

The invasion of Norway by the American railroad builder will doubtless result in knocking the "j" out of "fjord."

A Harvard astronomer is going to Peru to study Eros. Eros, like some of the poets, has waited a long time to get studied.

Andrew Carnegie is quoted as saying that wealth does not bring happiness. The towns that have been presented with libraries may dissent from this opinion.

The scarcity of steep-climbers is delaying work on the new Chicago postoffice, and this fact has led to the discovery that there are only fourteen "human flies" in the United States.

About 6328 out of over 6,300,000 persons in Pennsylvania are lawyers or judges. They are distributed in about 284 places, nearly half of them being in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

A Missouri court has decided that a teacher has the right to whip a pupil. Education in Missouri will now proceed with the confidence which comes from the possession of all sorts of resources.

Every time an automobile breaks the record on the public highway, the sentiment of the average citizen is divided between a feeling of admiration and an impression that the owner ought to have been arrested.

J. Pierpont Morgan has Europe pretty well frightened by his schemes of capitalization and control. There is some satisfaction in feeling that the apprehensions on the subject are not to be confined to the United States.

H. M. S. Terrible seems to be the Oregon of the British Navy. She holds the record for target practice, and now, according to a story from Hong Kong, she has made a new coaling record—2500 tons in nine hours and ten minutes.

To call another man a liar in parliamentary language is no less an art than a science, and statesmen should make a study of it. Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, holds the reputation of having made a signal success in the Senate when once he said of a statement just made by a colleague that "It goes without saying that the truth is innocent of any appearance in that statement."

The Census Bureau figures that the area of the United States and its insular possessions aggregates 3,690,822 square miles, which makes it fifth among the nations of the earth in territorial size. Great Britain leads with 11,258,277 square miles; Russia comes second with an area of 8,644,100 square miles; China third, with 4,234,910 square miles, and France follows with 3,944,692 square miles.

In Scotland they are having a controversy over the question of whether or not the boy is assisted in getting an education by a judicious application of the strap once in a while. The controversy is getting hot. One party to it says to another: "Your contention that it is the purest kindness to administer a flagellatory stimulus to the vicious or disobedient child, irrespective of sex or size, lucidly displays either that you are sadly lacking in knowledge of educational science, or that you speak the excuses of the incompetent teacher."

It has come at last—the hitching-post for the automobile. If the machine is guaranteed to stand without hitching, that may be only another way of saying, that—like the horse David Harum sold to the deacon—it balks, states the New York Post. Ordinary iron hitching-posts are used, or rings in the sidewalk, and the hitching-rope, which no automobile should be without, is a wire cable with a padlock. So many persons have learned to operate these machines that it is now considered unsafe to leave them free and unwatched in the streets.

The young women at the University of Indianapolis contended in a debate with the young men that "pie is not of greater service to mankind than ice cream." When these young women become experienced wives they will feel shame that they should have decried the value of pie. When there are big bills for spring hats and spring dresses to be paid they will fill their husbands with pie, knowing that under its benign influence all the genial and generous impulses will be awakened, exclaims the Philadelphia Record. The fancy for ice cream is a mere passing characteristic of young womanhood; but the passion for pie which fills the breast of every normal man is an enduring source of happiness to the tactful wife.

THE MAN WHO WINS.
The man who wins is the man who works—The man who toils while the next man shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly press—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails
And a moral finds in his mournful wails;
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways;
And perhaps, who lingers, now and then,
To help some failure to rise again.
Ah! he is the man who wins.

And the man who wins is the man who hears
The curse of the envious in his ears,
But who goes his way with his head held high
And passes the wrecks of the failures by—
For he is the man who wins.
—Henry Edward Warner, in Baltimore News.

PRISCILLA'S MISTAKE BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

PRISCILLA stirred the cranberries with hands that trembled from some inward emotion. Somehow her heart did not seem to be in it to-day, the anniversary dinner—hers and Jim's—that had always been her culinary joy and pride. Her thoughts kept traveling back to that day—her wedding day—just five years ago, when their happiness seemed, indeed, almost too full to last in this life.

The woman paused in her preparations to rest for a moment. She sat down on the crude kitchen chair and lifted the corner of her checked gingham apron to wipe away the moisture that had collected on her forehead from bending over the steaming range. For an instant she seemed to lose sight of her surroundings; two big hot tears welled up to her eyes and rolled slowly down each tanned cheek.

A squirrel scampered out on the limb of a sycamore near the kitchen window and regarded her with his head on one side, as though wondering what it was that made Priscilla sad. Just then the little cuckoo clock in the dining room, Jim's present on her last birthday, struck the noon hour, rousing Priscilla from her reverie. She got up hurriedly, and taking down a long agate spoon from a hook commenced to baste the turkey.

