

JUST COMMON FOLKS.

If only sweetest bells were rung
How we should miss the minor chimes
If only grandest poets sung,
There'd be no simple little rhymes;
The modest clinging vine adds grace
To all the forest's giant oaks,
And 'mid earth's mighty is a place
To people with just common folks.

Not they the warriors who shall win
Upon the battlefield's name
To sound the awful din;
Not theirs the painter's deathless fame;
Not theirs the poet's muse that rings
The rhythmic gift his soul invokes;
Theirs but to do the simple things
That duty gives just common folks.

Fate has not lifted them above
The level of the human plane;
They share with men a fellow love
In touch with pleasure and with pain.
One great, far-reaching brotherhood,
With common burdens, common yokes,
And common wrongs and common good—
God's army of just common folks.

An Unconscious Matchmaker.

Do tell me, old fellow, how on earth it is possible for such a metamorphosis to have taken place. Not a month ago we sat here, two hardened bachelors, determined to remain so to the end of our days, and now I find you transformed into a most devoted husband.

A hearty laugh was the immediate answer to this outburst, and Dr. Trep-ton, to whom it was addressed, took a puff at his pipe before replying.

"Well, you see, Jim," he said, "I thought it would be fun to surprise you thoroughly for once. But Della shall tell you the story, and you may be surprised to learn that you yourself, un-consciously, I admit, made up the match."

"I suppose it is for penance. Will that I am to narrate my own mistakes and misdeeds to Mr. Allison. Two months ago I was a stupid little country girl. My eldest brother had sent for me to keep his house. Our parents have been dead many years and I had lived with an aunt. Henry, my brother, had written me that it would be impos-sible for him to meet me at the depot, and that I should drive to the Tudor Flats, where he was living on the fourth floor. My poor brain was cer-tainly in a wild state after my long drive through the noisy streets. When I ar-rived at the Tudor Flats I walked bravely up the stairs.

"I know you will laugh at me dread-fully, Mr. Allison, but you must re-member that I had never before seen so many stairs. In my ignorance I was unaware that the entrance does not count; therefore, when I arrived at a landing where a door was ajar and an old man servant replying to an inquirer the doctor would not be home until 2 o'clock, I naturally concluded that I had reached my journey's end, for my brother also bears the title doctor. To old James' astonishment I walked calmly in, saying:

"The doctor expects me. Please have my luggage seen to."

"But, Miss, I don't know," he ven-tured, "I have the strictest orders never to allow any one to enter my master's study during his absence."

"I am the doctor's sister, and he him-self arranged my coming," I answered, condescendingly.

"With that he admitted me, mutter-ing: 'Never heard about a sister,' into the smoky, dusty apartments, which I assumed to be my brother's."

"Much to James' consternation, I set to work and dusted furniture and books, spread a clean cloth on the table, and prepared a lunch (though James in-formed me 'Master never eats at home') of fresh butter, home-made bread, cheese, ham and apples; then decorated the room with roses and honeysuckle brought from home.

"To pass away the time, I took up a book and began to read. A note fell out of this book. My eyes fell on the first words and my attention was instantly attracted. It was signed Charlie Allison, and read:

"Dear Old Man: So you have decided to install that awful creature in your house, though you acknowledge that all hopes of peace and comfort of your life will be gone. My dear fellow, do be advised and give up this preposterous idea. At any rate, don't be surprised if I cut your acquaintance for the present, and leave you to enjoy the company of Miss Della. Your friend,

"CHARLIE ALLISON."

"My dear lady," interrupted Charlie, "you don't mean to say—it isn't possible that any misunderstanding arose out of that? My dislike and—"

"I do mean to say so," she replied, laughing; "it was quite possible—indeed, natural—I should assume that those words referred to me. I was at first highly indignant and then began to cry. My resolution was soon formed; I would go away at once and not ever see the heartless brother who had dis-cussed me in such a manner before my rival."

"While repacking my bag I came upon a photograph of myself. A sudden im-pulse made me write a few words on the back of it and leave it on the table. Then I heard steps outside. It was Henry, I thought. He should not find me there. Seeing the door of a small room open, I slipped in and closed it behind me."

