

Aunt Clara's Intercession

By WILL N. HARBEN

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She stood and watched him as he walked across the meadow toward the river in the distance. Then slowly and thoughtfully she went up the walk to her cabin. Looking about to see that she was unobserved, she went into the room adjoining the one where the baby lay asleep. Lifting a plank in the floor, she took out a rusty oyster can half filled with coins. She counted them out slowly on the table.

"Twenty-six dollars in sixty cents," she said. "But, bless yo', he wouldn't tek it f'm me, he so proud. I done tried 'im too many times w'en he is need er 'it' pocket change. Most white chittun would, dough, mighty oncasarned, but Marse Melville ain't dat sort. Well, I reckon marster is sho 'nough hard up for money, but ain't he des 'dother day boy Marfy? An what dat lazzy wench hater do some we got 'er but fan' 'erself en listen for a dinner law'n! Seem lak he is set 'iss'f' to own mo' darkies dan any other man in dis county."

She held the coin thoughtfully in her fat palm. "Now, I wonder," she went on, "if I wuz ter give dis yere money to marster, ef he wouldn't give it to Marse Melville to buy dat newniform. Seem lak he a'fays did want me to be good to his chittun. He might do it sly-lak en not tek Marse Melville know w'at he got de money f'm. Dat would be er funny joke on young marster, en I'm gwine to try 'it."

She broke out into a long, subdued laugh as she clutched the money in her hand and waddled around to the front of the great house. Softly she tiptoed across the veranda and down the long, old fashioned hall to the door of the library. Squire Howe sat before an open window smoking and reading a newspaper. He had noticed her approach.

"Come in, mammy," he said kindly as she stood at the door. "What is wrong today?"

"Nothin', marster," she replied as she came in and stood irresolutely at the mantel, awkwardly concealing her coin filled hand beneath her apron, "but I des want to ax er favor er yo', suh. My young marster—"

Her voice broke, and she could go no further.

"Well, what about him, mammy?" the old man asked reassuringly.

"Nothin'," she said in a low, trembling voice, "cept he in er sight er trouble, marster. De young men in town, all de quality boys, is got up er 'it' army er sump'n mar, en Marse Melville is jine um kase he want ter be long w'ed 'er 'em. Well, dey is up 'er 'lected 'im captain, de hard man, kase he de most 'knowenes' one en de bes' lookin' one dey got. Well, dey is all done paid fur der newniforms 'cep Marse Melville en is all raldy en waitin' to put um on en march about to show off, but dey cayn't move er peg kase Marse Melville ain't got de money fur his'n, en so he is in er heap er sho 'nough trouble. I found out 'bout it en offered Marse Melville dis yere money, but he wouldn't tek it f'm me, so I 'lowed I'd ax yo' to give it to 'im en not let 'im know it f'm me, so 'im en could git his suit all right. Dere is mo'n 'nough."

As she finished she stepped anxiously nearer and laid the money on the window sill near the squire. His features were an interesting study for a moment as his eyes wavered between the pile of coins and her expectant face. He fumbled awkwardly with his newspaper and then struck a match on the sole of his boot and lighted his pipe. Finally he pushed the money toward her.

"Take it back, mammy. You are a good old soul," he said, smiling to hide his emotion. "You have always been as true as steel to him. He does not need your money. He shall have all he wants. He asked me for it, but I was so worried about other matters that I did not think how important it was to him. I shall talk to him tonight. It will be all right. You say he was elected captain? I did not know that. He did not say anything about it."

"He didn't tek me, n'r, but de darkies was all brazin' 'em 'bout de young marster, en I heard um. Dey seh dat ever 'las' one er de young men wuz in fur Marse Melville f'm de start en dat dey cheered lak wildcats w'en he got de place."

The squire could not conceal his pride and gratification.

"He is a good boy, mammy, if I do say it. He attended to business like a thorough planter while I was away. Samson says he can 't' more work out of the hands than I can. I suppose it is because they like him so much. Now, take your money and go back to the quarters. I shall see him tonight."

At dusk that evening the squire sat on the front veranda looking on the green lawn that extended from the house down to the road. The sun had left a blood red stretch of sky beyond the shadowy hills. The air was filled with the melodious songs of the blacks as they sat in front of their cabin doors in the negro quarter. She was sitting at a table in the dim candlelight piecing a quilt.

