

Fewer Men Using Umbrellas. I believe the use of umbrellas by men is largely being discontinued...

The umbrella will become as obsolete as the rubber overshoe is today. Not many years ago shoes with soles as heavy as those of the finest foot wear...

The rain coat will be surely put on the shelf. It is light and comfortable, stylish in appearance and can be carried with as little inconvenience as an umbrella or cane...

His Job of Skinning Eggs. For more than a week the man had been out of work. One Monday night, however, when he came back to the lodging house he reported "good luck."

"Break eggs," was the reply. "I've got a position in a cake and cracker factory. They have people in those concerns who do nothing but crack eggs. They begin it at 8 o'clock in the morning and keep it up till 6 o'clock at night. In that time, they tell me, a man who has become expert at the business can crack 9,000 eggs, or an average of 1,000 an hour. And he doesn't smash them all at one clip either. He tackles them singly and disposes of them in groups of five to eight. In order to avoid any accident with the overripe eggs five of them are broken into a bowl and then added to the general stock."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated his friend. "What a monotonous grind! How much do you get for it?"

"One dollar a day," said the lucky man. "When I get up to the thousand an hour mark I'll get \$150."

Maxim Gorky's Wealth. From the many stories that have been printed about Maxim Gorky's early life of poverty, the general designation of him as the "tramp author" and his persecution by the Russian government an impression prevails that the leading writer of Russian fiction of today is a poor man and not at all a practical one.

As a matter of fact, he is not only comparatively rich, but he has shown himself to be a good business man as well. He organized and is the head of one of the largest publishing concerns in St. Petersburg, which issues the works of the best known Russian authors. Although the concern is called the Knowledge Publishing company, has only been in business for a few years, Gorky is known to have made \$125,000 out of it in that time.

Children of London. Sir Lander Brunton, who has given much attention to the feeding of the children of London's poor, writes: "In the out-patient department of St. Bartholomew's hospital I found, as the result of many inquiries, that an ordinary rule of feeding was: 'Mother a bit and a sup and baby a bit and a sup,' although the bit sometimes consisted of a red herring and the sup of gin and water." As Sir Lander adds, the results of such feeding could not be better described than in the words of a poor woman: "I have had thirteen children and have buried them all except this one. I cannot understand how it came about, for I never denied them anything they craved for."

Russia's Lack of Sailors. Writing from Russia many years ago, Richard Cobden said: "People confound in their minds the defensive and the aggressive power of Russia. She is invulnerable against foreign attack by land because no large army can be concentrated within her borders. She has a large force of ships of war, but they are manned by serfs taken from the villages of the interior, who are underserving the name of sailors, and it is pretty certain they would never venture into an engagement with an English or American fleet, and if they did it is quite certain they would be taken or destroyed." The present war has proved that Russia still lacks effective seamen.

Heaviest Back Burden. Probably the greatest weights carried on the backs of men for any distance are the loads of ore brought up from the mines of the Andes by miners of Chile. In a copper mine in a ravine leading from the main range of the Cordilleras all the ore is carried a vertical distance of 450 feet, and the average weight per man is 250 pounds. This load is carried up ladders made of notched trunks of trees set almost upright, one touching the other.

Stick to Their Own Tongue. In Wales there are about 508,000 people who cannot speak English, Welsh being their only language; in Scotland there are 43,000 persons who can speak nothing but Gaelic, and in Ireland there are 32,000 who can express themselves only in the Irish tongue.

Juju Worshipers. The Aro tribe, inhabitants of southern Nigeria, worship the "Long Juju." This is a jealously guarded circular pool of water to which sacrifices of human beings and animals are made. Each house has also its own private "Juju." The boys of this tribe on reaching a certain age are put through various tests of physical endurance, one of which is to run twice round the town, about four miles, without stopping.

