## THE SHADOW OF A STAR

HALF-TRUE TALE OF THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS' MAID

"Can't do it noways. She only gimme two bones for to do de hull marketin' an' get her some bella donna, a box o' dem fancy Roschin cigarettes an' a powder Land sakes! Look at dat rat!"

as plenty as flies in Summer time around

"Yes," replied the colored maid, significantly, "but dat rat don't mean to you de same laik he does to me. I'll take half a dozen o' dem little chops and you kin frow in a bit o' bone fer de dog."

off that evening

Miss Sincoe. "Lass time I seen you you was havin' a white satin dress made for this very occasion."

a-settin' in a chair as you is at de ball? You come along and don' mind no dreams

"Not exactly " returned Miss Sincoe, as gyment," said Miss Johnson, as the force of Miss Sincoe's philosophy began to take hold of her brain; "mebbe I might a little business to transact here in his back room. See you tonight, den, sure,"

Charlie, offering his arm with a degree of need of spiders, which ner. She usually spends at least six months of the year in New York, and during this period she rents a furnished flat in a side street near Sixth avenue and in
"Arabelia, I jess gotter take dat run take dat run take that given by the Knights of Mirth would attract a rough element and pos
"Arabelia, I jess gotter take dat run take that given by the Knights of Mirth would attract a rough element and pos
"Ittle bit. I don't seen no way outern it, and consequence of her long intimacy with the liver-bearing rat created in him a feeling of unrest and dread which he found it impossible to shake off.

"Arabelia, I jess gotter take dat run to-morrer, but I don't seen no way outern it, would attract a rough element and pos-

IN THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

"You better get dere early," remarked are still to be found in certain old-fash-Miss Sincoe, significantly, "if you don't, you might find dat Charles of your'n stole It was nearly midnight when Miss John-

"S'pose it does," said Miss Sincoe, carnestly. "Ain't you jess as likely ter git
treacherfied a walkin' along de street or
a-settin' in a chair es you is at de ball'
the's de flo' committee, and you look out
dat Martha Jackson don't cotch 'im."

to welcome her.

"I thought you wa'ant never comin'."
"I thought you wa'ant never comin'." "I'd like to see her try it," remarked heart.
Arabella. "Anyways, I reckon I'll come. "I l Where are you goin' now? Git some cig-

one of the leading parts in a comic opera off with a trailing vine of arsenic green, on Broadway. Miss Vaughn has had long But if it had been her own shroud that experience in domestic as well as proshe was weaving she could not have
fessional matters, and years ago discovered how to solve the servant-girl
problem in a simple and satisfactory manmonths of the year in New York, and durfor this period she region as the feet a horge of the region as the feet a horge of liver.

Wouldn't please her tringht, of an income that of deepen."

wouldn't please her tringht, of an income that of deepen."

wouldn't please her tringht, of an income that of deepen."

machinations of some secret enemy, and

"Wif de greatest pleasure," replied

Charile, offering his arm with a degree of
ceremony and elegance that would have
done credit to the hero of a society drama.

Now, those who imagine that a ball such
"Arabella." dream of spiders and encounter
ceremony and elegance that would have
done credit to the hero of a society drama.

Now, those who imagine that a ball such
and the feet of the house five minutes
to the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year in New York, and durthe problem of the year.

There were two good reasons for her
the year in the matters, and years ago disthe year in the matters, and years ago disthe year."

There were two good reasons for her
the year in the year in the year in the year.

There were two good reasons for her
the year in the year in the year and year.

There were two good reasons for her
the year in the year in the year.

There were two good reasons for her
the year in the year in the year in the year.

There were two good reasons for her
the year in the year in the year.

The

ever errands may require her services, she life of her help regarding it as a contakes a walk along Sixth avenue, and in firmation of her dream of the night bear and out of the side streets, where the fore. Then Charlie had suddenly changed their ideas of colored society from the

A sudden suspicion shot through her mind, cutting into her heart like a knife

dressers, fully a dozen of whom swarm about the place while the performance is going on, and it is chiefly because of the greatest railroad magnate in the land, and its membership includes not only the going on, and it is chiefly because of this social privilege that she is perfectly satisfied to remain in Miss Vaughn's employ.

"You have not force early" remarked.

you might find dat Charles of your'n stole
away by dat light-colored wench I seen
him talkin' to."

"Charlie won't be dere; his car don't
get in till 7 in de mawnin'."