"Why, bless me, ef it ain't marster," she exclaimed as she looked up and saw him at the door.

"Come out here a minute, mammy," he said. "I want to see you."

"Suddenly grown suspicious, she dropped her work at her feet and awkwardly shuffled out to him.

"So you knew that Melville was planning to sell that wheat?" he said in a reproachful tone.

Her eyes went down. She did not speak at once. Then she looked at him closely, carefully weighing his tone of voice and trying to read the expression of his face in the half darkness.

"Huh!" she grunted evasively. "I hain't said nothin' 'bout no wheat, marster."

"Oh, I understand that," he said quickly, reading her fears. "But Melville told me all about it, and how you advised him not to do wrong."

She continued to stare at him in min-

MARVELS OF MEMORY

SOME REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF THE POWER OF RECOLLECTION.

An Englishman Whose Wonderful Gift of Retention Brought Dismay to Voltaire—A Reporter Who Did Not Have to Take Notes.

Extraordinary memories have attracted the attention of men in all ages, and in these days a man with a retentive memory is considered to be more or less gifted.

Some good instances of remarkable memories are to be gathered from the records of Greece and Rome. Themistocles, a famous Greek general, is said to have known every citizen in Athens. No doubt Otho, the Roman emperor, owed much of his success to a remarkable memory. He learned the name of every soldier and officer in his army, and this, among other things, rendered him so popular that he was at length acclaimed emperor.

Hortensius, the Roman orator, is said to have been able, after sitting a whole day at a public sale, to give an account from memory of all things sold, with the prices and names of the purchasers.

Coming to later times, the following anecdote affords an instance of wonderful powers of memory: An Englishman went to Frederick the Great of Prussia for the express purpose of giving him an exhibition of his powers of recollection. Frederick sent for Voltaire, who was then residing at the Prussian court. At the king's request Voltaire read a long poem which he had just composed. The Englishman was present and was in such a position that he could hear every word of the poem, though he was concealed from Voltaire's notice. After the reading of the poem Frederick observed to the author that the production could not be an original one, as there was a foreign gentleman present who could recite every word of it. Voltaire listened in amazement to the stranger as he repeated, word for word, the poem which he had been at so much pains in composing, and giving way to a momentary outbreak of passion, he tore the manuscript in pieces. He was then informed how the Englishman had become acquainted with his poem, and his anger being appeased he was willing to do penance by copying down the work from the second repetition of the stranger, who was able to go through it as before.

There lived in the sixteenth century at Padua a law student who had trained his memory to such a high degree of perfection that he could recite 36,000 words after once hearing them read.

Jedediah Buxton, an illiterate person of the eighteenth century, used to put his memory to a curious use. On one occasion he mentioned the quantity of ale he had drunk free of cost since he was twelve years old and the names of the gentlemen who had given it to him. The whole amounted to 5,116 pints.

As again showing that retentive gifts were not found in the educated alone, there is a notable instance of "Blind Jimmie" who lived some years ago in Stirling. He was a poor, uneducated man and totally blind, yet he could actually repeat after a few minutes' consideration any verse required from any part of the Bible, even the obscurest and least important.

An instance of a wager being won by a feat of memory was that of a person who repeated an entire newspaper advertisement as well after a single reading.

The power of retaining events has sometimes been manifested in a marked degree. A laboring man named McCarty, at fifty-four years of age, claimed that he could recollect the events of every day for forty years. A test was made by a well known public man who had kept a written record for forty-five years. The man's statement was fully corroborated in detail, so accurate was his recollection that he could recall without apparent effort the state of the weather on any given day during those forty years.

Another instance of a wager being won by a feat of recollection was that of Mr. Futter, who several years ago was a well known title collector in Norfolk. He wagered that he could recollect every word of a sermon that was to be preached and afterward write it out verbatim. He was not seen to take notes and at the close of the sermon retired to a room and wrote out the sermon. On comparison with the manuscript, which the preacher had been asked to bring for the purpose, it was found to vary in one instance only, where a synonym had been used, but in that Mr. Futter was proved to be correct, for the clergyman had a distinct recollection of substituting one word for the other in his delivery.

When reporting was forbidden in the houses of parliament and any one seen to make notes was immediately ejected, the speeches, nevertheless, were published in the public press. It was discovered that one Woodfall used to be present in the gallery during the speeches and, sitting with his head between his hands, actually committed the speeches to memory. They were afterward published.

