Couple Too Much Occupied.

An example of an absent-minded bridal pair is reported from Switzerland. A couple had arranged for their marriage by the civil and religious authorities failed to appear at the appointed hour, having, as they declared, "forgotten all about it."

Amazing.

The scientists tell us, as the result of study of a paleolithic skull, that primitive man was able to think before he was able to speak. How times have changed.—New York Tribune.

INFERTILE EGGS KEEP BEST

Large Part of Loss Can Be Obviated, According to Investigation Just Completed.

A large part of the heavy loss from bad eggs can be obviated by the production of infertile eggs. This has been demonstrated beyond a doubt by the investigations concerning the improvement of the farm egg which during the past two years have been conducted in the middle west by the bureau of animal industry of the department of agriculture.

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture estimates that, between the producer and the consumer, there is an annual loss of $45,000,000 in the egg crop of the United States, the greater portion of which falls on the farmer, who is by far the largest producer. Of this enormous loss, about one-third, or $15,000,000, is caused by heat which develops the embryo of the fertile egg, causing what is known to the trade as a "blood ring." As it is impossible to produce a "blood ring" in an infertile egg, such an egg will stand a higher degree of temperature without serious deterioration than will a fertile egg.

The secretary says that if farmers and others engaged in the production of eggs would market their male birds as soon as the hatching season is over, a large saving would be made, as practically every infertile egg would grade a first or second if clean and promptly marketed.

No more simple or efficient method for the improvement of the egg supply of the country could be adopted than the production of infertile eggs.

Testing Coins.

"There goes another man suffering from degeneration of public manners," said the clerk in an aggrieved tone. "I gave him five pieces of silver in making change, and he tested every one of them to see if it was counterfeit right before my eyes. It is only lately that people who buy have got rude enough to do that. Clerks always did it with coin that customers gave them, but that was a prerogative of the trade. For the customer to assume the same privilege is a usurpation of ancient rights. The worst of it is most people nowadays are pretty good judges of bad money, and every little while a coin is refused because it is counterfeit. The only way tradesmen can teach customers the respect due them is to turn their own backs when testing money. That has always been the custom in England. No tradesman over there would dare fillip a coin under a customer's nose, and as a consequence no customed has ever taken that liberty with him."

Salt Roasted Pumpkin Seeds.

In some of the rural districts of Macedonia the peasantry consume large quantities of pumpkin seeds, salted and roasted brown. The taste of this "nut," like the taste of caviar, is an acquired vice and some persons never succeed in acquiring it.—New York Press.

Could Not Appreciate Joke.

Typographical errors are often so fearfully and wonderfully made as to arouse suspicion. Thus there was consternation in the office of the Chicago American recently, and all excuses and loud assertions on the part of the proofreaders availed not. There it was, in big black type, on the first page: "Michael Farley Dead From He[illegible]

De[illegible]h.

When a desertion summons came before Mr. Symmons at Woolwich police court it was stated the husband was at present undergoing fourteen days' imprisonment for an offense. Mr. Symmons, turning to the wife, observed: "I am afraid we must adjourn this, as your husband has other engagements which prevent his being here today."

Wash Repellent for Rabbits.

The department of agriculture says in its annual report that lime and sulphur wash has been tried with success on fruit trees to prevent their being gnawed by rabbits. One treatment in the fall, as a rule, will do for the entire winter. Its more extensive use is recommended by the department.

Then He Thought Again.

The young man was fighting out ways and means. "They say two can live as cheaply as one." "Do not delude yourself, Ferdinand," said the girl. "For one thing, I shall positively have to have a separate car."

In the Same Boat.

Belle and Ben had just announced their engagement. "When we are married," said Belle, "I shall expect you to shave every morning. It's one of the rules of the club I belong to that none of its members shall marry a man who won't shave every morning?" "Oh, that's all right," replied Ben; "but what about the mornings I don't get home in time? I belong to a club, too."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Why We Can See Smoke.

Smoke is not composed of gases only, but of solid, or perhaps partly liquid particles, which are mixed with the gases and carried along by them. It is these particles of matter that are visible to the eye, and not the gases themselves.—St. Nicholas.

Sun's Rays Far From Earth.

At its nearest point, the sun is 91,250,000 miles from the earth.