POLLY LARKIN

"It seems to me the world is growing worse and worse every day, Polly, or rather the people in it are," said a little lady the other day. "You know for a long time corporal punishment was done away with in a great measure, and you heard nothing of the pillories and the whipping posts; people would have frowned down any suggestion that punishment of that kind should be meted out to offenders. The tide has turned, however, and more than one state has adopted the whipping post and pillories for prisoners. There is only one place I would advocate its use and that is in the case of men who beat their wives and children. In those cases I say lay it on hard and fast and give them some of their own medicine. That is the only place I can see where it is justifiable. A man once severely punished for this offense will doubtless not have to have the treatment repeated in a hurry. If he has a spark of manhood left he will feel humiliated, and will try in every way to atone for the mistake and not let it occur again. I noticed where an enterprising woman had invented a whipping machine for wife-beaters and it does the work most effectively. She doubtless knew by experience some of the trials and tribulations that come into a household where the husband is disposed to be a tyrant and who shows his authority in the household by beating his better-half or the children. I think it is a bad state of affairs when cities and towns have to resort to the whipping posts. Only the other day, the board of education in one of our prosperous cities met and discussed the plan of putting a spanking machine into the schools for refractory girls. I tell you, Polly, straws show which way the wind blows and we are not advancing but rather going back. Does not that show it?"

Children should not be ruled by fear. They are intelligent human beings and they should be reasoned with, and if they don't know right from wrong, then point out their faults, take them into your confidence and strive in every way to bring out the best that is in every girl and boy to more or less extent. It will be hard at first but the reward for all of your trouble will be great when it does at last come into the right. Reasoning and appealing to the higher motives of the child, making him feel that the still small voice of conscience should be listened to and its pleadings and its warnings obeyed; brings out the manly and noble traits of character and their buoyant spirits will soar like the butterfly, punish and humiliate him and nine times out of ten if he is of a sensitive and refined nature or timid and shrinking, he will be made sullen and morose by corporal punishment; all the obstinacy and rebellion in his whole being rises up, and it will be many a long day before he gets over the effect of what he terms an injustice. He will shrink within himself and the spirit that should soar will go back into the ugly chrysalis of his nature, leaving him bitter and disappointed. You can lead such a boy or girl, but you cannot drive them. I predict that there will be more boys play hooky from school and more run away from home and seek their fortunes elsewhere in those places where the schools adopt whipping as a punishment, than where present good laws are in practice. Corporal punishment makes a child afraid to tell the truth for he dreads the consequences. He will flinch quick enough if it is going to save him from the wrath of stern parents or teachers. Give the boy a show and treat him like he is a little gentleman, with power to reason out for himself the difference between right and wrong, bringing out the brave and true.

Here is the way to keep your husband always your love and contented and happy with his lot, and with no desire to forsake the benefits, according to a bright little woman who glories in the fact that though she and her husband have been married six years their honeymoon has never waned. She says: "When he comes in at night, tired with the day's work, I never have a doleful, dark tale of woe to relate, but I tell him all the cheerful, bright bits of news, the gossip kind that does no one an injury. I never allow him to see me irritable or cross—nor do I allow him to find me slovenly in my dress. I take just as much pains to appear dainty and attractive as I did in the days of our courtship. This is just where so many women make their mistake. They become careless and think, 'oh, it's just home and any old dress, probably grubby and frayed at the edges, will do. Possibly her hair will be uncombed and still in curl papers, articles in a woman's toilet that should have disappeared before the breakfast hour was announced. The clean white collar or the pretty ribbon which were always in evidence in her girlhood days is missing, the daintily manicured finger nails are in mourning, and you can hardly believe that this slovenly woman was once the pink of neatness. I avoid all of this, and while I do my own work, still I manage to get my dinner started, the table set as carefully as though we expected guests, and flowers on the table if it is only two or three graceful leaf fern leaves. I rest a few minutes, if it is only to sit down in a big easy rocker for about ten minutes with my eyes closed and my mind dwelling on something pleasant. I get up refreshed, put on a fresh dress or brighten the one I have on with ribbons or laces,

and arrange my hair, for I never let him see me looking a bit frowsy or untidy. I meet him always at the front door and let him know how welcome he is and how happy I am to have the noontide or dinner hour roll around. 'Does he appreciate all this?' you ask. You just ask him. Or better still, visit us in our own home, for our friends are always welcome, and you can judge for yourself. Gradually he has dropped out of the various lodges he belonged to simply because home is more attractive to him, and he shows his appreciation by remaining home with me. I have never raised any objections and he has given them up by one of his own accord. There is no rhyme or reason for a woman losing the admiration and respect of her husband unless he happens to be a man without principle and without honor, and looking out for his own selfish pleasure, regardless of wife and home ties. There are exceptions, I will admit, but I would like to believe they are few and far between.