"Let me tell the rest," interrupted the doctor; "I fancied I was dreaming as I became aware of the invitingly spread table; then I noted two covers laid as if for a delightful tete-a-tete, and upon my napkin a photograph of the sweet-est face I had ever seen. Listen to what was written under it:

"As I am so ugly; as I destroy your peace and drive away your friends, I leave you to lunch alone and shall find a home elsewhere."

"While puzzling about what this might mean, I heard a terrific yell from Della, my parrot; I opened the store-room door and Della, my wife, fell into my arms."

"After explanations had been made I restored her to brother Henry as housekeeper, but claimed her in five weeks for my own. Now do you be-lieve that you are a matchmaker?"—Boston Post.

The American Is Vulgar.
"We must all agree that the American has beyond other men an innate respect

TWO POOR BOYS WHO MADE THEIR MARKS IN THE WORLD.



MAR. US DALY'S MONEY.
Capital represented by him, \$100,000,000
His personal wealth 22,000,000
Copper interests represented 75,000,000
First price paid for his cop- per mine 35,000
His annual wage roll paid 8,000,000
His horses cost 1,000,000
His works of art cost 300,000
His private car cost 40,000
His hotel cost 200,000
His personal living cost per annum 5,000
His annual income was ap- proximately 2,500,000

Marcus Daly graduated from digging potatoes to digging copper and accumu- lated a fortune of \$50,000,000. Henry Villard rose from reporter to railroad president, became a Napoleon of finance, lost two enormous fortunes, and died a millionaire.

for women and for helpless things," writes "An American Mother" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "He has usually, too, a wide acquaintance with the world which hinders him from intoler- ance and vanity. He has also a tact too fine to blurt out unpleasant facts to his companions, as does the English- man, who, quite unprovoked, hurls dis- agreeable truths at you with a ferocity and a gusto that is indecent. A week with your dearest English friends is enough to make you in love with lying. The dearer you are to them the more likely are they to talk incessantly of the mole on your nose, or your vulgar kinfolk. The American has a vivacity almost French: he gives himself easily to the occasion; he is ready to weep and laugh with you, and is sincerely inter- ested in your new bicycle or baby. At the same time he has something of the phlegm of the Asiatic, and seldom frets or grumbles. He sniffs the odors of old drains, quaffs typhoid germs in his water, sits in overhauled steam cars and stands in overcrowded street cars year after year with imperturbable good humor.

"Why, with all these qualities—why is he not a more agreeable fellow? Why, with all the traits that go to make up a courtly gentleman—why is he vulgar? Simply because he is not certain of his own position. He asserts himself every- where lest you may mistake him for an inferior. This uneasy self-assertion is the explanation of all our bad man- ners. 'I'm as good as you!' is the secret thought with which too many of us meet every fellow-creature."

An Epitaph for Ruskin.
The London Academy has awarded a prize of one guinea to J. R. Anderson, Lambeth, Kent, for the best in- scription suitable for the proposed ma- dallion of John Ruskin in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Anderson's epitaph is as follows:
He Taught Us To Hold In Loving Reverence Poor Men and Their Work Great Men and Their Work God and His Work

RUSHING INTO THE CITIES.
Young Men Invite Failure by Essay- ing Untried Fields.
Some published fragments of the new census statistics are very depressing to the old-fashioned, yet very sensible, people who have been hoping that the movement of villagers and country peo- ple to the large cities had been checked. What is the meaning of the continu- ous rush to the cities? The old explana- tion was that farmers' sons and coun- try boys, weary of work that was never finished; they had heard of city demands for labor and of city wages, payable always in cash and at stated dates. They had also heard of city pleasures, some of which were said to cost nothing, while others were very cheap. But young people do not con- stitute the whole body of people who are crowding into the cities, for me- chanics and artisans of all kinds are in the throng, for in the villages and coun- try districts employment is irregular and pay uncertain. The more aspir- ing of them hope for the larger opportu- nities and recognition that the coun- try does not promise; they know, too, that such of their children as incline to study may become fairly, even highly, educated in the city without special cost to their parents. Of the "seamy" side of city life they know nothing, for their acquaintances who "went to town" have not returned to tell of it; few of them could return if they would. The few who go back to the old home- steads are the men who have succeed- ed, and in any village such a man in effect resembles a gold-laden mine- ror from Cape Nome or the Klondike—his example threatens to depopulate the town.

