

# AS MANAGED BY ALBERT

ALBERT BREASMS stood before the pier glass in the large, flower-decked drawing-room and straightened his tie. It was a fine figure of a man that greeted his good-humored gaze. Albert was amiable enough when he closed his office door behind him. Though cold, calculating and uncompromising in business, the social side of his nature was strongly developed. He had a great capacity for the enjoyment of little things, a warm love of life and the good things thereof, and reveled in a joke. He was a thorough-going optimist, beloved by his friends and adored by his wife.

When his wife presented an appearance of mathematical precision entirely satisfactory, he carefully pulled down his cuffs. Then turning about, he glanced at the back of his coat, which felt perfectly following this up by removing an imaginary bit of lint from his coat sleeve. He was carefully smoothing a recalcitrant lock of hair, when a voice behind him said mockingly:

"Oh, you look perfectly lovely! Couldn't bring you a hand-glass?"

Turning, he saw standing before the pier-glass, looking at him with the perturbed, girlish figure of his wife. There floated about her graceful form the shimmering tulle-embroidered folds of a golden-yellow ball gown, from which her white throat and dimpled arms shone radiantly forth. Her dark brown curls were piled high upon her head, her cheeks were pink, and her big brown eyes were sparkling with laughter.

"Aren't you a handsome man?" she said.

Now Albert was a diplomat. "That isn't the question," he replied, taking her by the hand and drawing her to his side before the glass. "The question is, aren't we a handsome couple?" and he struck a fetching attitude.

"Don't be absurd," she said. "Do I look nice?"

"You look as sweet as a rose. There won't be a woman in the room to compare with you."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Breasms, but nevertheless she was not displeased. "Really, Bert," she added, regarding him soberly, "wouldn't you like me better if I were tall and fair and queenly like Alice?"

He shook his head. "Never in the world, though, of course, your sister Alice is a beautiful woman. That reminds me," he exclaimed, "Harold Evans is in town."

"He is?"

"Yes. Met him on the street this afternoon. They tell me he has been immensely successful out West. By the way, I asked him up to-night."

"Albert!" There was a world of reproach in her tones. "How could you?"

"You shouldn't!" he demanded.

"You know as well as I do that Alice is coming and that she and Harold have never consented to meet since their quarrel years ago."

"Well, he doesn't need to come."

"But he will come in all probability, and if he does he will be here or you would not have asked him. Every body understands how they feel about it, especially in the family. It will be very awkward." Mrs. Breasms' tones were plaintive.

"Well, if that isn't the silliest thing!" said Albert, in deep disgust. "Two people who are old enough to know better quarrel over nothing and six years afterward neither will go where the other is invited."

"Oh, every one knows how foolish it is, but that doesn't alter the facts of the case."

"What did they fuss about, anyway?" she asked, as she threw herself into an easy chair and admired the toes of his patent leather shoes.

"He was jealous," said Mrs. Breasms, airily—"jealous so, and, of course, Alice wouldn't stand it. What high-spirited woman would."

"I know one who would stand it," he remarked.

She laughed. "Alice is a very different kind of a woman."

"Yes," said Albert, "she is the kind who loves to distraction, quarrels with the object of her regard on the slightest provocation, ruins both their lives, and would not marry any other man for the world."

"I guess you are about right," agreed Mrs. Breasms, ruefully. "I am sure she still loves him, but I don't believe anything would induce her to speak to him."

"You don't?" he said, blankly. "Not if he comes here to-night?"

She shook her head, then, changing to glance at her husband, she saw that he was smiling—a slow, sly, mischievous smile, which at once aroused her suspicions.

"Albert," she exclaimed, "what foolishness have you been up to? Tell me at once," and, putting her hands on his shoulders, she gave him a little shake.

He looked at her. Just here the first guests arrived. What had been done was this: Chancing to meet his old friend Evans on the street that afternoon, after warm greetings had been exchanged, he invited him to the reception he and his wife were giving that night. Evans was murmuring an excuse when Albert suddenly remembered the quarrel between him and Mrs. Breasms' sister, Alice, and, acting on the mischievous impulse, said:

"What do you think of this?" queried the chieftain. "The varnishing alone of this room cost me \$150."

