A Night Off Labrador

MATTHEW QUIN reached New York one morning in the late autumn under instructions from his employers to go to Newfoundland and purchase a cargo of live seals for shipment to England. In due course Quin arrived at the Green Bay fishery, Newfoundland, the seals were running strong, and without difficulty he procured as many as he wanted and arranged for their transportation to England.

A bit of information, which he picked up by chance, induced him to extend his trip several hundred miles toward the Arctic circle. It was a venturesome undertaking, especially at this season, and would have discouraged most men. But Quin thought nothing of it and was landed one afternoon near Hamilton inlet, on the coast of Labrador, to be picked up a little later by the little steamer from the remote settlement of Okkak.

A bitterly disappointed man was Quin an hour after his arrival, for the collection of wolverines, lynx and wildcats which he had come so far to buy had been recently sold to the skipper

A HUGE WHITE BEAST CARRYING THE LUCKLESS PIG.

of a passing vessel. This he heard from the lips of Johan Danielson, a sturdy, fair-haired Norwegian giant, who fifteen years ago had with his wife sought a home on the Labrador shore, as dreary and desolate a corner of the world as one could find.

Two days slipped by, and snow fell to the depth of half a foot. On the third day the weather grew bitterly cold. Blocks of ice ground against the rocky coast, and out on the gray horizon a couple of huge white floes appeared. For hours that night, while Mrs. Danielson silently plied her knitting needles, her husband and Quin sat smoking and chatting by the blazing fire, listening to the crashing of the surf and the weird screaming of the wind.

Suddenly a startling uproar broke forth near at hand—the bellowing of a frightened cow mingled with the shrill squealing of a pig.

Quin and his host were instantly on their feet, the former seizing a hay fork that stood by the fireplace, while Danielson grabbed his heavy, muzzle-loading gun from the rack. They ran toward the little inclosure where the two domestic animals were sheltered in their warm pens.

As they drew near the squealing suddenly ceased; though the cow was bawling more lustily than ever. Then, to the utter bewilderment of the men, a huge white beast scrambled lightly over the six-foot fence, carrying the luckless pig.

"By heavens, that was never a polar bear?" Quin cried excitedly.

"It was just that, sir," the other answered. "It was blown here from the Arctic—you'll find an ice floe fast ashore down yonder. I must kill the brute and recover the meat. It's the last pig, and I can't spare it."

Danielson and his companion returned to the house, where they hurriedly donned thick boots and heavy jackets, and gulped down the hot coffee that Mrs. Danielson insisted on their taking. Quin retained the two-pronged fork; in the flurry of preparation he forgot to fetch a brace of revolvers that were in his room.

The trail led obliquely to the shore, and here, such enough, a great floe had grounded recently.

The floe was fast aground, and when it struck large fragments of it had been piled up endwise on the beach. Picking their way over these, the two men gained the solid field. Through the driving snow and stinging wind, they advanced for a quarter of a mile.

WITH OBSTINATE PERSEVERANCE THE BRUTE TRIED TO REACH HIM.

Then, the bloodstains being at wider intervals and more difficult to perceive, they presently lost the trail.

Quin pushed ahead at a good pace, and when, after a time, he discovered that he could no longer see his companion, the fact did not cause him any uneasiness. But a moment later a rumbling, crackling noise startled him. Then his name was called faintly, and he heard the loud report of a gun.

Now thoroughly alarmed—for he conjectured what the summons meant—Quin hastened back as fast as he could. He felt a swaying motion underfoot as he ran, and suddenly, out of the white snow mist, he saw directly in front of him a gap of black, heaving water. It was already half a dozen yards wide—it was impossible to leap it.

On the farther brink of the chasm stood Danielson, shouting wildly, but inarticulately. In the middle of a sentence he turned and ran, barely reaching a place of safety before a strip of the ice on which he had been standing crumbled to pieces.

"Help! Help!" Quin called hoarsely.

A faint reply floated back, and then the Norwegian vanished in the night. It was no discredit to him that he should seek safety in a rapid flight to the shore, since he could do nothing to help his comrade.

For an instant Quin's stout heart almost failed him, as he realized his terrible situation. The wind had shifted and he was drifting out to sea on the main portion of the ice field, which had broken away from the narrow arm that was fast to the beach.

Meanwhile the flurry of snow had spent itself. The air was clearer, and the wind bitterly cold. Quin plodded half the length of the hummock, when he heard a gnawing, rending sound, and saw the bear rise up within a few yards of him. With a sullen growl, leaving the half-devoured carcass of the pig, the gaunt, shaggy beast made swiftly at him.

There was no time to retreat. Quin gripped the long-handled fork and lunged desperately. The bear, quick as lightning, lifted his ponderous paw and struck the steel points aside, so that they inflicted only a slight wound in the foreshoulder. A second blow snapped the weapon in two, and then, dropping the useless fragment that he retained Quin turned and fled for his life.