Nevertheless the rural districts are not going to be depopulated, except when their soil is very poor and their malaria overrich. A countryside movement started in some cities a few years ago and it has been increasing in volume. It may be almost invisible in some localities, for 3,000,000 square miles is an area so great that any city's overflow might be lost in it. The men who are trying scientific farming are all from the cities and they have car- ried their city ideas with them. As a rule, city brain and city money are suggesting and backing the rural at- tempts to have good roads, pure water, perfect drainage, high farming, high-grade schools, free libraries and many other ameliorations of old-time conditions. Yet in one respect the city man in the country is a disappointment to all classes of the disappointed, for when they talk of going to the city he persistently says, "Don't," and he sup- ports his advice with a dismal array of facts and figures.—Saturday Even- ing Post.

White House Is Ricketty.
"In the plan for building a new house for the President elsewhere than on the present site it has been proposed to utilize the present mansion for offices," writes Col. Theodore A. Bingham, U.

English Public Buildings.
The public buildings of England alone are valued at a sum approaching \$1,250,200,000.

DESTROY BIG TREES.

CALIFORNIA GIANTS ARE RUTH- LESSLY CUT DOWN.
Necessary Waste of Lumbering Mam- moths Over Fifty Per Cent.—Forestry Department Demands That Efforts Be Made to Save Few Remaining Groves.

Gifford Pinchot, United States fore- ster, has issued a pamphlet concerning the big trees of California which has created no little comment through its endeavors to state clearly and empha- tically the necessity for the preservation of the California mammoths. The writer protests against the rate at which the big trees are being destroyed by private owners, pointing out clearly that the chances of a renewal of the wonder growths are to be little consid- ered.

"Most of the scattered groves of big trees are privately owned and, there- fore, in danger of destruction," he writes. "Lumbering is rapidly sweep- ing them off; forty mills and logging companies are now at work wholly or in part upon big tree timber. The southern groves show some reproduc-



tion, through which there is hope of perpetuating these groves. In the northern groves the species hardly holds its own."

In introducing a history of the big trees, with facts concerning each of the groves now existing, the writer says: "At the present time the only grove thoroughly safe from destruction is the Mariposa and this is far from being the most interesting. Most of the other groves are either in process of or in danger of being logged. The very finest of all, the Calaveras grove, with the biggest and tallest trees, the most un- contaminated surroundings and prac- tically all the literary and scientific as- sociations of the species connected with it, has been purchased recently by a lumberman, who came into full pos- session on the 1st of April, 1900.

"The Sequoia and General Grant Na- tional parks, which are supposed to em- brace and give security to a large part of the remaining big trees, are eaten into by a sawmill each and by private lumbering claims amounting to a total of 1,172,570 acres. The rest of the scanty patches of big trees are in a fair way to disappear—in Calaveras, Tu- lumne, Fresno and Tulare counties, they are now disappearing—by the ax. In brief, the majority of the big trees of California, certainly the best of



LOGGING RAILROAD IN A BIG TREE FOREST.

them, are owned by people who have every right and in many cases every intention, to cut them into lumber."

Scientific Value of Big Trees.
Further along these same lines the value of the big tree is thus considered: "The big trees are unique in the world—the grandest, the oldest, the most maj- estically graceful trees—and if it were not enough to be all this, they are among the scarcest of known tree spe- cies and have the extreme scientific value of being the best living representa- tives of a former geologic age. They are trees which have come down to us through the vicissitudes of many cen- turies solely because of their superb qualifications. The bark of the big tree is often two feet thick and almost non-combustible. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at the heart and fungus is an enemy unknown to it. Yet with all these means of maintenance the big trees have apparently not in- creased their range since the glacial epoch. They have only just managed to hold their own on a little strip of country where the climate is locally fa- vorable."

Everyone who is interested in the big trees, as everyone must be either from curiosity, a natural love of the forest or for scientific reasons, must deplore the destruction of these forests. Every- one who has visited a forest in any part of the world will regret the destruction of these jungles of beauty. Every thoughtful American is waking to a realization of the criminal carelessness with which the forests of this country have been wiped out. The lumbering of the big trees, with its accompanying waste and devastation, seems a partic- ularly unnecessary and almost immoral proceeding.

