THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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While not among the "six best sellers," notes the Pittsburg Dispatch, pocketbook and checkbook are the two best buyers.

There has been another break in the price of hogs, announces the Indianapolis News, but the confidence of pork chops remains unimpaired.

It is no doubt the "sincerest flattery" that Mexico proposes to emulate our exposition habit, but, says the Boston Transcript, as her best friend our advice is: "Don't."

Let others talk as they please, take care of your health and of your children's health, admonishes the New York Journal. If you lose your child you are robbed by disease germs.

Several religious bodies have been worrying for years past over the dwindling supply of theologues, and now here's the archbishop of Milwaukee, notes the Hartford Courant, saying there are not learned nuns enough to "go around" in the parochial schools.

Notwithstanding the appendix by its disturbance to the bodily health has come into more evil prominence in the attention of medical scientists than almost any other organ, asserts the New Orleans Picayune, its uses, or the purpose of its existence, are to-day wholly unknown, and if there are any important problems involved in its presence they are absolute mysteries.

There is a tendency in the army, as well as the navy, thinks the Louisville Courier-Journal, to premature disability from too much ease and inactivity and the new regulation will have the effect of retiring from the service such officers as are incapable of the duty prescribed by the test and making room for younger and more capable ones. As the strength of a chain is measured by its weakest link, so a company or regiment will have its efficiency for active service measured by its minimum of inefficiency in rank or file.

Dr. Wiley draws up a formidable list of food preparations which purport to be what they are not—strawberry jam concocted of glucose and timothy seeds, Java coffee hailing from Brazil, honey which is merely glucose in masquerade, etc. But these preparations are sold at prices which need not deceive the buyer. Glucose is at least not a harmful adulterant, says the New York World. A nation which buys "near-silk" dresses and "near-seal" coats may not seriously object to near jam. The main thing is to keep food free from injurious ingredients, and that is the purpose of pure-food laws.

"Tote" is good English, on higher authority than that it is a colloquialism which has become grafted into our language, contends the New Orleans Picayune. It is Anglo-Saxon to the core, as, says Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, London, edition of 1852, thus: Tote from Totian, to lift up, to carry in the hands or upon the person in the same sense as the Latin—Tollo-tollere. Tote is not known except among English-descended people, and is especially common among the negroes bred by them. It is much used by them and by some whites in Virginia and the upper Carolinas, and is unquestionably correct, although now obsolete to a great extent.

Ground plot owners in New York can continue to carry new structures to any height they please, provided they are particular to have the lights and shadows of such operations adjusted according to the requirements of the proposed amendments to the building code. The principal one, notes the Boston Transcript, is that the "cubage' of a building shall not exceed 174 times the area of the base. The higher the building, therefore, the more light spaces it must have. It is going to be a rather nice question of mathematics and will probably result in more structures like the Singer tower, which experts say will improve the Manhattan sky-line. There is certainly room for such improvement.

The problem of population in France is brought to public notice again by the announcement, in Paris, that the birth-rate in the republic in 1906 is the lowest recorded in the history of the country. This disclosure, observes the Christian Register, coming as the climax of a steady decline in the number of births for years past, has created a profound impression in France. It is shown by the statistics that during the past year there were 806,847 births as compared with 839,543 during the preceding period. In 1906 the deaths aggregated 780,196. In discussing the situation indicated by these figures, Dr. Jacques Bertillon, the chief statistician of Paris, predicts that the tide of population may soon fall backward. "The intellectual and moral influence of France is gravely imperilled by this condition," says Dr. Bertillon, who contrasts the decline in France with the yearly increase that is a feature of the development of the countries that surround the republic.

THE FISHERMAN.

He was a lad of high degree;
She was a farmer's daughter;
He came to fish the silver lay,
Or did he come to court her?
"Oh, angle where you will," quoth she;
"The little trout may swim to thee;
But never think that you'll catch me."

Yet where was that fair maiden born
But felt her heart beat higher
To see a lordling look forlorn
And beg to come anigh her?
"Stray nearer, if you must," quoth she,
"Since 'tis an act of charity;
But never try to speak to me."

The woodland ways are sweet and green
Under the summer weather,
And through the dingle, through the dene,
Go boy and girl together.
"You held my hand because," quoth she,
"The stepping stones were slippery;
But now I'm over, let it be."