Lord Macaulay had a marvelous facility for remembering what he read. He once declared that if by accident all the copies of Milton's "Paradise Lost" were destroyed he would be able to write out the whole of this long poem without a single error. In fact, he once performed the marvelous feat of repeating the whole poem, making only one omission.

Charles Dickens, after once walking down a street, could remember the names of all the shopkeepers and their businesses.—London Spare Moments.

CONDENSED MILK.

Its Discovery Was Brought About by a Woman's Experiments.

"How and when was condensed milk discovered?" said a milk dealer. "Well, that is an easy question, known to all vendors of the article.

"It chanced in 1854 the journey from New Orleans to New York was a considerable trip. A certain lady—Mrs. Albert Cashinger—had a sick baby, and on account of that condensed milk was discovered.

"Mrs. Cashinger's baby was so ill that she realized that it would be necessary to make a trip to New York to receive expert medical attention if she hoped to save the child's life. But to travel that long distance the child had to have milk. Milk wouldn't keep fresh more than a few hours. So there she was, kept in New Orleans making the trip merely because she could not purchase the child with fresh milk.

"In her despair she began to experiment to see if she could not preserve milk the same as she did jelly or anything else. She tried several different methods and finally hit upon a plan which seemed to give satisfaction. So she preserved several big jars of the stuff, put it upon a sailing vessel and made the trip. The child fed upon the milk and was nourished.

"In New York several men learned of her discovery. They tried to make some of the condensed milk in the manner that she had told them, but failed. They followed her to New Orleans, and there she unwittingly unfolded her valuable secret. On the island of Galveston these men started a small factory, and there the first salable condensed milk was made.

"The woman died poor. The manufacturers made a fortune. Now condensed milk is sold in every part of the world."—Louisville Herald.

CHAMPAGNE MAKING.

The Methods That Are Used in Producing the Wine.

It is to the invention of the champagne cork that the world owes champagne, according to Court Purveyor J. Fromm of Frankfurt, Germany.

This wine is said to have been made successfully by the butler of a monastery near Eplany, in France, in 1643. The early part of the nineteenth century sparkling wines were made only in the French province of Champagne.

Next to the wine, carbonic acid forms the most important part of champagne. The picking of the grapes used requires great care to prevent discoloration. The grapes should not contain too much acid and coloring matter, but considerable sugar.

In order that the grapes should not become water, thereby fermenting prematurely, picking is done in the early morning hours. The grapes are then placed in the press at once and the Juice squeezed out very gently. After twelve to twenty-four hours it is run into vats, where its impurities are removed. After the first violent fermentation is over the young wine is put in 150 celloles, into barrels of from 125 to 200 gallons. Toward the end of December the young wine is drawn off in order to separate it completely from the yeast.

The wine is then mixed with wines of other years and kinds. It is then bottled and the progress of fermentation carefully watched, the bottles being opened to "disgorge" the albumen, yeast and other products of fermentation which it is necessary to get rid of. It is then sweetened and stored in cellars to mature for the market.

ONE KIND OF SOFT ANSWER.

It lacked but five minutes of the time for the train to start from the downtown station, and the suburbanites were hurrying into it when a man in the garb of a mechanic sat down by the side of a finely dressed passenger in one of the seats in the rear car, took a paper from his pocket and began to read.

"Plenty of empty seats in here yet, aren't there?" growled the man in fine raiment, moving along grudgingly.

"Yes, sir," pleasantly replied the newcomer, "but it will be crowded through the bustling negro quarter to Aunt Clara's cabin. She was sitting at a table in the dim candlelight piecing a quilt.

"Why, bless me, ef it ain't marster," she exclaimed as she looked up and saw him at the door.

"Come out here a minute, mammy," he said. "I want to see you."

"Suddenlv grown suspicious, she dropped her work at her feet and awkwardly shuffled out to him.

"So you knew that Melville was planning to sell that wheat?" he said in a reproachful tone.

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CONDUCTOR—YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FARE FOR THAT CHILD, SIR, BECAUSE YOU'VE SIX PASSENGER (INDIGNANTLY)—WELL, THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN ASKED TO PAY FARE FOR THAT BABY, AND HE'S RIDDEN WITH ME ON CARS FOR NINE YEARS AND MORE.