"Tes he will," retorted Amanda, "he
gets into de Grand Central Depot at 9
tonight. My George jess tole me. Dey
switched him off from dat car of his n onto
de Lurine what makes Johnand their guests were holding their reveis.

"Charlie" greeted her with effusive cordiality, the long streamer which indicated
his rank as chairman of the floor committee floated bravely from the lapei of his
dress coat as he hastened across the floor
to welcome her.

of a sudden? I reckon it's Car'line had And doesn't a spider mean treachery? her charm for you." And doesn't a rat mean a secret enemy?

siep in fer a little spell after I gets my party home from de teater."

"Youse workin' fer dat same party you was, ain't yer?" said the other.

"Yes, the same one. Oh! I likes de life. "When you onct gets used to teatrical folks you don't want nothin' else. Dere's plenty of excitement and travel into it."

"Now Arabella Johnson is maid of all work to Miss Mariam Vaughn, who plays one of the leading parts in a comic opera one of the leading parts in a comic opera of the leading parts party o' mine. Seems as if nuthin' wouldn't please her ternight, of all nights

people of her color live. Dinner is served at 5:30, and then she washes the dishes, straightens out her little kitchen and makes ready to enjoy herself. For it is time to go to the theater with Miss Vaughn.

One of the strongest characteristics of the negro race is its tendency to lift itself to its native surroundings whenever opting was likely to prove a disaster.

A sudden suspicion shot through her Bo long as she is permitted to spend the evening behind the scenes so long will she continue to sweep and dust and cook and wash dishes and serve her mistress faithfully and cheerfully; take away that privilege from her and she her heart. That settled the last doubt in would mope and fret and lose all interest in her mind. She would attend the ball and in her work. At the playhouse she must indo out for herself whether Charlie cared language of the best-reducated of those assist at Miss Vaughn's toilet, hook her dress and lace her shoes and see that she is ready for her cues. When she comes off colored society of New York as there are a smany grades in the same time, the rough manners and coarse speech of the blackguards whom he meets will roll off him without leaving in the wings with a glass of whisky and Mirth has always been regarded as one the slightest taint. On the other hand, let water and wrap to throw over her bare of the most select social organizations in a young Harvard graduate of Caucasian shoulders. When not thus occupied, she the town. Its president is Israel Simplified blood frequent such places and he is cermany gossip with the other maids and kins, the steward of a private car used by tain to deteriorate both in manners and in

It is a great mistake to describe the negro as imitative. He is receptive and absorptive, and that, too, of the best than he can find.

The scene, therefore in Abraham Linwas one of perfect decorum, and as Charlie, with 'Arabelia on his arm, walked proudly down the length of the ballroom, bowing right and left in acknowledgement of friendly greetings, the manners of all were far more suggestive of Fifth avenue than of the Bowery.

"I thought you wa'ant never comin'." York and not take dat day run on der be exclaimed, with a smile of genuine Lurline." Then she told him all about pleasure that went straight to Arabella's her dream of the night before, and of the heart.

"I had to get my party home from de teater." she replied, and then added co-quettishiy: "Besides, I wa'ant anxious about you, 'cos I never 'specied you'd get in till tomorrer. What brung you here all you de minit I dreamed o' dem spiders?

senger, to the day trip with its compara-tively scanty harvest of dimes, to the machinations of some secret enemy, and

'cept I play sick again, and I dassn't work dat racket any mo'. Like as not, de spiders don't mean nothing anyway."
"Don't go, Charille! Fust off I thought it was Car'line de omens was p'intin' to—
"Dat gal don't cut no ice wid me!"
exclaimed her awestheart permutority "Now, I know it's de day run yer up against. I shan't let you go, Charlle."

For several moments the pair sat in gloomy silence, for both devoutly believed that some dread disaster was hanging over their heads. If it had not been for the fact that he was afraid of being out of work in the middle of Winter the young man would have thrown up his job then and there, but he had been sav-ing money for nearly a year in the hope that Arabella would marry him, and now, at the very moment when the tones of her voice told him how dear he was to her, she was entreating him to throw

lored society. "Take my seat, Mis' Simpkins," cried the young man, as he rose respectfully from the window-seat, for not only was Mrs. Simpkins one of the most impos-ing and influential social forces in the town, but her son, Israel, was a veripower in the great sleeping-car

