

A statistician has discovered that the steel output for a year would make a column 1000 feet through and a mile and a third high. But such a column would not be of the slightest use to anybody.

Dr. Gatling, who invented the gun known by his name, has invented a plow operated by gasoline, which will do the work of thirty men and eight horses at an expense of a little more than \$2 a day. The farmer may now look forward to a life of luxurious ease.

It is not too much to say that the modern development of advertising was made possible by electricity. Without the telephone and the telegraph publicity would be far less profitable, and therefore it could not have reached its present high stage of development, says Profitable Advertising.

It has come at last. Messrs. Fleury and Fere, two French scientists, have just issued a book seriously asserting that love is caused by microbes. Nearly everyone catches the affection, sooner or later—usually sooner—and some have it more than once. The French professors think that an antitoxin can be found which will neutralize the mischievous little germs, so that anyone after being properly inoculated can hang round in the moonlight and do other things equally imprudent without becoming the victim of the contagion.

The making of bogus antiquities has become so common and so successful that even experts have to be constantly on their guard not to be fooled. Out of a shipment of twenty-one mummies from Egypt recently nineteen were found to be frauds, but nothing but modern skeletons treated so as to very closely imitate the genuine in every detail. The idol business in Mexico is now so overdone that scientific men recommend tourists not to buy any such pretended relics, as in ninety-nine cases out of 100 they are not genuine.

The sessions of the Tuberculosis Congress have been beyond precedent helpful in practical hints suitable to the layman's understanding. It is well to know that consumption is not properly hereditary and not even easily communicable to persons taking proper precautions; that its allies are intemperance, insufficient clothing, dampness, filth, overcrowding, improper food; that its foes are fresh air, unlimited sunshine, good food, sanitary surroundings. These things are for individual consideration, states the New York World. The appeal of various speakers for more parks and playgrounds, for better homes for the poor and for hospitals where light cases can be cured and hopeless ones prevented from endangering the community should appeal to lawmakers and philanthropists.

Harrington Emerson, writing in the Engineering Magazine, is authority for the statement that of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans the Pacific is destined to become the greater trade ocean of the two. Not only do the most dense and industrious populations of the world line the western shores of the great ocean, but the western coast of North America in natural wealth far surpasses the eastern coast, with the exception of coal; yet if the Crows Nest coal mines of British Columbia, lying on the west slope of the Rocky Mountains and but 500 miles from the Pacific be included in Pacific coast resources, then in coal also the West surpasses the East, for these measures, many hundred miles in area, contain, in fifteen veins, 150 feet of solid coal, some of it gas coal, some anthracite, and the soft varieties of super-excellent coking coal.

Making wills is serious business in Minnesota, for the State courts make short work of the foolish ones, on the theory that when a man is dead he is dead, and his crotchets and notions die with him. There will be no lack of sympathy with the court in the latest instance, at any rate. A man named Scott, living in Minnesota, grew up to hate his relatives as he waxed older, and he made a will leaving his property, all in Government bonds, to the county, to help out the taxpayers. But as he advanced in years his hatreds grew more and more far-reaching. From confining them merely to his relatives he began to hate his neighbors, and finally all the people who were associated with him in any way. Then he hit upon a scheme. He tore up his first will and constructed another, directing that the bonds be burned, thus causing the value of them to remain for ever in the United States Treasury. If he had lived long enough this scheme, too, would doubtless have seemed unsatisfactory, but he died soon after. The court quickly disposed of the will, and now the immediate heirs are enjoying the property.

KIT'S SWEETHEART.

BY WILLIAM WALDO.