Forester Pinchot says of it: "The lumbering of the big tree is destructive to a most unusual degree. In the first place, the enormous size and weight of the trees necessarily entails very consid- erable breakage when one of them falls. Such a tree strikes the ground with a force of many hundreds or even thousands of tons, so that even slight inequalities are sufficient to smash the brittle trunk at its upper extremity into almost useless fragments. The loss from this cause is great, but it is only one of the sources of waste. The great diameter of the logs, and in spite of the lightness of the wood, their enormous weight make it impossible to handle them without breaking them up. For this purpose gunpowder is the most

available means. The fragments of logs blown apart in this way are not only often of wasteful shapes, but un- less very nice judgment is exercised in preparing the blast a great deal of wood itself is scattered in useless splin- ters."

"At the mill, where waste is the rule in the manufacture of lumber in the United States, the big tree makes no exception. This waste, added as it is to the other sources of loss already men- tioned, makes a total probably of ten per cent. in excess of half the total volume of the standing tree, and this is only one side of the matter."

"The big tree stands as a rule in a mixed forest, composed of many spe- cies. The result of sequoia lumbering upon this forest is almost ruinous. The destruction caused by the fall of enor- mous trees is in itself great, but the principal source of damage is the im- mense amount of debris left on the ground—the certain source of future fires. This mass of broken branches, trunks and bark, is often five or six or more feet in thickness and necessarily gives rise to fires of great destructive power, even though the big tree wood is not specially inflammable. The devastation which follows this lumbering is as complete and deplorable as the un- touched forest is unparalleled, beauti- ful and worthy of preservation. As a rule it has not even had the advantage of being profitable. Very much of the appalling destruction has been done without leaving the owners of the big tree as well off as they were before it began."

Series of Pamphlets to Be Issued.
The pamphlet was published by the forestry division of the Depart- ment of Agriculture in one of a series which will be issued in behalf of the big trees. The report was prepared for the information of the Senate Commit- tee on Public Lands, which was at the time considering the preservation of the Calaveras and Stanislaus big tree groves. It is the first document on the subject which has ever been published by the government, strange as the fact may seem. Prof. W. R. Dudley, of Stanford University, who aided with the work, is now preparing a more de- tailed account of the big trees and the big tree groves, which will be published by the government forestry office. The pamphlet now out contains an excellent map of the forests of California, con- taining big trees, together with a de- tailed account of each of the larger groves.

MISSING OF GREAT THINGS.
People Who Have Stubbed Their Toes Against Big Fortunes Unaware.
"I dare say every great invention, be- fore it is finally hit upon," remarked a New Orleans lawyer to a Times-Dem- ocrat man, "has been within a hand's reach of dozens of men who were un- aware how near they stood to fortune. There is nothing more singular in fac- ture than the way people can skate around some huge idea without seeing it."

"I had an experience of that kind once myself. It occurred to me that a revolving bookcase would be a handy thing for office use, and I had one built to order. It proved a success, and on

several occasions I thought vaguely of having the device patented, but I dis- missed the scheme as 'not worth while.' Nearly two years afterward a more in- telligent gentleman up in New England did what I wouldn't do, and to-day he is rolling in riches. I have been obliged to buy one of his cases since, and I never later to give up money so badly in my life. Several other instances in the same line have come under my personal observation."

Russia's Pioneers.
The Cossacks are the arms and legs of Russia, while the moujik is the backbone. The Cossacks won Siberia for Russia when they were the daring fringe of her population, grown adven- turers and warlike by their frequent conflicts with the Tartars who crowd- ed Russia's borders. In them a con- centrated enterprise and aggressive- ness which the moujik lacks. They cut the path and the moujiks followed, and the descendants of these hardy pioneers live throughout Siberia to-day, forming a hereditary military caste. So strict are the laws of hereditary among the Cossacks that it is almost impos- sible for an officer who was not born one to obtain a commission in a Cossack regiment.

Reunited After Awful Experience.
Though separated by the storm and washed in different directions, all the members of the Stubbs family at Galveston were rescued. Father, mother and two children were on a floating roof that broke in pieces. The father, with one child, went one way. The mother went another and a third. The remaining child went in still a third direction. A day or two later all four were re- united.

