

UNABLE TO GET HELP.

ONE OF THE DRAWBACKS TO WESTERN FARMING.

Causes of This Condition—Harvest is Practically Simultaneous and Getting to New Fields of Labor Takes What Money Worker Has Earned.

A peculiar situation in which there is profit for neither employer nor employee is found in the harvest season in the heavy cereal-producing States of the Missouri and West Mississippi valleys, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. Search from the Mississippi to the cattle ranges and north and south through the fall extent of the wheat country reveals only occasional grain ranches with acreages multiplied into the thousands and professions of harvesting machines exceeding in length the parades of great circuses. The real wheat country is too good to be blocked out into acreages commonly more than a section.

Quarter-section farms are exceedingly frequent and those of 100 acres the writer has found to be a popular size throughout the wheat country. Prairie farm machinery has reached such a development and diversification of crops, tending to distribute the farm work evenly through the seasons, has arrived at such a stage that two men can successfully operate a standard farm from the close of one harvest season until the opening of the next. The gang plow and disk harrow, the four-horse grain drill and wide-reaching drag, together with weeks of time in which to do the work, enable one man to seed seasonably from one to several hundred acres of grain. And the rule of the prairie corn crop is one of self methods of preparing the seed bed of planting and of cultivating, and of a long fall for the picking. But the smooth running of affairs on the prairie farm—herein lies the peculiar situation—is broken at harvest time. There is yet an imperfect adjustment of farming methods to prairie conditions—one which needs, to remedy it, either a vastly clever mechanical invention or much further progress in diversification of grain crops.

Invention, successful with cutting and then with binding grain, has balked at the third operation—shooking. Only rumors of success with shockers are heard. Inventors have sought to get around the problem in hand in conceiving the "header" and great thrasher-harvester. The header, extensively used on prairie farms, cuts the grain high up and throws it unbound into a parallel wagon ready to be carried to the stack. But, requiring seven men in its operation—one to drive the machine, two for each of two necessary wagons and two for the stack—the header does not simplify labor matters.

The process of diversifying the grain crop—growing not only wheat, but, as far as conditions permit, barley, oats, speltz, flax and other crops which ripen at different periods—is going on. The soil needed for years for no other small grain than wheat is beginning to demand rotation in crops. But wheat is yet the staple grain on the prairies. And when the harvest time comes, not field by field with many days intervening, or even weeks, does the farm's crops ripen, but practically at once. The harvest should be as nearly instantaneous as possible. The two men on the 400-acre, or even 100-acre, farm need help.

The situation is unprofitable to the employer of farm labor because the workers in the prairie towns and cities do not find it convenient to drop their regular employment to hasten to the farmer's aid. And few workmen can afford to be without regular employment through the year for the sake of the week or ten days' special harvest work the farmer will provide. This person must depend for his harvest help upon the temporarily unemployed gathered from the four quarters (more strictly speaking, from the eastern half) of the country. Indeed, the authorities in the States at railway officials are effective agents. The press delights in the stories of great wages in the east interest of the Western harvest. The railway official has a future freight interest and a present passenger interest of importance. But the situation has a vast disadvantage for the farmer in that the far scattered bands cannot be reached swiftly and surely. The harvest cannot wait.

The situation is even more unfortunate for the harvester drawn from abroad. He is not told that the rumored wages are the highest offered—that low wages are quite as frequent as those which have made copy for the press correspondent or been skillfully advertised by interested people. And to those who succumb to the temptation of harvest service in a particular community terminates in two weeks, ten days or a week. And it is not published that the belt of simultaneous harvest is sufficiently wide—several hundred miles—to require in crossing it, for the purpose of following up the harvest, a material if not a major portion of the earnings of the service.