From time to time, she glanced half-expectantly, half-anxiously, through the narrow little window for some sign of her husband. He generally came in about that time for dinner, but the minutes dragged themselves slowly by, and one o'clock chimed; still no welcoming face from the doorway. What could it mean? Priscilla wondered, intuitively guessing, what it could be that had power to detain him on this day of all others. With a half-smothered sigh, she crushed back the maddening thoughts that seemed beating into her brain, and made a pitiful effort to hum some bright little air.

Half an hour later, the potatoes were ready for peeling and the rolls had browned to a faultless crust. Jim's wife could not repress the quick thrill of pride that went through her, as she took a snowy cloth from the neat pine linen shelf and started toward the cozy dining room to spread the table for three.

She found "Lisbeth curled up fast asleep in the middle of the old-fashioned lounge that had come to her from her grandmother, a tiny yellow kitten with big eyes pressed close to her chubby cheek.

The mother's eyes, alight with the joy that is greater than all others, rested fondly upon the sleeping child for an instant. Then she went closer and knelt down by her darling—the miniature of Jim—and kissed the smooth, flushed face.

After the table had been put in order and set agleam with white and gold china and the "best silver," Priscilla went back to the kitchen to put the finishing touches to the array of appetizing dishes spread here and there about the range to keep warm. She waited another fifteen minutes, but still Jim did not come. She was not a jealous or suspicious wife, but how could she help remembering at this time the preoccupied manner he had worn for the past few weeks—the broken, disturbed sentences of his dreams—and more than all, the bits of torn paper she had found in the pocket of one of his old coats while mending it—his agitation when she showed them to him?

As yet there was only a heavy sinking of her heart, a sort of vague, undefined misery which she tried heroically to put down.

The fire needed replenishing, and she started toward the woodshed for a stick of oak, resolutely brushing away the tears that kept coming to her eyes. But somehow they wouldn't stop, and she seemed to walk without seeing, as one in a dream. She selected a stout log to fit the range, and turned slowly to retrace her steps. As she passed the corn crib, voices from the vicinity of the summer house beyond came distinctly to her sharpened ears, and she halted involuntarily. It was his voice, sure enough, and the other, unmistakably that of a woman!

"Don't—don't cry," he was saying, half-pitifully, half-tenderly. "Good God, it's hard enough as it is—but to see you like this—Margaret!" Priscilla did not wait to hear more. Her great dark eyes had grown black with indignation, and pain marked livid streaks across her face. With a sudden, crazed impulse, she turned quickly and ran toward the house.

Only once she turned her head over her shoulder to glance back. Her hand went to her breast in a little gesture of despair that women employ when all the light seems to gle out of their life at once. She did not even stop to think, but sped on—as fast as her feet could carry her, to the old-fashioned lounge in the dining room where "Lisbeth still slept her pure sleep. The woman's breath came in quick, dry sobs, and for the first time she broke down, as she bent over the child. She paused, wavering. The next minute Jim's false eyes looked up into her own through the baby's guileless ones, and her resolution was taken.

For a moment she closed her eyes to shut out all the happy past forever, and a prayer for the future—for strength, endurance—went up to the God she had worshipped in hours of ease as well as in those of pain. Then she looked her white lips determinedly and crossed the hall to her own little bed room. It was the work of an instant to snatch up a hat and wrap for herself and something for the child; to find the little pile she had laid aside for a rainy day—for her and Jim and the baby—and pass out alone into the world.

Some irresistible thing seemed to impel her to take the path that led around back of the vine-screened summer house and to look for the last time, unnoticed, upon the face of him who had been her world—her very life—now irrevocably lost to her. As she neared the familiar spot, something seemed to clutch at her throat and a strong rush of feeling made her shiver.



IT WAS HIS VOICE, SURE ENOUGH, AND THE OTHER, UNMISTAKABLY THAT OF A WOMAN!

For a moment she stood still, irresolute. A soft wind lifted the loose hair that lay about her hot forehead, and cooled the fierce throbbing of her temples.

She leaned her head in a tired little way against the great, sympathetic trunk of an aged oak, and hugged "Lisbeth close to her breast. Just then the breeze, blowing in that direction, again bore her husband's voice to her, and she strained her ears to catch the words—the last she should ever hear from his lips. The sound of the familiar tones that had been dearer than all others to her caused the scalding tears to rain down the woman's face and burn her very soul, but with a sudden, access of pride she controlled herself and—waited.

