Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

"Can ladies smoke in automobiles?" queries an exchange. They can; but they don't.

Hops have gone up, but they will go down just as steadily as if nothing had happened.

For wearing a dress with a low neck on the street Mrs. Pat Campbell was annoyed by a lot of rubbernecks.

Churches are uniting at a great rate. Is the religious world becoming superdenominationalistically inclined? Whew!

A blue book of the cat aristocrats of America has been published. All cats look alike from the bedroom window.

The college young man, if desired, will cheerfully look after the coeds. —Chicago Tribune.
Rubber?

Dr. Gunsaulus says that the day of the boy orator is gone. Sure. The boy orator has grown to a man and quit the habit.

The world's fair air ship race was a fizzle. Still, it is worthy of praise for one thing. It didn't result in the killing of anybody.

Those lamas who pray even for the microbes they swallow might save time by following our example and boiling the water.

The Parisians are now engaging in falconry in automobiles. By my halidom, messieurs, mediaevalism up to date is really hot stuff.

In his new novel entitled "Automobolisme" it is thought that Jules Verne will considerably lower his former record of eighty days.

The loss sustained by the University of Minnesota by reason of the recent fire is not so great as at first reported. They saved the gridiron.

How would it do, for instance, to try the recently discovered and much talked of sour milk elixir of life on the frequently slaughtered Kurds.

There is nothing to show, however, that the Harry Lehr dogs try to undog themselves, so to speak, when they attend one of his parties.

William Waldorf Astor is still able to tolerate America as a financial investment, but nothing more than that, mark you, must be expected of him.

The Radcliffe girls have been cautioned not "to look at the boys" in their travels in Cambridge. It's a slow girl that can't see the boys without looking.

Mr. Harry Lehr, whose latest flash of genius is the invention of tea parties for dogs, is said to object to newspaper notoriety. We should think he would.

An Asheville hen scratched up in the poultry yard a diamond worth $2,500 that had been lost two years. Be kind and considerate to your hens; it may be worth while.

President Butler wants $2,000,000 for Columbia university. Dr. Harper may be able to furnish him with a prescription, but he will have to look for his own apothecary.

The small stockholders in the $2,000,000 New Jersey corporation which has been sold out for $200 hereafter will believe just one ten-thousandth of what prospectuses say.

Wu Ting-fang, who is to revisit the United States, will be surprised on his return to find out how well this country has managed to worry along without his counsel and advice.

Surgeons lately relieved an Ohio young woman of fifty-one needles that were scattered through various parts of her anatomy. She must have been a girl with many fine points about her.

Chicago teachers are going to make a careful study of that city. Incidentally the hospitals are preparing to increase their facilities for caring for persons suffering from nervous prostration.

The Senate committee finds that the Chickasaw and Creek Indians are selling their valuable lands for a song. The worst of it is that they immediately pass the bars of music over the other kind.

Experts are discussing the question as to what shall be done with our idiots. Really it isn't necessary to do anything with them so long as they do nothing worse than take straw votes.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson has announced his purpose to retire forever and enjoy that long vacation to which he has looked forward for so many years. Everybody hopes that he will have plenty of time and opportunity to act the part.

The house of an editor in Shelbina, Mo., was struck by lightning three times in one night during a recent storm. But his house may have been so large and palatial that the lightning struck it in three different places.—Exchange.

An Omaha waiter who was attacked by a guest on account of the quality of pie served for dinner shot and seriously wounded his assailant. It does seem, however, that pies that have to be served with a revolver should be withdrawn from circulation.

Apropos of the light breakfast, when a glib waiter asked Eugene Field one morning whether he would have a beefsteak, chop, ham, or omelet, or what, that genial humorist replied: "An orange, please, and a few kind words." He didn't die of dyspepsia.

IS BUILT OF FOSSILS.

PECULIAR CONSTRUCTION OF NEW YORK CHURCH.

Walls a Mass of Petrified Twigs and Leaves—Material Taken from the Bed of a Prehistoric Lake—Hard as Granite.

There is a church building in Mumford, N. Y., which is built of fossils. Architecturally it is of modern type, with long, slim windows and a ground plan like that of Trinity in Boston.

