

WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day, just two kinds of people; no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood that the good are half bad, and the bad are half good. Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth you must first know the state of his conscience and health. Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span who puts on vain airs is not counted a man. Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years bring each man his laughter and each man his tears. No, the two kinds of people on earth that I mean are the people who lift and the people who lean. Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses are always divided in just these two classes. And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween, there is only one lifter to twenty who lean. In which class are you? Are you eating the load of overtaxed lifters who fall down the road? Or are you a leaner who lets others bear? Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Precious Old Home.

HESTER and Jacob Cross had a letter from their only son, which caused them both a great deal of anxious thought. "You see, father," so ran a portion of the letter, "I can seldom leave my business to go out to see you, it is such a long, expensive journey, and I must think of saving the dollars and cents, now that I have a wife and child to provide for; so I agree with you that it would be a good idea for you and mother to come out here—just close up the old place and come out here and live with us for good. No use trying to sell anything, for no one would care to buy such a little tumble-down house; and, if I remember right, there isn't a piece of furniture in it which is worth above a dollar. Just pack your clothes and a few of the things you value most, and come right along and live with us."

"Don't you think Henry speaks a little too slightly of the old home, Hester?" asked Jacob of his wife. "It was good enough for me and my father before me, and he had a good comfortable bringing up in it."

"I s'pose he's got so forehanded that he can live in a way that makes the old place seem dreadful old, and he can't help it, Jacob," replied Hester, ready now, as in the time of her son's boyhood, to make excuses for his shortcomings. Yet there were plainly written upon her face lines of pain caused by some of the words in her boy's letter, which, not even the seemingly sincere and hearty invitation to come and live with them could smooth out.

Yet her heart swelled with pride at the thought of leaving the old home of comparative poverty for her son's home, filled, as she judged by his letters, with all the luxuries and comforts which money could buy; and she endeavored to bring her husband around to her own state of mind, which was becoming each moment more and more favorable toward the project of breaking up their own household and going to Glenfield to live with their son.

So it came about that the time for their departure was near at hand, and they were making ready to go. "Might as well take all the things down and pack them into boxes, so if we should ever happen to want any of them we can send for them and have no bother about anything."

Jacob raised his thoughtful eyes to his wife's flushed face in careful consideration. "I wouldn't, Hester; they'll keep better just where they are, I think. Whoever comes for them can pack them. You need your strength for the journey; let everything stay just as it is, I say."

So they merely closed the blinds, curtains and doors, as if retiring for the night or going out to call on a neighbor for an evening, and started with fluttering hearts upon their long overland journey to Glenfield.

All the way Hester Cross dreamed longingly of the meeting so soon to be. She had never seen the dear baby nor indeed his mother, her son's wife, but her great heart was fully prepared to take them both in and cherish them beside Jacob and Henry, and the nearer she drew to her journey's end the more eagerly she anticipated the pleasure of meeting them.

At length, dusty and travel-worn, Hester and Jacob Cross stood upon the steps of their son's rather pretentious house, waiting for admittance.

By some unfortunate mistake or omission, no one had met them at the station, and they had found their way to their son's house as best they could. And no one met them cordially at the hall door, as would have been the case in their own home if anyone they loved had come to visit them. Instead, a servant came at length, and, with eyebrows raised superciliously, showed them with a doubtful air into a richly furnished parlor.

It seemed a long time to their weary eyes before their son's wife, a vision of beauty, smiling, and with condescending air, came to meet them. She tried to make them feel at ease and amply apologized for the oversight of failing to meet them at the station, but in spite of all her efforts, something was lacking, and the father and mother from the "little old tumble-down house" away back in the country hoped faintly that the meeting with Henry and the baby would be of a character to warm up their chilled spirits, and drive out that specter which already wore the garb and appearance of homesickness and persistent sitting in their inmost souls.

Shown to their room, which was a model of comfort and convenience, they rested and refreshed themselves and waited, as they had been requested, till summoned to dinner, where they met their son for the first time in ten years.

They had no real reason to complain of any lack of warmth in their son's greeting, and he was genuinely glad to see them. The mercury of their spirits ran rapidly up; but still they had not seen baby.