"What makes you look so gium, Ara-bella?" said the old lady, as she thank-fully accepted the invitation and peered over the top of her nickelplated specs at the young girl beside her.
"I've just had a terrible omen, Mis'
Simpkins," replied Arabella, "and I don't

want my Charlle to take dat day run out to Buffalo no more-dere's Deff awaitin' him dere shuah's you born. I dreamt I seen nothin' but spiders, and in de morn-in' when I got up and stepped into der butcher shop fer to get my party a couple coin Hall, even when the music was the of pork chops I seen a big rat skatin maddest and the dancing the fastest, across de flo' wif a hunk o' liver in his mouf. Everyone of dem tings signifies treachery, and enemies, and misfortu-"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed the lady, who was noted far and wide for her skill n the interpretation of dreams.
"You seen a rat with a piece o' liver, and dreamed of spiders, and don't know what "Charile," said Arabella, earnestly, as ter do? What does de rat play? He plays they seated themselves in a cool window four. What does de liver play, but 17. seat, "I want you to stay here in New The splder he play 54. You go 'long now and play that gig before der sun go

> The next afternoon while Charlie, from whose face almost every sign of anxiety had disappeared, was attending to his duties on the day run between Utica and Syracuse, Arabella was making her way into the back room of the cigar store to learn the result of the drawing on which she had staked the few dollars which they had determined to venture. Miss Sincoe was coming out just as she went in, her brow wrinkled with annoyance and a note of petuiant anger in her voice as she exclaimed: "Jes' my luck again. I hit de fust two numbers right, four an' 17, but I got de last one wrong. I played 59, 'count of a tub of water I seen when I was comin' down de ailey, and it done come out 54 instead. Why, what's de matter wif you, Arabella. You look all struck of a heap." And it is a matter of record that Miss

## FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

The Burial of Moses. And be buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.— Deuteronomy axxiv:6.

On this side Jordan's way: In a vale in the land of Moab, There lies a lonely grave; her, she was entreating him to throw up his only chance of making a living. He was still wavering in his mind when Mr. Simpkins, the president of the club, appeared on the scene, escorting, with much ceremony, his mother, the Dowager Mrs. Simpkins, for years the janitress of a large building on lower Broadway, and a person of most exalted position in colored saciety.

But no man heard the trampling.

That ever passed on earth; But no man heard the trampling. Or saw the train go forth; Noteclessly as the daylight Comes when the night is done, And the crimson strenk on ocean's cheek Grown into the great sun-

Noiselessly as the Springtime Her crown of verdure weaven And all the trees on all the bills Open their thousand leaves— So, without sound of music. Or voice of them that wept, Silently down the mountain crown The great procession swept,

Perchance the bald old engle On gray Beth-peor's height, Out of his rocky eyrie, Looked on the wondrous sight; Perchance the lion, stalking. Still shuns the hallowed spot; For beast and bird have seen and heard That which man knoweth not.

Lot when the warrior dieth, His comrades in the war With arms reversed and muffled drum Follow the funeral car. They tell his battles won. And after him lead his masterless steed,

Amid the noblest of the land

Men lay the sage to rest, And give the bard an honored place, With costly marble dressed. In the great minster transcpt, Where lights like glories fall, And the choir sings and the organ rings Along the emblazoned wall,

That ever buckled sword; This the most gifted poet That ever breathed a word; And never earth's philosopher Traced with his golden pen, On the deathless page, truths half so sage As he wrote down for men.

And had he not bigh honor? The bilietde for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait, With stars for tapers tall; And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes, Over his bier to wave; And God's own hand, in that lonely land, To lay him in the grave-

In that deep grave without a name, Whence his uncoffined clay Shall break again-O, wondrous thought: Before the Judgment Day; And stand, with glory wrapped around, On the hills he never trod. And speak of the strife that won our life With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land! O dark Beth-peor's bill! Speak to these curious hearts of ours And teach them to be still. God hath His mysteries of grace-Ways that He cannot tell; He hides them deep like the secret sleep Of him He loved so well.

-Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

Credo. I believe in the Motherhood of God.

I believe in the blessed Trinity of Father, Mother and Child.

body, this transient dwelling-place of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of every man and every woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right

social and spiritual freedom. I believe we are now living in Eternity as a future life is to be kind, live one day at a

time, and do the work you can do the best,

i believe that no one can harm you but I believe that we are all sons of God, and it

oth not yet appear what we shall be I believe in every man minding his own I believe that men are inspired today as

much as men ever wero.

I believe in the sunshine, friendship, calm en, beautiful thoughts.