At first glance the walls appear to be constructed of rough sandstone smeared with an uneven coating of gritty, coarse plaster; but a closer view reveals the error of this first conclusion. Instead of plaster the eyes behold traceries of delicate leaves, lacework of interwoven twigs, bits of broken branches, fragments of mossy bark, splinters of wood, all preserved against the wasting of time and decay by being turned into the hardest of flinty limestone.

As a matter of fact, every block of stone in the four walls is a closely cemented mass of dainty fossils. There is no basic rock at all, but only fossil fibers, which give the rock cohesion and strength. The blocks were hewn from the petrified depths of a nearby cedar swamp.

Mumford is situated in the heart of the great area of rock once in the bed of an ocean, known to geologists as the Niagara limestone.

Northeast of the village is a dense grove of cedars. As one approaches it the clean lime rocks dip suddenly and give way to a wide and long level of dark, blueish-gray muck, once beyond doubt the bottom of a prehistoric lake.

The whole grove and undoubtedly the muck land are on a bed of thick white rock, which looks, more than anything else, like immense slices of Roquefort cheese. Its coloration is much the same, and it has a similar tendency to crumble when taken fresh from the quarry depths into the upper air.

A close examination shows why this is so. Every particle of the rock's mass is made up of the petrified cedar leaves, branches, twigs, broken bark and even whole stumps and knots, welded and knit together into one dense tangle.

As these parts of the trees fell, one layer upon another, they were saturated with the dampness of the swamp and with the lime held in solution. As the vegetable matter decayed and the water evaporated, every line, fiber and grain was preserved by the lime sediment.

When this rock was first quarried some doubt existed as to its availability, for it came to the surface soft and crumbling. A few short hours in the sun and wind proved the error of any such fears, for the rock rapidly hardened to a flintlike consistency not excelled by the toughest granite.

The rock was sawed in blocks suitable for the masons' use, with one surface rough and broken as it came from the quarry. This rough surface was laid outside by the builders, so that the walls of the church exhibit this ancient vegetation in rough and bold relief.

In many places whole stumps set out, all of them perfectly preserved in their minutest details. One, in particular, on the south wall, is attached to the rest of the block by its two ends, and between it and the under surface there is an inch of daylight.—New York Tribune.

Bees Remove Their Dead After a Fire.

Over 100,000 honey bees were killed during the fire at the Eureka Paper Mills here the other day. As soon as the smoke had rolled away and the charred remnants of their homes had cooled, the little insects, humanlike, set to work cleaning up.

Apparently, an ambulance corps was formed, numbering several hundred bees. These began getting out of the way their dead comrades, many of them killed by stung firemen, and the way they worked suggested the work that must be going on daily on the Russo-Jap battlefields. Each bee tackled a dead one and struggled away with it, and as the field was strewn with thousands they have been employed the past few days.—Bridgeport correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Usual Way.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, I'll be awful glad when I get old enough to do as I please."

Pa—"Naturally, my son; and when you reach that age it's doughnuts to fudge you'll get married and not do it."

Doubting Thomas.

"Whisky," roared the temperance lecturer, "has filled more graves than anything else in the world."

"What's the matter with the doctors?" queried a small voice from the gallery.

Must Have Been Interesting.

Richard Mansfield was dining with a friend, a story writer, the other evening. The writer took from his pocket a letter and tapped it with his finger.

"I've heard curious requests," he said, "but I never heard or imagined such a one as this fellow makes. He's a consumptive out in Arizona, and evidently doesn't expect to live much longer. Listen to this:

"'Dear Mr. Blank—I've read the first chapters of your serial story in Barker's Magazine. Can you send me a manuscript copy of the whole thing? Pardon this unusual request, but I've got to see the finish of that tale before I pass out.'"—New York Times.

Catholic Church Music.

A joint pastoral will be issued shortly by the Roman Catholic bishops of England, dealing with church music. The pastoral will prohibit entirely certain masses belonging to what may be called the operatic school, and will deprecate strongly further employment of women singers in church choirs.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY IN YOUTH.

