About Bird's-Eye Maple.

For hundreds of years lumbermen and cabinet-makers have been studying to learn what causes maple wood to assume the mottled and spotted form known as "bird's-eye." In a hundred rock maple trees perhaps one is a bird's-eye. Nobody can pick the specific tree out by inspecting the bark or the manner of growth. You may have to chop 200 trees before you find one, but it is worth the sacrifice.

Fact is, the woodpeckers make all the bird's-eye maple there is in the world. In flying about the woods they come to a rock maple tree that yields very sweet sap in the season when sap is running. Most birds like sweets—woodpeckers are very fond of sugar. Having found a tree yielding a large per cent of sugar, the birds peck holes in the trunk and then stand against the bark and drink the sap as it oozes out.

After the sap has ceased to flow and the trees have leaved out new wood and bark form in those small holes. The pecking and sap-gathering goes on for years until the tree, having given up so much sap to the birds, begins to furnish fluid containing less sugar. In ten or twelve years after the birds quit a tree the holes are all grown up and nobody can pick out the big bird's-eyes from other trees that the woodpeckers did not visit.—New York Sun.

Two Sunsets Per Day.

There is only one place in the world where the sun sets twice daily, and that is at Leek, in Staffordshire. The reason of this is that a jagged mountain is situated to the west of the town, and in the evening the sun sets behind it and darkness comes on. Then the first sunset occurs, the gas lamps lit, and apparently night has set in. But it has not, for in the space of an hour or so the sun reappears again through the opening at the side of the mountain and daylight again appears. Artificial lights are extinguished and daylight again prevails, until the sun again descends below the opening, and the second sunset occurs and night comes to stay.

Modesty.

Lieutenant—I have a very pretty compliment for you. One of the young ladies thought I was the author of your latest poem.—Fliegende Blaetter.

A retreating chin is always bad; it shows lack of resolution.

AN ARTIST AT WORK.

A man with shrewd gray eyes walked along the busy down-town street, carefully observing everything. Suddenly he paused, then rushed toward a rain-pipe atached to a building and rammed his cane into it. The familiar squealing of a rat pierced the air.

All daughters of Eve within hearing lifted their skirts and fled the place. Men and boys began to crowd round. People came from across the street. Carts and cabs halted.

"Say, mister, that stick ain't long enough!" shouted a newsboy.

"Somebody go and get a terrier," suggested another.

Evidently the owner of the shrewd gray eyes did not desire advice, but intended to deal with that rat according to his own fancy. He paid not the slightest attention to the remarks, but continued vigorously to ply his cane.

"Let him come out and then set the dogs on!"

"Put your hand in and grab him by the tail!"

"Say, why don't you use the big end of that cane?"

"Blow smoke up the pipe!"

At last the star performer glanced over his shoulder—the crowd was packed and jammed behind him, and two policemen on the outskirts were struggling to make an opening—the "psychological moment" was come.

The man removed something from between his teeth, and extended it toward the crowd.

"Here you are, gentlemen!" he cried. "The cleverest invention yet made—Wilkinson's Weird and Wonderful Patent Whistle. Imitates anything from a rat to a rhinoceros! Embrace your opportunity, entertain your friends, make the children happy. Only a few left, and those going like wild-fire, at ten cents apiece!"—Youth's Companion.

TEST OF AERIAL TORPEDO.

Swedish Army Officer's Invention Propelled by Internal Motor.

Major Unge of the Swedish army has invented a comparatively novel projectile, which he thinks might be valuable for coast defense. He calls it an aerial torpedo. Like the Whitehead device, it carries a charge of guncotton in its head, and in the body are provided means for automatic propulsion. The latter differ from those employed with submarine torpedoes. Major Unge substitutes for compressed air a composition consisting mainly of gunpowder. The gases of combustion do not escape directly, as they do from a rocket, but actuate a tiny engine in the rear part of the shell; and, though it is not so asserted in the current accounts, the motor probably causes a propeller wheel outside the casing to revolve. The inventor proposes to have three sizes, their diameters being 4, 8 and 12 inches, respectively, and their charges of guncotton varying from five to 100 pounds.

Tests were made of the two smaller sizes a sort time ago on the ordnance proving grounds of the Swedish government, and a number of foreign officers were permitted to witness them. According to a correspondent of the London Times, the performance was highly instructive. The torpedoes were discharged from skeleton tubes set up at what was considered the most suitable angle, the only impetus given to the torpedoes being that afforded by the burning of the composition which they contained. What impressed some observers as the most remarkable feature of the trial was the fact that the course of the projectiles did not alter. A perfect aim seemed to be feasible, although the mounting was a makeshift.

The 4-inch torpedoes traveled about a mile and a quarter (2,200 yards) and the 8-inch torpedoes nearly three miles. The range of the largest size was not ascertained, but it could hardly have been less than five miles, and it might well have been greater.

Inasmuch as projectiles of corresponding calibers fired from rifled guns would go farther than Major Unge's torpedoes, one might be tempted to question the value of the latter, especially for driving off war vessels which are threatening to attack a fortified spot. The plan which has just been tested in Sweden, though, has two or three unique merits. Not only is the tube from which the projectiles are fired immensely cheaper than the coast defense gun and mount, but it is also light enough to be readily moved from one spot to another. The outfit which the London Times correspondent saw—probably that which was suited to the discharge of an 8-inch torpedo — weighed only 700 pounds. A battery of such tubes could be shifted with the same ease as light artillery and concentration at a given point on short notice would be entirely practicable. Of course, the apparatus and the torpedoes would also be serviceable in field work. American military officers will undoubtedly await further information about the system, and particularly in regard to the behavior of Major Unge's 12-inch torpedo, with something more than curiosity.—New York Tribune.

False Faces.

"What becomes of all the false faces?" asked the city salesman. "Who wears them? There are lots of them made. A trip on the elevated roads gives peeps into many doors where dozens of workmen do nothing year in and year out but make false faces. The output must be sufficient to enable the entire population to go about dressed for a continuous carnival. On Thanksgiving and a few other fete days masks are in demand, but the rest of the time most of us are content to show our natural countenances. That comparatively light local trade, even when swelled by the year round trade of small shops in populous districts, leaves a tremendous quantity of false faces to be accounted for."—New York Press.

Curing Cats of Disease.

Diseased seed oats are now medicated while passing through elevators, a number of the grain elevators of Indiana having been equipped for the purpose. The peculiar ailment to which oats are most susceptible is known as "smut" and unless treated such oats produce very inferior crops. However, the disease can be cured quite easily, and the medicament is simply formaldehyde, that much-abused germicide.

To treat the oats a veritable drop or chute about three feet square and forty to fifty feet high is prepared, on the inside of which are placed shelves or deflectors sloping downward, alternating on two opposite sides from top to bottom. As the grain drops from the top it is thrown from side to side by the deflectors and thus thoroughly mixed.

By means of a small steam pump the formaldehyde is then thrown, in the form of a fine spray, against the falling grain near the top of the drop. By the time the grain reaches the bottom it is thoroughly moistened, being allowed to remain in this condition several hours, after which it is run through the drop a second time, with a blast of cold air replacing the stream of formaldehyde spray, by which it is thoroughly dried.

A Selfish Monopoly.

Two men were discussing monopolies, one maintaining that there are both good and bad monopolies, and that those he was connected with are distinctly of the good sort. Then, says the New York Tribune, he proceeded to illustrate what a bad monopoly is, and to show the nature of a bad monopolist:

There was a young man in the South who went one summer on a visit to some relatives in the North. On his return he sought out another young man, and said, impressively:

"Look a-here, I understand that you took advantage of my absence from town last month to go calling on Miss Henrietta Brown."

"You are mistaken," the other man answered. "It is her sister, Miss Clarissa Brown, that I've been calling on."

"Well, sir," said the first, "that makes no difference. I've got my eye on both them girls."

Rhymes of the Season.

When the summer time has ended and
the saucy autumn breeze
Gets to toying with the leaves on all
the brilliant colored trees,
Ah, 'tis then the hearts grow lighter
and the spirits start to rise,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and
the pumpkin's in the pies.

When the days are growing shorter and
the birds have gone away,
And the corn is growing riper in the
fields from day to day,
There's a rosy glow pervading all the
hazy autumn skies,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and
the pumpkin's in the pies.

When the hammocks have been put
away and open cars are gone,
And you never see a tennis player chasing on the lawn,
When the college people gather and you
hear the football cries,
Then the frost is on the pumpkin and
the pumpkin's in the pies.

You recall with lots of pleasure all the
summer days could give,
But since the autumn days have started,
then you know 'tis joy to live,
As your mouth begins to water, and
there's gladness in your eyes,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and
the pumpkin's in the pies.
—Chicago Chronicle.

Much Timber Uncut.

Across the great lakes in Canada there lies one of the world's largest reserves of timber. In spite of the tariff imposed much of this timber is to-day coming to the United States. The forests of the Dominion are beginning to yield abundantly. More than 100,000,000 feet of pine sawlogs and square timber, during a recent season, were cut upon territory held under timber license from the crown.

Much of Canada's timber land has not yet even been explored. In the newly developed districts of Algoma, which are close to the great lakes, it is estimated that there are more than 100,000,000 cords of spruce and pulp wood, while in the districts of Thunder Bay and Rainy River there are nearly 200,000,000 cords more. A belt at least 3,000 miles long is believed to exist in Canada between Alaska and the Atlantic.

It has been estimated that, at the present rate of cutting, the greatest timber resources of the United States—those of the Pacific coast—will be exhausted in less than half a century. The annual cut of shingles and lumber in these regions is 4,500,000,000 feet. The standing timber in Washington, Oregon and northern California at present is twice that of the original timber lands of the northern woods. Washington produces about as many feet of shingles and other lumber as Oregon and California together. This State is noted for its shingles, there being more than 1,000 shingle mills within its borders. At Tacoma are located the largest sawmills in the United States.

When one has spent a day or more in visiting at a friend's house, ordinary courtesy demands that, on one's return home, a note shall be written promptly to the hostess thanking her for her pleasant hospitality.

Generosity.

Beggar—Pardon, sir, but this nickel you gave me is lead.

Benevolent Old Man—Why, so it is! Well, keep it, my man, as a reward of your honesty.—Le Journal.

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At the Market Price.

"Baron, what did you give your boys for birthday presents?"

"Soldiers."

"And your daughter?"

"I bought her one, too—a lieutenant."
—Fliegende Blaetter.

In the army of the Haytien Republic chairs are provided for the use of sentries when on duty.