I believe in the purifying process of sorrow, and I believe that death is a manifestation I believe the universe is planned for good. I believe it is possible that I will make other

creeds, and change this one, or add to it, from time to time, as new light may come to me

The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight So through the valley and over the height In silence I'll take my way, I will not go like that blustering train, The wind and the snow, the hall and the rain, Who make so much noise and bustle in vain, But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,

He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed

With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The downward point of many a spear That he hung on its margin, far and near, Where a rock could reach its head.

And over the pane like a fairy crept; Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped, By the light of the moon were seen Most bautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers,

All plotured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,— He peeped in the cupboard and, finding there That all had forgotten for him to prepare,— "Now, just to set them a-thinking, I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he; "This costly pitcher I'll burst in three; And the glass of water they've left for me Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking, —Hanna Flagg Gould.

The Days That Are No More. Tears, idle tears! I know not what they

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy Autumn fields, And thinking of the days that are no more. Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail

Sad as the last which reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge; So sad, so fresh, the days that are no n Ah! sad and strange as in dark Summe dawns
The earliest pipe of balf-awakened birds

Dear as remembered kisses after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;

I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way Bare Winter suddenly was changed to

Spring. And gentle oders led my steps astray, Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling Its green arms round the bosom of the stream, But kiss'd it and then fied, as thou mightest in dream.

Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth, The constellated flower that never sets; Fulnt oxilps, tender blue-bells, at whose birth scarce beaved; and that tall flower Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine, Green cow-bind and the moonlight-color'd And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose

Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the And wild roses, and lvy serpentine

With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray: And flowers, azure, black, and streak'd with gold, Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge There grew broad flag-dowess, purple prank'd with white. with white.

And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilles, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery

And builtushes, and reeds of such deep green As southed the dazzling eye with soher sheen. Methought that of these visionary flowers I made a nosegay, bound in such a way

That the same hues, which in their natural Were mingled or opposed, the like array Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay, I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come That I might there present it—oh! to whom? —Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Sally in Our Alley. Of all the girls that are so smart, Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pretty Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley. There is no lady in the land, Is half so sweet as Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley. Her father he makes cabbage-nets, And through the streets does cry 'em; And through the streets does cry or Her mother she sells laces long, To such as please to buy 'em: But, sure, such folks could ne'er beget So sweet a girl as Saily! She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley. When she is by, I leave my work

(I love her so sincerely):
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally: She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley. Of all the days that's in the week, I dearly love but one day:
And that's the day that comes betwirt
A Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm dream'd all in my best,
To walk around with Sally: She is the durling of my heart, And she lives in our alley. My master carries me to church,

And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
An soon as text is mamed:
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally: She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley When Christmas comes about again,

I believe that God is here, and that we are as near Him now as we ever shall be. I do not believe He started this world a-going and went away and left it to run itself.

I believe in the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling-place of a living the darling of my heart, and the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling-place of a living the sacredness of the human body. The sacredness of the human body is the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling-place of a living the sacredness of the human body. The sacredness of the human body is the sacredness of the human body that the sacredness of the human body the sacredness about again, O, then I shall have money!

On the I shall have money!

Ch. would it were ten thousand pounds!

I'd give it all to Sally;

For abe's the darling of my heart, and the sacredness about again. And she lives in our alley!

The castle crag of Druchenfels Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhins, Whose breast of waters broadly swells Between the banks which bear the vine, and fills all rich with biosomed trees, and fields which promise corn and wine, and scattered cities crowning these, Whose far white walls along them shine, Have strewed a scene, which I could see With double Joy wert thou with me. And peasant girls with deep-blue eyes, And hands which offer early flowers, Walk smiling o'er this paradise; Above, the frequent feudal towers

Through green leaves lift their walls of grey, And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay.
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine! send the lilles given to me; Though long before thy hand they touch I know that they must withered be,

But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear.
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold at them drooping nigh, And know'st them gathered by the Rhine, And offered from my heart to thine;

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtlest breast its wish might bound Through life to dwell delighted here;

Nor could on earth a spot be found To Nature and to me so dear. Could thy dear eyes in following mine Still sweeten more these banks of -Lord Byron, Let the Wee Bairns Come tae Me. The Maister sat in a wee cot hoose,

Tae the Jordan's waters near, An' the fisher-fowk crushed and choosed roon', The Maister's words the hear. An' even the bairns frae the near haun' War mixen' in wi' the thrang,