The harvest service ends when the grain is cut. It does not include housing grain, as in the East; prairie grain is not housed. The harvesters from abroad rarely find even brief employment stacking bundles in the field. The header, used exclusively in wide stretching and leaves no more work but the thrashing when the cutting is done. And where the binder has held sway and the harvest band has been a shocker instead of a member of the header crew the thrashing is done from the shock. What stacking is practiced is done leisurely by the farmer and his regular help. Those unfamiliar with Western conditions are told that once the harvest is over the thrashers are in demand. Such a statement is misleading. It takes no account of either the limited number of harvesters that could possibly find employment as thrashers, or the reduction in wages that takes place immediately the harvest is over. The self-feeder and blower—a device for self-stacking—form part of every Western thresh-

ing outfit. They so simplify thrashing that the farmers of every fairly well-settled community can take care of the operation without outside help.

LEFT HANDEDNESS.

And Left-Handedness Said to Be Inherited from Savage Races. Much has been written about left-handed people, but as no one has heretofore tried to determine by means of statistics how frequently they occur, Prof. Lombroso determined to undertake that task. He made observations upon 1,029 operatives and soldiers, and found that the normal proportion was 4 per cent in men and 5 to 8 per cent in women. Further research revealed that the proportion of left-handed people among criminals is very much higher. So that Prof. Lombroso regards left-handedness as a new characteristic which connects criminals with savages, among whom left-handedness is not uncommon. His researches in this direction led Prof. Lombroso to inquire whether there is not also what one might call left-sidedness—that is, whether there are not people who have a greater sensibility on the left side than the right. He discovered that left-sidedness exists in much larger proportion than left-handedness, and that persons who do not have more of this sensitive left-sidedness than right-handed people, in function this sensitive left-sidedness is almost more the rule than the exception, the conclusion being that left-handed people are more numerous among criminals and sensitive left-sided people among lunatics. Lombroso remarks:

"As man advances in civilization and culture he shows an always greater right-sidedness as compared to savages, the masculine in this way outnumbering the feminine and adults outnumbering children. Thus women are not properly left-handed, have certain gestures and movements which are a species of left-handedness. Some time ago Delany observed that the man holds out the right arm, while the woman takes with the left; that the woman buttons her clothes from right to left, while the man does so from left to right, and that women and children, when they trace a line or turn a key, for instance, of a watch, initiate the movement from right to left, while the adult man does so always from left to right. This explains why, in early times, and still among people little civilized, such as Arabs, the writing was preferably from right to left, which is the habit of children until corrected. Delany even went so far in his observations as to discover that antique chronometers were wound from right to left, while modern ones are wound in the opposite direction.—North American Review.

Dog Knows His Business. A certain officeholder decided to buy a dog. In reply to his "ad," a man called at his office with an intelligent-looking animal, that he immediately took a fancy to, though he deemed it advisable to first inquire into something of his characteristics. "What can he do?" he asked. "Oh, sir, he can do anything. If you've lost anything, sir, he'll go direct to the place where you lost it. He'll—"

"By the way, I've just missed my glove. Do you happen to be a dog?" "Certainly, sir. Just let him sniff at your hand." The officeholder held his hand to the dog's nose and the animal trotted serenely off. Presently he returned, and with a joyous wagging of his tail deposited his offering at the officeholder's feet.

"My sash ribbon," cried a high swell voice, "my sash ribbon! The dog has my sash ribbon!" The officeholder's face turned a dull red. He cast a furtive glance at the man, dived into his pocket and tumbled out a bill.

"I guess the dog'll do," he said, quietly.—New York Times.

Concerning Cigar Boxes. There are something like 15,000,000 cigar boxes used in the United States annually and about nine-tenths of that number are made in this city, where the trade rivals the clothing industry in point of capital invested and number of people employed, said a leading cigar-box manufacturer recently.