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," &c.

THE STORY OF AMAROFF THE POLE

(Continued.)

I was just about to announce myself, when one of the men knocked over a brass candlestick which stood on the desk, so that it rolled to the further side. With a grunt of annoyance, he stepped leisurely round and dropped on his knees to recover it. Once out of sight of his companions, however, he whipped out a square of wax from his pocket, and with extraordinary rapidity took an impression from a key that he had kept concealed in his hand. It was all over in five seconds, and from the shelter the desk gave to him, no one but myself could have been the wiser. He rose, replaced the candlestick, and continued his work.

Whether the fellow had played his companion a trick or not, I had no desire to be caught acting the spy. So, pulling the curtains aside, I walked into the room. They all turned quickly upon me, the black-bearded man staring hard as if attempting to recall my face. But Peace was the first to speak.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Phillips," he said, as if I were a visitor he had expected. "You are just in time to drive me back. Have you a cab waiting?"

"No." I hesitated.

"It's of no consequence. We can find another at the top of the street. And now, Mr. Nicolin," he continued, turning to the big man, who had never taken his eyes off me, "are you quite satisfied, or do you wish your men to make a further search?"

"No, Mr. Insbector," he answered, with a heavy foreign accent, "we are quite content. Noding more is necessary."

"Shall you be wanting to come again?"

"No—for us it is sufficient. It is for you to continue, Mr. Insbector. You tink you will catch these men who kill him, hein?"

"We shall try," said Peace, with a modest droop of the eyes.

"Ach—but where can there be certainty in our lives? Come now, my children, let us be going. Alexandre, you have the door-key of the studio; give him to the inspector here."

So it was the door-key, thought I, of which Mr. Alexandre obtained a memento behind the roller-top desk!

Peace gave a polite good-bye to his companions on the step, locked up the little green door, and then started down the street at my side.

"I had no business to come poking my nose into your affairs," I said. "Anything you say I shall thoroughly deserve."

"Don't apologize," he smiled. "I was pleased to see you."

"And why?"

"You can do better things than remain a wealthy dilettante, Mr. Phillips. You are too broad in the shoulders, too clear in the head, for living in the world that is dead. Such little incidents as these—they drag you out of the shell you are building about you. That is why I was pleased to see you. I have spoken plainly—are you offended?"

"Oh, no," I said, waving my stick to a passing hansom, though I did not refer again to the topic which I foresaw was likely to become personally offensive to me.

He sat back in his corner of the cab, filling his pipe with dextrous fingers, while I watched him out of the corner of my eye. When it was well alight, he began again on a new subject.

"London's a queer place," he said, "though perhaps you have not had the time to find it out. There are foreign colonies, with their own religions and clubs and politics, working their way through life just as if they were in Odessa or Hamburg or Milan. There are refugees—Heaven knows how many, for we do not—that have fled before all the despotisms that succeeded and all the revolutions that failed from Siam to the Argentine. Tolstoi fanatics, dishonest presidents, anarchists, royalists, Armenians, Turks, Carlists, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia—a finer collection than even America itself can show. On the Continent—well, we should be running them in, and they would be throwing bombs. But here no one troubles them so long as they pay rent and taxes, and keep their hands out of each other's pockets or from each other's throats. They understand us, too, and stop playing at assassins and conspirators. But once in a while habit is too strong for them, and something happens."

"As it happened to Amaroff?"

"Yes—as it happened to Amaroff."

"It was a political crime?"

"Yes."

"And the reasons?"

"They have the advantage of simplicity. Amaroff was a member of the Russian secret-service, detailed to mix with and observe the Nihilist refugees. The Czar enters Paris in two days, and when the Czar travels the political police of all the capitals are kept on the run. I suppose Amaroff showed an excess of zeal that made his absence from London desirable. Anyway, he was found dead, and the Russians reasonably conclude it is the Nihilists who killed him."

"Who were those men in the studio?"

"The big fellow was Nicolin, the head of the Russian service over here. I don't know a better man in his profession nor one with fewer scruples. The other two were assistants. They came down to the Yard this morning with a request that they might search the studio for certain private papers which Amaroff had and which belonged to them. So we fixed the appointment into which you have just walked."

"And they finished their search?"

"You heard them say so."