Grandma felt that she was being defrauded, and ventured to speak of the desire of her heart. "Baby? Oh, yes! Nurse shall bring her down for half an hour after dinner," was the smiling reply, and down to zero again dropped the mercury of grandma's hope, and grandma sympathized with her.

But, oh, when that half hour came! Frail, but fair and sweet as one of her own day lilies at home, grandma thought, and her heart went out to the little girl with a longing to love and care for it in the old-time ways in which she had nurtured her baby, her only one, as the father of this one, but as different to it as the ox-eye daisy to the forget-me-not.

Hester Cross clung to the child with loving tenderness, when the limit of time was reached, to give it to the nurse, who waited for her charge. "We'll see," she said, when she and Jacob were alone again, "we'll see if I am not to have any comfort with Henry's baby. That nurse girl shall not have everything her own way, but there's one thing she may have, and that's a rest."

Jacob looked thoughtfully and said little. He saw further into matters than his wife. She, without being conceded, had more confidence in her own ability to do things for others in her own way satisfactory to them, as well as herself, and in this case, as once or twice before, he felt that she was going to be disappointed.

Before he had time to speak a word in reply, a door opened and closed somewhere near, and they heard the softly modulated tones of their daughter-in-law in conversation with her husband.

"They are dear old people," she said, in reply to a question of Henry's, "but I am afraid a difficulty will arise in regard to Lelma. I cannot have nurse interfered with in the care of our child."

"Undoubtedly mother will find her greatest pleasure in devoting herself to the interests of baby; what is the objection, my dear?"

"Oh, Henry! in these days of enlightenment, I wonder you have not learned better than to ask such a question. Without being actually diseased, your mother is old and probably in a weak state of health. If we allowed her to nurse baby and caress her as she did to-day, to any great extent, we would without doubt be subjecting our delicate baby to almost certain infection that would be seriously injurious to her health; don't you think so?"

"I am afraid, my dear, that this is one of the few subjects upon which we differ slightly. When babies and their grandmothers are separated from each other by the new-fangled notions you are learning at your meetings and clubs, there is a line drawn beyond which my sympathy will not reach."

The door closed sharply and they heard the step of their son pass out along the hall and down the stairs.

The old couple looked at each other and each read in the eyes of the other the same thought. It was left for Hester to give expression to it, however.

"Jacob, our luggage is still at the depot; it shall never be brought into this house by my consent. I want to go home."

His lip quivered, but he smiled acquiescence, and hastened out to intercept his son, who might be going to attend to the matter of having their boxes brought to the house.

To say that Henry Cross was astonished and hurt does not express his state of mind when his father caught his arm as he was turning a corner, and hurriedly informed him of his mother's decision. Hurriedly, because if he had allowed his tongue to hesitate, the old man must have weakly broken down.

"But, father, I don't understand. You have not been under my roof half a day—not long enough to find whether you like it or not," remonstrated Henry, in tones of perplexed vexation. Yet his father, searching his face, saw a flash of something like relief pass over it, and having a key to an inner chamber of his son's mind, he did not blame him, but gently persisted.

"It's an old folks' notion, boy, no use to fight it. We're as homestead as dogs, and we will stay all night with you, and then start back to the old place. It's a mistake when folks as old as we are think of transplanting themselves to a new place."

"Father, I cannot bring myself to consent to this—this most unreasonable desire of yours and mother's being carried out," the distressed young man replied. "Come with me down to the station and we will have your things taken to the house and nicely placed, then you will feel more at home, and so will mother, and all will be right and pleasant."

But no. Henry Cross saw that it was useless to try to persuade his father to alter his decision.

They went to the station, but it was

to arrange for shipping their boxes back home, all but one.

"This is filled with country things which your mother and I thought you might like—apples from the old trees you used to like best, and a few extra nice vegetables."

The old man sighed as he thought that, having sold all their fruit and vegetables, they would be obliged to buy more to keep them through the winter months.

Henry's wife was delighted with the contents of the box, but her husband could never bring himself to relish the vegetables when they were prepared for the table; they seemed to choke him, and the sight of the well-remembered fruit brought tears to his eyes.