But at that terrible moment, when it seemed that nothing could save him, a ray of hope intervened. He slipped and fell and as he rose he saw at his feet a narrow black slit, barely large enough to admit his body. In a trice he was inside, and the surprised bear had slid past the spot.

Quin owed his temporary escape to what the fishermen of Newfoundland called a bubble-hole—a hollow, rounded cavity, shaped much like an egg, that frequently forms in ice floes. This particular one was three or four feet deep, and, fortunately, had a very small aperture.

Quin spread himself flat on the bottom, face upward, and waited with an anxious heart. There was a sniffling noise, and then the lean nose and burning eyes of the great bear appeared overhead.

With obstinate perseverance the brute tried to reach him, shuffling round and round the hole, and snarling and whining, as it repeatedly made vicious jabs and thrusts with its massive paws.

It returned to the attack at short intervals through half the night, and on each occasion Quin was in an agony of dread lest he should be pulled out of the hole and devoured. He tried to keep awake, but cold and drowsiness overpowered him, and he knew no more until he awoke to find the gray light of day shining overhead.

Having rubbed his cramped and stiffened limbs until the blood circulated a little, he ventured to peep above the rim of his shelter. The heaving ocean was close to him—the waves had eaten far into the floe during the night—and to his boundless joy he discovered a vessel under full sail within half a mile.

And farther to the left, adrift on a large detached cake of ice, was a moving object that was without doubt his late persecutor, the bear.

Quin dragged himself painfully out of the hole, and shouted and waved his jacket persistently; he finally saw the ship lie to and lower a boat. A few minutes later the rescuers had landed on the floe, and were listening to the castaway's thrilling tale, while they plied him with stimulants.

"It's lucky you hailed us," said the mate of the whaling vessel. "It was a close call, but you're all right now. We'll get that bear for you, and it will be company for another one that the skipper brought alive from the north."

In due course New Bedford was reached, and an agent of Rickman's came aboard the Martha Jane. But both bears went to Kamrach & Co.'s branch house in New York, and from there to the Philadelphia zoo.

As long as Quin lives the sight of a polar bear will recall to him, vividly and sharply, the terrible night he spent on a drifting ice floe off the coast of Labrador.—Utica Globe.

Fools Are Not All Dead.

Among the public servants who are worried by foolish questions the superintendent of mails in the post-office gets his full share. One of his visitors last week was a man who said to the deputy who answered the call at the window:

"I am going out of town today and want to get a letter to my brother, who is on board the Majestic, and she is not due until Wednesday. I don't know where he will stay in New York or where he will go from here. Can't you help me?"

"Certainly we can," said the clerk. "A mailboat goes to meet the steamer, and if you address your letter properly and put domestic postage on it it will be delivered all right."

"But how shall I address it—where shall I send it?"

"Address it 'John Smith, passenger on board incoming steamer Majestic, due in New York Dec. 12.' That will reach him."

"No city? No nothing?"

"That's all—just as I told you."

The man thanked the clerk and went away, and came back a little later with an addressed letter in his hand.

"Say," he said to the clerk, "about that letter. I've addressed it and stamped it all right, but the man's name isn't John Smith. How about that?"—New York Tribune.

A Close Shave.

A Sand Hog in a red shirt and grimy trousers sat down by me one afternoon on a heap of boards midway between the Sand Hogs' house and the "hospital." This pressureworker, whose knees showed traces of "the bends," evidently had a story to tell.

"It was only the other day," he said. "I seen it, and how the man ever happened to live, I dunno. It was one o' these little caissons here we're putting this big building on. He was one of the superintendents, a young college feller that knows his job. Well, he went down with us. There wuz four in the gang, and one o' them, Tim—that Harp yer might see drinkin' coffee now. They wuz a rock there, and the foreman told Tim to have a go at it. He got his pick and swung it for a good crack. There was a tearin' an' a rippin' an' Tim dropped his pick. As he swung it the young feller had stepped out, and the pick had ripped off every button from the blue jumper he had on, without even scratchin' him."—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

American and British Locomotives.

Americans offer locomotives for service in India at $6,300 each, to be delivered in six months. The British bid is $7,725; time required, nine months.

National Debt of This Country.

The national debt of the United States is only about $6 to every $500 of its wealth.

If a woman catches cold wearing a thin dress at a reception, her husband escapes public censure, but if she catches it hanging out clothes, all but his dearest friends stop speaking to him.

There are very few people who can eat a big dinner without their noses turning red.

DRINKING OF WATER.

THE BEVERAGE PROVIDED BY BENEFICENT NATURE.

Information About a Very Common Article—Hard, Soft and Mineral Waters—Many Impurities and How to Get Rid of Them.