BRIEF REVIEW.

A Wonderful Flower. The Canadian Manufacturer reports the remarkable phenomenon of the discovery of a flower incased in a hole in an old iron casting, the flower being in a perfect state of preservation. A workman engaged in breaking up old iron at a foundry in Ontario came across an old wheel that had done service on a stationary engine for many years. On breaking it he discovered in a crevice a flower blossom in perfect condition, its color being as fresh as the day it found its way into its mysterious hiding place. It had evidently fallen into the casting when it was being poured, and in some manner escaped injury from the molten metal. As the cavity was perfectly airtight it naturally retained its freshness until exposed to view.

Build Cyclone Pits. As a result of the tornado at Snyder, Okla., inhabitants of the "New Country," in Oklahoma are digging 5,000 tornado cellars. City officers and town boards are urging the construction of such cellars, and some towns have passed ordinances requiring that these refuges be dug. At Hinton, the following official public notice has been published: "On nights when clouds look at all dangerous a sentry will be stationed in the bell tower, provided with a repeating shotgun. If there is apparent danger he will ring the bell and fire a number of shots in quick succession. Also any person who sees a storm coming when the sentry is not stationed will be expected to fire a gun."

Used 200 Diamonds Making a Saw. A large saw, containing 200 teeth, with a Brazilian diamond imbedded in each tooth, has just been completed by the Atkins saw works of Indianapolis. The saw is to be used for sawing stone and will be placed in one of the big quarries at Bedford, Ind. Although a few saws of the kind have been used in this country before, they are practically new in the West. The saw just finished is eight feet in diameter and five-sixteenths of an inch thick. Each stone is set in a different position, just as the alternate steel teeth of a saw are located. The diamonds are about a carat in size and very dark. The average value of the stones is \$20.

Ruse Became Reality. A dispatch from DuBois in the Philadelphia Press says: "In order to test the love of his sweetheart, 'Bert' Brown wrote a letter to the girl informing her of his death on the railroad and signing it the name of a rival. With the letter still in his pocket, before he had had time to mail it, Brown suffered the identical death which he had pictured. Brown and John Friedman were walking along the railroad when a train killed both."

Noise Cut Off. Ortis Martelle, an employe at the American Window Glass company's big plant in Hartford City, Ind., had his nose entirely severed from his face by a peculiar accident. A workman carrying a large cylinder of window glass on his shoulder collided with him, striking him in the face. His prociocesis was completely cut off. He picked it up, put it back in place and hurried to a physician.

Permission Sought. At Governor Herriek's office a letter was received from "Miss L. Need," of Bedford, O., who wants permission to don men's wearing apparel. The woman says she works on a farm and that skirts interfere with her usefulness. She wants to know if the governor can not give her permission to get into trousers.

Snake in Her Stomach. For the past 12 years Mrs. John Daniels, aged 33 years, of Iowa, has been a sufferer, and physicians were baffled as to the cause of her trouble. A short time ago a garter-snake more than seven inches in length was taken from her stomach. The reptile was dead, and how long it had been in her stomach nobody can tell. Mrs. Daniels died.

Riches. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy beings; that man is the richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.—John Ruskin.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Demolishing the Higher Criticism. Shortly before his death General Fitz Hugh Lee of Virginia addressed the New Jersey legislature in connection with a commemorative celebration at the historic town of Jamestown. After his speech, relates the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, the conversation drifted to the early history of Virginia and incidentally the matrimonial alliance between Captain John Smith and Pocahontas.