An Outrage.

Conductor—You'll have to pay fare for that child, sir, because you've six passenger (indignantly)—Well, that's the first time I've ever been asked to pay fare for that baby, and he's ridden with me on cars for nine years and more.

Easy Explanation.

"How do you account for the fact," asked the doctor, "as shown by actual investigation, that thirty-two out of every hundred criminals in the country are left handed?"

"That's easily accounted for," said the professor. "The other sixty-eight are right handed."—Chicago Tribune.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Some Characteristics of One of the Most Interesting of Men.

Ruskin's kindness had its roots in the essential sweetness of his nature. Everything in life had conspired to spoil him. He was often willful and wayward and extravagant, but the better elements of his being prevailed over those which, to his harm, were to gain power when he was released from the controlling influence of his father's good sense and his mother's authority. The extraordinary keenness of his perceptions of external things, the vivacity of his intelligence, the ardor of his temperament, the immense variety of his interests and occupations and the restless energy and industry with which he pursued them, made him one of the most interesting of men. And combined with these were deep poetic and deeper moral sentiments as well as with a born desire to give pleasure, they gave to intercourse with him a charm which increased as acquaintance grew into affectionate friendship. His mind was indeed at this time in a state of ferment. He was still mainly busy with those topics of art and nature to which his writings had hitherto been devoted. But his work in the field had led him into other fields of inquiry, which stretched wide and dark before him, through which no clear paths were visible and into which he was entering not without hope of opening a way. Henceforth his chief mission was that, not of the guide in matters of art, but of the social reformer.—Charles Elliot Norton in Atlantic.

STONE ANIMAL WORSHIP.

Images That Stand For the Buddhist Idea of Reincarnation.

Francis H. Nichols in his journey through the Chinese province of Shensi saw a temple where stone animals were worshipped. He says: "In rows of heavily barred brick cages are stone images of animals. They are all life size and are remarkably well executed. Among them are elephants, tigers and monkeys, whose sculptors must have secured their models a long distance from Shensi, where the originals are not found. The stone animals stand for the Buddhist idea of reincarnation. They are worshipped as sacred and are supposed, in a vague way, to be endowed with life. It is to prevent them from escaping and running away from their worshippers that the cages have wooden bars in front of them. Between the two temples was a pond, where fish were fonged or set at liberty. In its workings the system of fonging animals has very much the effect of a humane society on the western side of the world. On the theory that any of the brute creation may be the dwelling place of the soul of a former human being, lame and sick animals become the care of the priests. In some of the larger temples special provision is made for caring for sick cats and dogs. To fong an animal of any kind is considered an act of supreme virtue. To obtain good luck a pious Chinaman will sometimes purchase a live fish and have a priest fong it. This is done by placing it in the pond reserved for the purpose near the temple."

A PAPER BAG.

Used as a Life Preserver It Saved a Man From Drowning.

A common flour sack—a paper bag—and the use of his wits saved Chris Hansen, a hunter, from drowning at Hanselito, Cal. The Quiver tells the story. Hansen had been accustomed to spend the early morning hours shooting on the bay. One morning, while he was returning in a skiff from the hunting grounds, his shotgun, which was lying in the bottom of the boat, was accidentally discharged. The full contents of the barrel passed through the bottom of the skiff and tore a large, jagged hole.

In a few minutes the boat began to settle, and the man's most desperate efforts could not stop the incoming water. He grasped the oars and, snatching a tough paper bag which he used for carrying his game, began to tie them together as a float to assist him to reach shore.

When he had finished his task he jumped into the water. The boat sank a moment later. Hansen could not swim well, and he found the oars but little support. He was beginning to lose courage when he noticed that a portion of the sack used in tying the oars together had become filled with air. He snatched it up and held the open end toward the breeze until it filled with wind.

Hansen used this improvised life preserver to assist in keeping him afloat and easily remained on the surface of the water. The tide and the use of his legs gradually propelled him toward the shore, and the drifting man soon got a foothold.

THE BLACK PANTHER.

So Fierce That Even Lion Trainers Dare Not Handle Him.

Of all the big, dangerous cats, none is more unapproachable and more treacherous than the black panther. Haunting the heart of the deepest African jungle, lithe and supple of body, alert and nervous, this stealthy marauder exceeds in ferocity even a Bengal tiger. He is the only big feline that the lion trainer does not venture to train, and he is the only cat so absolutely distrustful that he shuns even the light of day. Often he will lie all day long in a dusky corner of his cage, his yellow slit eyes shifting and gleaming restlessly.