A heart that burns, a breast that sighs,
Red lips with promise laden;
A pleading voice and bright brown eyes—
Alas, my pretty maiden!
"Can such a king of men," quoth she,
"Look down to wed a girl like me?
Then I will trust my soul to thee!"

She sits amid the yellow sheaves,
That little farmer's daughter,
Or counts the scarlet cherry leaves
Fall on the shining water.
"Red leaves and river deep," quoth she,
"Come hide my tear-worn heart, for he
Hath broken and forgotten me."

—Eden Phillpotts.

LUCILE'S DIARY.

She Demonstrates the Simplicity of the Dressmaker's Art.

I happened to go over to Frances Marsden's yesterday morning and I found her quite upset because a dressmaker she had engaged had disappointed her.

"She was to have made me a silk blouse," she said dolefully, "and now that she hasn't come I don't know what in the world to do, for I am going East quite unexpectedly with Fred to-morrow and I wanted the blouse to wear."

"Won't Mr. Marsden wait a day?" I asked. "Maybe your dressmaker will come to-morrow."

"Oh, no; his business engagements wouldn't permit him to delay the trip," Frances answered, with an air of importance. "I really haven't a thing suitable to wear on the cars," she lamented, "and I can't get anything ready made to match my suit."

"Well, the only thing to do is for us to make the blouse ourselves," I said.

"We make it! Why, how could we?"

"Very easily," I answered. "I'll cut it out and direct the work, for I know a good deal about sewing." I had watched cousin Fannie make so many waists for me that I thought I understood the process quite thoroughly. "We must have a pattern and then it will be smooth sailing."

"But I haven't a pattern in the house. You know I never do any dressmaking."

"You go out and get one at the nearest shop and I'll work on the trimming while you're gone," I said. "We'll have these dear little Marie Antoinette ruffles on it."

"Aren't they rather old? They have been worn all summer."

"Yes, but they have become more and more popular." I felt sure I could make these tiny frills without any trouble and I wanted to try my hand at them.

I spoke with decision, so Frances went out in search of a pattern.

It seemed wise to have plenty of ruffling if we were to put it around the collar and cuffs and down the front of the blouse, so I cut yards and yards of it, ready for Frances to hem, for I intended her to do the machine work. I am not strong enough for that kind of exercise. I put her at it as soon as she returned and I began to study the pattern she had purchased. It was an intricate affair, with a lot of perforated lines and notches that was a puzzle to me at the start. But at last I discovered which was the sleeve pattern.

"We'll make the sleeves first," I said, as I laid the pattern on the silk and began to cut it, "for it's always nice to have them done and out of the way, as they are really the most particular part."

I basted the sleeves carefully and gave them to Frances to stitch and then I trimmed them with some of the ruffles she had made.

"Don't they look nice?" I asked, as I laid them on the table side by side. "Don't you think we are getting on famously?"

"Yes, they are very pretty, but they look so funny, Lucile. Oh, dear, now I know what the matter is. They're not a pair."

"Not a pair?"

"No, don't you see they're both for the same arm."

"Oh, well," I said, "that's easily remedied. I'll just turn one."

"You can't do that, for there's a right and a wrong side to the silk."

"Then I'll have to cut another; but I don't mind the work." I was resolved to be cheerful. So I again laid the pattern on the silk. "Now we'll have a pair," I said, triumphantly, as I gave Frances the new sleeve to sew.

"Have you cut the back and front yet?" she asked.

"Why, no," I answered, laughing. "I've been so excited about the sleeves that I almost forgot the rest of the blouse."

I smoothed out the bewildering tissue paper and started to lay it on the silk, though I hadn't the least idea how the pieces would go together when I got them out. I intended to trust to inspiration. But that was not necessary, for soon I discovered there was not enough material.

"Why, Lucile, how could that happen?" asked Frances, aghast, when I pointed out the difficulty to her.

"I suppose you didn't buy enough silk," I said.

"I bought six yards which is more than I usually get."

"Well, we'll just have to run downtown and get some more," I said.

"We can't get any more," groaned Frances. "It was a remnant and I thought I was lucky to find such a handsome piece of silk to match my suit. And now all I have is three sleeves and a dozen yards of ruffling."

