

### A FISHERMAN'S LUNCH.

**How the True Angler Broils Trout For His Noonday Meal.**

In the deep shade of the tree the baskets are laid, and now a fire is started nearby, one of Van Dyke's little "friendship fires," which shall also cook a few trout. "Get two flat stones, friend—and they'll be hard to find in this boulder country, but they are sometimes worn quite flat—while I gather some sufficient wood." Into the fire the stones go, and the wood is heaped about them. Soon the intense glow of live wood embers indicates that the time has come.

The trout, a sliver of bacon in each, are placed on one stone, first well dusted of its ashes, and the other stone is laid upon them. Now the hot embers are raked about and over the stones, and the lunch is spread on the big rock near the spring.

O ye epicures, who think nothing good unless served by a Delmonico or a Sherry, go ye into the mountains, follow a brook for half a day, get wet and tired and hungry, sit down by an ice cold spring and eat brook trout cooked on the spot and delicious bread and butter liberally spread with clover honey. Not till then have ye dined.—"Trout and Philosophy on a Vermont Stream" in *Outing*.

### A "Lot" of Land.

A Hartford lawyer is of the opinion that the term "lot" as applied to a parcel of land is an American product, not derived from any other uses of the word. He says: "I have been reading up some of the old histories of my state, of Long Island and other colonial sections recently, and I find that the term 'a lot of land' was originated in the colonies; that it is today considered an Americanism and stands apart from other uses of the word. It originated from the custom of dividing grants for townships, etc., into parcels of land and then numbering each parcel, putting the numbers into a hat or whatever was used and then having them drawn out by those who were to occupy the land. Each man took the parcel corresponding to his number, so his land came by lot literally, and hence the use of the term. This, I presume, is ancient history, but perhaps ancient enough to have been forgotten by most real estate dealers and other people who deal in land and not language."

### Lightning and Watches.

An electrical storm seems to have a peculiar effect on some timepieces," remarked the junior partner of a big downtown jewelry firm. "Every time lightning and thunder get active in this vicinity one of the results is that our watch repairing department is overworked for several days thereafter. The damage wrought chiefly consists of broken mainsprings."

"When business gets dull with us," added the jeweler jokingly, "we require all our employees to pray for a thunderstorm. Failure to comply with this order is considered sufficient cause for discharge. I am unable to make clear the why and wherefore, but it is an established fact that after the lightning has frolicked awhile in come the watches with mainsprings wrecked."—Washington Star.

### Wanted Rainwater.

"Boy, bring me a large pitcher of rainwater and a small pitcher of well water," said the woman from the country who just had been assigned to a room in one of the fashionable uptown hotels. "Yes'm," said the boy, with an air of "Now, what kind of a drink's that? It's a new one on me."

At the bar they turned him down. "It's no mineral waters she wants. Just draw two pitchers of Croton from the faucets and pass 'em up to her. Rainwater! I ain't heard of it since I was a boy and lived in the country," said the bartender. "You couldn't get it if you could find it in New York."—New York Press.

### Society's Right to Confiscate.

What shall become of a man's property after he is dead is a matter for society to determine. If it seems inexpedient to allow a rich man to leave a child reared in luxury without means of support or to leave a quarrel on the hands of his heirs, it is entirely within society's right to restrict his license in that particular. The whims of testators are a good deal of a nuisance and are too much respected by law, though not by courts.—Life.

### Superstitions About Bees.

The superstitions which connect bees with the death or sickness of the members of the particular family in which they are kept are interesting. In Scotland and Ireland the entrance of a bee into a cottage, more particularly if it be a bumblebee, is looked upon as a certain sign of the death of some one then residing there. In other localities if bees in swarming settle upon dead wood it is regarded as equally ominous.

### Genuine Surprise.

Tess—I told that old beau of yours that you were married.  
Jess—Did you? Did he seem surprised?  
Tess—Yes, indeed! He said, "How on earth did that happen?"—Philadelphia Press.

### Accustomed to Luxuries.

Mr. Courting (exhibiting penknife)—This handle is pure silver. What do you think of that?  
Little Girl—Huh! That's nothing. Sister's teeth is on a plate of pure gold.

### A Subtle Distinction.

When a person of wealth indulges in unusual taste or hobbies, he is described as being eccentric. If he is a poor man, he is merely called a crank.—Exchange.