JACK CARDREW whistled. Then up went his eyebrows, a second indication of surprise. Then he laid the note on the table, and, standing over it with his hands on his hips in a commanding fashion, he read it again to make quite sure of its contents:

"Dear Jack:—Can't possibly get back for half an hour. Be my good angel, there's a good chap. Madeline and I have had a tiff; nothing really serious, only she is so impetuous. She promised to call to-day, and we were to thrash the whole thing out over a luncheon at the dearest conceiving, and here I am simply booked for an hour or more with my only moneyed relation. My dear old Jack, you see my dilemma and your duty! If Madeline goes to Half Moon street and finds me not there, that beautiful half hoop, with the pearls, et cetera, (which, by the by, is still unpaid for), will return into my possession (for the jeweler's), and Madeline—Oh, Jack, my dear old chap, you must explain how unhappy I'm having to go out! If I stayed, I could make it up with Madeline, and we should be married, but I should offend my disliking rich uncle and lose my income. On the other hand, I am now in pleasant proximity to the income, while the wife—precious, impetuous Madeline—is in danger of being lost forever. So you must pacify her until I come. And I say, old boy, do just slip in a few incidental touches as to my—ahem!—many qualities. Paint my virtues in all the iridescent hues of an abnormally healthy imagination. Butter me up for all you are worth. Bring us together like the good fairy in the story book, and I shall ever remain your grateful K.I.T."

"P. S.—Say I'm a real good chap and all that sort of thing."

Here was a strange situation. Jack reviewed it critically, marking off the main points on his finger ends. Kit, the best chap in the world, though a little impetuous, vexes Madeline, also impetuous. Madeline consents to a general amnesty to discuss terms of peace. Kit appoints—here Jack consults his watch—a quarter of twelve. Madeline agrees. Kit is ambushed by a hopelessly wealthy uncle, and Madeline is on the point of coming to the agreed spot to find herself, in plain English, spooked! Item: One intermeddler—viz. and to wit, Jack Cardrew—who hereby swears and undertakes to pacify, mollify, soothe, soften and otherwise stroke down Madeline.

After which mental declaration Jack fell into an armchair and tried to picture Miss Madeline Nelthorpe laughing at the odd chance that was to give him his first introduction to Kit's sweetheart.

She was late. It was five minutes to twelve. Jack strode the room with all the seriousness of a professional expert in smoothing over the waters of true love. To complete the picture he thrust his right hand with an air of careless meditation into his double-breasted jacket and hooked his forefinger into his watch pocket. It came in contact with a hard, smooth substance. A bright light illumined Jack's face as he very carefully and tenderly withdrew a dance programme. It would inspire him in Kit's cause. He knew what it was to love. He had a very deep and sincere attachment for—he looked at the programme against the eighth dance—"pink with blue dots." So brief, so unintelligible, yet how sweet a morsel of womanhood was contained in those magic if slightly unromantic words, "pink with blue dots!" And to think that was all he knew of her! Her name, her chaperon, alike unknown to him! The music of her voice, the delightful roguish laugh, the deep, unfathomable blue dots—eyes, I mean—lingered in his memory like some pleasant dream.

Yes, he could plead to Miss Nelthorpe on Kit's behalf with a lover's enthusiasm. He could speak from experience, for Cupid had taken him by the hand and shown him a wonderful new world, a realm hitherto undreamed of, a beautiful pink paradise with—well, blue dots.

Twelve o'clock. She was late. Just then the door opened, and Miss Nelthorpe was announced.

Jack came forward to meet her, then stopped dead. Could it be? Kit's sweetheart this?

"Mr. Cardrew," exclaimed the bewitching visitor in a tone of genuine amazement, "what a surprise!"

"Pink with blue dots," cried Jack, with a look of chagrin.

"Then you haven't forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you? No; I wish I had. I mean I wish—oh, to think what I have promised!"

And he let slip the little suede fingers of his lost angel and metaphorically turned his back on paradise.

"The eighth dance," said Miss Nelthorpe, with a sigh and a half laugh.

"The seventh heaven," groaned Jack. "Miss Nelthorpe, let me tell you every thing," continued the unhappy Cardrew, taking a low seat by the girl's side and assuming a martyr at the stake expression. "When I saw you melt into a crowd hovering and pressing about the refreshment buffet at the dance the other night, I felt almost inclined to run after you and beg you not to leave me. The thought that we might never meet again chilled and sickened me. For the truth is, I was hopelessly, desperately, madly, and blindly and all the rest of it, in love with you."