Laddles an' lasses wi' wee bare feet Jinkin' the croud amang. An' ane o' the twal' at the Muister's side Rase up an' cried aloud— 'Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for you, Run awa' hame oot the crood.' But the Maister said, as they turned awa', "Let the wee bairns come tae me," An' He gathered them room' Him whar he

An' liftit ane up on His knee. An' He gathered them roon' Him whar He sat, An' strakit their curly hair, An' He said the the won'erin' fisher-fowk,

That croedit aroon' Him ther 'Sen' na the weans awa' frae me, But rather this lesson learn: That name 'll win in at heaven's gate That isna pure as a bairn." An' He that wisna oor kith and kin, But a Prince of the far awa', Gaithered the wee ares in his airms And blessed them are an' a'. Keep our feet in the heavenly airt, An' bring us a' tae Thy hame abune,

One word is too often profaned For me to profane it

One feeling too falsely disdained One hope is too like despair For prudence to smother, And pity from thee more dear Than that from another. I can give not what men call love: But wilt thou accept not The worship the heart lifts above

And the heavens reject not: The desire of the moth for the star, Of the night for the morrow, The devotion to something afar From the sphere of our sorrow?

One Word Is Too Often Profuned.

\*\*HAT'S de price o' dem particular ridges?" said Arabella Johnson, as she entered the butcher shop about 11 in the morning. The birds were £2 a pair, and she shook her head mournfully.

"Can't do it noways. She only gimme." Said Arabella as her everybody who has any sort of place in sibly end in a fight with razors have a great deal to learn about that particular the colored society that centers about \$100.00 in \$1

"Well, you needn't be scared," said the butcher, carelessly. "Rats is just about

Just outside the cigar store where the cigarettes were sold, she met her friend Amanda Sincoe, who was going in for the purpose of putting 10 cents on a poltcy gig which had been suggested to her by a dream. The two fell into conversation, and Arabella confessed that she was feeeling very blue indeed and had given up all idea of attending the annual ball of the Knights of Mirth, which was to come

"Why, whatever alls you?" demanded

"I know I was," rejoined Arabella, with a sad shake of her head, "but lass night dreamt I seen a great big spider crossin' der ceilin' an' a haif a dozen mo' a walkin' ovah de flo'. I was jess dreamin' of spiders all night long and you know what dat means in de book. It means treachery." 'S'pose it does," said Miss Sincoe, car-

PRODUCTION OF ALCOHOL FOR FUEL IN

making strenuous efforts to stimu-late farmers to produce alcohol on a large scale, so that it can be sold at a price to compete with petroleum, which exposition, has to be imported, but the Government of Germany was first to initiate such an effort and the Germane show, in the ex- Farmers who grow oats know how much hibition now open in Berlin, alcohol in use for every purpose of heating or lighting for which petroleum is used. Alcohol manteled lamps, having 85-candle-power, and steam engines operated inexpensively

years ago, the question of adopting motor carriages for military purposes was under discussion, it was remarked by the officials of the War Department that kerosene and gasoline engines could only be operated with one or other of the products of petroleum, which is not produced in Germany, and the supply of which might, in case of war, be wholly cut off. But the broad, many-in fact, every agricultural district of the empire-produce in ordinary years cheap and abundant crops of potatoes, from whch is easily manufactured, by processes so simple as to be within the capacity of every farmer, a vast quantity of raw alcohol. The crude molasses left as a refuse product of the raw beet-sugar manufacture contains from 40 to 50 per cent of sugar, which cannot be crystalmaterial for the production of alcohol. Under these conditions "spiritus," as it is known, became one of the standard and important products of agriculture, and every effort has been made by the imperial and state governments to promote and extend its use for domestic and industrial been busy with improvements in the processes and machinery of distilleries. New and highly perfected motors, lamps and cooking and heating apparatus have been devised and put in use, until crude alcohol is becoming one of the most widely utilized products of German industry. Official statistics show that during the year 1901 there was consumed in Germany for technical purposes no less than 30,624,006 gallons of "denaturized" alcohol, on which no tax was paid.