"Exactly; but why, then, did they want an impression of the studio key?"

He turned upon me with a sudden impatience in his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

I told him of my arrival, and what I had seen from my post behind the curtains of the doorway. He did not speak when I had finished, but sat, puffing at his short pipe, and staring out over the horse's ears. So we arrived at our door.

"If you have further news tonight will you call in before going to bed?" I asked him as we stood on the pavement.

"I cannot promise you that. I have some important inquiries to make in the East End this evening, and I do not know when I shall return."

I suppose I looked depressed at his answer; indeed the prospect of a lonely evening in my rooms with such a mystery in course of solution outside, seemed oddly distasteful to me.

"It is a rough district, as you know," he said, watching me; "but would you care to come along?"

"There is nothing I should like better," I answered simply.

"Well—it's against the regulations; but they allow me some license. Be ready at nine, and I will call for you. Wear old clothes, a cap and a scarf round your neck to hide your collar. Is that understood?"

"Yes," I said, and so it was settled between us.

We were punctual in our meeting, and trotted eastward over the roads we had covered on the previous day. When we stopped it was at a narrow rift in a wall of mean dwellings. We dismissed the cab and threaded our way down the alley, which opened out upon a miserable square. The houses that surrounded it had once been of some pretension. In a simpler age merchants had doubtless lived there, men who owned the tall ships that had lain in the river near by. But now the porticos had crumbled, the iron railings had bent and rusted, the plaster had fallen in speckled patches from the walls. In the center a few ancient trees still dragged on a disconsolate existence. It was a silent place where wheeled traffic never came. And when, through an upper window, a woman suddenly poured forth shrill abuse upon a drunken man clinging to the railings, each oath rang loudly in the furtive silence.

As we paused at the mouth of the alley, a tall man, with a drooping yellow moustache, brushed by us; and when we turned into a beer-house at the corner he followed us, standing a little apart in an angle of the bar.

WITH EXTRAORDINARY RAPIDITY TOOK AN IMPRESSION OF A KEY

There were half a dozen men and women—of the life wreckage of the great city—sitting on the benches; but before the inspector was served with the drinks he ordered, they had whispered one to another and melted away. As the last one slunk through the door, Peace beckoned to the tall man, who joined us.

"Well, Jackson," he said, "you can't hide your light under a bushel in Stepney, that's certain."

"I'm afraid not, sir," he grinned. "Leastways not in Maiden Square."

"Well, have you found the place? Oh, that is all right," for the man had glanced at me with a brief suspicion. "This is Mr. Phillips, who has been of much service to me in our little affair; let me introduce you to Serjeant Jackson, Mr. Phillips."

I shook hands with the serjeant, who said that he would take a glass of beer.

"And the place?" asked Peace, when we had seated ourselves on a corner bench out of earshot of the man behind the bar—a bottle-nosed ruffian, who watched us furtively as he rinsed the dirty glasses.

"That's the address, sir," said the serjeant, handing his superior a crumpled sheet of paper.

"A club, is it?" he said, glancing up in his quick, bird-like way. "And what sort of a club?"

"Foreign, sir. They call themselves social democrats, but our special branch men tell me that a full half of the crowd are anarchists, and such rats as that. I think it must be so, for Nicolin and his Russians have had the place under close observation for weeks. And you know what that means, sir."

"Yes, I know what that means."

"Amaroff was not a member, but used to drop in there from time to time. He was very thick with the man who runs the place, Greatman, as he calls himself. They tell me that Greatman sat as a model for some statue he was doing, back in July. It must have been a funny sort of statue, for Greatman's a weedy little Pole, and drinks like a fish."

For some time the inspector sat in silence, drawing circles on the floor with the point of the light cane he carried. The bartender dropped a glass, swore, and then, with a stare at us, retreated into a little cage he had at the back of his domain. Doubtless the presence of detectives was no incentive to trade in the bars of Maiden Square.

"This Greatman—what more do you know of him?"

"We have had nothing against him before; but all the same, it's his private room that has the sanded floor."

The inspector's prophecy of the previous night came back to me with a sudden remembrance: "Amaroff was murdered in a room with a sanded floor, probably at no great distance from Leman street, seeing that they carried him there in a coster's barrow." I began to understand the morbid significance of the private room in this little foreign club.

