

A TRICK OF MEMORY.

Memory is one of the most useful and least trustworthy of our faculties. "I mind it well, but I hae ma doots o' ma mind!" said a canny Scotchman in the witness box. A wholesome charity for the mistakes of others was learned by a certain woman from her own experience. She was about to cross the continent for a three months' visit. On the day of her departure she went to the safety deposit vault where she kept her valuables, and said to the manager that she wanted to take her box, with its contents, to her lawyer's office for an hour. Could he arrange that for her? The manager assented, and wrapped the box in a newspaper, that it might make an inconspicuous bundle.

The day passed and the woman did not return. The next morning, inquiry revealed the fact that she had gone on her journey. The manager was curious enough to ask her lawyer if he knew anything about the box.

"She left her intending to take it directly to you," said the lawyer.

That was enough to justify a telegram, as soon as the woman had reached her destination, six days later. Telegram: "Where did you put your safety deposit box?" Answer: "In the vault where it belonged." Telegram: "It is not there. Return at once."

Another week passed in wretched suspense for everyone concerned. When the woman arrived, she was in a state of nervous rage, and ready to accuse the officials of every crime in the calendar. She declared she had driven straight from her lawyer to the vault. The manager had himself let her in, and talked with her. Her story was complete in all its details. But the

glowed in the deep blue of each fragrant messenger. But, gracious alive who wants to be that nowadays?

"Violets? Dear me! Don't get those," said the florist with a prescient glance like an up-to-date Sybil with a fat bank account. "They're way out of style. No one ever buys violets any more! They're too little, too modest," she pointed to a few meager bouquets that looked very modest indeed, drooping on their wilted stems.

"They're not half showy enough, not quite correct," she beamed, with definite finality, "and one might just as well be out of the world as out of the style, you know. Of course they're sweet and pretty and fragrant, and all that," she said, giving them a vigorous shake, as though they needed a course in gymnastics. "But who wants anything like that, indeed?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes some men, the old-fashioned kind, that wear silk hats and say 'thank you,' occasionally buy them, and then, too, when a girl is in mourning and can't wear anything else, there is a slight demand, but to send violets to a girl!"—she held up her hands in horror.

"Why, I am sure she'd give them to the cook."

"Well, what do they like?" I asked. For answer I was treated to a glance that would have been a credit to an emigrant inspector.

"Like?" echoed sharp-eyed Sybil. "Why, anything that stands out, shows off; lets everybody know that you're wearing them, speaks for themselves; that's what they want."

She swept by a bower of roses, dusky with velvet beauty, and pointed to a great patch of gaudy orchids.

"There! there!" she exclaimed. "That's the kind that makes the hit; just look at them. There won't be one left after the ball to-night. Of course, I'll have to fall back on the roses to

FRENCH MAKE MONEY REARING ANGORA RABBITS.



COMBING THE HAIR, PICKING IT, AND PACKING FOR MARKET.

Thrifty French men and women make tidy sums of money rearing Angora rabbits, and selling their hair or fleece, which is woven into a superior quality of cloth much like silk, and is worn next the skin by those afflicted with rheumatism, who say they derive beneficial results. The better the animal is nourished and cared for, the longer, finer and thicker is the hair. The rabbits are also consumed for food. It is said that with proper care each rabbit may be made to yield a net profit of three dollars a year, and the occupation is very pleasant.

records of the deposit company did not substantiate it. That cast doubt enough on it so that it seemed worth while to look up the cabman who had driven the woman on that fateful day.

He was found. He remembered the circumstance well.

Had he any recollection of stopping anywhere else? Scratching his grizzled head, he slowly retraced the course, and then said, "Why, yes! We stopped at the bakery on the corner of 3d street, and you went in!"

Here was the clew. A hasty visit to the bakery revealed the newspaper bundle tucked away on a high shelf, with its precious contents undisturbed. There it had stood for a fortnight, while a woman and a half-dozen men were staying awake by night and fretting by day, accusing each other of lying and stealing, all because one woman's intention got ahead of her performance and imprinted a lie on the tablets of her memory.—Youth's Companion.

NO LONGER LOVED.

Violets Purchased Only by Old-Fashioned Men Who Say "Thank You."

If a straw may show which way the wind blows, says a well-known newspaper writer, then a violet may also serve as a vane to indicate the passing zephyrs of society.