"I never discuss marriage," said General Lee, "without thinking of an old darky preacher in my state who was addressing his dark skinned congregation when a white man rose up in the back of the building. 'Mr. Preacher,' said the white man, 'Sir to you,' said the parson. 'Sir to you, Preacher, you are talking about Cain, and you say he got married in the land of Nod after he killed Abel. But the Bible only mentions



"YOU HEAR DAT, BROTHERS AND SISTERS? Adam and Eve as being on the earth at that time. Who, then, did Cain marry? Did he marry his mother?' 'The preacher shouted. 'Huh,' he said. 'You hear dat fool question I am axed.' Cain, he went to de land of Nod, just as de good book tells us, and in de land of Nod Cain gets so lazy and so shifless dat he up and marries a gal of one of de no count pore white trash families dat de inspired apostle didn't consider fit to mention in de holy word."

A Cruel Experiment. Miss Estelle Reel, the general superintendent of the government's Indian schools, was talking about cruelty. "Cruelty," she said, "is lack of imagination. It isn't true that only savages are cruel. All people without developed minds—minds capable of sympathy—are cruel. Children till they have learned to think are cruel invariably."

"Let me tell you about a little boy," she said. "To this little boy there were given two images of plaster coated on the outside with pink sugar. He wanted to eat the images, but he was warned on no account to do so. 'They are poison,' he was told. 'If you eat them, it will kill you.' 'However, the little boy was dubious. He had been cheated before by grownup people. Day after day he asked if he might not eat the images. Finally he had a young friend, Richard Howe, to spend the day with him, and that night it was discovered that one of the images had disappeared. 'This mother, nearly frantic, rushed to 'Harold' she said, 'where is that pink image?' 'Harold frowned as he answered de faintly. 'I gave it to Richard Howe, and if he's alive tomorrow I'm going to eat the other one myself.'—Buffalo Enquirer.

Humiliated Hamilton's Insult. When Humiliated Hamilton was speaker of the Maine house of representatives there was a member of the name of Allen, who was noted for the great ease with which he combated his hearer. Hamilton liked a joke as well as any one, and he sent a page to Mr. Allen, asking him to step up to the speaker's desk. Mr. Allen was gravely informed by the speaker that one of the hairs on the top of his head was lying across another one. He never forgave Hamilton for insulting him, as he called it.—Boston Herald.

Peter Paul of Arrostook. An Indian named Peter Paul, living in Arrostook county, shot a mouse near the New Brunswick line, says the Boston Herald. The laws of Maine prohibited the mouse by a fine of \$20. He was arrested and brought into court, but pleaded not guilty, claiming the mouse was shot in Victoria county. The judge sentenced him to pay a fine of \$50.

When Peter Paul paid his fine he said to the judge, "Me wants a receipt." The judge replied: "We never give receipts. It is on the court record." "Me must have a receipt," said Peter. "Me die some day. When me say to St. Peter say, 'Who's there?' Me say, 'Peter Paul.' St. Peter go away, look over de books, come back and say, 'I find a crime standing against you of shooting a mouse, violating the laws of your state.' Me put me hand in me pocket and take out de receipt. St. Peter open de gate and tell me walk in. If me have no receipt me have to go down below to find you."

An Economical Housewife. "Why do you so often invite that old gossip, Mrs. Brown?" "Oh, she always knows so many interesting things to tell that every one forgets to eat, and almost all the cake is left."—Filigonde Blatter.

Naturally. "I've got a new way at my house," said the barber proudly, as he began operation on the face before him. "That's my fourth." "All right shavers, eh?" said the bathed customer.—Baltimore American.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.) The famous photographic plate showing President Roosevelt on horseback taking a three rail fence probably has earned for its owner more money than any other negative in the country. The man who took the picture declares that it has already made \$6,000 for him, and his capacity is not exhausted by any means.

"There is no end to the demands for the picture from individuals. I sell ten of them to one of the president's bust, or of any other public man for that matter. It is a great seller."