Near Enough.
"Got that job o' cards done fur Doc Pillew?" asked the Jayville editor.
"Yes, it's done," replied his spokesman.
"Joy made a leetle mistake a-settin' it up. Mebbe doc'll kick, but I reckon it ain't so fur wrong."
"What is it?"
"Joy made it 'Prescriptions Careful- ly Confounded.'—Philadelphia Press.

A Discerning Woman.
"Oh, yes," said young Mr. Blackstone, "I have been admitted to the bar, but I am not practicing regularly at it."
"Indeed?" murmured Miss Goop. "I thought you practiced very often."
And the young man wished that he had not placed so much reliance in those clothes.—Baltimore American.

Tea in Siberia.
Siberians as a rule are not great con- sumers of lemons, nor do they use them in tea as much as may be the custom in Central Russia, cream having come into general use by the importation of condensed milk from the United States, France and Switzerland.
Many a man's originality is due to a defective memory.

WHAT A ROORBACK IS

MR. DOODLESAP EXPLAINS TO LITTLE FRANCIS.
Owing to Difficulty in Giving the Lad a Correct Impression He Relates a Harrowing Domestic Experience of Recent Occurrence.

"Pa," said little Francis, "what's a roorback?"
"Well," Mr. Doodlesap replied, "I don't know as I can explain it so you'll understand exactly, but may be you can get an idea of what it is from a little story I'll tell you. About two weeks ago I received a letter from a lady who asked if I could get her a half-fare ticket on a certain railroad. Before an- swering her or taking any steps in the matter I thought I would tell your mother about it. So, when I came home from the office that evening I said to your mother, says I:

"Mamma, I got a letter from a lady to-day who wants me to get her a half- fare railroad ticket. She knows I have opportunities to do this, and I suppose she thought she might as well save the money as not if I would help her."
"Show me that letter, Tom Doodle- sap!" your mother demanded.

"I put it in a pigeon-hole in my desk," I told her, "or else I threw it in the waste basket. I don't remember which."

"Well, Francis, your mother was not amused. She informed me that the woman who had written the letter was a brazen thing, and wanted to know if I had ever seen her. I had. I told your mother so. In fact, I had known this woman before your mother and I were married, Francis. Your dear, fond mother jumped up and down several times, and said things to me that I am going to try to forget. I may not suc- ceed in doing this, but I am going to try. She told me that if I had not en- couraged the woman in some way she never would have dared to write to me as she did. I protested that I had never, to my knowledge, given her a word of encouragement—at least not since your mamma and I have been husband and wife. Before that I had tried to be kind to her—had, in fact, done all in my power to win her favor. I admitted this openly, but it did not seem to strengthen or renew your mother's con- fidence in me. She denounced me as a sneak and a deceiver. She said she didn't believe I had told her half, and flatly informed me that if I ever had any more to do with this woman our happy home would go to smash like a cold storage egg upon the cheek of a political candidate, or words to that effect."

"But my dear," I said to your moth- er, "suppose that I get the ticket and you send it to her? There would be nothing improper about that."
"What!" your dear mother an- swered, "would you pull your wife down to this person's level? No! And you shall not get the ticket! You bring that letter home to-morrow! You know where it is, and you know, too, that it hasn't been put in the waste basket. Don't you come home to-morrow with- out it!"

"And," says I to your mother, "you won't reconsider about the ticket?"
"I will not repeat the answer I re- ceived, Francis. Your mother was firm in her decision that the lady must re- ceive no further consideration from me, and so the matter was dropped until the next day, except that I received some looks which were calculated to make my clothes a great deal too big for me."

"Well, Francis, the next evening I brought home the letter. It was from your Grandma Paddleford, who wished to come and pay us a visit, and thought I might send her the half-fare ticket as well as not. When your mother had read the letter she was up against about the nearest thing to a roorback that I am able to describe."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Average Daily Compensation of the general officers of the various rail- ways in the United States is \$7.47 per day, while the average of the working employes is \$1.60.

Kansas City, Mo., is now the second flour-making city in the United States, having made 48,420 barrels in one day recently, eclipsing all records ex- cept that of Minneapolis, Minn.