Water is always the same no matter from what source it comes; but it is made to appear different on account of certain substances which are dissolved in it. Carbonic acid gas, oxygen, and air are dissolved in all ordinary water; and besides these, particles of dust, and living, but harmless, germs are afloat on it. The dissolved air gives it a slight taste.

Water containing lime is called hard; while that with little or no lime is said to be soft. It contains also, other mineral matter, especially soda and potash. Minerals and gases do not render water impure, but rather give it a more pleasant taste.

When mineral matter is present in large quantities, it is called mineral water. Springs containing salt, lime, soda, potash, and sulphur are found in various parts of the country and are noted for their great healing properties, some containing as much as one or two ounces of mineral substance to every gallon of water. The greater part of the table salt in common use is obtained from these springs.

Water containing substances which are injurious to health is impure and should be avoided. That which stands in pipes for any length of time should be allowed to flow for several minutes before using, so as to wash away any substance which may have been dissolved from the iron or lead, as the case may be. The water in a well is just as likely to become polluted as a muddy or stagnant stream, and the danger is much greater because it remains clear and pleasant to the taste.

The most common dangerous substances found in water are decaying matter and germs of disease. The decaying matter is itself poisonous, but its greater danger lies in the fact that it furnishes the food upon which the disease germs live. These germs are ready to grow when taken into the body. Typhoid fever is almost always transmitted in this way. Germs will starve in absolutely pure water, but the presence of a very slight amount of decaying matter induces them to grow readily. Water which is colored, or has an odor, or a taste, is almost sure to contain decaying matter; but that which is clear and sparkling is not always free from disease germs.

Slops and refuse emptied on the ground near a house are likely to find their way to the well, and if the water contains the proper substances, germs will grow and produce disease. If, however, the ground is not soaked through with such refuse matter, the decayed animal and vegetable matter will become oxidized and only the mineral parts reach the bottom of the well.

Filtration is the process of passing water through a powdered substance so as to screen out all impurities. Pure sand is the best filterer, and clay the poorest. Another way in which water is purified is by the action of the air and sun upon running water. Sewerage from large towns and cities is conducted into rivers, and the action of the sun and the agitation of the waters by reasons of the wind and other agencies, cause the waste matter and germs to become oxidized.

Impure water should not be used for washing purposes, as the germs may remain on the things washed. Typhoid fever has been known to spread by milk cans being washed in impure water. The use of ice formed of such water should also be avoided, as it is just as apt to contain the germs of diseases as the water itself. One of the best safeguards against the dangers of disease is to boil all water used for drinking purposes.

DEATH LURKS IN A SNEEZE.

Men May Commit Homicide by Venting Their Influenza.

Dr. Herman Koeniger, a German of high scientific attainments, has for some time been trying to find out what becomes of the germs that are released when a person speaks, coughs and sneezes, and from the conclusions at which he has arrived Henri De Parville, a French scientist, feels justified in claiming that a person may by simply sneezing commit homicide.

"Dr. Koeniger," he says, "has clearly proved that a person who speaks, coughs and sneezes in a room in which there is no appreciable current of air disseminates germs to a distance of more than seven meters, and that these germs are carried in all directions and even to a height of more than two meters. As few persons talk alike, the germs disseminated by speech vary greatly, some of them remaining in suspension for an hour, and others only for a quarter of an hour, the latter being especially the case when there is even a slight current of air.

"On the other hand, germs are very quickly disseminated by coughing and sneezing, and the smaller the microbes are the further they are likely to spread. Among such tiny microbes are those of influenza and the plague, whereas among the larger ones are those of tuberculosis and diphtheria. Evidently, therefore, the danger is greatest whenever there is the greatest number of microbes within a person's mouth.

"In view of Dr. Koeniger's discovery it will be well for everyone to keep as far away as possible from persons who cough and sneeze. Physicians advise persons suffering from colds to gargle and keep their mouths cleansed, but is that sufficient and are any such precautions guaranty against diphtheria? In any case a person should always cover his mouth with his hand or his handkerchief before he coughs or sneezes. Sneezing seems an innocent act, but Dr. Koeniger's experiments show that it could very easily be used as a weapon with which to commit homicide."

A STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.

Short Story About Another Genius Who Succeeded at His First Attempt.

"I believe, and just as firmly as ever," said the struggling young author, "that the man was has got it in him to command success gets it sooner or later, and that he gets it finally not by luck and chance, but by hard work; and yet I do suppose that circumstances may have something to do in determining how soon or how late a man may be in attaining it. Take, for example, the case of a very successful young friend of mine who reached success at the first bound:

"His field of effort was not literature but music; but so far as the principle is concerned it is all the same. The first piece he ever sent out for publication was a simple little thing designed for the amusement of children, a musical setting for some familiar rhymes. Under my experienced tutelage he made good manuscript of it—I don't know anything about music but I know that it can be legibly or illegibly written—and he sent along with it a little letter of transmittal and a stamped and addressed envelope for its return if not used; and then he waited with sympathetic interest, and in due time his own addressed envelope came back; a package much emaciated as compared with the one he had sent forth, but not sadly so. It was in fact joyfully thin for it contained not his manuscript returned, but a check for it. He had scored at first trial.