Two Important Incidents in Life of American Sailor.

During the civil war Capt. Schley, then in command of the Monongahela, was sent up to bombard one of the works at Port Hudson. While firing on the fort signals were hoisted on the flagship to recall him, but he could not read them and kept on firing until the fort was silenced. When he reported on board the flagship Farragut said sternly: "Captain, you began early in life to disobey orders"; and when Schley tried to explain about the signals that were seen but could not be read, the admiral said he "wanted none of this Nelson business in his squadron about seeing signals." Afterward, however, when in the cabin, the admiral said to him: "Do it again, whenever in your judgment it is necessary to carry out your conception of duty."

Shortly before the opening of the civil war Schley was ordered to the steam frigate Niagara, which was detailed to carry back to Japan the Japanese embassy to the United States, after Commodore Perry had opened the island kingdom. In her return home the Niagara left Cape Town in March, 1861, and she reached Cape Cod early in May, where a pilot named Dolliver came on board with his pockets full of newspapers. The captain asked for the news with such eager anxiety that the pilot stopped to ask where the Niagara had come from. Then he said bluntly: "Why, captain, the country's all busted to h——."

It was the first they knew that civil war was on. The officers of the Niagara were called upon to decide whether they would stand by the old flag or not. A new oath of allegiance was presented to all the crew. Schley was from Maryland. A number of the officers refused to take the new oath, but he, with a look at the ship's ensign, which he could see through a hatch, decided for the Union.

SEES WIT IN OTHERS.

One Professional Humorist Not Jealous of His Rival's Work.

Few would suspect, when reading Henry Wallace Phillips' virile stories of the West, that he is an Easterner born and bred. Yet such is the case After years of roughing it in the far West Mr. Phillips recently returned to his old home at Richmond, Staten Island, married his next-door neighbor and is living in the house occupied by his father and grandfather before him—a peaceful and prosaic climax to the "wild life" of his early youth.

It is often said that professional humorists are deeply serious people in private life and never read one another's work. This is not the case with Mr. Phillips. Discussing current literature with a friend recently, he said:

"How deadly tiresome, flat and inane the serious effort seems! I've just finished reading 'Lady Rose's Daughter,' and what do I care? There isn't anything in the book that most of us haven't thought as much about as we wanted to. When I read 'Mr. Dooley,' or 'O, Henry,' my heart is lifted up. I am a better and a wiser man When I read the other stuff I quarrel with my wife."

A Painful Obituary.

It is always sad to see the taking off of a strong, valuable life in its early vigor. If the untimely end is due, either wholly or in part, to the use of tobacco and alcohol, we naturally feel still more sorry to see such an unworthy snipping out of a useful and potentially great life. We note that Noah Raby, of Eatontown, N. J. recently died, and under circumstances that make his death particularly sad. Mr. Raby, according to his own statements, which seem to be pretty well confirmed, was but 136 years old, and there can be little doubt that his untimely death was due to his consumption of liquor during 120 years of that time. He was a constant user of alcoholic beverages and tobacco, and had it not been for the deadly effect of these poisons upon his strong and vigorous system, Mr. Raby might have lived to a good old age. Too bad!—California Journal of Medicine.

To Mary.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corpse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But they lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!
—Charles Wolfe.

A Matter of Pride.

"I'll give you $50 for that bit of canvas," announced the man of wealth. "Couldn't think of accepting it," answered the poor artist. "It is not that I don't need the money, but my professional reputation would suffer if I let anything go at that price."

"Ah," said the man of wealth ."Well, in that case I will give you $10 for it, and agree to tell all my friends that I paid $500."

"Now you are making a proposition that I can afford to consider," said the artist. "Hand over the ten."

Only Synagogue in Japan.

There is no organized community of Jews anywhere in Japan excepting at Nagasaki. The synagogue there was built by a Japanese woman who had married a Jew. When he died she built the synagogue in his memory.

United Kingdom Railway Companies.

There are about 200 railway companies in England and Wales alone, and about 25 each in Scotland and Ireland, making a total of fully 250 separately constituted companies.

GIVEN GOOD OBJECT LESSON.