"That's a methin' ava," was the astonished response. "If ye'll come along ta ma bit hoose, I'll show ye a room that cost four mar than that ta be coated."

And so an appointment was made, the color of it before. When he visited the place a poor-looking, thatched, little "bigger," he was shown into a room so dark that he could scarcely see, with its walls literally blackened by the smoke from a peat fire.

"Here's ma room," exclaimed the triumphant tenant. "A maok out that it took five hundred lins of peat ta coat it, and at 10 shillings the load that makes 250 pun."—London M. A. P.

Had the Best of It.

Tommy Atkins had taken a Boer prisoner, and the two getting friendly, talked about the prospects of the war. "You may as well give it up; you will never win," said the Boer. "Cos why?" asked Tommy. "Because we've the Lord on our side," said the Boer. "Garn," said Tommy, with great contempt, "we've three lords on our side, and one of 'em's made a bloomin' bass of himself!"

The baby will have to divide its stock of safety pins with its mother again next summer—the shirt waist is coming back.

## Science Invention

The solar orb would appear blue to anybody who should view it outside of this planet's atmosphere.

Sunlight is a bundle of rays of light—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet all mixed together. The mixture of all colors is white light, the absence of all colors is utter darkness.

Every traveler in France has been struck by the sight of multitudes of slender poplar trees growing by the roadside and brookside. Two or three of these slender trees, the branches of which these poplars are trimmed, and the light wood thus obtained is dried and sold to bakers, whose practical science has taught them that the quick, intense heat produced by burning poplar is excellent for giving a thick crust to their bread.

It is said that the production of artificial indigo by chemical process has now advanced so far that it threatens the producers of natural indigo with very serious competition. The East Indian indigo cultivators are urged to call in the aid of science to improve their methods before it is too late. Natural indigo still retains one advantage over the artificial product in the presence of certain substances which facilitate the operation of dyeing, and which are not found in artificial indigo.

While it is found that the glacial floor in the region of what is now the Connecticut valley was directly southward (as we know by the glacial scratches and striations on the upper surfaces of boulders recently deposited) and, by means of trains of boulders, it was eastward, or at least east by southeast, over the region bordering on Massachusetts Bay. The geologists find evidence also that the forward edge of the glacier extended some fifty or more miles beyond the present coast line. Georges Barak and the sands of Cape Cod are the abiding visible record of the glacier's deposition that went on not far away.

The sea is blue because the water reflects the blue rays of light, but shallow seas are green, because the blue light is mixed with the yellow reflections from sand and stones at the bottom. Green is a mixture of blue and yellow. In the green of shallow water all seaweeds grow, and, for want of the red rays, they have golden and tawny leaves. Green and red seaweeds are the exception, and blue seaweeds are as rare as blue tree leaves. At this rate, land plants grown under glass ought to turn golden brown, like seaweeds. That is what happened to the plants in the experiment. They grow nearly as well under clear sunlight.

Mr. Marconi has lately succeeded in modifying his receiving and transmitting appliances in wireless telegraphy in such a way that they will only respond to each other when properly tuned in sympathy. The result is that messages can be transmitted without danger of their being understood at any station except that which is furnished with the proper receiver. In this manner two messages have been sent simultaneously to the same place, each being recorded only on the apparatus specially attuned to receive it without affecting the other apparatus. The necessity for extremely accurate tunings from which to transmit and receive the electric waves has been done away with.

DO NOT KEEP THE SABBATH.

Some of our New Subjects in the South Seas Opposed to Sunday Laws.

Possibly no other naval man ever had to take action upon so radical a measure as that which has been proposed to Commander Tilley by the newest Americans of all, the Samoan people of Tutuila. After much of the native population have asked Governor Tilley, who is their governor, to repeal the fourth commandment. They do not want to keep the Sabbath holy.

American Samoans, those of Tutuila and Manua, have lost no time in relinquishing their former monarchical ideas and becoming what they are pleased to consider the real citizens of the way of fellow citizens of the great republic which in formal deliberations they call the "Unaike Sekake Meleke," or Meleke for short. After the king the only system of restraint upon them came from the church, or if not, from the resolution of the members of the London Mission Society, at least from the more prudent and responsible native ministers or "faifeafoa."