"Now for the circumstances. It was in summer that he sent this manuscript out and, as it happened, the reader of the musical manuscripts in the office of the publication—to which he had sent it was away on his vacation. And so it happened that the music man's next friend in the office who was looking after his affairs in his absence, put my friend's piece in his pocket and carried it home to get his wife to try it on the piano. They had a little child that was fretting and worrying, as children will do.

"'Now, you listen to this,' the mother said, interested in the manuscript, and in the manner in which it had come to her; and as she played, straightway the fretfulness of the child departed; and there came instead, instilled by the music, a spirit of peaceful contentment.

"So you see, practically, this little child was my friend's approving reader. And he never abused its confidence. By which I mean to say that, having gained a footing he never periled it by sending out anything inferior. For the music man is not always on his vacation; and however a man may get in, he can't stay in unless he keeps his end up. So my friend worked faithfully and gave only of his best, and he has been successful ever since.

"But for all that, while I am willing to admit that circumstances may help a man some, yet I still believe, and as firmly as ever, that luck lays his hand on no man's shoulder unless that man has tried."

Science AND Invention

The British government encourages inventors and scientists by extending financial assistance to those whose work is considered of sufficient value to warrant such development. The grants are made through the British Royal Society, and range in value from $50 to $2,500, according to the nature of the invention to be exploited.

Experiments are being carried out in the Austrian army with a new portable oven for field and transport purposes. The oven at present in use is a very unwieldy and heavy article and has to be transported in sections. The new oven, however, may be carried intact upon a cart, and, if necessary, can be utilized for baking purposes while on the march.

A German botanist is said to have discovered that out of 4,300 species of flowers cultivated in Europe only 420 possess an agreeable perfume. Flowers with white or cream-colored petals are more frequently odoriferous than others. Next in order come the yellow flowers, then the red, after them the blue, and finally the violet, of which only 13 varieties out of 308 give off a pleasing perfume. In the whole list 3,880 varieties are offensive in odor, and 2,300 have no perceptible smell, either good or bad.

Prof. O. F. Cook, of Washington, reports the surprising discovery of camphor as an animal secretion. The animal concerned is a myriapod, resembling a worm, or small slug, and scientifically known as Polyzonium rosalbum. It lives in the humus of moist, undisturbed forests. When handled it gives off a very distinct odor of camphor, and ejects a milky fluid which possesses the smell, flavor and taste of ordinary camphor. Prof. Cook thinks the camphor is secreted instead of the prussic or hydrocyanic acid found in other myriapods as a means of defense.

Recent reports from Dr. Sven Hedin who is again exploring Central Asia, strengthen the impression which his previous explorations have given of the extraordinary character of that part of the world. Salt lakes, dried up lake beds, abandoned habitations and temples and interesting people, hitherto almost unknown, are among his discoveries. He also reports that the Tarim River in Eastern Turkestan, which he has surveyed for a long distance, is the largest river in the interior of Asia. Over a part of its course the river is simply a multitude of small interchained lakes.

The cork of the ordinary life preserver soon becomes saturated with water, greatly reducing its efficiency. In the new life preserver of M. Rober, of the Lyceum of Cherbourg, the cork is reduced to fine grains and coated with lamp-black, which seals the pores and makes the material absolutely impervious to water. The cork in grains is more readily adapted to convenient shaping for wearing. A garment that can be worn permanently as an under vest weighs twenty-six pounds, has been shown by tests to make the human body unsinkable, and has met with favor in the French army and navy.

In the middle of the space inclosed by the so-called "ring nebula," in the constellation Lyra, gleams a minute star which very few telescopes are powerful enough to reveal. Even with the huge Lick refractor it is a very faint object. Yet the Crossley photographic telescope on Mount Hamilton is able, with two minutes' exposure, to obtain a surprisingly strong image of this star, together with a well-marked impression of the nebula encircling it. On photographs made with longer exposures the strange star becomes a large blur of light. There are other instances in which photographs of celestial objects either show what the eye cannot detect at all, or so alter the visual aspect of the object that it becomes hardly recognizable.

They Lack a Letter.

One impediment to the use of the English language by the Japanese is that the latter have no letter "l" or the sound it represents. Nevertheless, they borrow English words containing the letter, changing "railroad" into "reiru," "tunnel" into "tunneru," "linen," into "rinneru" and "dollar" into "doru." The final "u" is tacked on to many words to meet the Japanese idea of euphony. The use of Roman letters in Japanese publications is spreading. New York's new Japanese newspaper will be printed in Roman characters.

