



No bird can fly backwards and rise or maintain its elevation at the same time.

People living in the island of Cyprus have discovered that the water tanks in private houses are favorite breeding places for mosquitoes and they have learned as well that goldfish are effective destroyers of the mosquito larvae. As few as five or six goldfish are sufficient to keep an ordinary house tank free.

No animal has more than five toes, eight, or claws to each foot or limb. The horse is one-toed; the ox is two-toed; the rhinoceros, three-toed; the hippopotamus, four-toed; and the elephant, five-toed. Carnivorous animals never have less than four toes on each foot. The hyena alone has four on each foot. The dog has four on each hind foot.

No saint has a more interesting flower dedicated to him in the floral calendar than St. Matthew. This is the passion flower. It is thought to have emblem of the crucifixion, and to these it owes the name given to it by its Spanish discoverers in America. The imaginary resemblance of the corona to the crown of thorns is the basis of the fancy. In addition to that there are the five anthers for the five wounds and the three styles for the nails, while the hammer, the lance and the scourge are also traceable.

"When I was in Montana last year," writes John Burroughs, "I heard of a weed called the loco weed that made horses crazy if they ate it. In a magazine article published since I wondered if the buffalo had learned to avoid this weed. A Western correspondent now assures me, on what appears to be good authority, that buffalo do eschew this plant. A ranchman in the panhandle of Texas has crossed buffalo with polled Angus—the 'black cattle'—and he has found that an animal with one-sixteenth buffalo blood will not touch the loco weed. If this is a fact it is a very interesting one. It shows how discriminating wild creatures become in the course of ages and how this wisdom becomes instinctive.

LAKE LEVEL AT HIGH POINT.

Big Vessels Able This Year to Carry Larger Cargoes Than Usual.

The largest vessels of the great lakes have been able this year to carry cargoes from 7 to 10 per cent larger than at any time for the last ten years, because the water in the lakes has been considerably above the mean level. The profits resulting therefrom have accordingly been greater.

It has been variously estimated that the water level is between one and two feet higher than usual this year. Harbors and rivers, therefore, have been able to accommodate vessels of larger draft. This, of course, permitted the owners to load their boats more heavily and since the cost of trips was only slightly increased with a greater tonnage the profits have been comparatively larger for each trip.

In accounting for the unusual amount of water in the lakes this year, Major Dan C. Kingman, United States engineer for this district, said:

"The frequent and heavy rainfalls this season in the district drained by the great lakes partly account for the high water level, but the comparatively small amount of evaporation, because of the continued low temperature, has had a great deal to do with it too. I do not know the exact figures, but the water is considerably higher than the mean level."

One of the boats of the Pittsburg Steamship Company last year carried 1,300 tons of ore on one of her trips and this year the same boat has carried 1,700 tons. The difference of 400 tons means a neat profit, and when it is considered that this company owns and operates about 150 boats, it may be seen that the rising of the lake level has been a big thing for that company.

Of course it will be remembered that this season's shipping has been comparatively light, but it would seem that it must have been comparatively more profitable.

The change in the lake level has wrought havoc among the game birds which make their nests along the shores of the lake in this vicinity. The nests have been overwhelmed by the high water and the young birds have been drowned.—Cleveland Leader.

A Flight Fit.

President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, while taking a quiet inspection trip over the road on one occasion, saw the conductor having an altercation with a flashily dressed young man.

The conductor was attempting to place a check in the young man's hat, which the latter resented. Considering the matter too trivial for a scene, the conductor ended the controversy by placing the despised piece of paper on the hat-rack.

"What was the matter with that man?" asked Cassatt of the conductor.

"His head was so swelled," explained the conductor, "that I couldn't get a ticket under his hatband."

Appropriate.

"Well, my friend Jones has been elected," said the office seeker. "I want to send him some flowers. What would you suggest?"

"Forget-me-nots would be just the thing for you," replied the wise friend.—Philadelphia Ledger.

OLD FAVORITES

The Man with the Hoe.
Sowed by the weight of centuries he leans

Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world,
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,

A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal law?

Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;

To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
and pillared the blue firmament with light?

Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More loathed with curse of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Have of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Ptolemy?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song?

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Pries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;

Push it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?
—Edwin Markham.

The Rosary.

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
Count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrong;
Tell each bead unto the end, and there
A cross is hung.

Oh, memories that bless—and burn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!
Kiss each bead and strive at last to learn

To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross,
—Robert Cameron Rogers.

FRUIT IS PACKED IN PEAT.

French Company in Mexico Solves a Most Difficult Problem.