"The material out of which the best quality of cigar boxes are made comes principally from Cuba and is known as Spanish cedar. A peculiarity about this wood is that it always retains the flavor of a good cigar. Indeed, some people claim that it improves the flavor, and the reason given for this contention is that it grows in the same localities as the finest Havana tobacco."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Changing World. "The world is not the same," I said, "As in the days gone by." "The beauty of the scene has fled. And things have gone awry. The laughter seems to lack the zest. And tears the honest weep. They had when earth was at its best. So many years ago."

"An smilingly looked down: The meadow that had blossomed so gay Lay withering and brown. And through the wind a whisper came In mockery of my lot: 'The world, such as, is still the same, But you, alas, are not.'"—Washington Star.

An Elaborate Explanation. "So your flying machine is a failure," said the sympathizing friend. "Certainly not," answered the scientist. "There are one or two minor parts that won't work and which interfere with the rest of the apparatus. But, taken as a whole, the average of success through the machine is very high."—Washington Star.

Many Chances to Wed. Samuel W. Hammers, who keeps a country store near Gettysburg, Pa., advertised for a wife recently, and in the course of a few days received answers from 2,700 women.

Muscular Rheumatism is the Kind that Gets a Man on his Back and Keeps him there for a Month.

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN.

Round the little old deserted house the willows weeps are growing. And the wind unshowered wanders through the broken eastern door: Every rafter, beam and shank and finger marks of time is showing. And Deery is running riot o'er the rubble-covered floor.

Here a rotting pillar staggers; there an aged beam is falling. Over yonder sags the mantelpiece, deserted and forlorn; There is helplessness pathetic and the voice of Old Age calling. From each crumbling bit of mortar in the house where I was born.

Here before the quiet fireplace, where the dust of years is lying, I first saw the future pictured as I watched the embers glow; Here I lay in boyish dreaming, while the shadowed ghosts of fancy as they wandered to and fro: Little knew I of the universe which spread itself around me In a canopy of aure and a sea of waving corn; All my world was on the hearthstone where my childhood dreaming found me; I was king—and my dominion was the house where I was born.

They were happy days—God rest them—for my feet had never been straying. Who knows? My soul is bruised and broken by the humbles of turmoil; Ne'er the long years of anxiety my temples had been grayed.

Nor, my weary form bowed earthward beneath the heavy hand of toil; Earth was then a wonder palace. From the eastern window gazing I beheld the new moon hanging like a shining silver horn; And far down upon the heavens bright the evening star was blazing; Both were shining, just to please me, o'er the house where I was born.

I have passed from it forever. All the wonder and the glamour Of the twilight window from the world have worn away; I have seen its disappointment; I have heard its empty clamor; And the house I once thought wonderful—how pitiful to-day! But 'tis all a reality; Perhaps eternity may bring a realization Of the things my fancy painted over childhood's early morn; And, maybe, the gift of prophecy was, after all, arising In my heart when I lay dreaming in the house where I was born. —Laudie's Weekly.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS.

Albrecht stirred the foliage of the trees at the base of the hills. The air had a touch of chill in it, for the October day in this Southwestern Dakota country was drawing to its close. A man was lying at full length on the grass that the early frost had touched and killed. The man's hands were supporting his chin and his eyes were looking far off across the rolling prairies, which here met at the base of the Black Hills. There was pain in the man's eyes. The voice of a hermit thrush broke the silence. Instantly the look of the man's eyes changed. Pleasure and surprise took the place of pain. What a wonder was this, a hermit thrush singing in October its song of the springtime!



SAW HIM COMING AND WAVED A HAND.

The man rose and looked toward the copse where the sound came. There sat the bird, its brown back reddened in the last rays of the sun. The bird sang ecstatically for a full minute; then sunset and silence. Caleb Fry rose. He listened a moment, hoping to hear once more the voice of that prince of singers, but no sound came save the slight rustling of the russet leaves. Caleb Fry turned and walked with slanting gait eastward away from the hills. He strode on for twenty minutes, and then, rounding a bit of timber, came upon a great, rambling ranch house. On the veranda was a young woman hardly past girlhood. She waved him a welcome, which he answered with his hand, but in his eyes there came the look that was there before the thrush sang.