Some women do not love children because they have not been thrown in contact with a widower who has several.

PAPER COLLECTORS.

Odd and Interesting Fad—Some of the Curiosities in Existence.

An odd but pleasant fad is collecting paper. Not the printed page, but the raw material. There is almost no limit to the collections which can be made. Besides those employed in writing, printing, engraving, chromolithographing, and the like, are the types used for wrapping, wall-papering, binding, and magazine-covering. There are paper mills in every civilized country, and in such semi-civilized ones as Korea, China, Burmah, Siam, India, and even Egypt. Hundreds of methods are employed, and the list of crude materials is exceedingly long. It includes paper, cotton, linen, cotton and linen rags, hemp, wood pulp, wood flour, straw, corn husks and stalks, bamboo, and many numerous other vegetable fibers.

The most durable paper is made by a guild near Nanking, in China, which supplies the government of that empire with the leaves for its official documents. This paper is made from young bamboo tips. It is soft, pliable, takes ink well, and seems indestructible. There are samples in collections which are over a thousand years old. The largest assortment of these Chinese papers is owned by an editor in Jersey City, who has nearly 300 different samples. Quite odd are the fireproof papers. Some of these are made of vegetable fiber impregnated with tungstate of soda. Others are made of fine asbestos or of asbestos mixed with fiber.

These will pass through a fire unscathed. They have, however, one drawback. They do not preserve the ink used upon their surface. A sheet, handsomely printed, comes out of a fire snow-white, and if a writing ink is made of any vegetable substance it shares the same fate. The strongest paper thus far produced is made of Manila hemp. A sheet of legal cap will sustain a weight of 300 pounds. Its fiber is so compact that a man of ordinary muscular power cannot tear it across. It is used for wills and legal documents. The finest paper is a linen fabric made in England. It is as light as tissue paper, and yet so strong that it will stand much wear.

The oldest printing papers belong to the United States. Some years ago an eccentric scientist published a book in which he endeavored to give the greatest possible relief to the eye of the reader. One page was printed with one size of type in black ink, a second with a different sized type in brown ink, a third with blue ink, and a fourth with maroon ink. He applied the same principle to the texture of the paper of each page, which was coarse, medium, or fine, rough-finished, smoothly finished, calendered, or supercalendered. The paper itself was also tinted in every hue which the publisher thought agreeable to look upon. The book was not a success, and the small edition which appeared is now treasured as one of the literary or typographic curiosities of the land.—New York Evening Post.

FARM FOR RAISING FROGS.

Boston Men to Establish an Industry on a Large Scale.

Some Boston capitalists propose to promote frog raising in the bay state on a scale unprecedented in this country. An organization has recently been formed, under the name of the Massachusetts Frog Company, and land has been purchased for carrying out the company's understanding. Artificial ponds, varying in size and connected by a series of locks, are being made for conducting the system of cultivation. They will be lined with cement, and the smallest will be ten feet long and three feet in width. In these ponds the process of breeding will take place, and at certain stages of development the little creatures will be transferred to ponds of greater dimensions. At the age of 2 years the animals should reach maturity.

The food required for the frogs is of an extremely simple character and will cost very little, and it is expected that ultimately the company's investment will yield big returns. From 20,000 to 40,000 frogs will be grown annually, and if it is deemed advisable the yearly output will be increased to 100,000. While the product will be available for all the uses to which frogs may be put, dead or alive, the principal demand is expected to come from colleges and medical schools. It is averred that in the past such institutions have, through their inability to procure desirables specimens of the sort, been seriously handicapped in the prosecution of experiments in medical research. Schools in the east, for example, have frequently been obliged during the winter months to send to California for the animals which, upon their arrival here, have been unfit for analytical study. The Massachusetts frog breeders intend to remove the cause of all this inconvenience by supplying frogs in abundance all the year round.

A Novel Spider Collection.

A Belgian teacher of natural history gives an account of an experiment made by him to test the abilities of children as collectors. The result was simply astounding. The teacher asked a boy to collect all the different kinds of spiders that he might see during his vacation rambles.

The lad, who, evidently, did not share the absurd fear which most persons have of these harmless and useful creatures, accepted the task with alacrity, and for weeks he scoured the country round about his home for spiders, going about three miles in every direction.

He brought back to school more than a hundred species, of which no less than ten had never been supposed to exist in Belgium, despite the careful explorations of Prof. Becker, of Brussels, who is famous as a collector of spiders.

The little collection that he made in so remarkable a manner is a highly prized addition to the cabinet of his school.

The Caisson Worker's Story.

"It's close quarters in those little caissons, you see," went on the old Sand Hog. "It's a wonder I'm alive. I came very close to it once, though.