She laughed hysterically. Some people have so little self-control; it is really pitiful.

"It is very unfortunate that you should have selected something that isn't alike on both sides," I said. "If you had been more thoughtful about that we should have had no trouble."

"I shall have to dash downtown and buy a ready-made blouse," she declared. "It's after 3 o'clock now and there's no time to lose." She hurriedly put on her wraps.

"Would you like to have me go with you to help you choose one," I asked.

"No, thank you, Lucile. I don't feel as if I needed any more help today," she replied.

I went home quite worn-out. I should not have minded my fatigue, however, if Frances had shown any gratitude; but she did not even thank me for my long day's work.
—Chicago News.

"AMERICAN WOMAN JOCKEY."

The Paris Newspapers Make a Discovery Which Lacks Only Truth.

The French papers look upon America as the Romans did upon Africa, as the place from which something new is ever to be expected. Their latest discovery is briefly summed up in the following headlines: "An Amazon." After the female cabdriver the female jockey." "She comes from America." "She trains at Chantilly." "Will she get a license?"

With these and similar heads the Paris papers have been proclaiming the arrival of a Miss Mary Money from America with the ambition of rivalling Tod Sloan. They go on to tell of how she was to have inaugurated the Compiegne race meeting last week with an exhibition ride, but that a slight accident prevented her, and they discuss at length whether the Jockey Club will or can grant a license.

Unfortunately for this picturesque story, which the French papers find so essentially American, it has no foundation. To begin with, the lady's name is Miss Ethel Money; she is not American, does not come from America and is not dreaming of being a jockey. She is a members of the well known English family of Money, which is closely connected with the banking firm of Coutts and is well known in the world of letters. It is true that Miss Money has visited America, where she hunted with Mr. Collier's and other packs.

Almost the only true point in the story is that Miss Money is staying at Chantilly. But it was not her interest in horses that took her there. When she arrived in Paris she remembered a story she had often heard told that her great aunt, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Duke d'Aumale had agreed that should the French Gocernment ever seek to take Chantilly castle from him he was to say that he had sold it to the Baroness. The necessity never arose, and the Duke succeeded in giving his castle and grounds to the people and at the same time avoided allowing the State becoming its owner by arranging that on his death it was to go to the Academie Francaise in trust for the nation.

This recollection made Miss Money wish to see Chantilly, where to her surprise she found also a town devoted to the training of racehorses. Many of the trainers were only too glad to entrust their horses, among which are the finest steeplechasers in the country, to so fine a rider as Miss Money, so that she quickly determined to stay, until hunting really begins in England, in a spot where she had perfect horses to gallop and a perfect country to gallop in. And this is the whole story of France's "American female jockey." — Paris Corespondence of the New York Sun.

WISE WORDS.

The real friend never asks you to do wrong for his sake.

A little goes a long ways when fellowship walks at its side.

There isn't a room in the house too good to let the sunshine in upon it.

By the way, did you ever note any shortage in the circulation of gossip?

People who fear death should take it as a sign that they are not living right.

The man who is forever telling us what he is going to do never shows us anything he has done.

The small man usually swells up enough to make a tight fit when he is put in a large position.

People who waste hours are always complaining about not having time enough to accomplish something.

A lot of people who ride in automobiles would give the autos if they could push baby carriages of their own.

Perhaps we wouldn't need an elastic currency quite so much if a lot of eminent financiers possessed less elastic consciences.

We have learned to do a great many things that the ancients never learned to do, and if the ancients were alive they would doubtless be glad of it.

People are not worrying so much about the motto on the coins as they are about a chance to see the eagle on one side and the woman's head on the other.

We haven't any Looey Quinzey nor mission furniture in our house, but we are able to get a lot of comfort out of the fact that we can sit in any chair we want to—if the baby hasn't pre-empted it.

Every time we hear a rich man telling how happy he was when he was a poor, hard-working boy, we feel like throwing him down, taking his money away from him and putting him back in a position to be happy again.—From "Brain Leaks," in The Commoner.

Boys, Remember This.

When a girl invites a young man to her home for dinner, and he is told that she did the cooking, it's time for him to sit up and take notice.—Eau Claire Leader.