There is no better job in Samoa than that of faifeafoa of a village church. Where all are idle he is conscientiously free from all necessity to work. His duty is to conduct the village school at dawn and sunset of secular days, and to preach three sermons on Sundays, and one at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. In connection with his general duties he considers himself a special officer of the moral law, and at the village councils he reports all offenders and demands that they be punished. No other officer in his opinion, can be so bold as to fail to observe Sunday with a strictness only to be matched in the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay settlements of the Puritans. Fine, hard labor and deprivation of church privileges await the offender who stays continually away from church, who slaps on that day other than his own, who tells stories except those in the Bible.

Now, when the Americans of Tutuila found that their first plunge into a republican form of government freed them from the necessity of sending their most trusted possessions to a king in distant Apia they began to see their way to another nibble at the excellent cake of independence, and the Sunday observance was the next rallying point for patriots. The news was carried from village to village and was secretly discussed in every village and every household. Except by the native pastors, the idea met with a ready acceptance all over Tutuila and the village chiefs found themselves practically instructed on the point by their constituents. In due time, and nothing in Samoa is allowed to be damaged by excess of haste, the chiefs met at the village of the high chief Mauga in Pago-Pago. It was found that they were unanimous that it was an outrage to accept any longer the restrictions which the faifeafoa had so long placed on Sunday.

Despite their courage in declaring their opinions on this important matter, they were not a chief in Tutuila who dared violate a single one of the Sunday observances. So they decided to appeal to the governor. In what form to ask remedial action from the governor a recent instance had taught them. An early ordinance of the new government, one fairly based on temporary conditions of the state of war, had been by a short time repealed and proclamation of that action duly made. Accordingly the chiefs assembled in Pago-Pago invited Gov. Tilley to debate with them on a matter of great importance. There were the usual conventions of such Samoan meetings, the wailing round of kava drinking, of dancing girls, of baked pig and other food and of hours of complimentary speeches. Last of all, when they got down to business, the chiefs described to the governor the offensive customs and begged him to repeal the fourth commandment and they would be happy forevermore.

It is not known whether the power of a naval officer in command of a cutter like the *Albatross* and a colonial dependency extends as far as this, nor is it at all clear that the action could be accomplished if submitted in regular form to the Secretary of the Navy. At all events Commander Tilley had given no answer when last heard from.—New York Sun.

## Blind Barber in Michigan

Sharpness in Hearing Makes Up for His Lack of Vision.

In Detroit, Mich., there is a barber who is stone blind, yet does a thriving business in spite of his inability to see. Edward Max, proprietor of the Cadillac barber shop, during his blindness, which lasted for seven years, has managed his business entirely by touch and hearing.

One would think that even customers of highest standing would hesitate before going to a man who could not see, but Mr. Max has not only not lost any of his old customers, but has added many new ones to his trade since he lost his sight.

Mr. Max is a young-looking, pleasant-faced man, who carries out his appearance in his disposition. He was quite ready to describe the way in which he carries on his business in spite of his great handicap.

"I can tell whereabouts in the shop my men are and what they are doing, just as easily as though I were looking at them all," he said, good-naturedly. "I know them all by their step, and when they move I can tell where they go. Every day, as you know, has an individual walk, just as has an individual temperament, and as the different barbers in my shop walk about the marble floor I know whether it is Jimmy, who is nervous, or George, who is slow and very careful. It is, of course, easy to tell whether a man's hair or beard is being cut, the ring of the scissors being very different in each case."

"I can tell when a man is being shaved by the scrape of the razor, and sometimes I know whether the beard is a stiff or a soft one."

"When a man is having an egg shampoo I hear the egg shell cracked and the egg broken and I hear the customer go to the fountain afterward to wash his head."

"This may seem a little far-fetched, but everything done in a barber shop has very characteristic sound, and if you had been in the hair-cutting business as long as I have you would recognize these movements and sounds as I do."

"I can tell just about what the day's business has been and what we ought to have made. My daughter is the cashier, and when she is away I make the change myself. I can tell all the coins by the feeling, but, of course, I do not know one bill from another, and I never attempt to make change for anything but a \$1 bill."

## Strange Things Washington Would See if He Were Alive to-Day.

Washington and the Farmer.