The jumping picture is a favorite of the president's also. He gives a great many of them away with his signature on the bottom. Dozens of them are purchased every week by strangers who then send them to the White House with requests for signatures.

The picture is one of a score taken a couple of years ago. The photographer was on hand at the Chevy Chase Hunt club by appointment one day and took picture after picture of the president as the latter cheered the race.

Hezbollah Gets Plait's Seat. The seat in the United States senate occupied for many years by the late Senator Orville H. Platt will be filled next winter by Senator Heyburn of Idaho. It is known on the program of the senate as No. 6 and was pulled out by the Idaho man during the last session, not because he expected Senator Platt to die soon, but because he regarded it as the most desirable one in the entire chamber and wanted to put in an early claim for it.

Under the system of awarding seats in this body the first man to file a claim on a seat gets it on the death, resignation or defeat of the occupant. Senator Heyburn has been unfortunately located over since he entered the senate. He has a seat in the back row, directly in front of a door that opens on the east portion of the capitol.

President a Taxidermist. President Roosevelt has become a taxidermist. On his return from a hunting trip a large grouse was presented to him by students of a school of taxidermy at Omaha. The president accepted this specimen and has undertaken to mount some of his own trophies of the chase.

Last year when the president went to the national park the only animal he killed was a peculiar mouse, which he named Mouse. Now Mr. Roosevelt is said to have started a regular course of instruction in taxidermy.

Visited Him at the Capitol. Pigeons are loosed in the summer home of Jefferson Davis, and the Southern Historical society is indignant at such a violation. The summer place of Jefferson Davis, on the New Cut road, has been turned into a stock farm, and Jefferson Davis' home in Washington has been transformed into a stockbroker's office.

Another piece of vandalism has occurred at Prospect cottage, on the Potomac, for many years the home of E. D. E. Southworth. A local railroad company has purchased the property from the Southworth heirs and has let the cottage to rent vendors, and penmen, fruit and soft drink counters are erected in the grounds and in the home of the once popular author. Mrs. Southworth wrote fifty novels in Prospect cottage.

President to Visit Florida. Five of the leading Republicans of Florida, a state where the Republican organization is always harmonious, called on the president recently and urged him to visit points in that state when he goes south in October. They not only wanted him to go to Jacksonville and cities in the northern part of the state, but to Tampa and the far south. The president said he could not now say how many places he would visit, but that he intended to go to Jacksonville. Florida is one of the states the president has not taken in since he became president, and he has no intention of omitting a stop there.

Admiral Dewey's Grog. Some time ago when Admiral Dewey called at the White House and was going away some of his newspaper friends spoke to him about his health. He said that it was all right, but that his physician had seen fit to have him discontinue the use of spirits of any kind "out of my grog," as the admiral expressed it. The man who whipped the Spaniards at Manila bay never drank much grog in his life, but he didn't mind being so physically shape that he could sup a little grog if he desired. Some newspaper man who did not understand that the admiral's remarks were personal and not intended for publication sent out a little story about it. The story has gone all over the country, and when Admiral Dewey was leaving the White House the other day after a call upon the president he spoke of it.

THE ALLIGATOR'S JAWS.

They Will Open If You Stick Your Fingers In His Eyes. "If ever you have the luck to be caught by an alligator put a finger in each eye," says an old Australian hunter. "That will have the effect of making him open his jaws, and then you can make the most of your opportunity. There are several known instances of the escape of natives by that means. Alligators prefer their food high, so the chances are if you are caught you will be deposited on the bottom somewhere. I heard of one native escaping even then. When crossing the rivers the natives carry stout sticks, so if encountered by an alligator they can ward him off by shoving a stick down his throat."

"Alligators have enormous strength I have evidence besides my own experience. At Port Essington a buffalo was drinking in a stream when an alligator nipped it by the head and drowned it. Soon afterward a horse was caught while drinking at the same spot. It dragged the alligator about forty yards before the brute let go. Mr. Robinson anchored the body of a horse a little distance out from a cliff close to his camp. In due time he had his chance and shot a fifteen foot alligator."