The Minneapolis flour mills in the past year surpassed all previous per- formances in the history of the city's great industry with an output of 14,500,000 barrels of flour. The mills used up between 62,000,000 and 65,000,000 bushels of wheat during the year.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, has received an order for twenty-two heavy freight loco- motives for use on the Government rail- roads in New Zealand. The first Amer- ican-made locomotive to be used in Ire- land was shipped by the same company a few days ago.

Biggest of Toy Factories.
The largest toy factory in the world is in New York, where playthings in tin are manufactured literally by the mil- lion. It stands five stories high, and turns out 1,697 distinct varieties in tin toys. No. 1 is a tin horse, No. 1,697 a tin man. The output of circular tin whistles is 2,000,000 per annum. To make a tin horse twelve inches long dies have to cast costing \$15. The children of different countries have different tastes, but tin swords are wanted all over the world, the military instinct being as universal in the nur- series as in the courts and cabinets of the world.

Phonographic Reminder.
An ingenious Austrian inventor has just patented a speaking clock which he claims will be of the greatest value to persons of forgetful and irregular habits. It consists of a clock phono- graph combination. In place of the usual striking attachment is a phono- graph, which can be set to speak a sentence at any time desired, thus becoming an unfailing reminder to its owner of the duties of each successive hour.

Somewhat, it always shocks people to see a woman smile while wearing mourning.

Every man works at a lot of schemes he knows there is nothing in.

ONLY ONE LIKE IT EXTANT.

Omaha Man Greatly Prizes a Sixty-Dollar Bill He Owns.
The most unique piece of legal tender in the city, outside of the Byron Reed collection, is a \$60 bill, in the posses- sion of A. K. Rhoades, 2582 Spaulding street, says the Omaha Bee. Mr. Rhoades brought the bill with him when he left Maine for the West in his early youth and it has been treas- ured among the family archives for forty-three years. It would probably have remained far from the public eye had it not been for the boast of a Spo- kane paper that a resident of that city possessed the only \$60 bill in existence. Mr. Rhoades wishes Omaha to have the credit of a similar possession.

The bill was issued during the first session of the Continental Congress in 1779, and is a document of peculiar appearance. The paper is of a faded yellow material and is coarse and heavy. It is cut almost square, four inches by three. The promise to pay is worded as follows: "The bearer is en- titled to receive sixty Spanish milled dollars or an equal sum in gold or sil- ver, according to a resolution of Con- gress of the 14th of January, 1779." At one side is an engraving of the earth, with the motto "Dens regnat, Exulter Torra." "The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice." "On the obverse of the bill are sketches of two leaves, resembling a mint leaf and a sprig of pine, with the printers' signature, "Hall & Sellers, 1779."

The Byron Reed collection contains an \$80 bill and several samples of con- tinental currency of other denomina- tions, but has no duplicate of Mr. Rhoades' treasure. Neither does the col- lection have anything to say regarding the history or value of the document. The bill bears every evidence of being genuine, however, and is undoubtedly worth far more than its face value. Mr. Rhoades values the bit of paper very highly, both as a curio and as a keepsake, and has never made any ef- fort to ascertain its commercial worth.

Otto Fleich, of the Coeur d'Alene, is said to have been offered \$1,000 for his specimen spoken of by the Spokane paper, but preferred not to part with it. He submitted the currency to the Treasury Department and after an examination it was reported that the bill was legal; such an issue is known to have been made in the year men- tioned. The official signature inscribed in ink is that of George Bond.



The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen gained 3,700 new members in the past year.

Laborers are so scarce in Switzerland that they have to be imported not only from Italy, but from Bohemia and Silesia.

The new United States census will show that nearly 1,000,000 females are employed in the factories of the United States.

Edison's plan to cheapen electric power by abolishing dynamos will throw hundreds of mechanics out of employment.

Fifty-two thousand five hundred dol- lars has been spent by the United Hat- ters' Union in the past two years in ad- vertising its label.

The 100 local unions of the textile workers in the South are about to start a movement for a ten-hour day in all the Southern mills.

Judge Halloran, of Des Moines, Iowa, recently rendered a decision that a trade union is a pool or trust, and in violation of the laws of that State.

It is stated that 100,000,000 of the population of China, or one-fourth of the people, are connected with the vari- ous branches of raising and marketing tea.

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