"Here is all the money I have—take it and go, and for Heaven's sake—for your own sake—try to live right. God knows I am not the man to kick a woman because she is down, and my own sister at that. Good-by, Margaret,—try to be a woman!"

Priscilla heard, and her breath came and went in quick sobs of relief; her heart beat wildly in her bosom and a great flood of thanksgiving poured in upon her soul. She realized it all now, and understood. Gathering her child closer in her arms, she turned and fled noiselessly across the lawns that separated the summer house from their home.

Ten minutes later Jim came in, and his wife's unclouded welcome—the first for many a day—made his great kind heart throb with a new joyousness.

He disappeared for a moment to change his linen for dinner, and Priscilla dropped on her knees by the chair he was wont to occupy, and kissed the arm where his hand would rest.

"The truest, kindest, noblest man in all the world!" she told herself softly, as she set the steaming, fragrant dishes on the table. "And to think that for one moment I doubted him—my husband!"

When Jim came in and took his place opposite to her, she threw him a radiant smile and leaned over to kiss the baby.

"It is nicer even than our wedding day, dear," she said, as she fastened "Lisbeth's bib about her throat.

Jim's eyes met those of his wife in an answering smile and he took up the carvers.—Home Magazine.

Suicide of a Mine Mule.
A mule deliberately committed suicide by drowning in the Hoffman mine, near Frostburg. The animal was hitched to a post in the mine, but broke away and ran down the incline to the water, the mine being partly flooded, and plunged in. All efforts of the driver to get the mule out were unavailing, and the animal stood in eight feet of water, with its nose on the bottom until life was extinct.—Baltimore Sun.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

A powerful fan, forty-eight inches in diameter, displacing 30,000 cubic feet of air a minute, and electrically driven, has been placed in the "tupenny tube" tunnels in London to improve the ventilation.

An innovation in mining lamps has been introduced at the Pennsylvania colliery at Mount Carmel. A number of portable electric lights have been placed in the interior of the mines. The lamps are about ten inches high and are run by a storage battery. These lamps are to be used on the turn-outs at the bottom of the slopes, in the pump houses and as lights for the lead mules of the inside teams.

The greatest oil-spouter of the Russian petroleum district was struck a few months ago, about three miles southwest of Baku. The well was bored to a depth of 1800 feet before oil was reached. Then, for nearly three days, it sent out oil at the rate of 180,000 barrels a day, and continued thereafter to flow at a diminishing rate until it had produced over 2,000,000 barrels. The owners lost money, for the well could not be controlled, much adjacent property being damaged by the oil that escaped.

The use of alcohol as a fuel is a subject that is attracting much study and attention in Europe, especially in France, where the annual production is enormous. The French Minister of Agriculture has offered prizes for mechanical inventions in which this kind of fuel may be used. Among the machines that inventors are asked to furnish are stationary motors to be used on farms, motors for pumps, and automobiles, and apparatus for lighting and heating purposes. Alcohol is already the chief illuminant for parks and other public places in Germany.

The Island of Sarnar resembles a miniature Africa, with dense jungles occupying the central portion. So impassable is this dense forest jungle that the natives have hardly, if ever, attempted to traverse it. The American Army engineers, however, have recently completed a map on which six possible trails across the island have been sketched. These routes were surveyed by Lieutenant W. S. Martin. The accomplishment of Major Waller, of the Marine Corps, in crossing the southwestern section of the island is a minor achievement compared to the exploratory work previously carried out in the interior of the island.

A writer in one of the scientific papers explains the origin of the hailstone, which he calls the most remarkable formation of the upper air. Rain drops, snow crystals, for particles and hailstones are all the result of the condensation of watery vapor on the invisible atoms of dust that float in the upper atmosphere. Such an atom, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ of an icy mass that may grow to be large enough to strike a man down. At first it is caught by a current of air and carried to the level of the high cirrus clouds, some of which are from five to ten miles above the earth. Then continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, splashing through the clouds and flashing in the sunlight like a jewel shot from a rainbow.

England's Hired Levies in 1854.
This is the third year of the war, and the reinforcements of 21,000 British soldiers, not to mention contingents of colonial born, are about to be despatched to the front, contrasts pleasantly with the sorry remedy to which the Crimean war drove England. For after sending out the first army of 30,000 men under Lord Raglan, the government declared that no more British warriors were available, and appealed to Parliament for authority to enlist 15,000 foreigners to fight the Russians. This was in November, 1854, within three months of the war's commencement. Despite some opposition the bill became acts 18 and 19 Vic., c. 2, and recruiting agents were despatched over Europe to enlist men, as remount officers are now searching the world for horseflesh, for the British army.—London Chronicle.