What is considered a highly important discovery has just been made in the matter of the shipment of fruits. It is believed that a solution has finally been found of the problem of transporting delicate tropical fruits long distances.

The experiments have been made by a French company, under the auspices of the French government. The shipments have been made from Guiana and the island of Guadeloupe, in the Lesser Antilles, to France, and the outcome is declared most satisfactory.

The success of the new system means much for Mexico, as it would blaze a way for a new branch of industry that must be a source of great riches to the country.

The secret of the new process is the envelopment of the fruit in a particular kind of peat or turf, that, namely, which is known as yellow Dutch peat. Pineapples, bananas, mangoes, papayas and other delicate fruits have been taken when in perfectly ripe condition, enveloped in the fibrous substance, and, after several weeks' exposure to transportation, have arrived at their destination in a perfectly fresh and sound condition.

Peat, as is known, is vegetable matter more or less decomposed, which passes by insensible degrees into lignite. The less perfectly decomposed peat is generally of a brown color, that which is perfectly decomposed is often black. Now, moist peat, it has or some time been known, possesses a decided and powerful antiseptic property. This is ascribed to the presence of gallic acid and tannin. It is annihilated not only in the perfect preservation of ancient trees and of caves, fruits and the like, but sometimes even of animal bodies. Thus in

some instances human bodies have been found perfectly preserved in peat, after the lapse of centuries.

For the new method of shipping fruits light brown and consequently only imperfectly decomposed, peat is taken in a certain state of moisture, and the fruit is hermetically inclosed therein. A certain degree of humidity is maintained until the fruit is ready for unpacking.

It is said that no offensive odor is communicated to the fruit, but it must be remembered that the full details of the process have not been made known by the French shippers, and it is possible that there may be some ulterior treatment of the turf that prevents the fruit from being robbed of any of its delicious savor.

A successful outcome in this matter would be of exceeding moment. The gourmets of Europe and of the United States who have never left their home country are unaware of the true flavor of the finest tropical fruits. No way had hitherto been found for shipping these fruits with their full richness of taste. In order that they may not arrive in a state of putrefaction after a journey they have to be picked not only immature, but before the pulp has reached its full development, and when the fruit is still fibrous, and no artificial means is known whereby a fruit plucked in this condition can ever be brought to a condition of real maturity. Without maturity the full flavor does not exist.—Mexican Herald.

SELF-SUPPORTING OLD WOMEN.

Gray-Haired Grandmothers Who Find Work for Their Feeble Hands.

The little grandmother in clean, stiff white apron, and gray hair so smooth that it seemed to be actually stretched across her old brow, was more offended than pleased to be told that she was attractive because she was old-fashioned. But old-fashioned she certainly was, and attractive, too, sitting in the sunlight of a window where a few brave red geraniums were growing, as she would ball after ball of strips of cloth for rag carpets. In the same corner of a part of the building in the West Side district of New York where the Charity Organization Society provides employment for indigent women sat half a dozen others, none of them as quaint nor as "spick and span" as the little grandmother, but all of them just as busy with the raw material for rag carpets.

And out of this charity work, designed to furnish an opportunity for earning a little money to women not strong enough for harder labor, has grown quite an industry—the making of rugs. It is a curious anomaly that women who are among the poorest and most helpless in the whole city are important in the making of an article that is constantly in demand by the dealers of the very highest class who handle this sort of goods.

Remarkably pretty and very serviceable are the rugs which are made by these old women of the West Side, but I must give credit for that to Mrs. Hinsdale, who is manager of this part of the establishment. The rugs made here are of the sort that are desired for the floors of summer cottages, or for rooms which are fitted with furniture of the mission style. They are woven as rag carpets are, but are more carefully designed and made of better material. The old women have only a part in the making of the rugs, as the cutting of the cloth and the dyeing and weaving are done outside.—Leslie's Weekly.

Faithfulness

The bulldog's tenacity of grip is proverbial, but he also possesses a grip of quite another sort, one which enables him to stick to his orders in spite of untoward circumstances. The Atlanta Constitution gives an example of a dog's faithfulness. "Stub's" master had gone away for the night and had left the dog to guard his apartments. In the evening the house caught fire, and before the fire engine arrived the blaze had gained firm hold and little could be saved. Some of the men discovered the dog and tried to coax or drive him from the room, but Stub held his post. His would-be rescuers did all they could to tell him out, but he would not budge. Warning growls showed that he would use his teeth if the men resorted to force, and finally, in their efforts to save the dog, the firemen turned two streams of water on him. Even this did not dislodge him.