A writer in the Independent says that the Rev. Alfred Ely, who was for sixty years pastor of the Congregational Church in Monson, Mass., and who died in 1890, told this story:

"When I was working on a farm in West Springfield, and one day in the autumn of 1789, he, with his employer, was gathering a load of cornstalks in a field not far from the Connecticut river. The farmer had driven the loaded team from the lot, and left the boy, as usual, to put up the bars. While he was thus engaged, he noticed the approach of four men on horseback, drawing the open vehicle known as a chariot. There was no driver, but astride the high horse of each span was a young mulatto postilion. There were also two outriders and a postilion, and within the carriage sat a gentleman of very imposing appearance. The outriders galloped on in advance, and held a parley with the farmer, who was occupying the entire road with his loaded cart. It was to be seen that he would yield none of his rights, for the chariot was detained by the cart until a turnout was reached, when the cart passed by.

The little boy hurried on, and asked his employer who the gentlemen could be. "George Washington," was the answer. Then he begged permission to be an on and catch another glimpse of the great American. There was no bridge across the Connecticut, and he hoped that the ferryboat would be on the opposite side, that he might reach the bank before it arrived. He was not disappointed. He found the Washington standing on the bank of the river, erect and dignified. At that moment one of the postilions came up and said, uncovering his head and speaking most deferentially, yet with an expression of injured dignity: "Your Excellency, as we were driving along, a little way back, we overtook a man with a loaded cart, who occupied the entire road. I asked him to stop his cart, but he refused to do so. I then told him that the President Washington was in the chariot. He again refused, and said that he had as good a right to the road as George Washington." And so he had, said the Washington. The postilion looked at him for an instant in astonishment, and then quietly put on his hat and mounted his horse.

Repeals Suggestion of Dictator.

"With a mixture of surprise and astonishment I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my personal. He seemed, sir, no occurrence in the course of my life has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and (which I must view with alarm) the honor and respect with severity. For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which seems to me big with the greatest mischief that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more generous wish to see justice done in my army than I do; and as far as my power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it. There shall be no occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these ideas from your mind and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature."—Washington's reply to letter suggesting that he use the army to overthrow the government and make himself Dictator.

Living Necessary Now.

The good George Washington, they say, did always stick to facts. But then he did not have to pay the beastly income tax.

In Holland it is the custom for women to wash the china and silver used at breakfast and tea immediately after the meal in the presence of the family and guests.

## Indian Territory Dog Raids

Expert Lariat-Throwers Rape the Cattle.

The dog catcher of a town in the Indian Territory can give a Chicago dog catcher cards and spades and then beat him as a captiver of canine animals. An expert cowboy hunts dogs as well as cattle. He ropes them the same way as he does a pair of buckskin trousers, and wearing a big sombrero, with a rope in hand or on the saddle horn, and a six-shooter in his belt, he starts down the street on his broncho looking for dogs. As he spies one which has no legal right to roam at large he sticks the spurs to his pony, grabs his rope, and begins to operate. He usually ropes the dog around the neck, draws him to the pony's side and shoots him. He then stuffs the carcass into a sack attached to the saddle and gallops off after more "game."

If a stranger is watching the performance the dog catcher does some fancy roping. He will rope the dog about the front foot or hind foot, or around the body between the feet. He hardly ever misses his mark.

Dog-catching in the Indian country is a more ticklish business than it is in the cities in the States. The catcher not only has to dodge rattlesnakes, mud sticks, and brooms thrown by irate women for a wild-looking cowboy with a six-shooter has no terror to an Indian man. In this respect the Indian dog catcher is a more fortunate man than the dog catcher in the States.

An Indian thinks almost as much of his dog as he does of his kids, and if the dog catches by mistake kills it there is trouble. Dogs belonging to Indians are exempt from taxation. But the Indians must brand them. The dogs of non-citizens are the ones discriminated against. If their masters fail to pay the tax on them they must pay the penalty of death. In order to evade the tax occasionally a non-citizen forges a brand and marks his dog as if it belonged to an Indian. In order to prevent frauds of this character the dog catcher must be an expert on dog brands.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Humor in the Ambulance

Doctor's Story of a Man and Woman with Broken Legs.