"Denaturzed" alcohol has added to it pyriden, pecolen, benzol, wood vinegar or one of several other products which make it unfit for drinking. This exempts tax, as wood alcohol is exempted

in the United States. Theoretically, alcohol has only three-fifths of the thermal value of petroleum, but it has been found that for motor purses 28 per cent of the theoretic energy of alcohol can be utilized against a maximum of 15 per cent in case of petroleum and its products. This advantage in fa-vor of alcohol is still further increased by an admixture of 16 per cent of benl. Another important advantage of al-bol, which applies specially to its use in motor carriages and in engines, for operating creameries and small manufactur-ing plants in premises adjacent to dwell-ings, is its absolue cleanliness and freem from the mephitic odors which render people. At its present price it competes economically with steam and all other forms of motive energy in engines of less than 20-horsepower for threshing, pumping and all other kinds of farm work, so duced in agricultural regions remote from coat fields is consumed in the district where it is grown. The motor for farm use is tightly enclosed and absolutely free

GERMANY AND FRANCE HE FRENCH Government has been | exhibition includes a great variety of al-

How to Trent Seed Onts.

amount of smut ranges from almost nothing to one-third, or in extreme cases, even one-half, the entire yield. It is computed that this loss is not less than 6 per cent with alcohol that coasts 13% cents a gal- of the annual oat crop. It is practically preventible by a simple method of treating Germany has no natural-gas wells or the seed outs to kill the smut spores that native petroleum supply. When, some are sown with the seed only, and the Ohio experiment station has proved this method to its entire satisfaction. This is known as the formalin method of Bolley. Formalin is a clear liquor, a solution of chased at drugstores for about 50 cents per pound. One ounce is enough for three gallons of water, and will treat three bushels of oats. The formalin is not poisonous, though not wholesome; it is well because it is irritating to the nostrils. The

very dliute solution used for out smut is not objectionable. Having the solution made at the rate of one ounce of formalln to three gallons of water, well stirred, and a gallon of solu-tion to each bushel of seed to be treated, apply this with a sprinkling-can to the oats, in piles, on a tight floor. The piles should not exceed six bushels each. Sprinkle each pile in turn, shoveling thoroughly, knowing how much solution is applied; continue in eac case until the solution tends to run out on the floor despite the shoveling. Usually, a half gallon or more per bushel may be sprinkled on the first round, when the one pile is passed for a few minutes while another is handied in the same way. Upon a second sprinkling of each pile as much solution is used as will be held; then, with a third or fourth repetition the gallon per bushel may be used. After this shovel over and leave in low flat piles over night, or for not less than four hours. The seed may then be spread thin on a floor and shov-eled over occasionally to dry out for drilling, or it may be sown wet, if broadcasted. The treatment of the seed may pre-cede the time of sowing by some weeks. Seed treated in this manner is not poisons, though scarcly suitable to be fed to

There is a strong probability that the two new ocean racers which the Cunard Line will build for the New York service will be given turbine engines, reducing thereby enormously the weight and bulk of the boilers, which for the speed of 25 knots desired, must furnish 45,000 to 50,000 horsepower. No vessel larger than the river steamer, the King Edward, has been equipped with these engines. 0,000 horsepower engines for use in the London underground railway, and says: "An equipment of four 12,000 horsepower turbines on four shafts would give the rerequired horsepower for the speed, and we venture to say that the perfect absence of engine vibration—propeller vibration will always be present—would render these ships, should they be so equipped, the most popular high-speed liners in the world."

The thorn tree had a mind to Him When into the woods He came. Out of the woods my Master went, And he was well content. Out of the woods my Master came, When death and shame. When death and shame would wood.

Nitric Acid From the Atmosphere. A most interesting industry, and one in its future, is the production of nitric acid from the atmosphere. It has long been known that the free oxygen and ni-trogen of the air are capable of uniting at a sufficiently high temperature. Fortunately for all animal life, the tempera-ture of their combination is very high, otherwise any spark, lightning flash, lighted tobacco pipe or conflagration might

diluted with the nitrogen, by the accu-mulated activity of vegetation carried on through millions of years. On this view the carbon originally united with the exy-gen in our atmosphere would make a layer of coal about 50 centimeters thick, all over the carth's surface, including ocean basins. By exposing dry air to a sufficiently high temperature obtained through the use of a number of arc lamps, says the Electrical Engineer, the air is brought to burning point at Niagrara Falls, producing nitric acid, and thus nitrogen com-pounds, at apparently reduced cost. The presence of nitrogen as a constituent of Farmers who grow oats know how much grain is at times destroyed by smut; the agents for retoring nitrogen to the soil after the plants or crops have been carmercial standpoint is capable of great de-

The lightest automobile runabaut is one of three horse-power, which has a speed of eight miles and weighs 250 pounds. The largest copper refining works the world is that at Perth Amboy, N. J.