LAPLAND BABIES.

For Their First Few Months They Live in Wicker Baskets. Little Laplanders spend their first few months of their existence in baskets of wickerwork provided at the top with a conical framework too close for the baby to fall through and yet giving the infant plenty of light and air.

The basket idea curiously parallels the Indian idea of strapping the papoose into a carrying case, but the Lapp baby has the advantage over its Indian fellow in that its limbs are unconfined and a certain amount of liberty of movement is afforded.

The child is carried from place to place in the same basket, the cord by which it is attached to a tree being slung over the shoulder.

COSTLY DISHES.

Dining Services of Siles and Dishes of Rare China. I happened to be in Tiffany's and asked one of the head men if it is true that people really eat out of gold plates. He smiled and, turning to a young man, said, "Bring me an after dinner coffee set."

And presently the young man returned with a small tray holding three small pieces. They were gracefully fashioned and looked like gold. And the tray looked like gold.

"What do you think they are?" asked the head man. "Silver gilt," I suggested. "Hold it," he said and put the service in his hands. "It's heavy," said I, "but it can't be solid gold." "That's what it is," he assured me and pointed to the mark. "These four pieces—the tray, the coffee pot, the cream pitcher and the sugar bowl—are eighteen carat gold, solid. The price is \$2,000."

Not only is it true that a number of millionaires in America own plates of solid gold or silver gilt (which latter is considered good enough for European royalty), but there are rich families who boast sets of china costing from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a dozen, so that the breaking of a single plate means the loss of several hundred dollars.—Success.

A DIFFERENCE IN NAMES.

Some Orders That Puzzled the New York Fish Dealer. The fish market man glanced at the greentinted figure of a man, took a pointer and remarked: "I wish that fellow would learn to talk United States. He comes in here and says, 'Have you any squitunge?' and after awhile I find out he wants weakfish. Then one day he ordered a horse mackerel, and I had to send for a dictionary before I found out that he wanted bluishfish. Where did he come from? New England, he says, and calls things by the names they do down there.

"Strange that a few miles should make such a difference in fish names. Why, when he wants a blackfish he calls for tautang and orders quahogs when he wants clams. He is almost as bad as an Englishman who came into a meat market where I worked once and asked us if we had any savory duck. 'This is no poultry shop,' said I. 'I know it,' replied he. 'Then why do you ask for duck?' said I. 'What do you suppose he wanted? Nothing in the world but hog's pluck, or pig's liver, as the overrefined call it.'—New York Press.

Concerning Seasickness.

Two congressmen, discussing the discomforts of travel, happened to branch off on to the subject of seasickness. One of them said: "Talk about seasickness, the fellow that traveled with me on my last European trip bent anything I ever met in all of my experience before. I tried all sorts of remedies on him, but without avail. He kept repeating, 'Oh, I am so sick, I am so sick.' 'Finally I cried out, 'Can't you keep anything on your stomach?' 'Only my hands, Tom, only my hands.'—Harper's Weekly.

A Bold Girl.

Her Mother—If you marry him you need never expect me to come to see you. Daughter—Will you put that into writing? "What for?" "I want to give it to Fred as a wedding present."

Not There Yet.

Claude—Don't you think my mistake is becoming? Maude—Well, it may be coming, but it hasn't got there yet.—New York Times.

THE LASTING BRICKS.

Once Made, These Cakes of Baked Clay Are Good For All Time. From the time the clay is dug out of its bed until it finds its permanent place in some building's walls as a brick it is handled by not less than a hundred times and by more than a score of different individuals.

Take into account the persons and processes directly and indirectly interested in brickmaking, masonry building and inhabiting such buildings, and the human mind is baffled by figures reaching into the trillions—and a trillion is written 1,000,000,000,000! Once made, a brick is practically indestructible. Nearly every brick that has ever been made by man from the beginning of time is still in existence on this earth. The men who made and laid them and who directed these operations have long since been gathered into dust. Some of them have doubtless contributed in their bodies to the making of more bricks. But the steadfast and enduring square of baked clay persists and will until the heavens and earth are shriveled like a scroll.