Amateur Musician Convinced There Were Limitations to Liberty.

Timothy L. Woodruff, in discussing New York state politics privately with a friend some time ago, and referring to the Platt-Odell feud, told the following story:

"There was a young man," he said, "who lived in a Harlem flat. He was always blowing his own horn. He was trying to master the blows and stops of a cornet, much to the annoyance of his neighbors. Out of patience one night, from loss of sleep, the man in the flat above him rushed down in his nightrobe and, knocking on his door, exclaimed:

"'For heaven's sake, man, don't you know that you are destroying the peace of the neighborhood."

"'None of your business,' came the voice from within. 'I pay for this flat and I am going to do as I choose in it.'

"His infuriated neighbor went up stairs, resolving to get square. He stuffed all the stops in the basins and bathrooms, turned on the water full force, and then went to bed. It was but a short time before the half-drowned cornetist banged at his door.

"'Come in,' replied the man higher up. And the enthusiastic bugler saw a figure in the bed attired in its nightshirt, with a fishpole in his hand, a line floating in a foot of water on the floor.

"'Good heavens, man! Don't you know that you are flooding the house?' he shouted.

"'None of your business,' said the man reclining against the brace of pillows. 'It's my flat, and I can do just as I choose in it.'"—New York Times.

Uninteresting People.

They live in a quiet sort of a way
In a quiet sort of street;
They don't meet a great many people, nor
Impress the people they meet.
The newspapers never mention their names,
The world doesn't care what they do,
They never go in for anything much,
And their intimate friends are few.

He never has had a favorite club,
Though somebody said he might,
For a flat little nose on the window pane
Awaits him every night;
And eight little fingers and two little thumbs
Undo all the work of the comb,
As he sits in the quietest sort of a way
In his quietest sort of a home.

She doesn't belong to a woman's club,
She hasn't a single fad,
She plays with the "kids" and works all day,
And most of the time she sings.

He isn't like most other husbands at all,
She isn't like most other wives,
And they never attempt to make a change
In the course of their quiet lives;
But once in a while they dress the "kids,"
And go to spend the day
In a nice quiet country spot,
In a nice little quiet way.
—Maurice Brown Kirby in Collier's Weekly.

Not His Line of Business.

Col. "Bob" Townsend, one of District Attorney Jerome's assistants, who is soon to blossom forth as the author of a book on his experiences in the criminal courts, added a new one to his fund of stories in trying a burglar case last week. A Hebrew tailor of the east side had testified that the young defendant on trial had awakened him at night by picking the lock on his door ,and afterward breaking the chain which was fastened on the inside. On cross-examination the defendant's lawyer asked the witness:

"How did the defendant manage to break the chain which was fastened on the inside of your door?"

"Ask him," was the quick response. "That's his business. I'm a tailor. He's a t'ief."—New York Times.

Doctors as Book Buyers.

"The largest part of a doctor's equipment is his books," said A. D. Patten. "Physicians usually keep more closely up with the procession from the viewpoint of books than lawyers. The doctors have to do it, because of their reputation among their associates depends upon the accuracy and the modern finish of their knowledge.

"A lawyer can more easily dispense with new law books than a doctor with the late medical books. An up-to-date doctor has a much more expensive library, as a rule, than a minister, and it is almost as expensive, I judge, as a lawyer's, the difference being that a lawyer's whole equipment is books, while a doctor must have a laboratory and a full complement of instruments."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Obstinate Boer Prisoners.

Great Britain's camp in Ceylon for Boer prisoners of war was broken up some months ago. Five men out of the 5,000 originally interned in the island refused to take the oath or declaration of allegiance and at the same time refused to proceed elsewhere than to South Africa. They were released in the island, but informed that the government was at any time ready to provide them with a passage to any place except South Africa or to South Africa if they would declare allegiance. Two of the five subsequently complied with the condition and were repatriated. One of the last three has died on the island.

Dog's Service Recognized.

But for the presence of a faithful shepherd dog the little daughter of Sam Rex, a farmer at Zion Station, Ky., would have been ground to pieces under the wheels of a fast train.