### A BARGAIN IN HATS.

**The Reason One Woman Rejoices While Another One Mourns.**

A Philadelphia woman moving in good society has been cured of a mania for attending rummage sales, but it took a heroic treatment to effect the cure. The other day she went to a sale of the description named in aid of a worthy charity in which she is interested and came away minus a twenty-five dollar hat. It happened this way:

A feature of the sale was a counter filled with untrimmed hats, advertised "Your choice for 50 cents." Now, the North Thirty-third street woman didn't want an untrimmed hat at 50 cents, but there was one that caught her fancy by reason of its odd shape, and she simply couldn't resist the temptation to try it on. So she took off the handsome hat she was wearing, placed it on the counter and picked up the untrimmed one. Then she looked around for a mirror. There was only one, and that was away at the other end of the long room.

She pushed her way through the crowd, and in the meantime a fat colored woman's eyes were glued to the hat she had left behind on the pile marked, "Your choice for 50 cents." It was a golden opportunity not to be missed. Counting out 50 cents in dimes, nickels and pennies, she shoved them at the innocent young attendant and made good her escape with the fashionable woman's hat.—Exchange.

### The Queen Bee.

She possesses the power of choosing which of her offspring shall be drones and which workers. Some have thought that this was automatic and that the narrower worker cell touched the button, so to speak, that brought forth a fertilized egg. But the queen will lay worker eggs in drone cells if she thinks fit, so that settles that.

If the drone is male and the queen female, what is the worker? The new woman of Beedom. She has given up her motherhood for a business career. Sometimes, though, she lays eggs, but they always hatch out drones, of which it is strictly true to say they have a mother, but no father. If the queen's wings are crippled so that she cannot make her marriage flight, her children are all drones. An Italian queen in a hive of black bees will beget workers of mixed blood, but her sons are pure Italians. Drones are useful as fathers of workers, but they cannot collect the honey they eat. Their tongues are too short.—Ainslee's.

### Claddagh Rings.

The old "poesy rings" are a much sweeter souvenir than more modern ones. A friend has one which had belonged to her great-grandmother, such a narrow gold circlet. The motto, engraved inside in old lettering, was as follows: "God above increase our love." The "Claddagh" rings of Ireland are now very difficult to procure—that is, the genuine specimens, of course. There are many imitations. These rings were heirlooms with the people of the Claddagh, a distinct gypsy-like race of fishermen, and were handed down from mother to daughter as a wedding ring, a marriage being scarcely considered legal if an ordinary ring were substituted. They were made of massive gold, decorated with a heart, bearing a crown supported by two clasped hands, signifying loyalty, love, friendship.

### The Unattained.

The quickest way to make any man weary of his life is to give him all his heart's desire. The struggle for the unattained is the secret of joy. Here is a man who has been giving his years to a reckless round of pleasure. Now you see him waking up to find that the deepest needs of his soul are still untouched. Or there is another man who has given twenty-five years to the accumulation of knowledge, and at last we see him, like Dr. Casanbon in "Midwimarch," dying with the stores of knowledge all around him, which he does not know how to use.

### Didn't Care to Try.

A woman in a railroad station the other day had a great deal of trouble with one of her children, a boy of seven or eight, and a man who sat near her stood it as long as possible and then observed:

"Madam, that boy of yours needs the strong hand of a father."  
"Yes, I know it," she replied, "but he can't help it. His father died when he was six years of age, and I've done my best to get another and failed. He can't have what I can't get. Would you care to try yourself?"

### A Family Combine.

Deacon Jones—I know of three brothers in a neighboring town that would afford excellent material for a sermon on the theme of brotherly love.  
Deacon Brown—I'll make a note of it. Tell me more about them, deacon.  
Deacon Jones—Well, John, the eldest is a physician; Thomas, the second brother, is an undertaker, and William, the youngest, is a marble cutter.—Chicago News.

### Better Than Wealth.

Employ your time by improving yourself by other men's documents; so shall you come easily by what others have labored hard for. Prefer knowledge to wealth, for the one is transitory, the other perpetual.

### Let Them Romp.

It is a good thing to remember when the children are noisy that some day they will all be married and living far away, and the house will be as quiet as a tomb.—Atchison Globe.