The information of the change in the plans of the old people was received by Henry's wife with unforgotten disappointment.

Not until the old couple were well on their way home did the reason of their sudden return there dawn on the mind of their son. Then he said: "Helena, do you care to know why your father and mother-in-law did not make a home with us, as they first intended?"

She noted the bitterness in his tone, and said nothing, but waited with questioning eyes for what he had to say.

"They overheard your learned dissertation on the subject of grandmother—the danger of allowing them to nurse or caress their grandchildren," Helena Cross blushed a fiery red. She knew her husband was right, and she would have given much to recall the words which had worked so much mischief.

She was not so cruel or hard-hearted as not to realize what she had done and to regret it from the bottom of her heart. She was young, and felt the importance of wife and motherhood, and had listened to too many well-meant but false and foolish teachings, and herein lies excuse enough for Henry's wife, whose punishment was quite adequate to her fault, or so her husband decided, when a few hours later saw her eyes swollen and red with weeping.

As for the father and mother who had so suddenly changed their mind, no tongue can tell how bitter and sweet and altogether lovely the "little old tumble-down house," which had been so calmly deserted by them four days before, appeared now, as in the golden light of an October sunset, they stopped before it.

"Oh, my, so glad I didn't tear up a down anything," sighed Hester, softly, and she stepped into the dear old kitchen door. "Jacob, are you too tired to run over to Bennett's and get the cat? They'll give her up—it don't seem quite like home without her—why, there she is. I might have known she'd see us coming. And now we'll unpack the things Henry made us bring, and have supper. Do get out from under foot, puss, till I get a fire built."

And Jacob, splitting pine kindlings, kept his face turned aside from Hester, that she might not see the happy tears in his eyes.

No one to welcome them, only the old cat that had deserted, yet for Hester and Jacob Cross it was a blessed homecoming.

Letters came at regular intervals from Henry during the winter, and each one was filled with news of the little child—all her little ways and wiles—bitter-sweet news to Grandma Hester. But through all ran an interlude of sadness—baby was not strong. She had illness after illness, and only partially recovered from each one.

By-and-by there came a mistake that filled the two old hearts with mixed emotions. Baby was coming, baby and baby's mother. The letter, sweetly worded, was written by Helena. "Will you kindly let us come, father and mother," she said, "and help me to nurse the baby back to health? I am sure that in the sweet, pure old home that Henry is always telling me about she will grow strong, especially with a grandma to love and pet her."

Hester was struck dumb with joy and amazement. She was in the midst of her spring housecleaning, and in order to be ready to receive them on the date mentioned some extra effort and haste would be necessary. This was a small difficulty, however, as in addition to the strong woman already in the house, there were others to be had, and the "little old tumble-down house," in reality a low and old-fashioned, but roomy and pretty cottage—pretty because of its setting of vines and flowers and thrifty fruit trees—was soon as thoroughly purified as could be, and shining from top to bottom.

And it came to pass that one day Helena Cross, weary, but pleased and hopeful, alighted from the old stage and at the gate of her husband's old home met his mother and gladly surrendered into her willing arms the pale, precious baby, which grandma had never expected to see again till it had grown into a cold, stately woman like Helena as she had been before the deadly fear of losing her child had changed and softened her.

Grandma's constant care and the country air soon accomplished the desired result, or well begun it, so that when the autumn frosts began to ripen the nuts the fat came forth from the busy husband and father in the distant Western city that baby and her mamma must come home, and with them the mother and father.

But, after much thought and careful consideration, the old folks decided that they were better off in their own homely old home, and that if they could have their beloved daughter-in-law and her child with them during each summer, the winters would pass by swiftly, more seasons of joyful anticipation.—Sunday Republican.

High Enough. Governor Heyward, of South Carolina, tells a joke about a young Bostonian who was visiting New York City and had occasion to go into the Park Row Building. On reaching the twenty-sixth story, which is the highest, everybody except the Bostonian left the car.

"Is this as high as you go?" asked the young man.

"Yes, sir, unless the elevator falls," answered the truthful elevator man.