"When I was an ambulance surgeon," said the young family physician, "I used to start like a fire horse at the sound of the call. I was just as much interested in the work at the end of two years as I was the day I began. It was the excitement of the life that made me so fond of it. I had all sorts of experiences at all sorts of hours. There was an element of danger in it, too, but that only added to the charm."

"One night I had a call from the West Side in the neighborhood of Chelsea square. It was for a drunken man who fell down and broke his leg. On the way back to the hospital with him I picked up a drunken woman to whom a similar accident had happened. There was nothing to do but put her in the ambulance along with the man. "After that the ride across town was exciting enough for a cowboy. At first the patients sympathized with each other. Then they began to cry in chorus. At Broadway they fell to kissing their feet. At Third Avenue they were fighting like a pair of Kilkenny cats, and I had my hands full in keeping them apart. The woman had scratched the man's face dreadfully and he had nearly closed her eye with a punch. When we struck the asphalt in 23rd street they were singing. 'We have all been there before, many a time, and such singing!' The uproar attracted a crowd, and I evidently forgot my duty as an ambulance driver. When we reached the gate they swore eternal friendship and at the office they parted in tears."—New York Sun.

Mr. Gillette's Tobacco Habits.

William Gillette claims there is no righteousness in his tobacco reputation. He says he likes a good cigar, but denies that smoking is with him a continuous performance, and asserts that coincidence rather than intention has made it necessary for him to simulate a devotee of the weed in the majority of his plays. It was Conan Doyle, he says, who made Sherlock Holmes a worshiper of pipe and cigar, while it was the dramatic effect of tobacco, as an indicative of the stolidism of the smoker, which appealed to him when he equipped Col. Thorne of "Secret Service" with the habit.

Yet he does not deny that a cigar is his most frequent stage companion. An odd result of the association is the preference which the actor now has for the extremely dry cigar. Before he smokes a cigar he places it on a steam radiator and lets it dry almost to the crumbling point. "I found," he explains, "that a damp, fresh cigar would go out if I laid it down for a few moments. That would not do, for the relighting might prove decidedly embarrassing. A dry cigar will burn on. So I look to drying the cigars I smoke on the stage and after a time I got to like them. Now I can't smoke a freshly made cigar."—Boston Post.

New Jersey Possibilities.

In the blue states of a valley a few miles from Montclair, N. J., are found fossil fish of a kind which is almost extinct, only three specimens now surviving. They belong to the order of ganoids, which possessed no interior bony skeleton, but only an outside covering of bony or cartilaginous plates. They were the earliest known vertebrates. A number of excellent specimens show distinctly the shining, bony scales of this peculiar species of fish, which, according to geologists, must have existed ages ago.

Wants More Settlers.

A body of capitalists has contracted with the Ontario government to erect heavy bonds to place in Algoma, western Ontario, 500 settlers per month for five years. The representative of the capitalists, Mr. Clergue, called for England recently and will open emigration agencies forthwith. It is expected and hoped that the emigrants will be chiefly British and will consist largely of skilled workmen.

A Cruel American Parent.

The Mother—My dear, your father is obtuse. He says that after raking and scraping the vulgarly expressed, and getting into debt, and making other sacrifices, he can only allow you \$500 a year for your clothes.

The Girls (in chorus, weeping)—Well, we'll get even with him yet!—Life.

How 'Twas Done: Old Gentlemen—Here, sir, how is it I catch you kissing my daughter? The Lover—By sneaking in on us, sir.—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Cobwigger—So they are not in your set? Mrs. Proudfoot—No, indeed. They go to a gymnasium, while we attend a physical culture class.—Judge.

Husband (angrily)—Don't forget, madam, that you are my wife. Wife—Oh, never fear. There are some things one can't forget.—Detroit Free Press.

Towne—That was a rather disagreeable-looking man that just spoke to Brown—Sir! that was my brother. Towne—Oh, beg pardon; I might have known that.—Tit-Bits.

The Indignant Citizen—Don't drag my name into print in connection with this absurd affair, but if you do be sure to spell out my middle name in full.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the awful presence: "Hush! Not so loud. We're having a conference of the Powers." "Eh, who is conferring?" "My wife, my mother-in-law, and the cook!"—Tit-Bits.