We were drawing nearer to our game; the scent was growing stronger. Addington Peace leant a little forward, with a twist in his jaw that raised a ripple of muscles under the skin.

"Continue, if you please," he said.

"The room is at the rear of the club, and there is a back staircase to a yard behind, where costers store their barrows when not in use. It fits in with what you told us to inquire for, don't it, sir?"

"Yes."

The inspector's stick recommenced its interlacing circles on the floor; and we sat and watched, as if thereby he were disentangling his sordid story. So still were we all that the bartender poked his luminous nose from his cage in the hope that we had gone. He withdrew it with remarks on the police force which were distinctly audible, and opposed to the complimentary. Suddenly the inspector turned to me with a motion of half-apology, as if at the neglect of a guest.

"There are times, Mr. Phillips," he said, "when evidence runs in absurd contradictions. Observe the present case, in which you are so good as to interest yourself. We have it from the Russian police that Amaroff is their man, and that in their opinion—they being well qualified to judge—he was murdered by Nihilists. We now learn that he was apparently on intimate terms with Nihilists, and we have good reason to believe that he was strangled in one of their clubs. What do you gather from that?"

"They discovered his treachery, and took an excusable revenge," said I.

"A sound conclusion. And now let us suppose that Amaroff was not a police spy at all; being, in fact, a dangerous Nihilist. What then?"

"Why set yourself such a puzzle?"

"Not for amusement," he said, with his quiet smile. "And now I propose a little experiment. You must introduce us to this club, Jackson; the door-keeper will know you, and pass us in. Afterwards you will go to the back entrance in the yard you spoke of, and wait. It should be easy to conceal yourself."

"Yes, sir. Am I to stop Greatman if he comes out?"

"No. Stop nobody. We had better be going."

The square lay desolate and lonely in the bleak moonlight. We crossed it, and stopped at a house in the shadows of the farther side. At our knock a slide flew back, and, in the gush of light, a hairy face examined us curiously.

"Vat is et?" he said.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Retort Pertinent.

"Look at me!" exclaimed the leading lawyer warmly. "I never took a drop of medicine in my life, and I am as strong as any two of your patients put together."

"Well, that's nothing," retorted the physician. "I never went to law in my life, and I'm as rich as any two dozen of your clients put together."

BULGARIANS AT HOME IN WAR TIME

OFFERING CANDLES FOR THOSE AT FRONT

"INTERMINGLING with the roar of the Maritza rises the wailing of widows." For thirty years Bulgaria has sung these words of her national hymn, embodying the temperamental Slavic melancholy which permeates her literature and music. But now the wail of centuries deepens into a paean of victory; the children and the soldiers are now singing this new version of the old melody:

The blood-red Maritza is foaming,
Mortally wounded Turkey lies groaning;
On, on, Zarigrad (Constantinople) is
aura,
One, two, three, march the infantry.

"During all my twenty-five years here," writes a Russian exile, a civil engineer in southern Bulgaria, in a personal letter to a friend in New York, "I have never seen the Bulgarian people so deeply roused. The women are organizing committees to raise funds for the Red Cross work and for the relief of the families suffering because all their male members have gone to the front. For several days after hostilities broke out it was impossible to buy bread. The bakers were working night and day, but they would not sell to the civilians; all was for the soldiers.

Young Boys Volunteer.

"Our arsenal is three kilometers from the barracks, and the authorities were puzzled how to transport the Mannlicher rifles for the new recruits over to the barracks. The soldiers were all on duty or drilling, and every wagon in town was in use for carrying supplies. Help came to them from an unexpected quarter. A committee of three boys appeared and asked that they be allowed to solve the problem. All the small boys of the town—they ran in age from eight to fourteen—marched out to the arsenal, organized into large companies, and, each company under the direction of an old man, the little fellows solemnly shouldered the guns and trudged those three kilometers over plowed fields to the barracks, retracing their steps many times until every Mannlicher had been carried over to the barracks."

This is a war that the people have wanted and have been expecting for many years, so they gladly have come to the financial assistance of the government. In every town citizens formed committees to raise the necessary funds. In Lom, one of the smaller provincial towns, such a committee collected 4,100 francs the first day the subscription was opened, 4,800 francs on the second day, and at the end of the fourth day it had 15,000 francs in hand. In this particular case the money was used to equip volunteer companies which were escorted to the trains by all the city officials and the citizens who had not yet been called to the colors.