UNCLE JAKE'S THANKSGIVING.

There's a lot of folks they say that's holdin' in 'em up to-day. Several parcels that they only just have found. There's a river full o' thanks that's a bustle of it, and a-bustling all de country round. Dar's a lot o' folks I fear that's attracted by de cheer. An' 'is thankful' like dey never thanked before. An' 'ere's lots o' fervent pray's like de tickets on de cars— Good for dis yer one day only an' no more.

I'm a-going to make dis day sort of up an' fur de way. For de regular thank-procession thir' de So I'll sort of set de down fore de order. An' I'll undertake to view my parcels cleah. Here's dis rhumatism! I s'pose it's a blessing in de repose. Fur I'm happy when it isn't to be found; Must be kept in from de moon in de season of de moon. An' I s'pose o' ce' de Lawd was watchin' you.

Here's dis ballet in my knee! 'twasn't by no request o' me. But it cured from de nights I used to. An' I think in that affair, dat de Lawd was surely there. Fur I'm 'takin' all my chickens now to home. My ten children I s'pose good as starvin' 'em up to-day. But de everlastin' tricks won't let me. All de coolery I succeeded, in deir action is 'satisfied. An' dat's de wear de Lawd has got a joke on me.

Dee yer enemies I've got, can be 'stroyed as well as not. 'Tis de count de whole makele as de foe. An' de stabs an' jabs dey gib underneath de chaitin' dat de Lawd Almighty sen's. When dere comes a meow-fur-de, an' de 'tices is all abaminable. Or de seasons furder back, when dere wasn't any law. Or de libberly fruit containin' food an' drink. An' de dollars I demse see dat didn't even sell on me. An' de less or greater loved ones dat All de things dat I'm bereft, makes me An' 'is worth to send an' body all dey cost. An' a s'poken joss dar are, from de daisy to de star. Dat is worth de time of countin' o'er. But of all thank-timber yet, it's de things I didn't get. That I think I hev to be de thankful for.—Will Carleton in "Songs of Two Centuries."

A THANKSGIVING SURRENDER.

BY MARION A. LONG.

"Oh, Bob, just look at these two pumpkins! Aren't they monstrous? They are just alike, too. I'll bet they're twins. I never saw such big ones, did you?"

"My eyes, Roy, but they are whoopers!"

"I wonder if we can have them for lanterns. We'll ask mother."

"Mother!" called Bob and Roy from the back yard, "can we have those two pumpkins for lanterns?"

"Oh, what large ones. Yes, boys, you may have them. They are too big for pies," answered Mrs. Phillips from the doorway.

The boys continued their work of gathering pumpkins, and only one was found to match "the twins" in size.

"We'll make a lantern to-night out of this one, Bob, and save the twins till Thanksgiving eve. Then we'll have some fun," said Roy.

"I say, Roy, let's go and scare those people down the hollow. Hold it up to the window and then run. The boy who lives there hit me with a snowball and nearly knocked out my front tooth, and I've never had a chance to pay him back."

"All right, Bob, we'll do it."

Early in the evening the boys worked industriously at their lanterns, cutting eyes, nose and mouth. The little pieces of candle were placed inside, and it was truly a hideous-looking thing. Mrs.



BILLING THE PUMPKINS.

Phillips, who was busy preparing the Thanksgiving dinners for that glad day, was soon as thoroughly purified as could be, and shining from top to bottom.

And it came to pass that one day Helena Cross, weary, but pleased and hopeful, alighted from the old stage and at the gate of her husband's old home met his mother and gladly surrendered into her willing arms the pale, precious baby, which grandma had never expected to see again till it had grown into a cold, stately woman like Helena as she had been before the deadly fear of losing her child had changed and softened her.

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THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE FUTURE.



When the citizens will be independent of market prices.—Chicago Daily News.

"Hurrah, Bob, hurrah! I have it now!"

"What have you, Roy? Tell me quick!"