Caller—Is Mrs. Kniffle at home? Ellen (just over)—No, mum. Caller—Do you know where she has gone? Ellen—Yes, mum. Upstairs, to the back way.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mistress (astounded)—You can't read, Nephew? Good gracious! How did you ever learn to go so well? New Cook—Shure, mum. It's in the 'book about 't' cook-books.—Brooklyn Life.

Judge—This lady says you threw both arms around her waist while trying to get her pocketbook. Prisoner—I was simply makin' love to de lady, your honor. I am a foreign nobleman!—Puck.

Blanche—Oh, girls! I put a piece of May's wedding cake under my pillow last night, and— The girls (breathlessly)—What happened? Blanche—I ate it all before I went to sleep!—Brooklyn Life.

Medical Consultation: "How do you find me, doctor?" "Very bad. You are worn out and it is necessary that you give up all head work." "That would ruin me, doctor. Don't you know I'm a barber?"—Ex.

Invaluable Assistant—Did that wealthy bridal couple have many trunks? "Trunks? They keep a librarian who doesn't do anything but take care of the trunk catalogues."—Indianapolis Journal.

High Strategy: Captain—What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it. Irish Sergeant—Well, strategy is when ye don't let the enemy discover ye are out of ammunition, but keep right on firin'—Tit-Bits.

"Well, Borna," said Naggus, the eminent literary critic, "I see you began the new century right." "How's that?" asked Borna, the struggling author. "I don't understand." "You didn't write any poem about it."—Chicago Tribune.

"I wish to see a bonnet," said Miss Passee, aged forty. "For yourself, miss?" inquired the French milliner. "Yes." "Marie, run down stairs, and get me hats for ladies between eighteen and twenty-five." Bonnet sold.—Tit-Bits.

"What do you think my mother-in-law says?" "Goodness knows! What is it?" "She says when I get rich she wants me to put a moving sidewalk on our block, so she can sit on it and sew, and get in all the news."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Has he any show at all in public life?" asked one politician. "Only one. There is the remote possibility that his enemies will abuse him so continuously that a lot of people will get sorry for him and vote for him out of sympathy."—Washington Star.

Miss Streeter—I should think it would be horrid to remain behind the scenes. Miss Kaskiller—Not nearly so bad as standing in front of it for only a little while. There are no bargain crowds on my side, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Stiles—I do hate to see a woman hanging on to a strap in a "treat-car." Barton—And so you always give a woman a seat when you have one to give. Stiles—No, I never go near a "treat-car" in the course of my life. I give my newspaper you see. In that way my sight is not offended by the poor, weary woman.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you subscribe to this statement that a woman ought to look up to her husband?" inquired Mr. Meekton's wife. "Well, Henrietta," he answered, cautiously, "I do think that there is any picture hanging or anything like that going on here. It's all in the name of the position of perilous responsibility at the top of the step-ladder."—Washington Star.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "did you say you bought this necktie because you thought it suited me perfectly?" "Yes." "Well, I'm glad to hear it. I'm going to wear it and go out into the world with a better hope and courage. You know it's an old rule that handsome men are not as a rule the ones who really achieve things."—Washington Star.

First Clothing Salesman—I do hate to have a man bring in his wife when he wants a new suit. It is a case of satisfying two, and the woman is the harder of the two. Second ditto—That's because you don't know your business. I never try to convince the lady. I just compliment her upon the beauty and the set of her own garments. Then I can show any old thing onto her husband and she will smile sweetly all the while.—Boston Transcript.

The Largest Incubator.

New South Wales has not only the largest duck farm in the commonwealth, but also probably the largest incubator in the world. The farm and incubator are situated at Botany, near Sydney, the latter, according to a Sydney paper, having a capacity of 11,440 duck eggs, or 13,000 hen eggs. It is not necessary that it should be set at any one time. The eggs can be put in at intervals, as they are available. With fifty eggs only it will work just as well as if it were filled. The incubator was designed and constructed by its proprietor, with the aid of an ingenious local mechanic.

Removal of the Stomach.

Of the numerous operations in which the stomach of a patient has been entirely removed, one at least has been completely successful. A San Francisco woman had her stomach removed two years ago since been in remarkably good health, eating considerably, and without discomfort.

Old love affairs are so wretched and humiliating that, really, new lovers should not be jealous of them.