The dog's master was found and notified of the fire. When he reached his home the roof had fallen in and the building was a mass of flames. He gave one clear whistle, and Stub, who had defied fire and water and all human inducements, bounded out of the house, and the next instant was licking the hand which cased him.

Bill in the Family.

Tom and Frank were the only male youngsters in the family. Tom, the elder of the two, one day brought home an ugly, repulsive-looking dog, to the great disgust of the female portion of the household.

At length the oldest of the sisters persuaded Tom to take the dog back where he found it, or give it away to some one, and offered him two pence for his trouble.

Tom marched off with the animal, and returned in half an hour's time munching the last of the coffee he had bought with the money which his sister had given him.

"Well, Tom, what have you done with that ugly brute?" was the query.

"Gave it to Frank," replied Tom, with his mouth full.

There are too many big mouths, and they are overworked.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Keep the Rod Out of School.

HOW was it thirty years ago, when corporal punishment was abolished in the schools? Were not those the days when whole districts of the town were infested with gangs of young ruffians who terrorized the neighborhoods and against whom the police were almost powerless? Have the generations of boys since then been worse or better? The far greater peace and quiet of the town, the increased sobriety, the absence of the old gangs of youthful ruffians would seem to suggest that there has been improvement during the period since the whip was abandoned in the schools. For some reason New York is now far more orderly than it was before, and order is preserved more easily. Rioting, once comparatively frequent, has ceased. The discipline in the schools themselves is more efficient than when it was enforced with the rod. In every respect they are better.—New York Sun.

Making Ourselves Uncomfortable.

ONE of the troubles, or, rather, sources of the troubles, of this age is that people are too comfortable. Hot and cold water in every room, electric light, elevators, steam heaters, easy chairs—all these things are ruining the race. We are growing soft, torpid, lazy and ineffective because our way is made too smooth for us. Especially is this true of bachelors who live in hotels and never have to do anything for themselves, but we all share, to some degree, in the common luxuries that have converted even the poor among us into sybarites. Strength of muscle, or mind, or will, is acquired only by exercise. An athlete runs a mile. It is hard work, but it builds up his muscle. If he lay in bed he would be more at ease, but his muscles would grow flabby and weak and in the day of trial he would fail. A child whose slightest wish is obeyed will grow weak-willed and petulant and will be helpless afterward in the face of determined opposition.

Modern invention and the competition of business have relieved people of a vast deal of labor which formerly they had to perform. The elevator saves climbing upstairs, the electric light saves the work of filling and cleaning oil lamps, the telephone saves going on errands, the street cars save walking. All things are done for us. In consequence we are losing the habit and the knack of doing things for ourselves. We are going to seed, falling into flesh, suffering a weakening of the will and a darkening of the understanding. The old Spartan spirit is evaporating. We cry under slight pain and demand anesthetics. Our soft bodies cannot stand heat or cold, nor our soft minds intense

EASY FOR CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

Editor Comments on the Senator's Remarks on Lack of Laughter.

Chauncey M. Depew says that we are all too parsimonious of laughter; we don't look around for the fun there is in life; we take things too seriously. Maybe that's true enough, but it does make us tired to hear this sort of philosophy coming from a man like Chauncey, who rests on downy beds of ease, and never has to lie awake at night trying to cipher out where next winter's coal is going to come from. Channy has bins in his cellar full of all sorts of imported and domestic money, and when he wants anything he just goes down there with a sack and shovels in enough money to buy what he wants, and that's all there is to it. It's dad-blasted easy for a man to be a cheerful philosopher when he has a few cords of great backs piled up in his woodshed. And Chauncey, while he says such beautiful things between times, is contributing to the gloom of the nation nearly all the time by telling weary old stories that turn a man's blood to water. It's a nice howdy-do for a man to spring a lot of heart-breaking anecdotes, and then look around upon the weeping and shuddering people and tell them that they are too parsimonious of mirth.

There's a man a good deal like Chauncey within a thousand miles of the town we live in. He goes around all the time with a beamy smile, as serene as a May morning, throwing around gems of philosophy promiscuously. He is always saying pretty things about letting sunshine into our lives and gathering the roses while we may, and all that sort of thing. He has a string of platitudes on file in his memory all the time, and he never misses a chance to distribute them.

But that's about all that he ever does distribute. He is so stogy that he would steal hay from a blind horse. He has always been well fixed, and his father was well fixed before him, and he has never known what it means to walk the floor in the silent watches of the night, wondering how in blitzen that note was going to be paid. All he does is to look serene and quote chaste things concerning the sunshine, and go around asking up his tenants and rectors if they get a few days behind and pling up wealth in the bank. It's mighty easy to be a philosopher under such circumstances.—Nebraska State Journal.