The boy unfolded his seat on the pumpkin and recounted all about it. "I've been, and ask her to sell us a lot of pies, cakes, jelly, tarts and a turkey, and we can pay for them with our chickens, money. Then we'll scoop out the insides of these twin pumpkins and fill 'em with the nice things, and the night before Thanksgiving we'll carry them down to that old house and kick the door and run. Won't that be fun? A hundred times better than making a lantern."

Bob heartily agreed to the plan, and both boys hurried home.

"Mother, mother, we've got something to tell you," called Bob, breathlessly.

Mrs. Phillips sat down and listened while the boys shamefacedly told about their intention of scaring the people in the hollow, at which she looked very grave. Then they excitedly told her their plans.

"Take all our chicken money, mother, and give us piles of good things," said Roy.

"And if there isn't enough money you can have some of our chickens to pay for the stuff," added Bob.

Mrs. Phillips entered gladly into the scheme and promised to have everything ready by Thanksgiving eve. She allowed the boys to pay for part of the feast, as she thought it would be a good lesson for them.

The boys were much excited and early on the appointed night brought in the two pumpkins, nicely cleaned inside, and each with a small cap cut off at the top. It was a very important part of the plan that the pumpkins should look as if just carried from the field. Mrs. Phillips carefully filled them with tarts, jellies, cakes, celery and delicious mince pies, a great lot of fresh butter shaped like a pumpkin, two loaves of currant bread and a pair of chickens. The boys added a big bag of oranges and a box of candy especially for Bessie. Then the pumpkins were so full that not another thing could be crammed into them. Mr. Phillips now appeared to assist with hearty good will and brought a great basket of potatoes, turnips, apples, and, last but not least, a huge turkey, all ready for roasting. These things, together with the pumpkins, were carried with much soothed laughter to the door of the little old tumble-down house. The golden balls filled with goodness and the place of honor at the table was directly before the door. The boys had the pleasure of kicking on the door and then diving into the darkness.

The door flew open and a young voice called, "Mother, oh, come and see these monstrous pumpkins! And oh, there's a turkey and a big basket of things."

The surprised little woman hurried to the door and, after gazing at the gifts in astonishment, said, "Let's carry them in. I wonder who has been so kind to us?"

They dragged the basket and pumpkins into the house, and suddenly the boy cried out, "Oh! oh! these big pumpkins are full of lovely things. Don't cry, mother, dear. I know you left these things. It was those Philip's boys, Bob and Roy. I'm sure it was, because I heard them ask their mother if they could have those big pumpkins. Twins, they called 'em. To-morrow I'll go and ask Bob Phillips' forgiveness for hitting him and tell him I didn't mean to."

Bob and Roy walked slowly home, kissed their parents good night and went to bed. The last thing Bob said was, "The boy's a brat. He needn't be my forgiveness. And we'll be friends after this."

Then he sank into a sound and happy sleep.—Detroit Free Press.

The Thanksgiving Pumpkin. O, other birds may warble Of the sky and the rose, I sing in the garden grows. 'Tis in the garden grows, With leaves all rough and hoar, But fruit and flowers all gold— The crown that 'twixt the leaves Wait ridin' in of old.

With sweetest thoughts of childhood Its hardy toad-like tone, Its mother's dewy eye, And by the sturdy, honest vine, And though my heart is stilled, I never lose a better. Of pumpkins without longing For a candle and a stick.

So, water, straightway bring me precious pumpkin pie, The biggest and the brownest The ladder can supply. A while to those interesting I hear the silver chimes Of the clock in mother's kitchen I'll eat to oldest thing.—Miss Irving.

"Are you going to have Aunt Peewee for Thanksgiving, mamma?" asked little Ruth, who was laboriously juggling down the things for which she thought she should be thankful.

"Not this year, dear, and the young hopeful joyfully made another entry.

No Thanksgiving for Him. "I say, Roy," said Bob, "that's pretty hard not to have any Thanksgiving dinner, and that boy's a brat. Did you hear him comforting himself? I like him even if he did nearly knock out my front tooth. Let's tell mother all about it. It makes me squirm, though, to think what she'll say about us scaring people. I'm glad we didn't do it, anyway."

But Roy did not answer. He was thinking. Suddenly he jumped two feet in the air and said:

Two Joys. With joy we halt the turkey when The board he comes upon, With joy our souls are thrilled again When all the hash is gone.