The child was playing on the track as the train came dashing along. The dog seized the child in his teeth and dragged her from the track in time to miss the wheels of the engine. When he found out what had happened Rex came to Williamstown and listed the dog as property, fixing his value at $500, and said he wanted to pay taxes on him as long as he lived.

Solve the Tramp Problem.

Out in Colby a remedy for the tramp nuisance has been found. The city council had 1,000 meal tickets printed and distributed them among the women. When a tramp knocks at a kitchen door and asks for a "handout" he gets one of these tickets, which is good for a meal when signed by the city marshal. When the marshal gets hold of the tramp he compels him to work a couple of hours in payment for the meal. Tramps are scarce in Colby.

SCIENCE and INVENTION

Magnetic Manganese Alloy.

The production of magnetic alloys from non-magnetic metals is a matter of recent successful experimentation, particularly with respect to the production of manganese steel. With the same manganese that obtained a practically non-magnetic iron alloy a magnetic copper alloy may be produced. The non-magnetic metals, copper, aluminum and manganese, combined in certain proportions, produce an alloy having considerable magnetic properties. No combination of copper and aluminum produces a magnetic alloy; hence the presence of magnetic properties must be ascribed to the manganese. The manganese was submitted to the temperature of liquid air, but no change was found to occur, the metal remaining non-magnetic. This was found to be the case with the copper and aluminum. A curious point was that reversibility was brought about by aluminum. The magnetization of the alloy increased with the increase of aluminum, the maximum being attained when the alloy contained equal proportions of aluminum and manganese. The alloy was extremely brittle and resisted all attempts to forge it cold or hot at various temperatures, even at full red heat. With an ordinary horse shoe magnet the magnetization is distinctly apparent.

Electricity Runs This Plane.

In nearly every trade the introduction of electricity as a motive power has wrought great changes in the amount of manual labor performed, serving to operate automatic machinery or to drive tools with which the work is done. Thus the former laborer now guides the implements, without exerting his muscular power, or else watches the machine and

Planing Mill in Miniature

keeps it in running order. Even the carpenter is now to be provided with an electric tool, designed to replace one which required no little exertion on the part of the operator. Hereafter, instead of pushing his plane several times over the surface to be smoothed, the carpenter will simply slide it over the board once, using only a fraction of the strength formerly necessary.

This new plane is fitted with an electric motor, which may be run with current taken from an incandescent lamp socket. The plane proper consists of a series of blades arranged on a rapidly revolving shaft, after the manner of the knives on a large power planer. Provision is made for adjusting the height of the knives to cut either a thick or thin shaving, thus doing away with the necessity of running the tool over the board more than once. The only disadvantage seems to be that the plane is not practicable in all localities, owing to a lack of electric current; but this objection is rapidly disappearing, in the cities, at least, and nearly every carpenter shop has already made some use of the electric current, either for lighting or power purposes.

William E. Lee, of Weymouth, Mass., is the inventor.

Artificial Gutta-percha Cables.

Scientists, as is generally known, have long been seeking a substitute for rubber and gutta-percha. These two products, which are a necessity to the electrical industry, are becoming each year more difficult to procure and consequently more expensive. The substitutes so far brought out have usually left much to be desired after being subjected to a time test, and it is therefore interesting to note, according to Engineering, London, that the German telegraph department has for nearly two years had some cables of artificial gutta-percha in use which, it is claimed, have so far given every satisfaction. The material is the invention of Adolf Gentzsch of Vienna, and is described as a mixture of rubber and a palm wax of the same melting point as the rubber. Electrically the product is considered equal to the natural gutta-percha, and it softens only above 60 degrees Centigrade, the mixture remaining homogeneous at these temperatures. The cable in question is six miles in length and connects the Island of Fohr with Schleswig. The Gentzsch gutta-percha cables are 30 per cent cheaper than gutta-percha cables.

An Electrical Chronometer.

An electrical chronometer, which gives the time of an automobile race to the one-hundredth of a second, has been invented in Paris. An instrument is placed at the starting point and another at the finish, the two being connected by a charged wire. When the start is made a current is sent through the line, which deflects a needle, making a dot upon a paper on a revolving drum. At the finish another dot is made upon the paper. A scale on the paper shows the exact time.