15,000,000 to 15,000,000 pounds of copper are refined by electrolysis each month. The Municipal Consumption Hospital of New York City has proved so efficacious that four buildings will be added to it, and the appropriation for its support increased

Street snow is now removed in New Fork City by shoveling it into boxes attached to road engines and melting it by a spreay of steam. The saving of expense as against that of hauling it away is enor-

The new electric stages running on Fifth avenue, New York, have a traveling radius of about 50 miles, and a speed of about 15 miles an bour, and the Fifth avenue trip is made with a saving of one-third the time as compared with the horses. The cheapest grade of olive oil goes largely to Russia, where the demand for it is created by the religion of the coun-try, which requires that clive oil shall be burned in the lamps used for illumi-nating the images of saints which are in

nearly every Russian house. The Navy Department has arranged for a test of the comparative merits of the wireless telegraphy systems of Marconi and Slaby and Arco, the German invent-ors. Sets of instruments have been or-dered and the test will be made between the Washington Navy-Yard and the Navai

Academy at Annapolis.
In Paris a proposal has been subn to the Municipal Council to establish wireless telegraphy posts on the boule-vards and main streets. Houseowners, shopkeepers, botels, restaurants and pri-vate citizens are invited to subscribe, just as they do at present to telephone service. Each customer is to have a small receiv. ing post in his residence. The proposed wireless system is to be used for hustness, social and domestic purposes. The novel enterprise has been referred by the City Council to the technical committee. Advices received do not explain how the recipients of the messages are going

A Ballad of Trees and the Master. Into the woods my Master went, Clean forspent, clean forspent. Into the woods my Master came, Forspent with love and shame. But the alives, they were not blind to Him, And the little gray leaves were kind to Him; The thorn tree had a mind to Him

When death and shame would woo Him From under the trees they drew him-last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him-last,
When out of the woods He came.

A Liverpool coachman appeared with his hair closely cropped. "Why, Dennis," said the mistress, "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?" "Well, mum," replied Dennis, "I do be takin notice this long while that whiniver I have me hair cut I take a bad cowld, so I thought that now, while I had the cowld on me, it would

Letters off my Mind," said the Hopeful When he dashed into the Office he car-

from behind the roll-top Desk and greeted maniac—the one who is building a House and wants to show the Plans. "How are you feeling this Morning?"

"Swell and Sassy," was the Reply, "And yet tomorrow you may join the pose you take the reactionable Endow-

you can see for yourself." "This is my-" began the Man.
"Or, you may prefer the automatic tonthe Policy with ball-bearings, to the Death Angel. 'In this case the entire Residue goes into the Sinking Fund his Barn and that he was a Candidate for his Barn and that he was a Candidate for his Barn and that he was a Candidate for his Boycott. He put in an Hour squaring the Boycott hen he turned to the Stenogtine Policy with ball-bearings," continued and draws Compound Interest. This is the Boycott. He put in an Hour squaring made possible under our new System of reducing Operating Expenses to a Minimum and putting the Executive Department into the Hands of well-known New York Financiers who do not seek Pecuniary Reward, but are actuated by a Phi-ianthropic Desire to do good to all Per-

sons living west of the Alleghenies, "That will be about all from you," said the Man. "Mosey! Duck! Up an Alley!" "My Relatives are collecting all of their Money in Advance," said the Man. "If

one along the Street that the Man lacked At 9:30 o'clock the industrious little Man picked up letter number 1 and said to the Blonde Stenographer, "Dear Sir." At that moment the Head of the Credit

the 40-pound Prodigy

into a crabbed Old Age. on the Beauty of the Weather. A Person

the Electrical Engineer, the air is brought to burning point at Niagrara Falls, producing nitric acid, and thus nitrogen compounds, at apparently reduced cost. The presence of nitrogen as a constituent of plant tissues is necessary to animals who depend entirely upon plants for their nitrogen. Lightning flashes in the air and bacteria in the earth, living on the roots of plants, seem to be the only natural acold Souse in the Porceiain. After the Reasons why the Work should be in every Gentleman's Library. Then the Agent whispered the Inside Price to him so that the Stenographer would not hear and a cold Souse in the Porceiain. After the Reasons why the Stenographer would not hear and a cold Souse in the Porceiain. The Man and began to fill out a Blank. The Man summoned all his Strength and made a

> "I don't read Books," he said, "I am an So the Agent gave him a couple of pitying Looks and departed, meeting in the Doorway a pop-eyed Person with his Hat on the Back of his Head and a Roll of Blue Prints under his Arm. The Man looked up and mouned. He recognized his Visitor as a most dangerous Mono

"I've got everything figured out," he began, "except that we can't get from the Dining Room to the Library without going through the Laundry and there's no Flue connecting with the kitchen. What do you think I'd better do?"