For the Younger Children....

THE WISH-BONE.

It is the hardest thing to do
To have a single wish come true.
I've hoped and hoped just one to get,
And not a thing has happened yet.
But now I'm sure I know the way
To make a wish come true some day.
A wish-bone I am going to take,
And when it's dry enough to break,
In either hand I'll take an end,
And when they both begin to bend,
I'll think of something that I need,
And wish it very hard indeed;
And then whichever wins the game,
I shall be lucky just the same.
It is so plain, I wonder why
No one has ever thought to try?
But I'll not tell my wish to you
Unless the thing I wish comes true.
—Arthur Macy, in Youth's Companion.

MINNIE BOO-HOO.

"I hear some one crying!" said Mellie.

"It's only a cat," said Will. "They're always yowling."

The two were taking a walk together and they had come to the big river bottoms, a section they had been told never to enter. The crying grew louder.

"It sounds just like a baby," whispered Mellie.

"'Tain't no baby," said Will disdainfully; "there are no houses round here. It's a wild animal, and I'm going up to that cotton wood tree and I'm going to shoot right plumb into the noise. I'll kill the thing, whatever it is."

He was very brave and meant what he said, and he had brought out in the lunch pail a beautiful new pistol belonging to his brother Jim. The country was newly settled and grown up people generally thought it necessary to carry arms, but Will was only ten, and not for the whole world would his mother have let him carry Jim's pistol bad she known it.

Mellie was not brave, so she said in a weak little voice: "'I think I'll go back home 'fore you shoot off that pistol."

"Very well," said Will, putting up the pistol, which, to tell the truth, he was a wee bit afraid of himself. "Girls are cowards, I know. But, Mellie," the boy continued, "you're not to be let to go home by yourself. I'll go, too."

A pitiful cry came then.

"It's a baby!" said Mellie. "Come along, I'm a coward, I know, but I've got pluck enough to go into that bunch of rushes and see if some one hasn't left a poor little baby there."

Right among the tall grasses in a coarsely woven basket lay a cunning little baby. "Just like Moses in the Bible," said Mellie, when the tiny papoose stopped crying and turned its black, beady eyes to her face.

"Gra-cious!" cried Will. "It's an Injun, and it's alive! Come along, Mellie, we'll get into trouble if we stay here. We must run home double quick."

The papoose was strapped to a board and could not wriggle about much, but it twisted its little neck around like a California owl and gave Mellie a wide smile that showed two lines of pink gums, and said, "Goo-goo-goo," just as a white baby would. "Oh, Will, wait a minute, I'm not going to leave the poor thing to die; I'm going to take it home and raise it. I'd a heap rather have it than a wax doll from New York like Lizzie Leigh's."

"Oh, I say!" Will burst out. "You'll risk your life if you touch that kid. You don't know what pernickerty kind of an Injun will be 'long after it pretty soon."

"I don't care if a big Injun comes and kills me!" declared Mellie, defiantly, looking fearfully over her shoulder, however, to see if a chief in war paint and feathers was in sight, but in spite of her fears, picking up the baby and walking quickly toward home with it, whispering all sorts of soothing things into its ear, to all of which the little red morsel only replied as before, "Goo-goo-goo!"

Mellie's mother took the baby in and took care of it, treating it just as kindly as if it had been her own. She is just such a good woman as Mellie will be when she grows up.

Will told his father the story and he made up a party to go off and hunt for the parents of the little copper-colored baby. But all that they could find out was that a flood which carried off the buildings in two Dakota villages took in its wake and swept away an Indian encampment, and it seemed quite possible that the baby in the basket had floated off on the rush of water and lodged far away in the swamp, where the children found it crying.

That was five years ago. No one has ever come to look for it. The little baby has grown to be quite a big girl now, and has made Mellie happier than ten wax dolls with red hair could have done. Of course her real name could never be learned, but Mellie's mother, who was a great reader, called her Minnie-boo-hoo, because she had heard that after Abraham Lincoln read about Minnie-ha-ha ("Laughing Water") in "Hiawatha," he said, crying water would be Minnie-boo-hoo. I think that was funny, but some of the neighbors said it was nonsense, and so they just called Mellie's red little Indian Doll Baby Minnie.—Washington Star.