"You might say you're never safe in a caisson. What's coming you never can tell. We don't think of it when we go down, but the danger's there, and when it's on you, you haven't time to pray, even. This happened in a tunnel, an' I came near to being in the gang that went down that afternoon.

"There were eight in the caisson, I think. Anyhow, the air-pipe broke. That means that your air is shut right off. If you were a diver you'd have a chance to get up; if you were in a mine you could live a while on what you already had. But in a caisson it's different."—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Silk from Shellfish.

There is a shellfish in the Mediterranean which produces a good quality of silk. Fabrics have been manufactured from it, but only as curiosities.

"AUTO" FOR FARMS.

W. F. Crowley Invents a Machine Likely to Supplant the Horse.

City people are not to enjoy a monopoly of the festive automobile in the future. A novel kind of "auto" is about to invade the agricultural field, where, according to its inventor, it will speedily supplant the horse for farm work. The machine referred to is the invention of William F. Crowley, of Holly, Powers County, Col., and, it is said, will do the work of several teams of horses. After long study and many experiments, Mr. Crowley says he has solved the problem of the substitution of mechanical power for that of horses in farm work.

The motive power for this machine may be either gasoline or electricity, although it is expected that gasoline will be more commonly used.

It is adapted to plowing, cultivating, seed-planting or harvesting. The engine or motor is on the forward or drive wheels, which are joined by a long reach to the smaller rear wheels, over which the seat of the driver is placed. A large transverse bar, about six feet in length, crosses the reach bar at its center. To this transverse bar the plowing, cultivating, and other appliances for farm work may be attached. A very important feature of the invention is a mechanism that allows the operator to apply the whole power to any one of the wheels, thus making it easy to get the wheels out of any rut or hole in which they may get stuck. The wheels may be operated entirely independent of each other and by an ingenious steering device the farm "auto" can be turned within a very small compass.

NOVEL AUTOMOBILE PLOW, SOWER AND HARVESTER.

It is said that it will do satisfactory work on rough and hilly ground. According to the inventor, a fifteen-horse-power machine can be operated at an expense of 75 cents a day.

A rotating plow has been invented by Mr. Crowley, to be used with the machine, which he says is a great improvement on the old plow. The plow, while it does not offer so much resistance to the earth, turns it up very thoroughly and has a trip beam attached that raises the plow points out of danger whenever a stone is struck.

HAD NO TERRORS FOR HIM.

Seasickness Did Not Trouble the Lunch-Room Conversationalist.

"Queer, isn't it," remarked the Lunch Room Conversationalist, "how reluctant some folks are to admit that they have ever been victims of seasickness?"

"Nope," remarked the other four at the table, glowering.

"Yes, siree," went on the Lunch Room Conversationalist, "you will only find about one person in a thousand who will freely admit having been sick after having completed an ocean voyage. There's nothing disgraceful about it that I ever could see, but most folks seem to think that they'd be assisting in the smirching of their own characters if they owned up to mal de mer. Peculiar phase of human nature, hey?"

"It is not," remarked the other four in unison.

"Now, I took my first ocean voyage last week," continued the Lunch Room Conversationalist, ignoring the obvious lack of interest of the other four. "When with my wife on a little coastwise trip from Baltimore to New York. She didn't want to take the trip, being, as she said, deathly afraid of getting seasick. She had never been to sea before, either. As for me, I wasn't a bit afraid of getting seasick, and I confidently boasted that the mountainous seas had never yet reared their heads that could put me under the weather even a little bit. You see, I've a pretty strong sort of constitution, and I figured on that to keep me from suffering from seasickness, not knowing then, as I do now, that the most robust folks in the world have to succumb to the nauseating illness that comes to novices in heavy weather at sea.

"Well, my wife was pretty skeptical about my not getting sick—you know how women are in these matters—but I stuck to it that I didn't intend to let any old sea get me under and suffer tortures from seasickness, but, as I had passes for the voyage and she didn't want them to lapse for want of using—you know how women like to get their money's worth in these affairs—she consented to go along.

"Now, it's certainly queer how some things come out. We were both on the deck of the steamer all the way down the Chesapeake from Baltimore, both feeling as comfortable as bugs in rugs and nary a sign of seasickness. Passing out between the two capes, however, we struck the long ocean swell, and then——"

The other four at the table grinned at each other.

"Then you went down below and sought your bunk, feeling as limp as a rubber door mat, hey?" suggested No. 1.

"And your chestiness was wiped out before the boat had been rolling and pitching for two consecutive minutes, I s'pose?" put in No. 2.

"And your wife had the merry, rippling laugh on you, all right?" cut in No. 3.

"And while you were sick and groaning to be heaved overboard, she was as chipper as a lark, no doubt?" said No. 4.