### Perfect Bliss.

Gladys—How did you enjoy Mrs. Uperton's reception?  
Ethel—Oh, great! It was the most complete failure I ever saw!—Puck.

### HE GOT THE GOODS.

**A business Deal Between Potter Palmer and A. T. Stewart.**

"At the time of the civil war," said an old merchant, "Potter Palmer was in the dry goods business in Chicago, and Levi Z. Letter and Marshall Field were working for him. Palmer wasn't so well known, but he had a good reputation in the trade, and he didn't have to introduce himself when he called on old A. T. Stewart to buy some goods. After some dickering they agreed upon the price, and Palmer calmly said that he would take about \$100,000 worth. It was a little larger bill than Stewart exactly cared to sell young Palmer on credit, but he concluded to make the deal and told him to come in the next morning and arrange some final details. That night some big war news came, and it didn't require any declaration by the government to inform every dry goods man in the country that the price of goods would take a big spurt up. Stewart recognized it as soon as he had the news, and he immediately thought of Palmer. He also thought of the big bill of goods Palmer had bought of him. It didn't particularly tickle Stewart, that thought didn't. But it required only a few scratches of his red head to fix things to his satisfaction. He would simply tell Palmer that he was sorry, but that he didn't feel that he could sell such a big bill on credit, and as he knew that Palmer couldn't raise the cash immediately, why, that would end it, and the sale would be off. Well, young Palmer called early, and Stewart greeted him in his very abrupt manner, telling him how sorry he was, etc., but really he didn't think it wise business to extend credit for such an amount.

"Just how much does the bill come to?" said young Palmer, seemingly sorrowful-like.

"Just \$110,000," Stewart replied, and then he straightway gulped for breath as young Palmer drew an immense pocketbook from his inside vest pocket and, opening it, counted out 110 thousand dollar bills and, laying them quietly on Stewart's desk, said: "If you will kindly count them and give me a receipt, I'll be obliged, as I must take the next train home. Ship the goods soon as you can, and when you're out our way drop in. Always glad to see our friends."—New York Times.

### AROUND THE HOUSE.

If marks and stains are on papered walls, try French chalk on a piece of dry bread gently rubbed in.

To keep hardwood floors smooth and clean rub them with waste and warm paraffin oil and polish with dry waste.

Muslin curtains may be rendered less inflammable by rinsing them in alum water—two ounces of alum to one gallon of water.

To clean mirrors dip a cloth in methylated spirits and rub on the mirror. Allow it to dry on before polishing with a soft duster.

Galvanized iron pails for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is rapidly acted upon by the water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

Make a splendid furniture polish by taking a wineglassful of olive oil, one of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of alcohol; apply with a soft cloth and polish with dannel.

Rugs, mats or carpets can be cleaned thoroughly by generously sprinkling on them yellow cornmeal that has been well dampened in clean soapuds or weak ammonia water. Sweep off in a few minutes.

### Sensatory Transmission.

It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that a very minute time elapses as it travels along the nerves. Therefore, if a person put his finger to a heated iron or in the blaze of a candle there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one-thousandth part of a second, before the brain knows of the burn. Now, suppose a man with an arm long enough to reach the sun. From the known rate of sensatory transmission that man would have to live more than 100 years after touching the great luminary before he would know that his fingers had been scorched!

### Showed It Clearly.

A man who was called on to address a Sunday school in a Pennsylvania town took the familiar theme of the children who mocked Elijah on his journey to Bethel—how the youngsters taunted the poor old prophet, and how they were punished when the two she bears came out of the wood and ate forty-two of them. "And now, children," said the speaker, wishing to learn if his talk had produced any moral effect, "what does this story show?"

"Please, sir," came from a little girl well down in front, "it shows how many children two she bears can hold!"

### A Difficult Case.

First Lawyer—How did you come out in settling up old Gotrox's estate?  
Second Lawyer—It was a hard struggle.

"No!"  
"Yes; I had hard work to keep the heirs from getting part of the estate."—Ohio State Journal.

### Just the Word.

Younged (on bridal tour)—I would like rooms for myself and wife.  
Hotel Clerk—Suite, I suppose?  
Younged—That's what. She's the greatest thing that ever happened.—Chicago News.