Miss Nelthorpe looked perplexed. "An hour ago," said Jack, rising abruptly, "and I would have given all I possess to meet you. Now you are the last person in the world I desired to see. Oh, I'm an awful unlucky chap!"

The visitor grew a little uneasy. "The visitor grow a little uneasy. 'I don't understand you,' she said, simply.

"I wish you hadn't come in, that's all," said Jack.

"If I had known—" began Miss Nelthorpe. "But I came to see—" "Kit."

"Yes," assented she, surprised at Jack's boisterous interruption.

"Kit, fortunate Kit."

"And he promised to meet—" "But you'll forgive him. He left me here and, after making me promise to write from you an assurance of forgiveness, told me to be sure and not let you go until he came back."

"But I want to tell you—" said Miss Nelthorpe, with a roguish laugh. "No, no, I won't listen," said Jack, resolutely. "You're going to slang Kit. You are going to blame him, scold him. Now you must forgive him. He's such a splendid chap, and—and it was I who made him go out."

"I'm glad," she said, and laughed. "Glad? Then you didn't want to meet him and make it up?"

"No. It's not exactly that." "After all, it was only a lover's quarrel, a slight brush, and all about a hat, a paltry toque. You see, Kit has told me everything. Now you're sorry, really sorry, Kit is out, aren't you?"

"No," began she in a petulant tone. "Now," said Jack, in cheery tones, "I see you relenting. The hard little heart is melting."

She laughed outright. "Very well, then," she admitted, her face wreathed in smiles, "I am sorry."

"Capital," said Jack. "He's such an awful decent chap—Kit. You'll be so happy, and I shall be so miserable!"

Miss Nelthorpe stroked her muff. As she raised her eyes she saw on a chair near by the dance programme.

"Why," she said, "that's the programme of—"

"Yes," interrupted Jack, hastily. "Fancy your keeping it."

"The pencil, you know," replied she—"such a jolly handy thing to have."

"Yes," responded Miss Nelthorpe, feelingly, "especially when it hasn't a point."

"By Jove," he said in desperation, "what a splendid chap Kit is!"

"Yes; you told me."

"I suppose you're simply devoted to him."

"Humph! Yes, I—I like him."

"Like him?" repeated Jack. "My dear Miss Nelthorpe, you love him; you know you do."

"Likes him," he said to himself. "She only likes him."

The girl gave the case due consideration.

"Well," she said, "perhaps you are right, Mr. Cardrew. I do love him."

Jack's face fell.

"Loves him," he said to himself. "I've over-persuaded her. I'm forcing her into a loveless, distasteful marriage, and I simply worship her."

"When I say I like him—love him," explained Miss Nelthorpe, taking Jack's dismal expression as an index of his true feelings, "of course I mean in a friendly way—a brotherly way."

"Friendly?" said Jack. ("Angel!" he thought.) "Brotherly?" said Jack. ("Lovely creature!" he thought.) "Poor old Kit!" he ejaculated in his most buoyant tone. ("She doesn't care a snap for him. She has thrown him up. She's in love with me, while I have promised—")

"Poor old Kit!" echoed Miss Nelthorpe. "If only—"

"If only," repeated Jack, coming closer and touching her gloved hand.

"Oh," she said, "you mustn't do that."

"No."

"I mean, you oughtn't to."

"No."

Silence for exactly thirty seconds. "After all," said Jack, with a gallant attempt at gayety, "you can't do better than stick to Kit. Make a better husband than I—"

"For Kit's sake." He raised it above the flames. "Wait," said the girl. "I just remember I am always wanting a pencil. Perhaps it would do if I took it." Jack handed it to her as if it were coronet of thistle-down. She took it with a little queenly air of triumph and put it in her muff. "There," she said, "that means you must forget me."

Jack groaned. "And you'll make it up with Kit?" he said, dismally. "Of course I want you to."

"Oh, we're very good friends," returned she.

"And when you two are married," began Jack in a thick, tragic, basso profundo.