Rubber Saw Handle.

Among the newest ideas for the purpose of increasing the comfort of the workingman is a saw handle made of rubber. The advantage is that, being elastic, it prevents vibration and jarring of the operator's hand. Moreover, as it is non-breakable, it may be detached from one blade and put on another, and is, therefore, practically indestructible. In shape and appearance, with the exception of the color, the handle is the same as the wooden one now in common use.

Passing of the Gondola.

The gondola is doomed. The municipality of Venice has resolved to purchase electric motor boats.

TO TRANSPLANT LARGE TREES

Successful Method of Moving Kings of the Forest.

W. J. A.—Could one transplant a large tree? What is the safest method of doing this work?

In order to transplant a large tree successfully it must be removed with a large ball of soil adhering to the roots, in order to protect the tiny rootlets from being destroyed. This is best done when the ground is frozen deep enough to hold the ball together. Cutting through the frozen ground is hard work and takes much time and to avoid this before the ground is frozen dig a trench around the tree and far enough from it to leave the proper sized ball. Dig down and under the ball all around toward the center, but leave the center undisturbed and the tree in its natural position. This will give the ball the shape of a bowl standing on flat bottom as shown by the sketch. Now fill in the trench with coarse manure or anything that will prevent the frost from penetrating to the bottom of the trench, but

A Large Tree Ready for Moving.

do not cover the ball. The object is to let the ball freeze solid or enough to stand moving without falling to pieces. After they are frozen and cannot all be moved through the winter and work would be delayed until spring, the balls can longer be kept frozen by covering them well with straw or coarse hay.

When ready to remove the tree, clear the trench of the litter, fasten a rope to top, pull the tree over and cut loose the remaining part under center and bring the tree flat to the ground. To get the ball out of the hole throw some dirt in center of the hole, say six inches or more, then raise the tree and pull it over and down to the ground on the opposite side. Then throw more dirt in center and bring the tree back and down to its first position again. Every time this is done the ball is raised in the hole and in a short time the hole will be filled and tree and ball will lie on level ground.

To roll on to low down wagon or sled wind a rope or chain around the ball the same way as rolling a log and a steady team will do the rest.

Holes to receive the trees should also be dug before the ground is frozen. In setting be careful to fill in solid around the ball, using tamper to pack the ground. The diameter of the ball is governed by the size of the tree, say thirty inches for a four to five inch, five to seven feet for trees eight to ten inches in diameter The depth of ball varies from sixteen to thirty-two inches in the center which on account of conical shape, is always the thickest. Plant about the same depth as the tree stood before removing.

Fall and Pipe for Water Flow.

A. H.—How much fall is required to bring water 1,150 feet up and down hill; the first 550 feet would have a fall of about sixty feet and then there is about sixty feet of a rise? The flow of water would supply a village. What sized pipe would be required?

This question is quite too indefinite to be answered satisfactorily. A literal answer would be that a foot of fall would be sufficient to bring water this distance, but the amount of water brought would not be enough to supply a village. If the correspondent stated how much water he wanted, then the question could be definitely answered. However, I have figured out for three different sizes of pipe, the amount of water approximately which would be brought in twenty-four hours in these circumstances. With a four-inch pipe about 120,000 gallons per day would be supplied, with a six-inch pipe about 340,000 gallons, and with a twelve-inch pipe about 2,000,000 gallons.—J. B. R.

Mice Attacking Grain in Barns.

X. Y. Z.—What can be placed around the sills of barns and in the straw to keep mice from destroying the grain.

The remedy is the use of the ordinary caustic potash, or even caustic soda, which is so generally sold in tins as concentrated lye. When this is placed in the openings it will drive away rats for a long time. The material, after having absorbed the moisture from the air, adheres to their feet, blisters them and makes them very sore. The animals are thus driven away from the place. A rather barbarous remedy which has also been suggested is to mix freshly made plaster of Paris with dry food such as flour, oatmeal or bread, and put this where these animals can get it. A dish of water is placed near the food, and the animals drink eagerly on account of the thirst which the dry powder induces. The plaster then sets inside them and kills them.