Caleb Fry had come to this Dakota country in search of health. He was a student bent on following a life which meant confinement. He had broken down, and the doctors had sent him from New Hampshire to this far-off country to get his health. He was a homely man, young, it is true, but looking old. He was thin to attenuation and of awkward carriage. His eyes did a little something toward rendering his face from positive ugliness, for there lay in their depths something of gentleness.

In the ranch house, the home of old John Driver and his motherly wife, Caleb Fry had made himself a favorite. There he had met pretty Frances Darrow, the school-teacher, who made her home there and refused to "board round" because she so dearly loved "Mother" Driver. Caleb Fry had not known any woman intimately in his whole life. He knew nothing of them. He had had no time for anything but the studies which held him chained. Here in the foothills he had time and the opportunity, and he fell in love, but he made no sign.

Only a short time after Caleb Fry's coming there had arrived from the East a young fellow, handsome, athletic and gifted by nature with everything which had been withheld from Caleb Fry.

John Driver and Howard Deane raised him tenderly and carried him into the open, placing him gently on the dry grass of the prairie. There was a gaping wound in his side. At that instant the voice of a bird came from the thicket. Caleb Fry opened his eyes. "It's summer," he murmured. "I am going up the mountain path; the hermit thrushes are singing."

In a moment his spirit was beyond the mountain top, and to him had come eternal summer and eternal song.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"The man rose and looked toward the copse where the sound came. There sat the bird, its brown back reddened in the last rays of the sun. The bird sang ecstatically for a full minute; then sunset and silence. Caleb Fry rose. He listened a moment, hoping to hear once more the voice of that prince of singers, but no sound came save the slight rustling of the russet leaves. Caleb Fry turned and walked with slanting gait eastward away from the hills. He strode on for twenty minutes, and then, rounding a bit of timber, came upon a great, rambling ranch house. On the veranda was a young woman hardly past girlhood. She waved him a welcome, which he answered with his hand, but in his eyes there came the look that was there before the thrush sang."

Caleb Fry rose. He listened a moment, hoping to hear once more the voice of that prince of singers, but no sound came save the slight rustling of the russet leaves. Caleb Fry turned and walked with slanting gait eastward away from the hills. He strode on for twenty minutes, and then, rounding a bit of timber, came upon a great, rambling ranch house. On the veranda was a young woman hardly past girlhood. She waved him a welcome, which he answered with his hand, but in his eyes there came the look that was there before the thrush sang."

"The man rose and looked toward the copse where the sound came. There sat the bird, its brown back reddened in the last rays of the sun. The bird sang ecstatically for a full minute; then sunset and silence. Caleb Fry rose. He listened a moment, hoping to hear once more the voice of that prince of singers, but no sound came save the slight rustling of the russet leaves. Caleb Fry turned and walked with slanting gait eastward away from the hills. He strode on for twenty minutes, and then, rounding a bit of timber, came upon a great, rambling ranch house. On the veranda was a young woman hardly past girlhood. She waved him a welcome, which he answered with his hand, but in his eyes there came the look that was there before the thrush sang."

Caleb Fry rose. He listened a moment, hoping to hear once more the voice of that prince of singers, but no sound came save the slight rustling of the russet leaves. Caleb Fry turned and walked with slanting gait eastward away from the hills. He strode on for twenty minutes, and then, rounding a bit of timber, came upon a great, rambling ranch house. On the veranda was a young woman hardly past girlhood. She waved him a welcome, which he answered with his hand, but in his eyes there came the look that was there before the thrush sang."

Caleb Fry rose. He listened a moment, hoping to hear once more the voice of that prince of singers, but no sound came save the slight rustling of the russet leaves. Caleb Fry turned and walked with slanting gait eastward away from the hills. He strode on for twenty minutes, and then, rounding a bit of timber, came upon a great, rambling ranch house. On the veranda was a young woman hardly past girlhood. She waved him a welcome, which he answered with his hand, but in his eyes there came the look that was there before the thrush sang."