"Married!" cried Miss Nelthorpe, breaking into a rippling flood of laughter. "Oh, we shall never marry!"

"Never marry! Ah, you are heartless to talk like that, to laugh! Poor Kit! He's in a fool's paradise."

Miss Nelthorpe grew serious. "And would you like me to marry Kit?" she asked, taking a more than usual interest in the pattern of the carpet.

"How can you ask? For Kit's sake, yes."

"Well," she said, getting up abruptly, "I can't wait for Kit another second. It's a shame!"

Jack turned to remonstrate. "It's of no use, I can't say. I must leave a message."

"But he'll be back in a minute." "Just in time to find me gone. Mr. Cardrew, may I intrust a message with you?"

"But you must stay—" "Will you tell Kit that Madeline is in bed with a cold—"

"Madeline in bed—" "And that I have called as a deputy peace envoy."

"You—you!" exclaimed Jack, trembling with excitement. "Then—then you are not Kit's sweetheart?"

Miss Nelthorpe laughed. "I did my best to explain—"

"Then you're mine?"

And he advanced with the energy and swiftness of passion. The girl gave a little start and assumed an expression and carriage of dignity greatly offended.

"Mr. Cardrew," she said, her hands clasped together in her muff, her head flung in the air, "you forget—"

"I'm sorry," said Jack, abashed, "but you know how I love you—"

"It is wasted, believe me."

"Wasted!" echoed Jack in great dejection. "Why, what can you mean?"

"Think, Mr. Cardrew, think what it would mean?"

"I know I'm not half worthy of you—not good eno—"

"Far from handsome," said she, "love jointed, never civil before twelve o'clock."

"I would really try to make you happy," pleaded Cardrew.

"As happy as a silent, unsociable, dull husband could, I suppose."

"Perhaps, after all, I'm not as bad as that."

"Even if you were not," said she, with imperturbable gravity, "a man with two livers—it would be like marrying a chronic bilious attack."

Jack was fairly caught. "At any rate," he ventured, "you will let me have my programme back, since you are not going to marry Kit."

Miss Nelthorpe demurred. "You have stolen my heart," said Jack in aggrieved tones. "You have stolen my programme—"

"I should like to keep one," said the girl, prettily, "in remembrance of the second happiest quarter of an hour—"

"The pencil has no point," said Jack. "It wouldn't be of the least use."

"Very well, then," she said. "I will return it," and held it out to Jack.

He took the hand that proffered it and held it fast.

"Won't you overlook my two livers?" he pleaded.

"It's so unusual," she said.

"But you have two hearts," said Jack.

Miss Nelthorpe laughed gayly. "What a poor card player you would make. Look, what is in your hand. What are you holding?"

"My programme," said Jack. "And my heart," said Miss Nelthorpe. "You see, you don't know the strength of your hand."

"By George!" said Jack, "the winning heart!"

And the roses in her cheeks assented.—King.



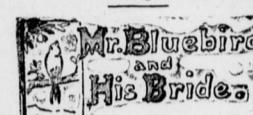
Half-Hour for Children.

Pinnikin and Ponnikin. Went frolicking together, When winter's winds had sunk to rest And it was pleasant weather. And oh! the funny things they did Not even if you all should try That long, long pleasant day! It seemed they must be very tired When they had finished play.

Pinnikin was very quick, Most always led the fun, But Ponnikin was never slow When things had been begun. And both of them could dance about Like little streaks of light, And neither one was ever still From early morn till night.

And who were they? You'd never guess— Although 'tis very plain— Not even if you all should try Again, and yet again. So now we'll whisper in your ears Till each child understands: Why! Pinnikin and Ponnikin Are just the baby's hands!

—Chicago Record-Herald.



Mr. Bluebird and His Bride.

My Dear Polly—Do you know that the bluebirds are here ever so much earlier than usual this year? Patty and I saw them this morning, and I must tell you what they did.

I heard their sweet little song before I caught a glimpse of their gorgeous blue coats. And then what did the father bird do but just flit down from the bough of the old maple tree right in the grass at my feet.