"LITTLE MOTHER."

Genie and Genette were two dear little girls who lived in Florida. When their mother died their doctor father thought he would be obliged to give up their home and go North and board, writes Ella B. Simmons in an exchange.

The children begged him to remain in their old home, and let nurse Mammy and Judy, the black cook, care for them. "We'd rather stay here than go among strangers," they declared.

"I am three years older than Genette," pleaded Eugenie; "I can be a mother to her."

Tears came into the doctor's eyes at this loving remark, and he remembered how loving and helpful she had always been during the life of the invalid mother.

"They won't let us take Rags on the train, and we never can part with him," still pleaded the child. "Mamma gave him to us when he was a tiny pup. We must keep him for her sake."

And so they remained in their own Southern home, with Mammy and Judy and Rags.

They became very lonesome some days without their dear mamma, but at such times Genie would put her arms around her sister and tell how happy mamma was up in the Lord's house.

Black Mammy heard her one day, and said to Judy, "I d'clare for it; you-all jest oughter heard li'le Missie talk 'bout Heben to Genette; she am shorely bein' 'a little mother' to the chile, jest like her mamma axed her to be."

"Land, yes," answered the cook; "she never 'lows 'Nette to see her sad."

One day the doctor started to the office, and Eugenie noticed that his necktie was hanging. She laughingly ran to him, saying, "Oh, papa! I'll have to be a mother to you, too, and tie your cravat for you."—Youth's Companion.

PRINCESS AT A BANK.

I know you little Record readers will be glad to hear how a youthful royalty is saving money.

I write of Princess Mary of Wales, aged ten. She is one of the 9,963,049 depositors in the Postoffice Savings Bank, and is giving promise of much ability in the management of her independent estate.

The St. James' Postoffice is conveniently situated near Marlborough House, the palace in the heart of London where she lives, and the fair-haired little girl who "wants to put something in the bank, please," is a fairly frequent visitor.

Few of the visitors to the postoffice recognize in the child with the buff-colored deposit book the only daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The young lady, who is entered in the postoffice books as "Mary of Wales," has been a depositor for some time.

Her Royal Highness knows exactly what to do when paying in money.

Walking quickly to the counter, above which her head just reaches, she hands in the book, together with the amount, and, on receiving the book back again, looks carefully to see if the entry has been correctly made and stamped.

Her lady guardian looks on, but takes no part in the proceedings.—London Correspondence of the Philadelphia Record.

WITH A "WORKING" ELEPHANT.

These draft elephants will pass through a country, heavily laden, such as could not be traversed even by mules or donkeys. Now and then, however, they come to grief. On one occasion near Mogok, the city of ruby mines, I saw a caravan of laden elephants traversing a jungle path through bamboo and coarse grass fourteen feet high. The track in some cases was embanked, but heavy rains had undermined the soil; and just as the biggest elephant was passing, the high embankment gave way under his weight, and with a scream of terror the huge animal fell sideways, rolled over no less than five times, and at last, to the immense relief of his mahout, stopped short on the brink of a deep ravine. Of course it was thought the elephant was killed. He was none the worse for his serious fall, however, but his load had been wrecked. The broad girth had broken, and tents, cooking utensils, medicines, and fifteen or twenty live ducks were scattered over the hillside.—From W. G. Fitzgerald's "The Working Elephants of India," in St. Nicholas.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Of recent years only six deaths occur to each one hundred amputations. This is owing to the improvement in antiseptic surgery.

It has been found in Germany that one cow in every 300 has tuberculosis of the udders. A single tuberculosis cow has been known to infect more than 100,000 quarts of sound milk.

Among the scientists who have in recent years engaged most actively in the study of the obscure and little known organs of the human body is Dr. Charles Sajous, of Philadelphia. It is claimed for him that he is demonstrating not only the existence of a self-existent curative power "Vis medicatrix Naturae," in the human body, but that in these long neglected and supposed useless organs the very fountains of the health-giving auto or self-supporting anti-toxines are being uncovered.