Caleb Fry rose. He listened a moment, hoping to hear once more the voice of that prince of singers, but no sound came save the slight rustling of the russet leaves. Caleb Fry turned and walked with slanting gait eastward away from the hills. He strode on for twenty minutes, and then, rounding a bit of timber, came upon a great, rambling ranch house. On the veranda was a young woman hardly past girlhood. She waved him a welcome, which he answered with his hand, but in his eyes there came the look that was there before the thrush sang."

Caleb Fry rose. He listened a moment, hoping to hear once more the voice of that prince of singers, but no sound came save the slight rustling of the russet leaves. Caleb Fry turned and walked with slanting gait eastward away from the hills. He strode on for twenty minutes, and then, rounding a bit of timber, came upon a great, rambling ranch house. On the veranda was a young woman hardly past girlhood. She waved him a welcome, which he answered with his hand, but in his eyes there came the look that was there before the thrush sang."



One of the most durable woods is eucalyptus. A statue made from it now in the museum of Gizeh at Cairo, is known to be nearly 6,000 years old. Notwithstanding this great age, it is asserted that the wood itself is entirely sound and natural in appearance.

A new fuel is being manufactured in California which is made from twigs and leaves of the eucalyptus tree mixed with crude petroleum. It is said to burn freely and give good results. Piles made from this tree are immune from attacks by the teredo, and last longer than yellow pine. The demand for them is greater than the supply.

An innovation in the line of railroad telegraph service has been put into use on the New York Central Railroad between Utica and Albany. By the means of the apparatus a single wire can be used for telegraph and telephone messages at the same time. While the operator is ticking away a telegraph in Morse code another person can telephone a message without the slightest interference.

In a recent report on the results of extended measurements of mental traits in the two sexes, Prof. E. L. Thorndike said that in the measurement of abilities the greatest difference found was the female superiority in the tests of impressibility, such as the rate and accuracy of perception, verbal memory and spelling. In these matters only about one-third of the boys reach the median mark for girls. In general the girls were found to be mentally less variable than the boys.

The War Department, co-operating with the Sheffield Biological Laboratory at Yale, has detailed 20 men to the Hospital Corps of the army to go to New Haven under charge of an assistant army surgeon, and submit to experiments intended to determine whether physiological economy in diet cannot be practiced with distinct betterment to the body, and without loss of strength and vigor. Professor Childress of the Sheffield Scientific School says there is apparently no question that people ordinarily consume much more food than there is any necessity for, and that this excess, in the long run, detrimental to health, and defeats the very objects aimed at.

Electromagnets promise to come into common use for lifting heavy pieces of iron in factories and rolling mills. Instead of the present books and chains a large piece of metal is suspended above the iron or steel object to be fitted, a current is run through this, rendering it magnetic, so that it simply picks up the object and holds it until the current is turned off. A magnet weighing 350 pounds can carry a load of five tons. The time required for fastening a load to a crane by the present methods is estimated to represent one-half the cost of handling the material, so that great saving in handling material is apparent. There is a number of these electromagnets now in use at different steel plants.

If we must have mosquitoes at all, people will regret that the new species of these insects which Dr. William L. Underwood has discovered is a native of the Maine woods instead of more populous parts of the country. For this mosquito does not bite, although it is so large that if it were given to biting it would be a terror; and moreover, its larvae feed eagerly upon the larvae of other species of mosquitoes. For this reason experiments are being made to determine if the new mosquito will thrive in the climate of southern New England. It has been given the name of Eucorethra Underwoodi. Its manner of disposing of the larvae of other mosquitoes is calculated to make sufferers from recent mosquito bites grateful. "The victim is caught," says Doctor Underwood, "shaken violently a few times, and swallowed."