He didn't seem the least bit afraid of me; in fact, he almost ignored my presence and called to his little mate so cheerily that she at once flew to his side.

They are a handsome pair. The female is a little smaller in size and her

another, all the time uttering angry peeps and chirps which told only too well of the jealousy which wrangled in his little heart. He was not the least of a "faint heart" sort, for he never stopped until he had driven the intruder out of the meadow, scolding as hard as he could.

And what do you think the little mate was doing all this time? She tilted up and down on a twig, singing a low, sweet little song, and watched the affair with mere ordinary interest. But very soon back came Master Bluebird with triumph in his flight and love in his eyes, to begin again his story of devotion to his beloved mate.

Such a glad and joyous strain as it was, Polly. Do you like any other bird's song as well? I don't. The little wife was so contented to hear it, and she answered him back in her quiet little twitter, which told in very plain language that she was quite suited with his song and wanted nothing better.

And so were we suited, and we never expect to find anything more charming. As we left the meadow the little song we used to sing in the third grade came to me. Do you remember it, Polly, dear?

"A mist of green on the willows, A flash of blue mid the rain; And a fluted song tells the heart be strong.

The darkest days will wane, For the bluebirds, the bluebirds, Have come to us again."

Ned gave me such a fine field glass for use in my study of birds. How I shall enjoy it. We are to begin our field work to-morrow, which means that we must breakfast at 5, for you know the birds are very early risers. So, good-night, my dear, and pleasant dreams. Yours, with love, Susan Dale.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Birds Are Careless Builders.

Nearly all sea birds are far more careless in their nesting than their cousins who live inland. The terns, the skua, the puffins, the blackthroated diver and the gullenot really make no nests at all. The puffins, however,

A PUZZLE PICTURE.



"James, bring some more corn. Where is James?"

plumage is not nearly so brilliant. But she has a motherly air and looks with pride at her handsome lord and master, anxiously waiting for him to decide what their next move shall be.

They sat quietly in the grass for a few moments twittering and cooling in a soft little way, as though they were making the most interesting kind of plans. And, oh, what a bright spot they did make on the brown grasses of the meadow.

Finally it seemed to be settled that they would depart for the old elm tree at the other side of the meadow. Away

usually borrow a rabbit burrow, and are not particular whether its original owners have done with or not. If they interfere, or even try to pass, a peck from the puffin's great parrot-shaped bill is enough to warn them against trying to experiment the second time.

The auks are birds of the northern seas, and are perhaps the finest divers of all the feathered tribes. Their short wings look in fact far more like fins than wings, and unlike gulls, the auks catch their prey beneath the water. The auk's selection of a spot to lay her eggs is very strange. She chooses a bare, broken ledge of hard rock, overhanging the waves. It looks as though it were a feat to balance eggs in such a place, and the marvel is that the first gale does not send them rolling over the crags. But an auk's eggs are so shaped as to prevent such a calamity; they are much larger at one end than at the other, and so instead of rolling straight ahead like a ball they turn around in a circle when started and so keep their places upon the rocks.

To Boil an Egg Without Fire.

Open a raw egg a little on both ends to allow some of the white to run out. Take first-class alcohol of high percentage and pour it in the openings. Close the two openings with your fingers as shown in the illustration, or with little pieces of wax; shake the egg well, so the alcohol can penetrate every particle of it. After three or four minutes the contents of the egg will apparently be hard, so that the egg can be opened and pressed as hard

they flew until they reached the lower branches of the elm tree, and there the little minstrel began to pour forth his tale of love until it seemed as though his little throat would burst with melody.

But all at once his sweet song ceased, for up on a branch just a little way from his chosen bride sat a rival, with coat just as blue, eyes just as bright and altogether quite as attractive looking as himself.

It did not take our lover long to decide what course he should pursue. For as soon as the newcomer began his song our valiant knight pursued the intruder, driving him from one place to



boiled. It goes without saying that the egg is not warm, as the alcohol has only made the white solid. The egg does not taste bad, only strongly of alcohol.—New York Tribune.