tilted up or down to guide it; the propelling and steering being done by the usual fan-blade propellers.

In a recently designed refrigerator the ice chamber is formed of a series of parallel bars, set in one side of the refrigerating chamber, which hold cracked ice and permit the free circulation of air between the bars and around the small pieces of ice.

A procession of icebergs sent against the surface of the sun would melt at the rate of three hundred million cubic miles of solid ice a second, and its heat is estimated to produce a force of about ten thousand-horse power to every square foot of its surface.

Of the children born alive one-fourth die before eleven months, one-third before the twenty-third month, half before their eighth year, two-thirds of mankind die before the thirty-ninth year, three-fourths before their fifty-first year, and of about twelve thousand only one survives a whole century.

Sudden and great fluctuations in the level of water in wells in stormy weather, closely corresponding to the fluctuations in wind-velocity recorded by Professor Langley, have been observed by Dr. Komel Tradini. This explains the popular tradition that bad weather may be predicted from the sudden rise and fall of wells.

Curiously, however, small and rapid changes of barometer are more certain to affect wells than large changes.

Frank W. Very, of the Ladd Observatory, Providence, R. I., has made some curious observations on the flight of migrating birds seen at night crossing the face of the moon. He watched them with a telescope of four inches aperture, magnifying forty times. The observations were made in the latter part of September. The great majority of the birds moved from north to south, and traveled in little companies. Their average speed, as calculated by Mr. Very, was sixty-seven miles an hour, although some appeared to travel at the rate of more than one hundred miles an hour.

Dismissed Court in Digest.
When David K. Carter, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, was practicing law in Ohio, he tried a case at Coshocton, before Judge Finch. The Judge was a very large and dignified man, and had not the least appreciation of humor. Carter was humorous and very witty.

A witness was on the stand for the purpose of proving some suspicious action of the plaintiff, and Carter asked him many questions as to the office he had held in his county. Judge Finch wanted to know the object of this testimony. "It is to show the reliability and standing of the witness in his own county," said Carter. "Oh, that's no evidence of his reliability," retorted the Judge. "I have known some mighty mean men to hold office."

Carter was on his feet in an instant, and, pointing his finger at the Judge, said: "I—I am a—a—aware of that, your h—h—honor."

The lawyers, the jury, and the audience laughed loud and long. The while the Judge was getting angrier. He ordered the Sheriff to suppress the disturbance, and as it subsided he was on the eve of saying something very severe to Carter, but before he could get started Carter took all the sting out of his first remark by repeating: "I was saying that I was aware of that, your honor. I held office once myself." Another round of laughter so angered the Judge that he adjourned court until the afternoon.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Liberalizing Russia.
Russian administration has undergone a vast change since the accession of the reigning Czar. Quite recently, at a great industrial centre, a large body of operatives went on strike and refused to resume work at the bidding of the police. In the old days this refusal would have been followed by a military repression—but in the present case the authorities were told not to interfere unless the public peace was disturbed by the strikers. In the Baltic provinces the Draconian edicts of the Holy Synod affecting the Lutheran population have been practically abolished, and Lutherans are no longer obliged to send their children to schools directed by members of the Greek Church.

A Bride's Preparation.
Dean Grantley once said: "I asked a blushing girl of seventeen, who was about to be married, if she was prepared for the life before her."

"Oh, yes," she cried, smiling, "my things were already a month ago!"

"I wish," he added, "there was a catechism for brides-elect. Some of the questions should be, When the bread is sour or the soup thin can you tell the cook how to remedy the mistake? Do you know how to make a plaster or to change a bed for a patient? Do you know anything of the care or training of children?"—Youth's Companion.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Lard Scraps For Hens.
There is something about lard scraps, or the refuse which remains after the fat is tried out of lard, that makes them especially liked by hens in cold weather. They are very warming and very fattening, so that not much should be given at a time. But they will render fowls' combs and set them to laying in cold weather when no other feed will do so.