### Paying the Teacher.

He—There is nothing like experience, after all. She is our greatest teacher.  
She—And there is no holding back her salary, either.—Brooklyn Life.

### FASCINATING DANGER.

**The Perils That Beget the Builders of Big Bridges.**

The design of a long bridge span is one of the most elaborate mathematical problems that arise in constructive work. The stresses produced by its own weight, by the weight of traffic, by locomotive drivers, by the hammering of flattened wheels, by the action of brakes on an express train, by the high speed on a curved track, by the wind and by the expansion and contraction of the steel in summer and winter are all accurately calculated. The deflection of the loaded and unloaded bridge is determined, and complete drawings are made of every member of it. The bars of steel are tested in machines which will pull in two a horsehair or a steel bar strong enough to lift half a score of the heaviest locomotives at once, and which will crush an eggshell or a steel column, and accurately measure the stress in each case. The different kinds of members are forged, riveted, bored, or planed in perhaps half a dozen remote shops, and, although usually not fitted together there, are examined and measured by specialists to see that they are correct, and are then shipped by scores of carloads to the site of the proposed structure, where steam derricks unload them and pile them many feet high in stacks covering acres of ground.

The bridge piers may rise above the water hundreds of feet apart. It remains to place them on a thousand ton structure, high above a savage chasm, over an impassable current or roaring tide, where the water is deep, the bottom of jagged rocks or treacherous quicksand, or where an old bridge must be removed and the new one built in its place without interrupting traffic on the bridge. To accomplish this the engineer has timber, bolts and ropes, hoisting engines, derricks and a band of intrepid builders who have perhaps followed him for years through more hardship and danger than fall to the lot of almost any other calling.

The complicated framework of a great span is a skeleton with many accurate joints and thousands of steel sinews and bones, each of which must go in exactly the right place in exactly the right order. The builder must weave into the trusses pieces larger, heavier and far more inflexible than whole tree trunks, swiftly hoist and swing them to place hundreds of feet high, fit together the massive girders and huge forged bars with watchmaker's accuracy, support the unwieldy masses until they are keyed together and self sustaining, and under millions of pounds of stress must adjust them at dizzy heights to mathematical lines. This he may need to do not liberally, but in dangerous emergencies, at utmost speed, putting forth his whole strength on narrow, springing planks in a furious tempest, in bitter cold or in blazing heat. He may be in the heart of an African desert, menaced by bloodthirsty fanatics, or in a gorge of the Andes, hundreds of miles from tools or supplies, where there is absolutely no supplement to his own resources. Under such conditions bridge building is one of the most fascinating and difficult of engineering problems and requires a different solution for almost every case.—Frank W. Skinner in *Century*.

### Bells.

It was long a fixed idea that silver mixed with the bell metal improved the tone, but this is now considered incorrect. The Acton Nightingale and Silver Bell, two singularly sweet bells at St. John's college, Cambridge, are said to have a mixture of silver, but if true this is not believed by competent authorities to be the cause of their beautiful tone. This idea led to the story of the monk Tandio concealing the silver given him by Charlemagne and casting the bell in the monastery of St. Paul of inferior metal, whereupon he was struck by the clapper and killed. In the ninth century bells were made in France of iron. They have been cast in steel, and the tone has been found nearly equal in fineness to that of the bell metal, but, having less vibration, was deficient in length, and thick glass bells have been made which give a beautiful sound, but are too brittle to long withstand the strokes of the clapper.—Gentleman's Magazine.

### The Inventor of the Match.

The first match was the product of the ingenuity of John Frederick Komerer, who early in the nineteenth century was imprisoned in the penitentiary at Hohenasperg, in Germany. He invented the lucifer match while in his gloomy dungeon. The German government forbade the manufacture of matches on the ground of public policy, because some children playing with them had caused a fire. Komerer was ruined by Viennese competition when he was released from prison and died a pauper. Up to 1862 the Vienna manufacturers controlled the match business of the entire world.

### From Real Life.

Teacher—Evil communications corrupt good manners. Now, Johnny, can you understand what that means?  
Johnny—Yes'm. For instance, pa got a communication from ma's dressmaker this morning that made him swear.—Philadelphia Press.