In the present vanishing of the violet, there is no better indicator of this radical change between the woman our fathers used to call "mother" as she stitched and sewed and smiled upon her little brood, supremely happy with the bouquet of violets that sometimes graced her gown, and the smart, up-to-date Mrs. B.

Formerly when flowers were distinctly emblematic, deep with esoteric meaning, there was no greater compliment than to be presented with a bunch of violets. Poets the world over, since Adam delved and Eve went violeting, have rhapsodized over the womanly significance of its quiet fragrance. From first reader ditties about the "mossy dell where the humble violets grew," to Napoleon's eloquent tribute as he plucked it as the springtime emblem of his return from Elba, and also of Josephine's devotion, everywhere from garret to throne, it has nodded its lowly head, with a success undreamed of by haughty garden beauties. Modesty, sweetness, innate gentility—these

help out, but it'll be those bright ones there," she pointed to a crimson blot staining some snow-white hyacinths in the case beyond. "You know," she confided, "I do believe some girls would wear sunflowers if they were only fashionable. Those chrysanthemums and bright flowers do make an awful hit, and as for orchids—I followed her forefinger trying to find some mythical meaning other than a loud plea for dollars and cents. "Those, of course, are most expensive, and therefore best of all."

"Violets," she shook her head, "beautiful and fragrant and tenderly sincere, if you like, but old-fashioned, dreadfully old-fashioned, and not even to be considered, you know."

Story of a War Trophy.

Bose Garth, of Clinton, probably made the first corn sheller used in Missouri. Fifty years ago, in 1858, he devised one from water oak plank and tennepny nails. He used it on his farm until 1861, when Price's men came through there, saw it was a good thing and took it down to Jackson's mill, where it was used to shell the corn which was ground into meal for Confederate soldiers. The old corn sheller was lost track of for a number of years by its maker, but afterward he was informed that it was being preserved at Washington among other curious trophies captured from the South.—Clinton Democrat.

Still Bitter.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this package?"

"Not very," replied the still belligerent wife, indifferently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah! I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

In Guarded Tones.

Richun—Money talks, you know. Poorun—Yes, I know; but when it converses with me it never speaks above a whisper.—Illustrated Bits.

After an affecting scene at a play the men all blow their noses vigorously, and the women pat their eyes. A man's way of crying is to blow his nose.



American Agriculture.

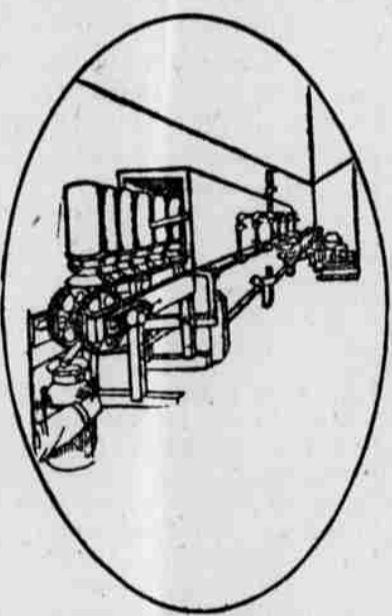
Although agriculture in America is young compared with some of the European and Asiatic countries, it has been developed to such an extent that the older countries look to us for ideas and methods to help them solve the farm problems they have to meet. Our scientists and investigators are among the foremost in the world and as an agricultural nation we need stand aside for none. To be sure, agriculture owes many of its greatest scientific discoveries to English, German and French experimenters, but in aggressiveness and practical development of ideas America is one of the leaders.

Other nations are sending their scientists to America to study how we do things here. Our country presents most of the agricultural problems to be met with in the countries of the old world and we are finding out how to solve them, and the old world wants to know how we do it. A Japanese expert is now in the United States to investigate our methods of improving worn-out soils. He says: "We have in Formosa over 500,000 acres under cultivation and we want to find out how the United States goes about it to improve the condition of its land, so we can improve our country." This is but one instance of where we are sending our ideas abroad.

We have every reason to be proud of our agricultural advancement, much of which is due to our State experiment stations and federal Department of Agriculture.—Goodall's Farmer.

Machine for Washing Cans.