The fire damp detector of M. Hardy, a Frenchman, is an ingenious application of the microphone. Two pipes of equal pitch—one in the mine and the other above ground—are sounded simultaneously, and the sound waves impinge on microphones connected in series with a telephone. If both pipes are in pure air a clear note is heard in the telephone. If the pipes are in air of different density, beats are heard, and these give warning of the presence of fire damp in the mine.

Within three miles from Longueil, which is on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence River from Montreal, there is a fall of seventy-four feet. With the assistance of this the engineers say that it is possible to obtain for manufacturing purposes 100,000 horsepower, which would enable manufacturers to place their plants alongside the canal. If this canal project is accomplished, then the waterway between St. Johns and Montreal will be reduced to twenty-one miles instead of ninety-four.

Searching For Data.

A Lucrative Occupation For Women Described by an Adept

"Paying and congenial work for intelligent women. Only a few in the business. No capital required."

The above may sound like a get-rich-quick scheme, but it isn't; it is a genuine proposition, with all sorts of possibilities. Searching out data for clubwomen who have neither the facilities nor the time to do the work themselves is the idea in a nutshell. New York City, with its unexcelled advantages, is the place to do the work, and the entire country is the field from which patrons may be drawn. No other work in which women may engage offers greater possibilities—to the right women—and no other work is pleasanter or more remunerative.

Naturally, this work is for women who live in the smaller cities and villages, where there are few or no libraries. For them the writing of a club paper is a momentous affair. Old encyclopaedias are pored over, private libraries are ransacked and every one of the inadequate and available sources of information is drawn upon. The days of the woman who has been selected to enlighten her sister members of the club or society are filled with anxiety and the nights with torment.

Even in cities where there are excellent libraries ready to give up their store of information, few women know how to get at the material for which they are searching. Usually the woman who is planning to write a paper puts it off until about a week before the date set for the meeting. Then she goes to the library, finds a book on her subject and reads for several days. This leaves her only time for the one book, however, and therefore she is prepared to quote from only one authority. She writes and rewrites until she is often too nervous when the day arrives even to attend the meeting at which she had planned to be one of the enlightening performers. That woman is not so anxious to get on the program again.

In New York City there are thirty-eight free circulating libraries and two great reference libraries, all of which are packed from floor to ceiling with information waiting for the intelligent and trained searcher. There is no subject which cannot be run down and buried in facts.

The woman who goes into this data collecting business, however, must become familiar with the various libraries. Some of them specialize, and she will save precious time by learning at the outset of her career where the most may be found on certain subjects. If she should begin a search for music, for instance, she would find at the Lenox Library the finest collection of music and the literature of music in this country. Here, also, is the headquarters for country, town and family histories, affording a rich field for women in the work of looking up genealogical data.

At the Astor Library is the largest number of files of magazines, dating back in many instances to the first issue. These are the most fertile of all fields for the club woman's data. Here she can find the meat of the subject without wading through hundreds of pages of irrelevant matter. With the aid of Poole's Index to periodicals and the cumulative index to the same a great storehouse of knowledge is opened.

A feature worth remembering in this connection is the fact that at the Astor Library is a great collection of programs of women's club meetings sent there from all parts of the country. Browning clubs, musical societies, mothers' clubs, cooking classes, etc., are represented in the collection. These are useful in suggesting features and topics for other club programs, and requests for this branch of the work should be numerous.

A woman who was formerly engaged in this occupation found it pleasant and profitable. She charged by the hour for her time in looking up subjects, or a lump sum if the request was for the writing of the paper, as was often the case. Sometimes her clients wanted only references as to where the facts on the subject in hand could be obtained. In that case the later and more popular magazines were consulted for references as being more available to the woman in the small city or town. Books also were referred to, and a sort of bibliography of the subject was forwarded.

Many clients less inclined to labor or with fewer facilities at hand would write for extracts on a certain subject sufficient to form the body of the paper. Often a patron would inclose a sum of money in her letter and ask for the equivalent in facts. At other times the searcher would send her bill with the matter desired and payment would be promptly and gratefully made. This woman said she lost only one account in her two or more years' experience, and this was for a mass of information which she had collected to be made into a paper on "Child Study." Her clients were widely scattered. From Idaho and from Cuba, from New Hampshire and from Pennsylvania came requests for help in her line.