A missionary lately returned from India expressed the opinion that religious work was going on very slowly there on account of the difficulty in translating the spirit as well as the text of the Gospel.

"Take an instance," he said, "I tried to teach my converts the old hymn: 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me. Let me hide myself in Thee.' I had a native Bible student translate it into the vernacular. To make sure that he had grasped the spirit of the words, I took his translation and had it translated back into English by another student. It then read: 'Very old stone, split for my benefit, let me absent myself beneath one of thy fragments.'—Detroit News-Tribune.

The Great Telescopes Outside. Remarkable results in star photography with comparatively inexpensive apparatus have been reported by Professor Schaeberle. His telescope was a parabolic reflector of short focus, the mirror being 12 inches in diameter, with a focus of 20 inches, and exposures of five minutes gave star images that were beyond the reach of the 36-inch Lick telescope and that required exposures of two hours with the 36-inch Crossly reflector. Stars fainter than the seventeenth magnitude were included.

Not the Ordinary Sort. "He's about the poorest actor I ever saw," said the first manager, "a regular ham."

"Perhaps he'll get over his faults in time," suggested the other. "Not much! He's a ham that can't be cured."—Philadelphia Press.

Postoffice Business. The United States postal department handles 7,250,000 letters and cards a year—a number about equal to that of Great Britain, Germany and France taken together.

Probably some men meander around all night for the purpose of satisfying themselves that there is no place like Rome.

SOME BARGAINS IN CLOTHING THAT PLEASED BOTH FATHER AND SON.

HE was a plain, ordinary citizen, with a smile, and a friend asked him why he laughed.

"Because I am happy," replied The Man. "I'll tell you about it. My boy needed a new overcoat, and I had \$10 laid away, and I was afraid that the ten wouldn't cover the need. What do I know about boys' overcoats? His mother buys his clothes, and, God bless her, she pinches along and makes \$2 do the work of \$4, and how am I to know? I didn't think I could do much with less than \$12, and I couldn't spare \$12 very well."

"The Boy and his mother came to the office, and The Boy and I went to a clothing store. It was a new experience for me. I saw '12 in red figures on some boys' overcoats, and almost had heart failure; found later that the figures meant age, not dollars.

"Well, he tried on one. It was gray and warm and had a belt, and came down to the tops of his shoes, and he was so tickled he just giggled. He kept finding new pockets, and he threw his chest out and said: 'If I could just have this one, papa.' I asked the clerk and he said 'five dollars.' Five dollars for that expense of coat? I gaped like a drowning man, and said: 'Boy, don't you want something else?' He looked shy, and said he always wanted a pair of golf gloves. Got 'em, too; good ones for 25 cents, and The Boy said that mamma was going to get him a new sweater some day.

"We'll get it now," I said, and the clerk dug out a daisy, white and blue, \$1.50, and I paid. Say, I guess Boy thought I was going to die right there, and when I told him that he ought to have one of those tasseled caps he could have it. It was a beauty—50 cents—made of mercerized silk, they called it. The Boy kept the coat on. You couldn't have prised it off him. He giggled again and wanted me to feel in the pockets, and then he wanted to kiss me on the cheek. He said he guessed the boys at school would think he had a pretty good father.

"When we got back to his mother he was so excited that he couldn't talk plain, and he mixed pockets and loving his father and mercerized silk cap and golf gloves up scandalously. Then she glanced around to be sure that nobody was looking, and leaned her head up against me and said: 'You make me so happy, dear.'

"And it all cost \$7.34, and I figure that there was one thousand dollars' worth of good feeling in it. I am happy, and yet I feel like a cheat when I think that I ever begrudged my family anything."

A thousand dollars' worth of joy for \$7.34. Yes, there are bargains for those who will look for them.—Des Moines News.

QUEER STORIES.