The old method of cleaning milk cans, lard cans and similar receptacles will in the near future be superseded by a very ingenious apparatus invented by a Boston man. As shown in the illustration this can-washing machine washes the cans and automatically de-



WASHES MILK CANS.

posits them on the floor, where the handles can be conveniently grasped, avoiding the labor of lifting them. The cans travel while being cleaned on a movable chain, each can being placed over an upright nozzle which holds it in position. The various nozzles are connected to a supply pipe through which is forced a cleaning fluid or steam. The latter is forced out through the nozzle, thoroughly cleaning the interior of the can. The nozzles also act as guides to deposit the cans on the floor after they have traveled the length of the chain, the operation being performed automatically and smoothly without injury or accident.

Burn Dead Animals.

In the attempt to stamp out hog cholera and other contagious diseases among live stock the matter of burning all dead animals is one of considerable importance. Outbreaks of disease have frequently been traced to the careless disposal of the carcass of an infected animal. Burning is much more effective than burying, as the germs of some diseases, as anthrax, for example, retain their virility for a considerable length of time. Then in burying carcasses, unless they are placed very deep in the ground, there is always more or less danger of their being rooted or dug out. Dogs will dig open such graves and hogs will root them out.

Those who have attempted to bury a hog or horse will readily appreciate the statement that it is easier to burn than bury them. A little kerosene and a

brush heap will soon dispose of a carcass, with the certainty that all germs are destroyed. Some recommend the construction of a specially arranged furnace for this work, but on the ordinary farm this would doubtless be an added expense. It will not be a difficult matter on any farm to gather enough trash, such as brush, old rails, etc., to burn a dead animal and the expense is inconsiderable. Anyway, it is the only safe way to insure against infection.

Yellow Rust Parasite on Wheat.

An instructive account is published in the Experiment Record of the Department of Agriculture of the manner in which the yellow rust parasite acts upon susceptible and resistant varieties of wheat. In an experiment with Michigan Bronze wheat, and "rust-proof" Elngorn, young seedlings of each were infected by placing spores on the leaves. In the Michigan wheat the germ tubes passed into the inner tissues and developed rapidly, producing pustules in about ten days. In the case of the resistant Elngorn wheat the germ tubes made good their entry, but almost in the beginning showed, through the microscope, weakness and starvation, and were unable to make further progress. The wheat plant continued to flourish, except for the small dead area where the fungus entered the leaves. The reason for this resistance is unknown, but is supposed to be due to some toxic principles in the host plant.

Keep Ahead of the Weeds.

The importance of keeping ahead of the weeds is realized by every successful agriculturist. At the beginning of growth in the spring weeds start up and lead the farmer a merry chase as long as the growing season lasts. He must keep at them or they will get the start and go to seed, thereby increasing their numbers many fold. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" in the fight against weeds. A thoroughly practical farmer recently remarked that he thought the problem of weed eradication one of the most important the farmers have to face. It is indeed one of considerable moment.

Breeding Dairy Cows.

In breeding dairy cows a man should have a definite object in view. Too many shift from beef to dairy when dairy products are low, and then shift back again from dairy to beef when beef rises in value. By this method a man is constantly shifting from one breed to another, and as a result he is getting a herd that is good for neither milk nor beef. A man must have an ideal toward which he is breeding and then bend all his energies to that end. This shifting from one breed to another is a suicidal policy that will ruin any man and any herd.—Kansas Experiment Station.

Interesting Items.

It rarely pays to feed for a merely possible increase in price.

It needs faith in your occupation to bring about complete success.

Send all surplus poultry to market as soon as the fowls are in proper condition.

Don't borrow too much. It is more satisfaction both to yourself and your neighbors to have tools of your own.

While cow-peas are best adapted to light, warm soils, any good corn land will grow the crop in the latitude where the peas will mature.

Bees help to make the crops and pay the farmer for the privilege. They are little trouble to keep and may be the source of a good income.

A Spanish professor, according to German newspapers, has made the discovery that the sunflower yields a splendid febrifuge that can be used as a substitute for quinine.

W. J. Monroe, of Iowa, has the smallest colts ever born in that State. They are Shetland twins, both mares, and one weighs eighteen pounds and the other twelve pounds.

Alfalfa seed has a light olive-green color and is about the same size as red clover seed. The dead and worthless seed are the brown-colored ones. Brown seed indicate old seed, and is not apt to give good results.