"Not on your prophetic visions!" calmly remarked the Lunch Room Conversationalist, drawing with his eye an accurate bee line for the door. "When the boat began to pitch in the swell I got as hungry as a wolf and went to the galley and had the cook fix me up three portions of bacon and eggs, two tall stacks of wheat cakes and about half a gallon o' coffee. I didn't have nary a qualm at any stage of the game, although we had heavy weather all the way up, while my wife had to turn in with the first little toss of the boat, and the way she did suffer until we warped into the dock in New York was sure a cau——"

He escaped the flying glass and crockeryware by dodging out the side door after leading them to suppose that he was going to escape by the front way.—Washington Post.

CRAZE FOR NOBLE TITLES.

An Englishman's View of the American Passion for Empty Name.

An Englishman, writing from Washington to the New York Herald, touches upon the American craving for titles conferred by European potentates. He says:

"With time I may fathom the mystery of this republicanism. So far I have found more class distinction than in Britain, more conservatism than in Europe, less individual freedom than in any of our colonies.

"Since I arrived here there has been a marriage in one of the great families. All around me I found an adulation of the happy pair no self-respecting Briton, German or Frenchman would yield the noblest of his nation. There was a wider practical gulf between those who pored over the details of the trousseau in the newspapers and the bridal pair than between a highland cottager and the queen or an Inverary milkmaid and the duke of Argyll. The law calls all Americans equal, but gentlemen and the exigencies of society have long since set the classes on terraces as definite and as accurately ranged as the oldest peerage of monarchical Europe.

"Here in Washington there is a constant battle of precedence and in the few days I have rested here more than one important engagement has been fought and won. There are more titles here than in a German statthalter's suite. In every buttonhole is a button indicative of the wearer's right to be called a Son of the Revolution, an officer of the Legion of Honor, a Knight of Pythias and heaven knows what besides. Last year on the South African veldt I ran across one or two American correspondents whose breasts were barred with ribbons. I looked and marveled, and my astonishment was not lessened when I learned these denoted that the correspondents' ancestors had fought in the civil war or in the war of the revolution—my democratic confreres wearing the badge of a hereditary nobility! For what are our patents of nobility but the indication that in the more distant past a Douglas or a Caudwell or a Churchill fought valiantly for king and country?"

SOLD FOR FIFTY CENTS

Girl Wife Who Was Sold for the Ridiculous Sum of Half a Dollar.

Frank Fisher, at Easton, Pa., who sold his wife to George Gardner for half a dollar, was drowned several days after his strange deal was made. Fisher

MRS. FISHER AND HER HUSBAND.

stole some railroad iron, was chased into the river by the police and drowned. Mrs. Fisher-Gardner, who is only 18 years old, failed to shed a tear when she heard of his death, and will wear no widow's weeds.

Unpleasant Reminder.

In the recently published "Life of Sir James Nicholas Douglass," a well-known English civil engineer, many interesting stories are told of English lighthouses, their builders and keepers. One story concerns a man named Tom Bowen, who was an assistant during the building of a new tower.

Among many curious things that Tom knew was every nook and cranny in the rocks where the crabs were to be found. He would put his arm into the holes, often right up to the shoulder, and haul out with wonderful dexterity—generally to make a present of his plunder to somebody else—one fine specimen after another of the shellfish.

He seldom met with a mishap while engaged in this dangerous sport, but once, at any rate, he did, as the following extract from a rough diary which was kept by the principal keeper—a strict Sabbatarian—quietly records:

"Sunday, Aug. 26, T. B. after crabs; one bit him by the hand to pay him for Sunday."

The Woodpecker.

Woodpeckers which were long considered fair game for the gunner are now recognized almost everywhere as useful birds. The flicker is so fond of ants that it will alight on an ant hill, thrust in its bill to bring out the inmates, and then gorge itself on the agitated ants as they swarm from the opening. The sapsucker was considered an injurious bird for many years, but Frank Bolles showed that its tapping trees ordinarily produced no serious injury; indeed, it is now claimed that the bird's eye formation in the wood of the maple, which increases its value, is the work of these birds. Woodpeckers are deserving all that they can ask at the hands of farmers. The downy woodpecker feeds upon the woolly aphis, often seen on our apple trees.

A Good Apple Crop.

It is reported that the apple crop in Baden, Germany, was so abundant that the assistance of soldiers had to be asked for its harvesting.

JOLLY JOKER

First Boy—Your little baby brother hasn't any hair. Second Boy—No; the doctor what brought him was bald.—Smart Set.

A Weakling Chap: She—You're getting tired of kissing me already. He—what makes you think that? She—I saw you stop to take breath.—Bazar.

A Bird in the Hand: "Ma, is there any pie left in the pantry?" "There is one piece, but you can't have it." "You are mistaken, ma; I've had it."—Tit-Bits.

The Last Resort: Superintendent—These goods won't sell at 11 cents a yard. Dry Goods Man—Mark them up to 14 and put them on the bargain-counter.—Brooklyn Life.