"I think you ought to live at a Hote., was the reply.

The Monomaniac went home and told his Wife that he had been insulted.
At 11:30 came a Committee of Ladles liciting Funds for the Home for the Friendless.
"Those who are Friendless don't know

ment with the special Proviso permitting the accumulation of both Premium and Interest. On a \$10,000 Policy for 20 Years you make \$5890 clear, whether you live or die, while the Company loses \$386744, as Bromo Seltzer.

When he rushed back to tackle his Correspondence, he was met by a large Body of Walking Delegates who told him that

Just then he got the Last Straw-a be-wildered Rufus with a Letter of Introduc

tion. That took 40 Minutes. When Rufe walked out, the Busy Man fell with his Face among the unanswared Letters. "Call a Cab," he said. "The 'Phone is out of order," was the

"Ring for a Messenger." he said.

there slowly entered a boy from the Tele graph Office The Man let out a low Howl like that of Prairie Wolf and ran from the Office When he arrived at Home he threw his Hat at the Rack and then made the Chilfren back into the Corner and keep quiet Wife told around that Henry rking too hard.

Conxing the Raindrops.

MORAL: Work is a Snap but the Inter-

issions do up the Nervous System, (Copyright, 1902.)

electricity have been carried out in Japan The probability of greater success being obtained by this means, in lieu of the system of detonating explosives in the upper air strata, has often been advocated by scientists. This attempt by the Japanese however, is the first practical effort to prove the truth of this theory, and it was attended with conspicuous success. The trials were made in the Fukushima pre Operations were commenced at 11 in the evening, but there was no sign of almospheric change until 9 o'clock next morning, when a cluster of clouds was At 10 A. M. the Man repeated "Dear observed over the hill on which the exto fall, followed by a second fall at 11 A Seminary, so far as make-up was con-cerned, took the Man by the Hand and informed him that he (the Man) was a periment of this description is scarcely Next in order of importance are the uses of alcohol as fuel for cooking, heating, and a vast range of scientific and domestic purposes. Accordingly, the present that the control of this description is scarcely while I had the cowid on me, it would be the time of all others to go and get the scientific and domestic purposes. Accordingly, the present that the oxygen in the air me halrcuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cowid."

Informed him that he (the Man) was a set the might take a bad cowid, so I thought that now, informed him that he (the Man) was a set the might that he covid on me, it would be the time of all others to go and get the time Words a Minute, he worked a Keliar teasibility of the idea,

## GEORGE ADE'S MODERN FABLE

OF THE BATCH OF LETTERS, OR ONE DAY WITH A BUSY MAN

Breakfast he came out into the Spring Sunshine feeling as fit as a Fiddle and as enippy as a 'young Colt. "Me to the Office to get that Stack of Intellectual Nit. Clear Out!"

ried 230 pounds of Steam and was keen for the Attack. A tall Man with tan Whiskers arose

asked the Stranger, Appendicitis Colony and day after torrow you may lie in the darkened Front Room with Floral Offerings on all sides," said the Stranger. "What you want is one of our nonreversible, 20-year. pneumatic Policies with the Reserve Fund Clause. Kindly glance at this Chart, Sup-

"Then you don't care what becomes of

they are not worrying over the Future,

don't see why you should lose any

So the Solicitor went out and told every Department hit him on the Back and said he had a Good One. It was all about little Frankle, the Only Child, the Phenom,

In every large Establishment there is a gurgling Parent who comes down in the Morning with a Story concerning the in-ciplent Depew out at their House. It seems that little Frankle had been told something at Sunday School and he asked his Mother about it and she told him soand-so, whereupon the Infant Joker arose to the Emergency and said: and then you get it, and any one who doesn't laugh is lacking in a Finer Appreciation of Child Nature. The Busy Man listened to Frankie's Latest and asked, "What's the So the Parent remarked to several Pec

Scientific American. Some interesting experiments for the artificial production of rain by means of

To dying ears, when unto dying eyes who might have been Professor of Bee M., and afterward a third, fourth and fifth Culture in the Pike County Agricultural —the last being about 9:30 in the evening.