Governor Bailey, of Kansas, is a great believer in corn lands. He owns a farm of several hundred acres which he refuses to sell, holding them in corn land will soon be more valuable than wheat-producing ground. His property is worth more than \$75 an acre, he thinks, and will rise to \$100 in five years.

Some sixty-four miles off the coast of Tunis a cluster of little islands has been discovered. One was found to be inhabited by a former French sergeant, Clement, who had disappeared some fourteen years ago, and a small number of natives. The islands have been annexed by France, and Clement appointed resident inspector of fishing and of the harbor, registrar and teacher.

It is not known just how long mosquitoes can live, but their average life is much longer than is ordinarily supposed. Thousands of them live through winter, hibernating or asleep in dark places in barns or house cellars. In sparsely settled localities, where they cannot find such places for shelter, they live through the winter in hollow trees; and, even though the temperature may fall far below freezing, they are not winter-killed, but on the approach of warm weather become active again. Mosquitoes are frequently seen flying about in the woods before the snow has wholly left the ground.—Popular Science Monthly.

A hundred pounds of ambergris has been seized at Seattle as stolen property. The appraised value is \$50 an ounce, or \$18,000 for the hundred pounds. A hundred pounds of pure gold would not be worth as much by \$18,000. And were a hundred pounds of gold to be stolen at Seattle a great stir would be made about it. Ambergris is scarcer than gold. It is more of an uncertain quantity. It is harder to find and harder to transport. It is found floating in lumps in the ocean, and occasionally in the intestines of the sperm whale. There are, however, few sperm whales available, and the lumps of ambergris have been growing scarcer as the whales have decreased in number.

POOR ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Dipped in Canary Dye They Were Sold for Songsters.

"At least some members of the sparrow family have been enjoying their ease and a great deal of luxury in the past few weeks," remarked a down town business man, "and every time I see the busy little creatures now, I unconsciously find myself anxiously examining their feathers, wondering the while, if they numbered among the hundred or more fortunate ones that a clever grafter succeeded in pawing off on this ever-credulous public of ours as the real thing in the way of a chirping canary bird. The fellow who did the trick has my congratulations. He is ingenious, at any rate, and I could not help thinking when I saw him caught with the goods on, too, how much real talent and rare qualities of enterprise had gone into seed. Somehow, I felt provoked that it should have been wasted upon a poor little flock of innocent sparrows.

"As it turned out, complaints have been coming in thick and fast. Complaints that a man has, for some time past, been peddling around town English sparrows that, it has since been discovered, were artistically dipped into a pretty, bright, canary-colored dye, and dipped at a dollar or more a head; the latter depending upon the generosity of his victims."

With each purchase was given a slip of paper, upon which were written the rules which were to be strenuously adhered to. Exactness, he explained, being necessary, owing to the unusual requirements of the peculiar species of canary bird which he presented. Upon the paper was written a very few things to do for the little creatures in their too small wooden cages. The rules consisted chiefly of "don'ts for canary birds." One read: "Avoid strong light," and went on to explain that the bird was very young, and that like all young things, strong light was bad for the eyes. But the "don't" that proved the fellow's undoing and led to his capture appeared in black, capital letters, and read: "Never bathe the bird, but once within a month. The bird having been just taken fresh from the nest this morning, there will be no further trouble concerning its bath for a month. All that this bird requires is plenty of food."

THE UBIQUITOUS FLEA.

She was a pretty and winsome little colonial lady of four summers, but, says the Cornhill Magazine, she began her first conversation with the gentleman just out from England in this unpromising fashion:

"The flea bite me a lot in the night." "Dear me, that is very sad!" Then, wishing to administer consolation even in these trying circumstances, the gentleman from England added, "Do they bite you in the day time, too?" "No." "Why not?" "Well, you see in the daytime they're busy biting grandmamma." Grandmamma lived in England. Then, little by little, the visitor from that country got at the little girl's theory, in which imagination and geography were queerly mingled. Knowing that it was night in England when it was day in Australia, she had pictured the flea as a wandering Jew, daily hopping the world in pursuit of his laborious livelihood.