Upon inscriptions in bricks our earliest knowledge of human history depends. Kings whose glory has passed so utterly that all but their names have perished still owe the perpetuation of these names to a mark in the perishable brick.—Chicago Journal.

Prevalent Politeness.

"The custom house nuisance can be greatly abated by a knowledge of foreign manners," says an experienced traveler. "Politeness is not absolutely thrown away even on American custom houses officials, and in France it is three-quarters of the battle. The whole secret of getting easily and comfortably through the douane lies in the greatest possible politeness and the least possible appearance of hurry. 'Parдон, monsieur; si vous avez la bonte,' etc., is a safe prelude to a happy and rapid release. If you have nothing to declare say so at once and at the same time begin to open your bags and boxes. In nine cases out of ten this will have the effect of making the officer chalk all your boxes without a word. A little joke, too, about the absurdity of reporting anything into so perfect a country as France or some such mild jest will often go far to put you on the best of terms with the douanier. But above all things be polite. Remember that in France you cannot lay it on too thick."

Small Plastic Judgments.

That insects think is the belief of a French neurologist who has been making careful observations of ants and bees. He thinks that, between the ideas of the naturalist who regards insects as mere automatons and those of the man who treats them as humanly intelligent, there is a happy medium of common sense, and this he has tried to attain. His observations teach him that, although most of the acts of insects can be explained by instinct, there remain what he calls "small plastic judgments" by which they avoid difficulties and steer their way beyond dangers. The directive faculty of bees especially and their wonderful memory for places can hardly be explained on the theory of automatism.

Plowing the Water.

A curious method of plowing platinum is reported to be practiced by the inhabitants along the Tura river, in Tonks, Siberia. They call it "plowing the water." A raft is constructed, and fastened to it is an inclined gutter of boards, which at its lower end is fixed with an iron plow. While floating down the river they scrape or plow its bottom. The sand scraped off falls into the gutter and passes into a tub filled with pine boughs, upon which platinum is deposited. The sand of the Tura river and its tributaries is so rich in platinum that even the primitive production is profitable to the peasants.

Two Pictures at Once.

A well known landscape painter was to-day "dashing in" the colors of a sunset. The tints were hurriedly conveyed from tube to palette and from palette to canvas, for the artist was anxious to catch the effect.

A rustic standing by observed the operation for a little while and then remarked: "Ah, you are painting two pictures at once. That's clever. He paused a moment and then blurted out, 'I like that picture best, the one you've got your thumb through!'"—London M. A. P.

A Celebrated Suicide.

Hayden, the celebrated historical painter and writer, overcome by debt, disappointment and ingratitude, laid down the brush with which he was at work upon his last great effort, "Alfred and the Trial by Jury," wrote with a steady hand, "Stretch me no longer upon this rough world," and then with a pistol shot put an end to his unhappy existence.

First Serious Trouble.

Mother—So you and Harry have quarreled, have you, Horace? What is the matter? Did he find fault with the cooking? Young Wife (sobbing, No, mamma. My coffee-suits him well enough, but he says I'm full wrong on the subject of baptism.—Chicago Tribune.

The Cause of the Disturbance.

The Farmer (in the shade, looking along around in alarm)—Gosh! Where's all the rattlesnakes? The Lecturer—Don't be alarmed, my friend. It's only our living skeleton, who is suffering from the acute you hear. Judge.

A Blood Sucking Earthworm.

South Africa is the home of a species of earthworm, a creature closely related to our common angletworm, who is not only a giant among the denizens of the soil, but which is reputed to have a taste for human blood. There are two species of this uncanny wiggler—one of a dark red color and the other almost black. They are larger than one's finger and from three to four inches in length.

Selfishness.

Selfishness in some form is at the foundation of most of our unhappiness and misery. If we could analyze all the suffering in the world and trace it back to its first cause we should probably find that selfishness was the greatest factor in creating it.