While women were the principal customers of this "searcher," there were many men also who wished a similar service. Clergymen, lecturers, authors all require this expert assistance now and then.

The work is in every way educational. Many of the subjects may have held only a passing interest to the searcher. Immediately she began to look up references and to note facts and fancies concerning some subject her enthusiasm was aroused, she exhausted every source of information, and when her data was ready to mail she found herself to be in possession of a general knowledge of a subject which before she had probably scarcely thought of.

The first request not only to collect the data but to write the paper as well that came to this pioneer in the research business caused her conscience to sit up and take notice. Should she aid and abet another woman if this other meant to deceive her fellow club members in the authorship of the paper, was a question carefully debated. She decided that it was not her affair and wrote and forwarded the paper. Her relief was great when soon after she received from another member of the same club a request to prepare a paper for her, too, as she was so pleased with the one written for her friend, which was read at a recent meeting. No deceit had been practised and the conscience ceased from troubling.

With women's clubs in every city, town and small village, and even in the isolated country districts, the field for this work is enormous. Judicious advertising and letters in various clubs throughout the country, a list of which could be obtained from the collection of club programs already mentioned, would open the way for a beginning in this occupation. Then, with conscientious work and fair prices for doing it, a large and paying business could be established.—From the New York Tribune.

NATIONAL WASTE.

Warning Against Extravagant Use of National Resources.

"The present prodigious waste of the nation's natural resources must stop at once," is the warning given to the people of the United States by J. A. Holmes, chief of the technologic branch of the United States Geological Survey, who has just returned to Washington after a three months' trip through the West.

Mr. Holmes, who is an expert on fuels and one of the best known scientists in the country, toured the entire West at the instance of the Government, to learn just how serious the conditions are. He returns with the statement that in the mining operations of the present time nearly one-half of the total coal supply is being left under ground; that water, the most valuable of all resources, as a source of power is being wasted day after day and year after year to the extent of millions of horsepower, and has been used in the building of homes or in the industries.

"One of the great national problems is the conserving of the fuel resources," says Mr. Holmes. "At the present rate of increase in consumption, the better part of the fuel supply of the country will be gone by the end of the present century, unless the proper steps are taken.

"The future ascendancy of American industries will depend largely on our manufacturers being able to secure cheap fuel. The value and cost of labor will never be reduced in the United States to what they are in foreign countries; but this fact renders all the more essential in the struggle for industrial and commercial supremacy that the manufacturers of this country be able to obtain fuel supplies cheaper than they are to be had in other countries.

"The world recognizes Americans as the most wasteful of peoples in the utilization of their resources. Certainly no nation received so rich an inheritance as did the United States in its combination of soil and forest and climate and streams and mineral resources.

"The nation has literally grown up in luxury. Out of the very abundance of these resources we have developed an indifference to economy and the habit of waste. We have destroyed our game for its hides and horns; our forests for their tan bark or a pittance of the lumber they would yield; and meanwhile with a thoughtless indifference we have allowed the forest fires to burn more lumber than we have used in the building of homes or in the industries.

Every-Day Philanthropy.

A sad and seedy individual found his way into a Baltimore office building, gained admission to the offices of one of the city's best-known legal firms, and, at last, somehow penetrated to the sanctum of the senior partner.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "what do you want?"

The visitor was nothing if not frank.

"A dollar bill," he said; "although," he added, "if you don't happen to have the bill, silver will do."

The man's unusual manner caught the lawyer's curiosity.

"There you are," he said, handing out the money. "And now I should like to have you tell me how you came to fall so low in the world."

The visitor sighed.

"All my youth," he explained, "I had counted on inheriting something from my uncle, but, when he died, he left all he had to an orphan asylum."

"A philanthrophist," commented the laywer. "What did his estate consist of?"

"Ten children," said the visitor—and vanished.—Saturday Evening Post.

Proof of Martian Life.

That life is there (in Mars) is founded on no assumption, but on massed evidence that is conclusive, and the reader should realize that opposition to the idea that we now have proof of life on Mars is not based on reason, but on emotion, however speciously cloaked. All scientific objections have been met and shown untenable as to temperature, snow, etc., but human prejudice, as with the Copernican system of the origin of species, time alone can dispel.—From Professor Lowell's "New Photographs of Mars," in the Century.