LUXURY IN THE KLONDIKE.

Hardship Is No Longer the Inevitable Lot of Alaska Miners.

Hardship is no longer a necessary accompaniment of owning and working a mine in the Klondike. Certain holders of rich claims on Bonanza and Eldorado creeks, on which were made the "strike" that started the world a few years ago, have worked out a system of gathering their gold dividends which involves little more than an enjoyable summer outing. It is as easy as going to the races, only the Klondiker brings back the gold. It is hardly more trouble than clipping coupons from gilt-edged bonds.

These owners of bonanza claims spend the winter in "the States," California claiming most of them. In the spring they make up a party of

intellectual toll for long sittings. Fortitude is going out of the world.

If one of us wishes to escape fatty degeneration, corporeal, intellectual and moral, it is necessary for him to make himself uncomfortable. Let him sleep on a hard mattress, let him sit only on hard, straight-backed chairs with out upholstery; let him bathe in cold water; let him black his own boots; let him walk long distances; let him eat sparingly and of none but simple dishes; let him do the things that he does not like to do; let him refrain from doing the things he does like to do; let him mortify his flesh and humiliate his desires until he shall gain the mastery over himself.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Death and the Fear of It.

GEORGE MEREDITH is reported to have said in a recent interview that doctors and parsons are doing harm by increasing the fear of death and making the English less manly. "No one," he added, "should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room to another." For his own part, he says, he "hopes he shall die with a good laugh."

There is no objection to joyousness, even on the solemn occasion of passing from this form of existence to one of which we know nothing except by faith. All the same, a frivolous laugh seems to be an affectation of courage rather than genuine heroism. Death is no joke for those who go or for those who are left behind. One may say, with the trust of Emerson: "The God who has led me so graciously all through this life I can trust wherever He leads me."—Syracuse Telegram.

Courage in War.

IN the great naval battles that have occurred in the East, as in the great land battles, no doubt the Russians died game. So did the Japanese, so do the common soldiers and sailors of most civilized peoples and of many semi-civilized and many barbarian peoples. No people in the world meet death with more nonchalance, or more grim stoicism, than the Turks or our North American Indians. To die recklessly in battle is a common trait, and argues no special nobility of character. Least of all does it give any indication of the righteousness of a cause, or possession of the traits that make for the glory of a nation in peace. To have bulldog's fearless pugnacity does not demonstrate the possession of Christian, or even of moral virtues. Bad men have it in common with the best men.—Boston Herald.

MUNICIPAL DISTRICTRY ABROAD.

Germany and Russia Adopt Plan of Looking After the Teeth.

The dental statistics gathered in many European cities have revealed such an alarming condition of affairs that Germany, at least, has decided to adopt combative measures. In all large dental towns clinics have been founded, consisting, as a rule, of specially fitted up rooms in one of the central schools.

Fully qualified dentists are appointed, who devote their whole time to their duties, but in Stuttgart the work is done voluntarily by the local dentists. That such a movement is necessary can scarcely be doubted when one learns that of many thousands of boys and girls examined, from the ages of 8 to 13, only 2 per cent had a perfectly healthy set of teeth. To give an idea of the amount of work done in a year at Darmstadt schools it is necessary to quote the figures for 1903. During the year 1,376 children were examined, and 1,561 teeth were filled, while 1,871 were extracted. In Strassburg 2,660 children were examined, 630 teeth were filled and 2,912 were extracted.

Another interesting fact is that 40 per cent of all teeth examined were bad. The method of work is very simple; the teacher brings his class to the dentist, who examines each mouth quickly and marks on the card which each child has brought with it whether treatment is necessary. If so, the child must come again on a Saturday. Russia is also joining in the movement, and has already fitted up nine such institutions in St. Petersburg alone, while Moscow has also several. London Mail.

Free Canals in Canada.

The Welland and St. Lawrence canals were made free of all tolls during 1903 and it appears that the effect on trade was satisfactory, traffic of all kinds increasing.

When you are 15, there is not enough to eat; after you are 50, there is too much.

CITY MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

Problem Middle-Aged Men Are Trying to Solve in the Metropolis.

If farmers could know the number of men at work in cities who are slaving and pinching that they may save enough to buy a small home in the country they would be more than contented with their lot. City life has its rewards, but the wear and tear on the mental and physical being is very great. Probably the ambition of four-fifths of the trained newspaper men in the great cities is to accumulate a sum sufficient to enable them to buy a paper in a small town; one that will give them a comfortable living without the remorseless grind incident to work on a great city daily. So with the clerk and the artisan in the great