### A Pert Reminder.

Little Bertie had been taught not to ask for anything at meals. One day poor Bertie had been forgotten, when he pathetically inquired, "Do little boys get to heaven when they are starved to death?"—London Tit-Bits.

The gravedigger rises to remark that every man finds himself in a hole sooner or later.—Philadelphia Record.

The next hardest thing to getting up in the world is to keep from getting down.

### The Turk and Life Insurance.

One man was complaining that he had insured twenty years before in a mutual benefit company which promised all sorts of things, and now the time was up he received less than he would have done if he had invested his money elsewhere. A wise Turk who was sitting close by said it reminded him of a camel belonging to a friend of his. It was a most intelligent brute, and the owner was convinced that if he found a really good teacher it could be taught to talk. Presently a Hodga appeared who said he was of the same opinion and would teach it, but it would take a long time, probably thirty years. The owner was delighted and agreed to pay the Hodga a fixed sum per annum and a big bonus when the animal talked, the Hodga promising to pay a heavy fine if it did not. A friend afterward went to the Hodga and said: "What on earth induced you to make that agreement? You know you can never teach the camel to talk." "Oh," said the Hodga, "I know that, but during the thirty years either I shall die or the owner will or the camel. Anyhow, I am all right, as I have my fixed income."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Odd Wedding Customs.

In Switzerland the bride on her wedding day will permit no one, not even her parents, to kiss her upon the lips. In many of the provinces the cook pours hot water over the threshold after the bridal couple have gone in order to keep it warm for another bride. A favorite wedding day in Scotland is Dec. 31, so that the young couple can leave their old life with the old year and begin their married life with the new one, surely a pretty idea. The Italians permit no wedding gifts that are sharp or pointed, from which practice emanates our superstition that the gift of a knife severs friendship. One of the most beautiful of all marriage customs is that of the bride immediately after the ceremony flinging her bouquet among her maiden friends. She who catches it is supposed to be the next bride.

### Word Blindness.

Some curious instances of the physical defects of "word blindness" are given in the *Lancet*. The disease is fortunately uncommon. In one case the sufferer, an Englishman, thirty-four years of age, who knew Greek, Latin and French well, suddenly lost all knowledge of English, though he could read and understand Greek perfectly and Latin and French in a rather smaller degree. Another and almost more curious case was that of a man who lost the power of reading at sight. This patient was able to write accurately from dictation, but was completely unable to read what he had written. Word blindness is apparently akin to color blindness, but is certainly attended by much more inconvenient consequences.

### Odd Plants.

"What an inquiring mind Miss Lightly has!" exclaimed the cynic. "We were at an Italian table d'hôte last evening, and she said, with a very kitchenish air: 'Oh, did you ever see macaroni growing?' I should think a whole field of those lovely white stalks would be too awfully pretty."

"What did you say, old man?" said his partner.

"Oh, I just said no, that I had never come nearer to it than seeing a bread tree in flower."

Then the partner stepped to the telephone, and they carried the cynic home in the ambulance.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### A Bit of John Bright's Sarcasm.

A noble lord once said on the occasion of Mr. Bright's illness that Providence was punishing him for misuse of talents by inflicting a disease of the brain. The following was Mr. Bright's sarcastic rejoinder when he resumed his seat: "It may be so, but in any case it will be some consolation to the friends and family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which even Providence could not inflict upon him."

### Spinach.

Spinach derives its name from the Spanish monks, who first used it during fast days. It belongs to the beet family and is generally served as a vegetable, although it makes a delicate and appetizing salad. In the spring, when mint is fresh and green, a few leaves added to the spinach will improve the flavor, whether it is served as a vegetable or a salad.

### Couldn't Be Guilty of That.

"Never," said the person of good advice to the delicately nurtured Boston youth, "never say 'I can't.'"  
"Indeed, sir," responded the intellectual lad, "I trust that my diction is not so open to criticism. If you will but be attentive to my conversation, you will observe that I say 'caw'n't.'"  
Baltimore American.

### The Wife.

"Suppose I were an absolutely perfect woman," she remarked sharply. "Do you know what you'd do then?"  
"No," answered her husband.  
"What?"  
"You'd growl because you had nothing to growl about."—Chicago Post.