Filtering Cider.

G. W.—How may the sediment in apple cider be removed? I wish to make vinegar.

The sediment in cider may be quite thoroughly removed by filtering the liquid through two or three thicknesses of new cotton flannel. Cotton batting is also a very effective filtering material. To use the batting bore holes in the bottom of a bucket, and lay three or four inches of new batting in the bottom, hold it down with three or four inches of clean pebbles, the size of a pigeon's egg. Cider poured into the bucket will slowly filter through free of sediment.

Man's Place in the Universe.

What is man but the great musician of the universe? The universe is a great organ with mighty pipes. Space, time, eternity, are like the throats of this great organ; and man a little creature, puts his fingers on the keys, and wakes the universe to thunders of harmony, stirring up the whole creation to mightiest acclamations of praise.—Charles Spurgeon.

Peacemaker Is Stabbed.

Seeing two men fighting in front of his house, M. Dujardin, of the Conservatoire of Music, Paris, took his violin and began to play in order to soothe the combatants by his music. But one of the men at once turnde on him and stabbed him, and he was taken in a dying condition to a hospital.

The Swiss engineers have worked out plans for tapping the Lake of Sils in the Engadine and letting the water drop down the mountain side, thus creating a fall that would yield 50,000 horse power. During the tourist season the lake would resume its normal appearance, owing to the necessity of storing the water.

Could Get No Rest.

Freeborn, Minn., October 17 (Special)—Mr. R. E. Goward, a well-known man here is rejoicing in the relief from suffering he has obtained through using Dodd's Kidney Pills. His experience is well worth repeating as it should point the road to health to many another in a similar condition.

"I had an aggravating case of Kidney Trouble," says Mr. Goward, "that gave me no rest day or night but using a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put new life in me and I feel like a new man.

"I am happy to state I have received great and wonderful benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills. I would heartily recommend all sufferers from Kidney Trouble to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial as I have every reason to believe it would never be regretted."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make you feel like a new man or woman because they cure the kidneys. Cured kidneys mean pure blood and pure blood means bounding health and energy in every part of the body.

Japanese "Tea Ceremony."

No servant is ever permitted to serve tea in a Japanese house. It is the privilege of the daughter to make the beverage, while the guest who has last arrived serves it. The tea is made fresh for each guest in the same bowl, which has to be washed and dried each time, and so the "tea ceremony" is apt to be a long one. It is probably for this reason that strict etiquette forbids the presence of more than five at such tea parties.

Affections Are Not All.

Women are always in danger of living too exclusively in the affections; and though our affections are perhaps the best gifts we have, we ought also to have our share of the more independent life—some joy in things for their own shake.—George Eliot.

Simple and Cheap Disinfectant.

The simplest and cheapest disinfectant, and one, too, having no odor, is copperas. Two pounds will make a gallon of saturate solution. A portion should frequently be poured down each pipe which carries waste and water.

Spiders Invade Music Hall.

At a recent concert in Warsaw the hall was suddenly invaded by spiders, which, attracted by the sound of a violin, came from cracks and crannies in the building. The other lovers of music left.

Definition of Coquette.

To give you nothing, and to make you expect everything; to dawdle on the threshold of love while the doors are closed—this is all the science of a coquette.—T. Bernard.

Phonographs for Sweat Box.

In Vienna the answers made by prisoners in the "sweat box" will be recorded by a phonograph, so that there can not be subsequent doubt of the statements made.

Traces of Ancient Villa.

There have been unearthed at Bury St. Edmunds, England, traces of a Roman villa, yielding fragments of Samian and Romano-British pottery.

A Cincinnati man recently went to sleep in a dental chair while the dentist was repairing his teeth. They were false teeth.

David Revised.

After listening patienaly to a lot of has-beens telling what they used to be, David said in his haste, "All men are firshermen."

Says the Misanthrope.

If girls cultivated their dispositions as assiduously as they do their complexions there would be fewer old bachelors.

Bachelors were once taxed in England.