Very Cheap Publishing.
One of the greatest publishing businesses in the world is run by a missionary society of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and managed at a cost that is almost infinitesimal compared with the work done. Last year the Presbyterian Board issued from its presses in China, Persia, Syria, Mexico, Siam and Taos more than 96,000,000 pages of printed matter at a cost to the board of only \$8500, that is, only seven-one-hundred-thousandths of a cent a page. From its Beirut press the board has issued 675,000,000 pages of religious matter, principally in Arabic.

Interesting Inscriptions.
In the historical subterranean prison of Tiberius, in Capri, some inscriptions have been discovered which prove that this was the prison of Commodus's wife and sister, a fact which increases the interest in this already famous prison.

Feminine Fair Mindedness.
Some women are so fair minded that when they know they were in the wrong they will accept an apology from you for it.—New York Press.

HIS TABLOID LUNCHEON.

No Lost Time, No Indigestion, No Tips to Waiters.

"I have solved the luncheon problem," said W. S. Webb, of the Missouri Savings Bank recently. "I dine every noon, yet I neither have my luncheon sent in to me nor do I go out for it. Neither do I carry a full dinner bucket, as we did in the last Presidential canvass."

"How do you do it?" was asked. "This way," and he took from his pocket a little tin box, in which there were a score or more of little tablets. "Each of these is composed of concentrated food. They are mixed with malted milk. Three or four of them make a square meal. I find it inconvenient to go out for luncheon in the middle of the day, because that is our busy time. I don't like to have one sent in, and I cannot go without. Therefore, these. I take three or four of them every noon, and perhaps eat a banana or an orange, and I am amply satisfied."

"Yes, I know that sounds funny," he went on, "but that is the twentieth century way of doing things. Soon we will do all our eating on the tabloid plan, and the odors of the kitchen—in fact, the kitchen itself—will be obliterated. We will carry our meals about with us in our pockets, and when we are hungry, we will eat. There will be no long dinners, no waits, no quick lunches. We will take tablets and save all worry over burned or underdone steaks, and will not have indigestion over heavy pies and batter cakes. Banquets will become a thing of the past. Instead of stuffing a guest with half a hundred different things at one sitting, we will say: "Have a tablet?" and then light our cigars and be done with it. It's the coming way."

And Mr. Webb cocked his foot up on his desk and took another tablet.—Kansas City Journal.

Wet Weather and Postmen.

On his way to his midday luncheon the drug clerk met the postman on his noon round. There was nothing extraordinary in this, for the two met nearly every noonday in the year, and had come to exchange a friendly nod and word or two in greeting, as they passed. On this occasion, however, the drug clerk stopped and stared at the bulging mail pouch on the other's shoulder, and then exclaimed:

"Whew! I should think it was Christmas or Valentine's Day; what you got in your bag, invitations to the Suburban race?"

The postman smiled a weak smile and answered: "Oh, no, souny. It rained yesterday, that's all."

"Well, you see, when it rains on Sunday, people having nothing imperative to call them out, stay at home and write letters by the dozen. Along about Monday noon the mail pouches begin to grow mighty heavy. I sometimes have to make double trips on my noon and 7 o'clock round in order to deliver all the mail. Can't carry such a lot at one time."

"Say, that's hard luck, too, for yesterday was the first Sunday in the month."

"And what about that?" asked the postman, hitching his plethoric mail pouch, preparatory to moving on.

"Oh, nothin', only it will rain every other Sunday but one in this month; at least, that's what grandmother says lots of times, and everybody up New England way, where she comes from, believes it. So for you the outlook for busy Mondays looks promising."

The postman's face seemed to take on an added inch in length as he resumed his weary round.—New York Times.

Great Elephant's Tusk.

For years it has been known that some African elephants have unusually long and heavy tusks, but it is not easy for foreigners to get any of them, since they are highly prized by the natives, who use them as ornaments for their houses and temples and as decorations for the graves of their ancestors.

For this reason exceptional interest attaches to an elephant's tusk, which is said to be the longest that has ever been imported into Europe.

It is nearly nine feet in length, and was purchased by a Hamburg merchant in Tabora, who was informed that it had come from the Tanganika region, in Central Africa. In this region the elephants are noted for their fine tusks, and a higher price is asked than for any others. Moreover, during the past few years the price has advanced considerably, for the reason that in Tanganika elephants are by no means so plentiful as they used to be.

Napoleon's Mistake.