Each small town is the market center of its surrounding district, and it is in them that the commissary department of the army has established depots for gathering in supplies for troops. Every day the peasants come driving in their cattle and sheep and pigs, and compete with each other in giving. Many old peasants, who fought in the Russo-Turkish war, or in the war with Servia, are trying to have themselves enlisted again. One old man from Boyana drove into town in a wagon drawn by two buffaloes and sought out the recruiting officer

Giving of Slender Store.

"I know I am too old to fight," he said, "but you need men to drive the supply wagons. Can't you make use of me and my wagon and my buffaloes?"

In the towns the very poorest people are giving all the clothes they can spare for the use of the soldiers. Those families which have been left without means of livelihood, because the men have gone to the front, are being amply provided for by committees of women and the wealthier citizens. In Varna, the business men raised a fund of 30,000 francs for this purpose alone, and the relief work will be carried on until the country is once more under normal conditions. Nor is only money given. In Pleven one citizens gave 1,000 francs worth of tobacco and cognac. The Jews in Dupnitza, a very small town, gave twenty completely equipped beds to the Red Cross society, in addition to four dozen suits of underwear and stockings. All this is aside from what the municipalities are doing for the same end. In Rustchuk the municipal council appropriated 100,000 francs for distribution among the families of soldiers, while Jambol, a much smaller town, could give only 20,000 francs. Special committees have been appointed to administer these funds.

In the outlying villages, beyond the reach of the activities of the municipal committees, the peasants are showing themselves equally capable of handling the situation. The peasants are often rich in grain, firewood, and the other necessities of life, which they store away for their own consumption during the winter. It would be useless to send out subscription lists, for there is little ready cash above that which has been laid aside to pay the heavy taxes. The village authorities follow no rule, and in many places the relief work is carried on entirely with donations in kind. But this is not the most important work of the village committees.

The lives of the peasants depend on their crops. If these fail poverty, and even famine, will follow. The men were going to war just as the winter crops of wheat should have been sown, but village committees are undertaking to sow the fields of their fellows who have enlisted. In one village, Novo Selo, the committee worked so energetically that it has almost finished its task. The rich peasants contributed the seed; one man alone gave 1,100 kilos, over one ton, of wheat. Behind much of this activity are the co-operative banks; they are advancing much money and quantities of seeds to the families of those of their members who have gone to the war, and they are superintending much of the committee work in planting the winter wheat crop.

All the schools and gymnasia in Bulgaria have been closed; only the girls assemble to sew clothing and prepare bandages for the hospitals. This is true also of schools in Servia. Many of the teachers and professors are drilling in the barracks. The women teachers have entered the special training courses for nurses which have been opened in every town.

PROVE FISHES HAVE MEMORY

Patient Experiments Made at Monaco Have Established the Fact Beyond All Dispute.

Do fishes remember?

Experts differ; some fishermen claim that a hooked fish that escapes acquires wisdom; others say that it makes no difference.

The Ocean museum at Monaco sends the results of the first scientific investigations of fish intelligence. A patient savant named Oxner has been fishing in one of the tanks there and recorded the results.

By carefully baiting his hook, he has caught several days in summer, and sometimes two or three times the same day, a fish that he threw back into the water each time.

Then a bit of colored paper was fastened to the line a few inches above the hook. For four days the fish didn't dare to approach, but he gradually became used to the paper and took the bait on the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh days.

On the eighteenth morning he was shy; but in the afternoon, the paper having been removed, he was caught again.

After that he seemed to have acquired a little wisdom, and would only nibble at the bait, instead of taking it whole.

While these experiments showed that fish have a glimmer of reason, the modern methods of fishing will not need revision. Before a fish has learned to keep away, according to this experiment, he will have been sent to market.

Translated.

The Boston lady entered the department store. Approaching the gentlemanly floor walker, she said:

"I desire to purchase a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations."

"Yes, madam," replied the gentlemanly floor walker. "You will find the thimbles two counters to the rear."

A woman may be asked for her opinion, which is promptly quoted as if said in malice.