Even the feeding hour, when pandemonium breaks loose among the big cages, when hungry roars and squeals mingle with impatient snarls and stamps of heavy bodies against steel bars, is apt to have no effect on him. He may lie by his chunk of raw beef suspiciously and not venture forth until day has waned and the last visitor left to tear meat from bones with his long, white fangs.

In fact, so ugly and vicious is this beast that frequently he turns on his own kind, and in many instances it is impossible to cage him even with a mate.—McClure's Magazine.

Don't eat when tired and don't work when tired. It is a mistake to work when not in a fit condition—bad for the work and worse for you.

WOMAN AND FASHION

New Warm Weather Blouse.

The new model for a summer blouse here shown is of white taffeta mousseline, gathered at the top to a plain yoke, which is bordered with little half wheels composed of bands of the silk



NEW PLAIN YOKE BLOUSE.

and fagoting. Bands of fagoting, bordered with the wheels, trim the front of the blouse, the lower part of which forms a wide bow plait.

The stole collar and the cuffs are composed of an applique cut from white cloth and embroidered. The ruffles are of brussels lace.

Headgear For Morning Wear.

Hats for morning wear are mostly of the Breton sailor type in a variety of colored straws, with little straw roses and straw bows. Bright corse shading into paler pinks and dark browns taking in notes of brilliant orange, bright blues deepening into navy, are among the smartest examples of this type of neat headgear to be worn with the tailor made for morning wear in town and on various occasions with the practical frock.

A simple hat is of flexible shaded brown straw. Owl's feathers encircle the crown, the broad brim is lined with tucked shaded brown silk, and a large bow of the same rests on the hair at the back.

Large white picture hats inset with lace and adorned with one large ostrich feather are among the season's novelties.

Lace on Sleeves Going Out.

Six months ago all fashionable street and carriage gowns were made with sleeves filled with white lace. This fashion was a boon to the woman with some too lovely hands, and her poorer sisters hastened to dress up her last winter's suit by sewing lace at the cuffs. Now is the time to rip off the lace, because lace trimmed cuffs are gone. It is almost the badge of being behind the time to have lace deck the wrists. Black lace is not so bad, and a bit of white ruching is proper, but white lace is hopeless. The end of this fashion is heralded by many with acclamation. The white lace dragged in everything. It was constantly in the way, and at tea or luncheon table it was a nuisance.

A Warm Weather Frock.

A charming warm weather frock is shown in the illustration. It is of light blue chiffonette over light blue taffeta. The upper part of the skirt is finely tucked, and the lower part, which is extremely full, hangs loose and is inset with three bands of point applique



GOWNS OF CHIFFONETTE OVER TAFFETA.

here surrounded by narrow black chantilly lace. The bottom band is straight, but the other two bands are cut in double curves, and all are applied to the skirt by tiny blue silk cord.

The bodice is made with a full tucked blouse and large bishop sleeves and is trimmed with an old fashioned shaped cape formed of two bands of applique lace and black chantilly lace mounted to a small pointed yoke of fine ecru batiste embroidered in the English cut out with an edged with a ruche of very narrow black chantilly lace.

Fashions in Sleeves.

The fashionable sleeve shows a marked tendency to increase in size. Below the elbow a really dressy sleeve can hardly be too voluminous, and the strictly tailor made costumes are also launching out into big puff sleeves over a very wide cuff.

Saved by Early Instruction.

Mrs. Crawford—I'm glad we taught our boy Hiram never to loaf around corners. Mr. Crawford—Got another object lesson, Maria? Mrs. Crawford—Yes. The paper says a young man lost a fortune on a corner in Wall Street.—Philadelphia Record.

Bloodless.

"I see Jennie Gayleigh is to undergo another operation?"

"Dear me! Appendicitis again?"

"No. She's going to have her husband amputated."—Town Topics

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

One Meets With Nature's Surprises There at Every Turn.