A first-class quality of red clover seed should be of fair size, purple and yellow colors predominating, and always with a luster. If it is small, with many shriveled brown seed in it, it should be rejected.

Egyptian cotton has been successfully grown in New Mexico and Arizona by the Bureau of Animal Industry. Several million dollars' worth of this cotton is imported into the United States each year, and its growth here will mean a great saving.

PROLONGED LAWSUITS.

Germany Holds Record with One Settled After 478 Years.

The celebrated chancery suit of Jarndyce against Jarndyce no longer holds the record for duration, according to the London Express. "A case which has lasted at least 109 years was mentioned in the law courts recently.

Among a number of motions before the divorce court judge for leave to presume the deaths of different persons was one in the name of C. S. Pulteney.

Counsel asked that the death of C. S. Pulteney might be presumed to have taken place in the year 1780.

"When?" demanded Sir Gorell Barnes in amazement.

"In 1780," repeated counsel, amid loud laughter.

"Mr. Pulteney," he explained, "was married about 1770, and had a daughter. In 1780 he left England. He has been advertised for, but he has never been heard of since. In 1799 a sum of £1,000 was paid into court and it now amounts to £1,600."

"What has it been doing there all this time?" the judge inquired.

Counsel replied that legal proceedings were started in 1799, but nothing further was done until 1899.

"Why not?" asked the judge.

"I do not know," counsel answered.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Sir Gorell Barnes. "Who wants it now?"

"I am afraid a good many people want it now," said counsel. "The present applicant is a great-grandson of the wife of the brother of Charles Pulteney."

"Certain persons," he added, "claim the sum and proceedings are being taken in the Chancery Court. The death of C. S. Pulteney is the only link wanting in the title."

"I have not much hesitation in presuming the death of Mr. Pulteney," the judge stated. "I am quite sure he is dead."

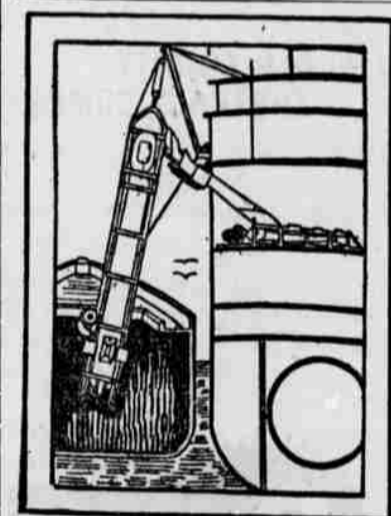
Germany, however, has beaten even this record.

A lawsuit between the local authority of Friemar, a suburb of Gotha, and certain mill owners in a neighboring village was amicably settled recently after 478 years of constant litigation, say a Central News Berlin telegram.

COALING APPARATUS.

Modern Method of Transferring Fuel from Lighter to Steamer.

The immense amount of work required to coal the modern ocean-going steamer or warship is not realized by the average layman. The present custom consists in transferring the coal by derrick from lighters in bags or buckets, requiring many days. A New



COAL TRANSFERRED TO STEAMER.

York man has seized upon this opportunity to devise an up-to-date apparatus which immensely simplifies the operation and does away with much of the hard labor now necessary. As shown in the illustration, the coal is drawn up an inclined elevator and dropped into a chute, where it runs by gravity into the hold of the vessel. Within the elevator are numerous buckets attached to a movable chain. The buckets are filled as they reach the end winding drum and automatically dump the contents into the waiting chute when they reach the top.

Carelessness of the Hens.

The Brides had been in their new country house for scarcely a week before the girl who went out to hunt for strictly fresh eggs came back empty handed.

"Where are the eggs, Ellen?" asked Mrs. Bridle.

"Sure, mum, Oi couldn't find a wan."

"Did you look in the henhouse?"

"'Tis, mum."

"And in the hayfow?"

"Oi wint all over the place."

"And the manger?"

"They warn't there, mum."

"Well, sometimes Henry collects the eggs in a basket and hangs it under the cow shed."

"Oi found the basket, but it was empty. Oi hunted all over the place and, high nor low, sorra a sign of thim eggs could Oi find anywhere."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Bridle absent-ly. "I hope they haven't been mislaid!"—London Scraps.

A well-informed physician is frequently ill-informed.