A correspondent of a contemporary calls attention to a passage in Fritchett's "How England Saved Europe," which he rightly describes as curiously appropriate. "September, 1810—The attacks of English newspapers and the criticisms of English orators did not shake Wellington's steadfast temper, but they curiously deceived Napoleon. He was persuaded that he read the mind of England in the leading articles of the opposition papers. He recruited most of them, indeed, in the 'Monitor' for the consolation of French readers, and his belief that the English Cabinet must soon withdraw Wellington, or itself be overthrown, made him regard the Spanish War as a trivial thing which could be safely neglected."—This extract surely points its own moral.—London Globe.

Weight of American Pine.

American pine when green weighs forty-four pounds twelve ounces to the cubic foot. When seasoned its weight is reduced to thirty pounds eleven ounces.

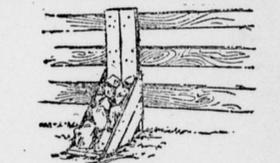
Farm Topics

Dairying as a Specialty.
The practice of dairying should not be considered as an adjunct to farming. Make dairying a specialty, producing a superior quality of butter, and let the farm support the animals.

Rational Pig Feeding.
Careful experiments have shown that the liberal feeding of foods rich in protein—which is the so-called flesh forming matter of the food—greatly increases the growth of pigs. The reason for this is quite evident and simple. It is that this food so encourages the development of muscular tissue, of which the vital organs mostly consist, that the digestion and assimilation of the food are made much easier and effective; that the food is eaten with better appetite, and is far better digested. In fact, the machinery of the pig is so much improved by this feeding that its work is done much more effectively and consequently so much more profitably.

Preserving Eggs.
The best simple preservative for keeping eggs is a solution of water glass (silicate of soda) and water. It has been tried repeatedly by experiment stations and poultry keepers, and with generally satisfactory results. Last year I put down twenty dozen fresh eggs in April in a sixty-pound butter tub and poured over them one quart water glass mixed with ten quarts soft water. The eggs were placed large end up and the tub set in a dark place in a cool cellar and the wooden cover put on. The eggs were used as needed, and the last taken out March 1 were as good as when put in. The white was of natural color and consistency and beat up nicely, while the yolk hung together when the egg was broken.—Edwin C. Powell, in New England Homestead.

Where Frost Overthrows Fences.
There are rods of fence on almost every farm that are thrown down every spring when the frost comes out of the ground. Stakes cannot be driven into such soil with any assurance of per-



HOLDING FENCE IN PLACE.

manency, and a fence once thrown out of the ground is very hard to get back into place. The cut shows a way to build a fence upon the surface of such ground. Enough stones can be put in it to anchor the fence very solidly. If the ground heaves and inclines the fence somewhat, it will come back into place when the ground settles.—American Agriculturist.

The Feeding of Hogs.
Suckling pigs take nourishment from the dam about every two hours, and we may accept nature's guidance for the frequency of feeding very young animals. At weaning time the pigs should receive food at least three times daily, with water always accessible. Since the digestive tract of this animal is of limited volume, probably the best results in fattening can be obtained with three feeds daily. But the habit controls here as elsewhere, and stockmen can easily accustom their animals to expect feed morning and evening only, meanwhile being content.

Since meal when dry is more slowly masticated than when moistened, it might be supposed that the greater addition of saliva would increase the digestibility of meal so fed, but the trials so made favor moistening the feed with water.

Observations show that the pig does not take kindly to dry meal, eating it very slowly, and often rooting much of it out of the trough. On the whole, sloppy feeds are best for the pigs.—W. A. Henry, in Rural World.

The Potato Crop.

There is more or less discussion as to the proper kind of seed, the best way to plant it, and especially as to the size of the seed. Small old tubers be planted, or shall larger ones be cut down to two or three eyes, and then planted? This may be taken as a truth: If we plant small potatoes with many eyes, we will get many sprouts and many small potatoes in a hill, which we do not want. Potatoes of the ordinary market size cut down to two or three eyes for each hill will produce the most vigorous plants. Some farmers prefer to fertilize their potatoes in the hill, while others sow it broadcast. With a given amount to apply, the proper thing would seem to be to put half of the fertilizer in the drills, and later apply the other half broadcast. Some have excellent results in planting quite thickly in drills and then mulching the ground with old straw or hay to the thickness of about a foot. This prevents the growth of weeds, and the vines will soon show through. Of course no cultivation can be given the crop, but then the moisture produced by the mulch and the prevention of the weed growth insures, almost always, a good crop.—New York Tribune Farmer.

Automobiles across the Caucasus for carrying the Russian mail are to supplant the present transport post horses, with changes every ten miles.