Milk as Food on the Farm.
To every city resident one of the advantages of living in the country is that those living there can easily secure fresh and pure milk directly from the cow. It is a most valuable food product, whether used directly as milk or cooked in custards and cakes, in the various ways that milk and cream can be used. Probably most housewives who have lived in the country find when they remove to the city that the absence of the best milk and cream which they used to have in abundance was a stronger handicap to successful cooking than anything else. At the wholesale prices that are all that milk producers can get for milk it is a much cheaper food than any other that comes on their tables. If farmers ate more of their milk product they would be better off physically as well as financially. What they then sold would probably bring as much as does the larger portion that they sell now.

Eye Bran as Pig Feed.
The chemical composition of eye bran is very much the same as that of wheat bran. It will, therefore, take the place of wheat bran for cattle and horses, taking care not to give any to cows or mares that are breeding. If there is ergot in the eye from which the bran is made, it may cause abortion. But for pigs or hogs bran of any kind is not good. It is too coarse and rough, scouring the intestines without digesting as it should. We doubt whether anything could be done to destroy ergot and make it safe to feed to any animal bearing young. Ergot has a direct effect on the generative organs, and we have heard of cases where it was used to bring heifers or mares in heat so that they may be bred. But none of this feed should be given after fecundation, as it would be very likely to produce abortion. Rye does not always contain ergot. That is a fungus growth, which, like rust, attacks the rye when it is exposed to combined warmth and moisture.—Boston Cultivator.

About Rats.
An unusual interest has been aroused in the destruction of rats this season, because of the great number found in corncribs and in the vicinity of poultry houses. The loss from this source has been considerable, to say nothing of the annoyance. If trouble in corncribs is to be avoided next year, set the building on posts sixteen inches high and around the top tack a strip of old tin or invert a tin pan and place it over the top of the post. This will not always keep them out but will do much toward preventing their entrance.

Where cribs are on the ground and have been undermined by these pests, a number of methods of getting rid of them, more or less successful, have been suggested. If a well-trained ferret and a good rat dog can be secured, great numbers can be killed in a short time. The ferret will go into the holes under the crib and run out the rats, which can then be disposed of by means of the dog or guns. After the rats have been well cleaned out by these means, they seldom return, or at least, not for a long time.

In closed bins, where carbon bisulphide can be used, they can be got rid of in short time. Merely place an open dish full of the chemical on top of the grain and permit it to evaporate. It will permeate every point and kill all living creatures. In using the bisulphide, remember that it is very inflammable and all lights and fires must be kept away from the building while it is being applied.

During the last few years, rabbits, gophers, prairie dogs, mice and rats have been killed by catching one of the animals and inoculating it with a virus prepared especially for this purpose. Release the animal and it will spread contagion among all the rats on the place, often resulting in clearing a farm. This virus can be obtained from large drug stores and is good for use from ten to thirteen days after it has been put up. If the animal cannot be caught to be inoculated, the virus may be mixed with food and fed to the rats, when it will take effect in the same way. The advantage of this virus is that while it is death to rodents it does not affect domestic animals or human beings. In this it has a great advantage over strychnine, rough on rats, etc.—American Agriculturist.

The Extinction of the Beaver.
The beaver is now almost extinct in Southwest Missouri, where once the industrious and cunning animal could be found in every stream. The presence of this interesting creature, whose fur has always been so much prized throughout the world, caused the early settlers of the Ozarks to give its name to many streams that feed White River. South of Springfield the creeks were full of beavers a generation ago, and now and then a survivor of the disappearing family may still be found, but trappers have ceased to expect such a desirable catch. The otter has also been vanished from the waters of this country, and Springfield fur dealers make a special display of a hide when they secure one.—Springfield (Mo.) Leader-Democrat.

Between New York and Liverpool.
The screw of an Atlantic liner revolves something like 630,000 times between Liverpool and New York.