Probably no area of equal extent contains so great a number of natural objects capable of arousing wonder, enthusiasm and awe as are found crowded together in the park. Its many scenic features of restful charm, found alongside areas of never ending activity, with weird, grotesque surroundings, surprise one at every turn. Yellowstone lake, the largest sheet of water in America at so high an elevation, with its indented shore line and 140 square miles of surface dotted with forested islands, presents to lovers of nature a series of picturesque landscapes unequalled upon any other inland waters. The far famed falls of the Yellowstone, with their unique and marvelous rock setting, and the Grand Canyon, with its majestic outlines and brilliant coloring, are worthy of all the praise bestowed upon them and merit a separate descriptive article. More than a score of waterfalls and cascades, some of them of exquisite grace and beauty, pour the waters of mountain torrents and plateau lakes from the uplands to the lowlands. Many of them well deserve a visit, but their fame is obscured by the real marvels of the Yellowstone. Again, the fossil forests, so seldom visited, tell a most interesting story of a buried plant world, of explosive eruptions of mud volcanoes and the gradual piling up of erupted lavas and ashes. All these, enticed as they seem, appear insignificant when compared with the hydrothermal phenomena displayed in geysers, boiling springs, hot lakes, solfataras and numerous fumaroles, which have gained for the park the appellation of the wonderland of America. Unquestionably it is this hot water treatment which the region has undergone that has developed most of the objects of interest and made the park famous the world over. Even the lake owes much of its attractiveness to its hot springs and paint pots, and the Grand Canyon would lack its brilliancy of coloring and its sculptured buttressed walls but for the long continued action of hot as well as cold water.—Arnold Hague in Scribner's.

PITH AND POINT.

No grown person should ever hate a child.

Any man who has money can have lithographs printed claiming a big show.

The trouble with having a good word for everybody is that when you pay a compliment it doesn't count.

We hope we are not lacking in sympathy, but when they tell us that a fat woman is "delicate" we laugh.

After a man has been engaged three or four weeks he begins to find opportunities to take sides in her quarrels.

We don't know what it requires to become skillful at repartee, unless it is to think as quick as when the baby has the croop.

Ever notice how people reach over the preserves after the pickles? And how they insist on passing pickles instead of preserves to others?—Atchison Globe.

Queer Tastes.

Speaking of mysterious tastes, that of a man who was recently before the magistrate at Greenwick is not very easy of explanation. Three weeks ago a legacy of \$130 was left to him. The first thing he bought, it seems, was a set of billiard balls, and he now has nothing else left to show for the \$130, which has disappeared at the rate of \$43.68, six weeks. Why billiard balls? It is a singular and rather interesting form of craving. It is perhaps true that a billiard ball is one of the very few perfect objects produced by man. It is all of a piece, it is thoroughly homogeneous as regards material, and it is, or should be, faultless in form. Yet only a strong strain of mysticism in the character would account for a man hungering and thirsting for billiard balls above all other earthly things.—London News.

Eyeballs Sold by the Million.

"Eyeballs," said a manufacturer, "are, like needles, pins and matches, sold by the million instead of by the pound. I don't suppose anybody could tell how many million eyeballs are sold every year in New York, but the number is prodigious. Eyeballs are made for a variety of uses, from the huge white metal loops sewed into the corners of ships' sails to the tiny eyeballs for the dainty slipper of a baby. The greatest number of eyeballs made are, of course, for shoes. They are put up in boxes of 100,000, 250,000 and 500,000. Only those proportions are packed. They cost anywhere from \$50 to \$130 a million."—New York Times.

Low Belling.

What used to be known as "low belling" was formerly a common sport in England and an effective method of capturing all sorts of birds which roost on the ground, from larks to partridges. Boys still sometimes amuse themselves with it in the rural districts of England and the peasants of Spain and the south of Europe make a business of it. The only necessary apparatus is a large bell, like a cowbell or a dinner bell, and a lantern with a reflector to cast a bright ray of light on the ground. The fowler turns out on dark nights and walks the fields ringing the bell steadily and searching the ground in front with the lantern. The noise or the light, or the two combined, have such an effect in dazzling or terrifying the birds that they may be picked up in the hand.

Overheard on the Pier.

"Is this all?" demanded the custom house inspector as he finished up Binks' trunks.

"Well, no," said Binks. "I got a new wife over in Paris. That little woman over there with the pink cheeks is she."

"All right," said the inspector. "We'll have her appraised. She looks like a work of art."—Life.

Marked Attention.

"Has he shown you any marked attention?"

"Why, yes; he left the price tag on the ring he gave me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer