



THANKSGIVING PUMPKIN PIES.

HE may not be versed in history, theology and that attention to a B allegory of A fall; I know it's very certain that the pumpkin is the skin. Have not bothered with her skin, making delicious pumpkin pies.

She has never worn a pumpkin pie. The varieties of eating she has had strength to refuse. She would cut a sorry figure in the social circles. But she looks a perfect paragon concocting pumpkin pies.

Her mind has never wandered through the literature of gush. Her cheeks have never crimsoned other than with nature's blush. She isn't versed in subtle ways and fashionable lies. But she's queen of an creation when she builds pumpkin pies.

She has not applied for membership in any cooking club. She has never murmured politics to make all nature sad. But she's mighty intellectual in wrestling with the theories surrounding the arranging of Thanksgiving pumpkin pies.

MISS PODO'S TURKEY.

MISS PODO'S TURKEY. I came out better with 'em than I expected," said Phoebe Podd across the barnyard fence to her neighbor, Mrs. Tripp, who said: "They're as fine a lot of turkeys as I ever see, Miss Podd, and you'd great luck to do so well with 'em. Turkeys are dreadful hard things to raise. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, they are; an' I do no as I shall ever try it again. They need so much coddlin' when they're little things an' they eat so much I doubt if it pays to bother with 'em. But I thought I'd try

A THANKSGIVING HUNT IN YE OLDEN TIME.



It once just to see how I come out, an' I didn't lose a single one. One of 'em had the pipe, too; but I coddled it through all right."

"You'll sell some of 'em at Thanksgiving time, I s'pose?" "Oh, yes; I calculate on selling all but that young gobbler, an' I'm goin' to eat him. I'm short of grain an' it won't pay me to buy feed for a lot of turkeys. They'd eat their heads off in six weeks."

"Yes, I s'pose so. Who you goin' to have for company Thanksgiving?" "I ain't quite sure yet; but I guess it won't be hard to get someone to come in an' help out a plump, jolly young gobbler like that."

"No, indeed. We're all goin' over to Hebron to eat dinner with my husband's sister. They're goin' to have a big family reunion there, an' sister comes on home over forty to dinner."

"It must be nice to have that many own folks," said Miss Phoebe, with a sigh. "Here I ain't got any kin at all."

"There's your cousin Thyrza," said Tripp. "I don't count her as kin," said Phoebe Podd coldly, and she manifested her resentment of Mrs. Tripp's suggestion by turning about abruptly and walking into the house, while Mrs. Tripp walked down the country road toward her own home saying to herself: "If ever there was a set piece Phoebe Podd is one. There's nobody on earth she'd ought to have, an' she'd like to have help her to eat that young gobbler as Thyrza Deane and her boys, but she'd die, Phoebe Podd would, before she'd own up to it."

Miss Podd lived on a profitable little farm left to her by her parents, who had also left her cash and stock enough to make her one of the "best off" women in the neighborhood in which she lived. She lived alone, with the exception of a hired man.

Miss Podd and her cousin Thyrza had been more like sisters than cousins in their intimacy until a trifling disagreement had resulted in their complete estrangement, and it had been five years since they had spoken to each other.

Mrs. Deane had become a widow during these five years, and she had been reduced from a state of ease and plenty to one of hardship and poverty. But these facts had apparently made no difference

with Phoebe Podd, for she continued to utterly ignore the existence of her cousin. "I'd like to see myself asking Thyrza Deane and her young ones to come and help me eat that turkey!" said Miss Podd spitefully as she went into her spiculous kitchen and hanged the bird behind her. "I've a good mind never to speak to Sarah Tripp again for mentioning the name of Thyrza Deane to me!"

Three days before Thanksgiving Miss Podd engaged the services of Jane Gray, a woman who "worked out" in the neighborhood, and the two women dressed the entire flock of turkeys for market after Job, the hired man, had done duty as a butcher.

The plump young gobbler alone was spared, but his end was to come on Thanksgiving day.

"Although it's a mercy to kill him now," said Miss Podd to Jane Gray, "he'll feel so lonely without his mate. I'll have Job kill 'im early Thanksgiving morning and put 'im in the ice house to cool off 'fore I roast 'im, an' I don't think I'll have any one here this Thanksgiving. I ain't feelin' right well an' I don't feel able to fuss 'round gettin' up a big dinner. I don't seem to have any interest in Thanksgiving this year."

But her interest was aroused when Job came in on Thanksgiving morning, and informed Miss Podd that the young gobbler was not to be found.

"I've looked high and low for 'im, ma'am; an' he ain't to be found nowhere. I've my spicions where he went."

"You have? Well, why don't you come out an' say what you think?" asked Miss Podd irritably.

"I think he was stolen, ma'am."

"It looks like it," said Miss Podd. "An' I've my spicions who stole 'im."

"Who?" "Well, I met that oldest boy of the Widow Deane in the woods near your barn last evening just at dusk an' he had a white an' black turkey gobbler slung over his shoulders. He made off mighty fast when he saw me. I never thought anything about it until I come to look up your turkey this mornin', and couldn't find him."

"And you ain't seen my turkey since you saw Joe Deane with a gobbler like mine on his back?"

"No, ma'am. The last I saw of your turkey was about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon when I see 'im goin' out toward

presented, and her first words were: "Well, Thyrza Deane, is this the best Thanksgiving dinner you're able to have?"

"Yes, it is, Phoebe," said Mrs. Deane with a blush. "It's so poor, Phoebe, that I'm ashamed to ask you to share it."

"Where's the turkey Joe brought home last night?" asked Phoebe.

"We sold it. It was one he earned huskin' corn all day for Andy Teltow, and we were too poor to keep it for ourselves, so I dressed it and Joe took it to town after dark last night and exchanged

it for things we needed more than we needed the turkey."

There was silence in the room for a moment and then Miss Podd burst out impulsively:

"I ain't fit to live! No, I ain't! I'm too miserably mean an' narrow contracted to be respectable even! I'm—"

"Why, Cousin Phoebe, I—"

"You jest keep still, Thyrza, an' hear me out! You know what I come here for? Hey? No, you don't, an' you ain't mean-minded enough to guess! I come here to accuse your boy Joe of stealin' a turkey from me! I—"

"Why, Phoebe—"

"You keep still, Thyrza, an' hear me out, an' then order me out if you feel

like it. A young gobbler I had was mislaid this mornin' an' Job, my hired man, saw your Joe goin' home las' night with a turkey on his back, an' I was mean enough to make myself think it was your turkey, an' here you are eatin' a Thanksgiving dinner of corned beef an' potatoes, an' more thankful for it, I'll be bound, than I am for all the good things I've got in my cellar an' pantry! I'm so ashamed of myself!"

"But this is what you've got to do, Thyrza; you an' the children must go right home with me an' keep Thanksgiving. I'll kill a pair of chickens an' we'll make a big potpie like we had the last time you at your Thanksgiving dinner with me. I've piles of pie an' cookies an' doughnuts an' a big pound cake all baked up. You've got to go, Thyrza, for the sake of old times! Come on an' welcome to you all!"

There was no opposing Miss Podd and in fifteen minutes they were all on their way to her house, the two cousins walking arm in arm.

When they reached Miss Podd's house Job met them with a grin on his face.

"That young gobbler's a good one," said Job. "I reckon he thought he'd be smart enough to save his neck. I found him just now in the shed room. The winder was up an' he reckoned he flew in there last night an' I reckon it so comfortable he concluded to stay right there, 'specially as there was a big of corn there."

"Well, you got his head right off an' put him in the ice house to cool off," said Miss Podd. "Our dinner'll be late, Thyrza, but I'll set out a good lunch to kind of stay our stomachs an' then you an' I will pitch in an' get up one of the regular Thanksgiving dinners like we used to get up 'fore we were gess enough to fall out. But we've left in again, as it were, an' it won't be my fault if we don't stay friends to save his neck. I don't stay friends the rest of our days."—Detroit Free Press.

Why School is Closed. Teacher—Now, Johnny, tell me why school will be closed on Thanksgiving day?

Johnny—So that we may have some thing to be thankful for.—School Board Journal.

BIG TIMBER.

Circular Issued Telling Eastern People About the Resources of the Northwest.

The Northern Pacific Railway has issued a circular gotten out especially to exploit the resources of Western Washington in respect to its timber and lumber industries. The pamphlet contains some handsome half-tone illustrations of the big timber in Washington, besides exhaustive statistics and other valuable information for lumbermen.

The figures contain some information calculated to startle even Puget Sound lumbermen, who are accustomed to looking upon these resources in a matter of fact way. The following list shows the following for all shipments of dressed lumber for the past nine years, over the various roads to points within the state of Washington: Rail shipments in the year 1890, 100,000,000 feet; 1891, 500,000,000; 1892, 900,000,000; 1893, 1,000,000,000; 1894, 1,200,000,000; 1895, 1,900,000,000; 1896, 2,258,800,000; 1897, 2,806,400,000; 1898, 3,000,000,000.

In referring to what is considered by Eastern lumbermen as abnormal features of Washington timber, the pamphlet says: "The growth of Washington timber is remarkable in many ways. For one thing it has single trees of extraordinary size. A King cypress tree recently cut measured nine feet in diameter at the butt, four feet eight inches at the top, was 186 feet long and scaled 4,000 feet of clear lumber, without knot or blemish. From a cedar log 22 feet long, 73,000 live to two and one-quarter 18-inch Perfection shingles were manufactured, worth upwards of \$150.

"The red fir is not infrequently 250 feet high, the pine 160 feet, the silver fir 150 feet, the black spruce 150 feet and white oak 70 feet. Cedars have been found 21 feet in diameter and 120 feet high. Trees from six to eight feet in diameter are frequently seen in the forests of this region."

Oregon Lumbering. The Oregon-Kelly Lumber Company has staged on the railroad platform at Seaside over 1,000,000 feet of lumber ready for shipment to California and Eastern points. On account of lack of cars and other rolling stock the Southern Pacific seems unable to handle the business. At 10,000 feet to the car, those of the largest capacity, the lumber on hand will require 100 cars.

The Necanicum Spruce Lumber Company, of Seaside, has purchased the boiler formerly in use in the old Knapperton and will use it to increase the capacity of the company's box factory and dryhouses. The new dryhouse has a capacity of 60,000 and will soon be completed. An Egan saw and planing machine has recently been purchased in the East and will arrive shortly at its destination. This company recently purchased 2,000,000 feet of spruce timber along the Necanicum, and a contract has been let for logging it.

A New Road to Dawson. J. J. McArthur, who has been in charge of the construction of the Canadian government's new winter trail between Bennett and Dawson, has arrived in Skagway, having completed the trail. The new route is 150 miles shorter than the old all-river route. The first 50 miles of it by land beyond Bennett is along the grade of the extension of the White Pass railroad to White Horse, said.

Beyond that the government force of 30 men cut the trail through 100 miles of timbered country. The road in no place is more hilly than in ordinary Western regions, and it leads around the rapids that are a vexation to those traveling the old river route.

The first mail to Dawson over the new route was sent out several days in charge of the Canadian Development Company, which has the contract to carry American as well as the British mails this winter to and from the Klondike. Roadhouses are being opened every 25 to 30 miles along the road, and the terrors of long journeys in the Arctic region without place of shelter will not have to be endured in making the trip to Dawson hereafter. Transportation companies that will engage in sledding and general freighting over the new route this winter expect a heavy travel, especially toward Nome. It is said one company will put on 250 teams.

Everett's Progress. Everett has made great progress in the past year. Its big paper mill employs 150 persons at a monthly wage of \$8,000, and the smelter, iron works, four sawmills, a sash-and-door factory and eight shingle mills help to swell the payroll and give steady employment to many more. New buildings, a schoolhouse, a hall, \$30,000 court-house, several business blocks, and numerous homes.

New Flouring Mill. Wenatchee is to have a new flouring mill. R. T. Mendenhall, from Chehalis, Wash., is to be the proprietor and manager of the new enterprise, and work will commence at once. The millsite has been selected on the Columbia river. The mill will have a capacity of 50 barrels a day to start with, and the plant will be increased as business demands it.

Will Put in a Creamery. T. S. Townsend, of Portland, who has several creameries in the state, visited Woodburn last week. He proposes to put in a creamery in Woodburn, provided he can be regularly supplied with milk from about 200 cows by the farmers. He states that the Willamette valley is the best section in the world for creamery sites, and he has a good market for all of his manufactured products.

Potato Shipments. Shipment of potatoes to San Francisco from Portland has already begun, something unprecedented so early in the season. Farmers are digging, but there is a potato glut on the ground for every potato grower in the ground in Oregon, and they are going for the purpose of trying to fill it. The California demand has already caused the price to rise from 60 to 80 cents. There are said to be a plentiful supply of potatoes in Oregon this year, however, and when digging really gets in full blast the price will come down again.

BRADSTREET'S REVIEW.

General Trade Continues at a Maximum Volume for the Year.

Bradstreet's review of trade for the week says: General trade and industry continue at a maximum volume for this season of the year, while prices, as a whole, manifest a strength unapproached in recent years.

Strength on values is still most notable among manufactured textiles, but cereals, hides and leather and the manufactures thereof have also strengthened slightly. On the other hand, pork products and tin are slightly lower. The great majority of prices, however, remain firm at unchanged quotations. An active and comprehensive demand for wool is reported at leading markets, accompanied by a fair export demand, and a further reduction in stocks.

Cereals do not manifest any striking change this week, but the resisting power of the market is apparently greater, more moderate receipts of wheat at the West inducing some covering, and corn is sympathetically stronger. Another feature naturally attracting attention at this time of the year is the demand for but generally reported small stocks of coal available, both East and West.

Lumber displays continued strength, and advances are of an expected very heavy cut this winter, both in the Northwest and at the South.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregated 4,540,000 bushels, against 4,750,842 bushels last week; 5,379,141 bushels in the corresponding week of 1898. Corn exports for the week aggregated 4,608,718 bushels against 4,881,447 bushels last week; 3,781,724 bushels in this week a year ago; 3,208,790 bushels in 1897; 3,975,721 bushels in 1896, and 1,743,167 bushels in 1895.

Business failures in the United States number 189 for the week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets. Onions, new, \$1.00@1.25 per sack. Potatoes, new, \$1.00@1.15. Beans, per sack, 85c.

Turnips, per sack, 55c. Carrots, per sack, 75c. Parsnips, per sack, 90c. Cauliflower, 75c per dozen.

Cabbage, native and California, \$1 @1.25 per 100 pounds. Peaches, 65@80c.

Apples, \$1.25@1.50 per box. Pears, \$1.00@1.25 per box. Prunes, 60c per box. Watermelons, \$1.50.

Nutmegs, 50@75c. Butter—Creamery, 30c per pound; dairy, 17@22c; ranch, 20c per pound. Eggs—Firm, 30c; choice, 32c.

Cheese—Native, 18@14c. Poultry—11@12 1/2c; dressed, 13 1/2c. Hay—Oregon standard timothy, \$12.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$17.00.

Corn—Whole, \$33.00; cracked, \$23; feed meal, \$23. Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$21; whole, \$22.

Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.65; blended straight, \$3.25; California, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$3.50; graham, per barrel, \$2.00; whole wheat flour, \$3.00; rye flour, \$3.75.

Millet—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$22; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16 per ton. Feed—Chopped feed, \$20.50 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$22; oil cake meal, per ton, \$36.00.

Portland Market. Wheat—Walla Walla, 50@52c; Valley, 51c; Bluestem, 52c per bushel. Flour—Best grades, \$3.25; graham, \$2.65; superfine, \$2.15 per barrel.

Oats—Choice white, 34@36c; choice gray, 32@33c per bushel. Barley—Feed barley, \$16@16.50; brewing, \$18.00@19.00 per ton. Millet—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$22; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, \$9@11; clover, \$7 @8; Oregon, wild hay, \$6@7 per ton. Butter—Barley creamery, 50@55c; seconds, 42 1/2@45c; dairy, 37 1/2@40c; store, 35@35c.

Eggs—29@30c per dozen. Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.00@4.00 per dozen; hens, \$4.50; springs, \$2.00@3.50; geese, \$5.50@6.00 for old; \$4.50@6.50 for young; ducks, \$4.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 13@14c per pound.

Potatoes—60@65c per sack; sweets, 2@2 1/2c per pound. Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 90c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cauliflower, 75c per dozen; parsnips, \$1; beans, 5c@6c per pound; celery, 70@75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50c per box; peas, 3@4c per pound; tomatoes, 75c per box; green corn, 12 1/2@15c per dozen.

Hops—7@10c; 1898 crop, 5@6c. Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@9c; mohair, 37@38c per pound.

Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3 1/2c; dressed mutton, 6 1/2@7c per pound; lamb, 7 1/2c per pound. Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.00; light and feeders, \$4.50; dressed, \$6.00@6.50 per 100 pounds.

Beef—Gross, top dressed, \$3.50@4.00; cows, \$3@3.50; steers, beef, 6 1/2@7 1/2c per pound. Veal—Large, 6 1/2@7 1/2c; small, 8@8 1/2c per pound.

San Francisco Market. Wool—Springs—Nevada, 13@15c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 12@16c; Valley, 18@30c; Northern, 8@10c. Hops—1899 crop, 7 1/2@12 1/2c per pound.

Onions—Yellow, 75@85c per sack. Butter—Fancy creamery 26@27c; seconds, 27 1/2@28c; fancy dairy, 25@27c; do seconds, 23@24c per pound. Eggs—Store, 35@33c; fancy ranch, 40c.

Georgie's Gab

After me and paw and the Pupp Had Lived on paw's Cooked Four days paw says:

"Well, I ain't agoin' to Put up With This Outrage any longer. I Bla up aginst some Gold proposishens in my Time and I was Run over by a Skorch or Wunt, but this here Thing of Bein left to Starve by a Heartless Womun while She's away onten Pritters and frosted Cake three times a Day is a Little Bit the Worst Thing that ever hapened to me and it ain't doin my sistum a Bit of Good."

It tucted my Hart to Look at paw. He had a end contenance and about 47 Greece Spots on his Bizness Suit. The Pupp was the only one what Seemed to Git along all rite on Paw's cookin, Becoz he wassent brot up to get most of the stuff paw cooked for Me and himself.

So paw Sed we was goin to Go and Git maw and Little Albert and the next Day we went on the Three o'clock train. We got the Itawsons to keep the pupp till we Got Back, and when we come out of the Deppo after paw Bat His ticket the pupp was there Lookin up in paw's face and Waggen His tale Like if the joke was on somebody else.

"Blame that Dawg," paw says, "if I Had a Club that would Be a neck out rite here in On- Round, and it wouldn't be no Chance blow neither."

But the trane come along in about a minit and paw grabbed the pupp when the Conductor was Looken the other way and we got in. The pupp lade down under the Seat and Keep purty quiet till it was Time to Git out the Ticket. After the conductor punched paw's and put a Little red card in his hat He held out his hand and Says: "Whare's the Boy?"

"What do you mean?" paw ast. "Ain't that your Boy?" the man says. "Yes," paw told Him, "but he's Too young to pay."

"That Don't go on this Road," the Conductor Says. "He'll Be shavin Twict a week in a year or So. Come on now, I ain't got no Time to Listen to no Stories about Dates in the Family Bible."

"I guess you must Be a new man Here," paw Says. "You Don't no the general manager of This Company is my uncle, Do you? What's your name?"

The Conductor Looked kind of stedy at paw for a minit and then sed: "All rite."

So he went on punchin the Tickets, and after he was up at the other End of the Car paw Says: "They ain't notin Like Havin' nurse and Keepin' your Wits about you. I Hope you'll take after me and always no Enuff to keep Cool and Camm when you git in Tite places. I wouldn't of Done a Thing Like That only this Rode run over a Cow for Uncle Henry Wunst and Wouldn't pay nothin."

Purty soon the Conductor Came Back and Leaned against the Seat in front of us, and Says to paw: "So the general manager is one of your family, is He? When was you in to See the Old gentleman Last?"

"About a week ago," paw Says. "It's a ply about His health, Ain't it?"

"Yes. I Couldn't Help notusen He was fallen purty Fast. I Told him he was Foolish to work So hard. He ot to take a Rest."

"I s'pose you didn't ast him for a pass Becoz you Felt so Sorry for Him," the Conductor Says.

"Oh, no," paw asnerd, "I Didn't no I was Goin then and I ain't Had no time to Tend to it Since."

"Look here," the Conductor Says, purty mad, "the General manager's Been in Koornp for Six months, and if He had any Reelashes like you I don't Spose He'd Ever Come Back to try to live it Down. Now I want a Ticket fer that Boy."

Then the pupp Seen that was Sumthing rong Goin on So he Crawled out From under the Seat and Begin to Bark.

"Whare's the Rest of the Family," the Conductor ast. "You ain't got a gote or a ciff or a goose or anythin Like that with you, Besides the Boy and the Dawg, Have you?"

"Don't git funny," paw says, Givin the pupp a kick that made everyboddy in the car take an interest. One man Jst Behind us Hollered: "I gess you made a mistake. You wanted to Git on the Cattle Trane, Didn't you?" and another one on the other side says to the Conductor: "You Better Serch Him. Mebbe he Has a Rabbit or Two Consealed about his purson."

Then paw Stood up and Shook his fist at them and Hollered: "You Fellows ot to Git a Job With Some Sho. Them Jokes is So Brite the publick would go Crazy over Them."

Everyboddy in the Car Laft, but me and paw Couldn't tell whether it was at the other fellers or us.

So paw settled for me and we Took the pupp and went in the Smoken Car and the next Stashen was whare we Got off.

When me and paw and the Pupp was standen on the platform All alone and the Trane had went on I says: "Paw, Did you Haft to lurn to keep cool and camm in tite places or did it jst come natcherly to you?"

Paw he set His satchel Down kind of slow and put His Hand on M Hed and says: "George, Sum day you are agoin to gro up and Be a man if your life is spaired and meby you mite have Children. Then when they come in the Times of your trubble and Sho that whare thay ot to Have Luv for you in thare Brest they ain't nothin. But Dis- respect you will no what it is to be a father with a Surpent's tooth Bitten at your Hart. Say, if you tell the folks anythin about what hapened comt out Here I'll brake every Bone in your boddy."—Chicago Times-Herald.

GAR'S MANNER OF FIGHTING.

Habits of a Hawaiian Species Made Fishing Dangerous. This is a fish story, but it is true if the writing of a man who signs "F. R. G." after his name count for fact. We all know the "guy," a long, thin gentleman like an elongated pickerel that often occupies a stall in our fish markets.

They rarely attain a length of over twelve inches here, but at Ara, Fiji, and thereabouts they grow much larger and the bill, armed with sharp teeth, is a weapon to be dreaded. The fish bask habitually at the very surface of the water and become extremely excited and in the larger specimens vicious at the slightest alarm.

The gentleman who describes the incident was collecting specimens of shells along the reef in the Ara Islands, natives towing the boat along the byways, tossing the useless specimens and bunches of coral overboard again. In doing this he noticed that almost invariably the larger gars that were in the vicinity would start out of the water and dash away at headlong speed, glancing in and out of the water like a shot. One of the fish coming near the boat, he observed that as soon as its direction could be determined the native lifted up a peculiar flat basket that he carried and held it as a shield, at the same time raising his club.

The idea of using a basket as a shield seemed a comical one, but was nevertheless a good one, as a few moments later a native some 300 yards to the left lifted a huge branch of coral and, flinging nothing in it, hurled it back again. It fell with a loud crash and almost instantly four or five gars darted from the water, rushed away with incredible speed. Two of the largest came flying toward the boat, clearing the water and glancing out again, and the native had barely time to utter a warning cry when one of them passed directly over where his head had been a moment before. The other came full at the native. For a second it was under the water, then out with a bound, flashing in the sunlight like a meteor.

The quick eye of the native, however, had followed it and, stepping back, he had thrown the thick basket shield and received the flying gar full upon it. The blow was so heavy that for the instant the man staggered and was nearly thrown over, while the fish, evidently stunned and confused by this sudden arrest of its progress, lashed the water about him into foam. A spear was soon put into it and the dangerous living arrow thrown into the boat—Hawaiian Weekly.

Cacti in a Bot. A new method of growing cacti has been discovered in the botanical gardens of Berlin. All that is required is a shallow bottle, a flat rich earth and a few cactus seeds that can be bought of any florist for a few cents. Bottles in which cream de menthe or some of the other cordials usually come, are well adapted to this purpose on account of the clearness of the glass and the grace of their shape.

Having secured the bottle, cleanse it thoroughly and then put earth in it until the bottom is covered to a height of about an inch. Sprinkle this earth well, almost soaking wet, and then throw in three or four cactus seeds. Close the bottle snugly with a tight-fitting cork and seal it close with sealing wax. Tie a strong cord around the neck of the bottle and hang it in a window that the sun reaches for at least several hours every day. In cold weather the bottle must not be exposed. The living room, with a constant temperature of 70 degrees or more, suits the experiment admirably. Then the entire process of growth can be watched with no small interest. The opening and rooting of the seeds, and the gradual development of the plants will follow, almost as if by magic.

London Tailors Do Not Fit. "The best that can be said of the clothes imported by American men from London is that they are well made," said Nelson R. Huntington of New York, who has spent years abroad in the study of the hospitals. "They never fit. Indeed, the art of misfit seems to be carefully studied. The garments of both men and women never set well, and even the actresses, who are supposed to be exacting, suffer from the inability or indolence of the English tailors to fit the figure. The finish, however, shows fine and thorough workmanship. The French achieve better fits, but the work is atrocious, making the best garments look cheap and hurried. Not even important buttons are secure. American tailors and dressmakers surpass everything in Europe in making a fit, and the finish compares favorably with the English. The New-Yorkers who import garments made by Poole and other fashionable London tailors had them refitted by American tailors until a year or two ago, when the latter refused to touch them at any price."—Philadelphia North American.

The Last Opportunity. The late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous skeptic, told many stories of experiences which grew out of the common knowledge of his skepticism. One of these related to a visit which he once made to Rev. Phillips Brooks, before Doctor Brooks became a Unitarian. Calling on Doctor Brooks, he was refused admission because, as the servant