Now, even to the unthinking," concluded the merchant, "this sounds preposterous. But just the same, it actually happened, and had not the dye rubbed off of the little captives, and thereby their identity established, I don't doubt that the grafter would have died independently wealthy. All of which only adds one more proof to the ever-current fact that the public really wants to be bungled—that they are anxious for it. The only real difference being degree."—Washington Post.

A. T. STEWART'S CARPET WAR.

How the Merchant Started the Mills at Grovettsville, N. Y. With all his wonderful shrewdness, A. T. Stewart, merchant prince, occasionally caught a Tartar. Mr. Stewart lived to see the decadence of the American trade in foreign carpets, first largely undertaken by him in New York. The manufacture of Axminster and moquette carpets by hand in foreign countries was one of the slowest of trade processes. Two men and a boy were employed at one loom, and they could make but one and a half yards a day, according to the New York Times. Alexander Smith and his partner, Halcyon Skinner, of Yonkers, invented a loom that made eleven yards a day when attended only by a young girl. This revolutionized the carpet industry. Stewart, quick to perceive, immediately acquired control of the output of Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, and through his enormous dealings that concern grew to be the largest of his kind in the world.

The Smiths had little to say. Alexander and Warren B. went quietly along filling Stewart's orders and increased their plant. Inasmuch as Stewart had financed the company right along, he thought he owned it. One day Smith (it was in 1873) called on Stewart at his store for funds. "If you want any more money out of me, you've got to do something for it," said the merchant. "I've been too liberal with you, and I'm paying too much for your carpets. You must come away down in your price."

The Smiths had little to say. Alexander and Warren B. went quietly along filling Stewart's orders and increased their plant. Inasmuch as Stewart had financed the company right along, he thought he owned it. One day Smith (it was in 1873) called on Stewart at his store for funds. "If you want any more money out of me, you've got to do something for it," said the merchant. "I've been too liberal with you, and I'm paying too much for your carpets. You must come away down in your price."

The Smiths had little to say. Alexander and Warren B. went quietly along filling Stewart's orders and increased their plant. Inasmuch as Stewart had financed the company right along, he thought he owned it. One day Smith (it was in 1873) called on Stewart at his store for funds. "If you want any more money out of me, you've got to do something for it," said the merchant. "I've been too liberal with you, and I'm paying too much for your carpets. You must come away down in your price."

It was a severe blow to Stewart's business, as well as to his pride. For revenge he built an extensive carpet factory at Grovettsville, N. Y., with a capacity of 2,000,000 yards annually, but by some strange perversion of fate he died on the very day that the first roll came from his looms. At the same time Smith quit him no one supposed the Yonkers manufacturer had a dollar he could call his own. His independence proved that he was rich. And when Warren B. died the other day the world was startled to learn that the quiet, unassuming, hard working weaver had laid up a fortune of \$32,000,000.

She was a pretty and winsome little colonial lady of four summers, but, says the Cornhill Magazine, she began her first conversation with the gentleman just out from England in this unpromising fashion:

"The flea bite me a lot in the night." "Dear me, that is very sad!" Then, wishing to administer consolation even in these trying circumstances, the gentleman from England added, "Do they bite you in the day time, too?" "No." "Why not?" "Well, you see in the daytime they're busy biting grandmamma." Grandmamma lived in England. Then, little by little, the visitor from that country got at the little girl's theory, in which imagination and geography were queerly mingled. Knowing that it was night in England when it was day in Australia, she had pictured the flea as a wandering Jew, daily hopping the world in pursuit of his laborious livelihood.

For Playgrounds.

San Francisco's city engineer includes an item of \$731,000 for children's play grounds in his report on needed improvements.

It's almost as difficult for a medium to predict what is going to happen as it is for a historian to record what has happened.