The great cathedral at Cologne, although completed but a few years ago, has so deteriorated from factory smoke that the body of the church will have to be renovated throughout.

LIME.

Is air-slaked stone lime preferable to gas lime for application to land? How valuable is each kind? G. T. W. We should much prefer the air-slaked lime, especially if well pulverized so as to be thoroughly intermixed through the soil. As soils differ greatly in composition, the value of the lime as a fertilizer can be determined only by using it.—Country Gentleman.

THE MEADOW RUES.

The flowers of the Meadow Rues, Thalictrum, are green, white and yellow, but the beauty of the plants is in their finely cut leaves, which resemble very much the maidenhair fern, and, being very enduring, are most useful for mixing with cut flowers. They succeed well in the ordinary border in any good border soil. Such pleasing foliage plants are well worthy of a place in the garden. The Rue Anemone, T. anemonoides, is ornamental in flower and leaf; the flowers are white and of good size. The maidenhair plant, T. adiantifolium, is one of the best.—Indianapolis News.

THE HARDY ORANGE.

Can any one tell how far north the hardy orange, Citrus trifoliata, is hardy? This is a very handsome ornamental tree, especially when loaded with its beautiful little oranges. It is said to be quite hardy near Philadelphia, but how much of this is due to the proximity of the ocean is not known. E. Y. T. The trifoliate orange is hardy in the neighborhood of Washington and is grown to some extent as far north as Philadelphia. However, it does not seem to be hardy up to the same parallel of latitude further westward, from which we would infer that the proximity to salt water helps it out in the Eastern States. We do not know certainly of this being grown further north than Knoxville, Tennessee, in the interior. It makes a very handsome hedge plant and should be much more common in the Southern States where it thrives.—Country Gentleman.

STORING PEARS.

I would be glad to receive any information in regard to picking and storing Clapp's Favorite and Kieffer pears. Mine, for the past two years, have decayed in the centre before they show any indication whatever on the surface. W. W. A. Ridgefield, Conn. (Under all ordinary circumstances it will be found not worth while to store Clapp's Favorite pears at all. They nearly always rot from the centre, as described by our correspondent. This is a characteristic of the variety, and no preventive can be suggested. On the other hand Kieffer is a good keeper, and there should be no difficulty whatever in storing them. They do well in cold storage, handled precisely like apples. They can be put in open boxes and placed in any good cold storage at a temperature of thirty-two to thirty-three degrees, and will keep for several weeks, or even months.)—Country Gentleman.

A NEW CLOVER WANTED.

At a recent meeting of the Vermont Botanical Club, H. M. Seely called attention to the fact that while red clover has an abundant supply of nectar, our domesticated nectar-gatherer, the honey-bee, has a tongue too short to reach it. He therefore suggested that it would add greatly to the honey crop if we should breed up a race of red clover with shorter corollas in which the nectar would be accessible. By measuring the tongues of the bee it is found that the corolla would have to be not longer than twenty millimetres. It it probable that corollas of such length may be found in our fields at present and need only to be selected. The growing of such a clover would not be beneficial to the apiarist alone, but would greatly increase the tonnage of hay through the increased production of seed due to the pollinating of the flowers by the visiting bees.—The American Botanist.

PRUNING GRAPE VINES.

Grape vines should be pruned in December. The vines are then entirely dormant and in good condition. In the West the most tender varieties always remain in good condition until about the middle of January and even latter if there is much rain during December and January. If these two months are dry these varieties suffer much earlier. The vines continue giving off water after the leaves have fallen. The greater part of the winter killing is caused by the vines freezing without the proper supply of moisture. The roots take up water slowly in winter and can not supply the entire plant during dry weather. If the pruning is done in latest fall there will be but a small portion of the original top to use the sap supplied by the roots. The pruning should not be done while the vines are frozen, for fear of breaking and splitting the remaining vines. Tender varieties should be pruned early and laid down and lightly covered with soil.—Epitomist.

Adaptable Maids.

"Doubtless the servant girl problem is very annoying to you?"

"Very," responded the housewife. "I have a really desperate time getting maids my clothes won't fit."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not in His

Dense—"Knocker called dilapidated old mule. Wh do?"

Sense—"W about geo