Visitor—What's become of old Sam Bungs? Longshoreman Billy—Dead, sir—died of 'art disease; a visitor gave him a shillin' very sudden; my 'art's werry strong, sir."—Tit-Bits.

A Horseless Episode: Editor—Were there any novel features connected with that automobile collision? Reporter—No. Two coachmen and five women all hollered "Whoa!"—Puck.

"Say, Joe," remarked Stroller, who was anxious for a jaunt, "what do you say to a tramp after dinner?" "Generally," replied Joe Kose, "I say: 'Get out, or I'll turn the dog on to you.'"—Philadelphia Record.

The Blessed Child: "The naughty boy told me to go to the bad place," said little Algernon. "Yes," said his fond papa. "But I told him I never went anywhere without my papa."—Philadelphia North American.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bone in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him. John (briskly)—All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg.—Tit-Bits.

Willing to Talk It Over: Her father—You have been paying attentions to my daughter; you haven't proposed yet? His Lordship—Not yet, sir. Her Father—Now, let us come right down to business; what will you take not to propose?—Brooklyn Life.

At the Front: Lady—Well, what do you want? Tramp—Leddy, believe me, I'm no ordinary beggar. I was at the front——" Lady (with interest)—Really—— Tramp—Yes, ma'am; but I couldn't make anybody hear, so I came round to the back.—Punch.

"Your husband is not looking well tonight, Mrs. Rhymer. Has he been overworking himself?" "It isn't that so much; it is his originality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises."—Woman's Journal.

A Wise Suggestion: Husband (over his morning paper)—I see that all the trains are tied up out West. Wife—When will those Western women get over their folly; if they'd only adopt the rainy-day costume they wouldn't have to resort to such foolishness.—Ex.

Fuddy—Did you hear of the terrible accident that happened to Danby? His injuries were so serious that his most intimate friends were unable to recognize him. Duddy—Terrible accident? Railway collision? Fell of his bicycle? Fuddy—Worse; he has lost all his money.—Tit-Bits.

"But how did you impress the wild Tagalos that you were from Boston?" inquired the steamship captain. "Oh, that was easy," responded the returning anti-imperialist; "I just took a stick and sketched a bean-can in the sand. Then I pointed to my big head and nose-glasses."—Chicago News.

Finished: "Here comes that girl from Chicago. Has she received a good education?" "Well, she's spent three seasons at a summer resort, broken off seven engagements in two years, lived in a New York apartment house one winter, and bowed to Henry James. What more do you want?"—Bazar.

Where the Shoe Pinched: The Prima Donna (after the first act)—I won't go on again unless that box party makes less noise. I nearly had hysterics! The Manager (in surprise)—I didn't hear any noise. The Prima Donna—You didn't? Why, they encored that upstart of a contralto four times! —Puck.

Binks—Yes, my family took in the whole Paris exposition, and it about half killed us. Such crowds! I thought sometimes we'd never get home alive. Minks—My family enjoyed the Paris exposition immensely. Binks—I don't see how. Binks—We stayed at home and read about it.—New York Weekly.

A conscientious child: "Good boys never let their left hands know what their right hands do. Ain't that what the minister said, mamma?" "Yes, dear." "I'm a good boy, ain't I, mamma?" "I think so, my dear." "Yes. 'Cause whenever I reach in the jar to steal cookies I allus put my left hand in my pants pocket!"—Ex.

"I guess my wife has got the fever for changing things worse than any woman in town. I'll bet she's already changed half her Christmas presents." "Sort of a mania, eh?" "That's just it. Why, only this morning I gave her a $5 bill and she said she guessed she'd go right down to the store and change it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Martyr to Principle: "Ah, poor thing! Her end was sad in the extreme." "Indeed!" "You know she always revolted at the idea that there could be anything in common between her and the lower classes." "So I have always heard." "Well, she caught cold from her cook, and was so ashamed that she refused all medical aid, and died!"—Life.

Earnings of Belgian Cows.

Cows in Belgium wear earrings. This is in accordance with the law, which decrees that every animal of the bovine species when it has attained the age of 8 months must have in its ear a ring, to which is attached a metal tag bearing a number. The object is to preserve the exact record of the number of animals raised each year.

Will by Phonograph.

A wealthy engineer recently talked his last will and testament into a phonograph. Then with a hot copper wire he signed his name on the wax roll of the phonograph, the witnesses doing likewise, and the "document" was thereupon completed.

Color and Moisture.

A piece of red-painted board left out on a dewy night will be dry in the morning, while a board painted yellow, and laid beside it, will be soaking wet.

Shorthand Lessons to Soldiers.

The French Minister of War proposes giving shorthand lessons to soldiers in all the French garrisons.

The "training" a man receives before marriage doesn't go after he is married.