### He Didn't.

"Do you believe in signs?"  
"No. A dentist's sign reading 'Teeth Extracted Without Pain' fell the other day just as I went under it and knocked out two teeth of mine!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### Thought He Was Smart.

Wife—Do you mean to insinuate that your judgment is superior to mine?  
Husband—Certainly not, my dear. Our choice of life partners proves it isn't.

### The Doe and the Jackdaw.

In Savernek forest I once witnessed a very pretty little scene. I noticed a doe lying down by herself in a grassy hollow, and as I passed her at a distance of about fifty yards it struck me as singular that she kept her head so low down that I could only see the top of it on a level with her back. Walking round to get a better sight, I saw a jackdaw standing on the turf before her, very busily pecking at her face. With my glass I was able to watch her movements very closely. He pecked round her eyes, then her nostrils, her throat and in act every part of her face, and, just as a man when being shaved turns his face this way and that under the gentle guiding touch of the barber's fingers and lifts up his chin to allow the razor to pass beneath it, so did the doe raise and lower and turn her face about to enable the bird to examine and reach every part with his bill. Finally the daw left the face and, moving round, jumped on the deer's shoulders and began a minute search in that part. Having finished this, he jumped on to the head and pecked at the forehead and round the bases of the ears. The pecking done, he remained for some seconds sitting perfectly still, looking very pretty with the graceful red head for a stand, the doe's long ears thrust out on either side of him.—Birds and Man.

### Amazon Ant Gardens.

Dr. E. Ule contributes to Engler's *Jahrbuch* (supplement 30) some interesting observations on "ant gardens" in the Amazon region, where they abound on a large number of goody plants. They are generally spherical in form and about the size of a walnut. They are formed by several species of ant, which appear to collect the seeds of many different plants and to sow them in these nests, covering up the seedlings with humus when they begin to germinate. In the structure of these "ant epiphytes" the foliage and the roots display characters which especially adapt them for the situation in which they grow and promote also the protection of the ants themselves in their nest. Quite a number of the epiphytes were found as denizens of the ant gardens and nowhere else.

### The Biggest Not the Best.

A New York dealer who has handled shiploads of fruit said recently: "It is often amusing to see men, women and children picking out, as they believe, the choicest fruit at the market stands. If there are a half a dozen large oranges within sight, they will have them, even if it is necessary to overturn all the rest in the box or barrel, and this is true with most all other varieties that are sold by the piece or dozen. They invariably get the poorest specimens of the whole crop and yet are not aware of it. Very rarely you will find a person who is a good judge who will at once size up the heaviest oranges, lemons or bananas, regardless of size, and they capture the choicest fruit."

### Why Two Ears Are Necessary.

Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is dropped into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the sound to his ear, the impact being the greatest in the ear nearest to the source. This being the case, a person who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the center of disturbance is quite near him.

### A Literary Light.

A short time ago a well known writer of London, remembering that he had never read the noncanonical books, went out in search of a copy and in one bookshop after another drew blank. At last he went to his own particular newspaper shop, which also dealt in Bibles and light literature. "Have you the Apocrypha?" he asked. For a moment the young woman behind the counter was puzzled; then, brightening, she said, "Is it a weekly or a monthly?"

### When the Eyes Stick.

Inflammation of the conjunctiva, or membrane which shields the front of the eyeball from the air and takes the rub of the eyelids, is indicated by the glued state of the eyes in the morning and more especially by their bloodshot condition, the vessels being bright red in color and winding about in great irregularity, with no discernible order or plan.

### Wormy.

Shopkeeper (to small child, who has brought back a recent purchase)—What's the matter with the cheese, my dear?  
Small Child—Please, father says when he wants any bait for fishing he can dig 'em up in our back garden.—London King.

### What "Port Your Helm" Means.

In this country the helm is put to the port side of the ship (or left hand side looking forward) at the order, "Port your helm!" The rudder of course goes to starboard, and the ship's head moves to starboard. This is the rule of most nations, but in Sweden the reverse is the rule.

### The Girl From the Scientific School.

"Our daughter has at last met her fate, my dear."  
"How do you know?"  
"She received several letters from her admirers this morning, but his was the only one she didn't fumigate and sterilize."

In the Tyrolean parishes of Mieming and Rietz the members of nearly every household are engaged in the making of rosaries by stringing beads together.