"Going to observe Thanksgiving at your house, Johnnie?"

"You bet! Mamma gave the cook \$2 extra to stay at home that day."

His Wish. The long end of the washbone broke fairly in his clutches for me That day he wished sorely He had not fed so much.

The Turkey.—We've all heard that story about the "little hatchet," but I guess I won't be bothered this year!

LATEST IDEA IN CLOWNS.

It is a Fake Photographer Who Takes Pictures at Circus.

Did you have your picture taken at the circus? asks the Rochester Herald.

If you didn't, perhaps, you saw some of the many persons who thought they were being photographed.

It was really one of the features of the show and something brand-new. To many people, the clowns are always more than half of the fun of a circus, but while they usually play their jokes on their own kind, this man, who posed as a photographer, found his victims among the spectators as the tent was filling. He was dressed immaculately in full evening dress, with stove-pipe hat. His face was as serious as that of a man working out a hard and long problem; he never smiled, but nevertheless he was as gracious and courteous as a prosa agent.

He strode leisurely up and down the track, carrying a tripod and camera, picking out his victims. With the utmost politeness and suavely he would ask persons if they would not please pose for him a moment so that he might take their photograph. His request met with but few refusals. Most of the victims were evidently from the country districts and they naturally felt somewhat tickled that such a distinguished looking man should honor them in such a way.

Then the photographer would carefully pose them; he would ask them to remove their hats, look pleasant, etc., and if there happened to be a woman in the group he would have her place her hand lovingly on the shoulder of her "young man," and then he would go through the motions of taking the picture. Then they were allowed to pass on in the belief that they had been photographed, although as a matter of fact, the camera was only a make-believe affair.

But when the photographer could get two or three young men or boys to halt in their rush for seats, he would pose them in a graceful manner, with their heads to one side, so that they could not see him where he stood with the camera. As soon as they were properly posed, with averted heads, he would silently fold his tripod and steal away, leaving the victims standing there. After several seconds had elapsed, thinking the photographer was awfully slow, they would cautiously glance around to see what he was doing, only to discover that he had disappeared in search of new material.

This was kept up for half an hour before the performance began, much to the delight of the people in the stands, who howled with laughter as group after group was left standing in all sorts of odd poses and gazing into space until they discovered that it was only a joke and that the suave and immaculately garbed photographer was only the latest edition of a clown, who had impressed them as his pupils and assistants.

HOW COFFEE WAS DISCOVERED.

Its Introduction in the West Indies by a French Physician.

When you drink your next cup of coffee return thanks to Hadji Omar. It was he who discovered the divine berry in 1285, 619 years ago.

He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food.

He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1723 by Cibaure, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman by the name of De Cilleux, a captain of infantry on his way to Martinique, a single plant.

The voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce that it was distributed in rations.

De Cilleux, with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with it, and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, although weak, not in a hopeless condition.

There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns, and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island to be planted by them.

From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Kuntaloupe and other neighboring islands. Hadji Omar's name should be enrolled among those of the other benefactors of the human race.—London Daily Mail.

German City Without Taxes. Germany has a city situated in the Black forest containing about 7,000 inhabitants which gets along without paying any taxes, all municipal expenses being provided for by the yearly net revenue of the public property. This consists of 4,000 acres of forest, managed under the best forestry methods, and the annual return from it, pretty regular in amount, is sufficient to meet all requirements. When a tree is cut down one or more is planted, and the yield is consequently undiminishing. No tree is cut till it is of a growth to yield the maximum profit. This pays all the city's expenses, with a surplus.

Fish Have a Sixth Sense. There are some indications that fishes possess a sixth sense, the organs of which are the pores of the head and of the lateral band. This band is a row of little canals connected with the external world by holes through the scales. In these cavities, under which runs a large nerve, are found nerve heads or terminations like those of other sense organs. The use of this apparatus is unknown.

There Are Others. Homer-Meeker says he tells his wife everything that happens. Gayboy—Huh, that's nothing! I tell my wife a lot of things that never did happen.