

MOTHERS FEEDS THE CHICKENS

A while before the sun has rose,
'N' father builds the kitchen fire,
Our big black rooster crows 'n' crows,
'Z if his peck would never tire,
'N'en we get up 'n' feed the stock
'N' water Fannie 'n' milk the cows,
'N' fix a gate or broken lock;
'N'en after breakfas' father plows
'N' mother feeds the chickens.

The pancakes Wallie wouldn't eat
'N' cornbread left on Marjorie's plate,
A scrap of toast, a bit of meat,
'N' all the stuff what no one ate,
She puts it in that worn-out tin,
Throws out some grain, 'n' pretty quick
She hollers nearly 's loud 's she kin,
'Come chick! chick! chick! chick! chick!
chick! chick!"

You'd ought to see old Top-Knot run,
'N' Banty hop—he's hurt one leg—
'N' Plymouth Rock (the biggest one)—
She says 'a' 'normous monstrous egg—
'N'en Speckle, with her new-hatched
brood,
A-cluckin' to 'em 's hard's she kin,
'N' showin' 'em the neess' food—
She gets it for 'em out the tin,
'N' pecks the other chickens.

Old Gray, our cat, comes chokin' round
'N' slyly peeks from hind the stoop;
'F any meat's there he is bound
'T shant go to the chicken coop.
Now filled with all an owner's pride,
Wee Willie comes with wondering eyes,
That look so brown 'n' bright 'n' wide;
He loves to watch 'em, 'n' he cries—
"Des see my baby tickens!"

I love to ride the colt a lot
'N' go for berries to the patch;
I love to see our dog 'n' 'N' spot
Get in a tangle scampin' match;
'N' 'T it's kind o' quiet fun,
I like it nearly best of all;
That's why I allus cut 'n' run
To see 'em 'f I hear the call—
'Come chick! chick! chick! chick! chick!
chick! chick!"

—Will L. Davis, in Chicago Record.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

"Out every night until 2, and you believe him when he says it is business," said Mrs. Merkle, pursuing up her lips.

"Ah, well, you are an innocent lamb, Doris Moore."

"But, Aunt Sarah, why shouldn't I believe what my husband says when he always tells the truth?" said young Mrs. Moore, indignantly.

"Because he is a man," said Mrs. Merkle, nodding her head. "I've had three husbands—Thompson was the first. He was a good provider, but he provided for two, and I got a divorce and alimony. Then I married Maxwell. I caught him kissing the hired help and began my investigation. The same old story. However, he died, and that ended it. As for Merkle, I have my thumb on him, but I got it by searching his pockets. Men are such idiots they leave their love letters anywhere. When I'd collected a pack I read them aloud to him one evening. He stays at home now after office hours, unless he goes out with me, and he don't write anything but business letters. He is old, you know, and a deacon wants to keep up a reputation for respectability. But your young husband—what should he care if people talked about him? Oh, there is a woman at the bottom of this 2 o'clock business, I'll warrant you."

"Why, Aunt Sarah, how dare you?" cried Doris, stamping her foot.

"Runnage your husband's coat pockets and you'll find I'm right," said Mrs. Merkle. "And unless you want a divorce, which I don't advise when a man is only on a salary, show him what you find, make a scene and end it early."

"Why, you talk as if you knew something about Owen, Aunt Sarah," said Doris.

"I know he is a man," said Mrs. Merkle.

"Hullo!" cried a voice at the door, which opened at this moment. "Here is Aunt Sarah talking against men as usual—what has poor Merkle done now?" I thought he had sowed his wild oats."

"Look out for your own crop, Owen Moore," replied Mrs. Merkle.

"I don't set up for a saint and never did," cried Owen. "Give me a kiss, Doris. I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I must eat and run. It's all night again, Doris. Well, so much more in the savings bank, and, indeed, we've no reason to be sorry."

"I miss you very much, Owen," said Doris, as she brought a hot dish from the oven and set the chairs at the table. "I'm as lonesome without you as a kitten without its mother."

"I keep thinking of you, too," said Owen. "Oh, indeed, I don't like it a bit, but I say a dollar put up for a rainy day may keep us from the heart-ache."

He ate his supper in a hurry, laughing and talking the while, then kissed his wife, shook hands with her aunt and took up his hat again. Out on the stairs he paused a moment. Aunt Sarah's shrill voice was lifted once more.

"Don't I see how honest he is?" she was repeating. "All very well, Doris, but look in his coat pockets all the same—look in his coat pockets."

"Old cat! She's at it again," said Owen, who heard, but like the good-natured man that he was, he only laughed as he ran downstairs. "The devil will fly away with old Aunt Sarah one of these days, but she can't make my Doris believe any ill of me, that's one comfort."

Meanwhile Mrs. Merkle had gone home to tell her unfortunate spouse, and Doris sat herself down with her feet on the hearth, and thought over all she had heard.

Aunt Sarah was a very unpleasant person, who always made trouble wherever she went, but she had the reputation of being very sensible, which such people are more apt to gain than cheerful, amiable folk, and what

said she really believed, for she had no good thoughts of a man or woman. But Doris was very much in love with Owen, and jealousy is always close at hand where love is strong.

In vain Doris tried to convince herself that Owen was too much in love with her to think of anyone else. The little seed of suspicion had been planted, and it grew like Jack's beanstalk.

It was lonely there in the little upper flat at night, and Doris had been used to a large family circle before she left her country home to share Owen's fortunes in the city.

After a while she found herself crying—she hardly knew why—feeling not only lonely, but neglected and injured. "Owen ought not to have left me even for business," she said. "He used to come every night when he was courting, though it was an hour's journey by rail each way."

And from this she went on asking herself if it were possible that Aunt Sarah could be right. New York was such a wicked place; there were such bold, audacious women to be met with; Owen was so handsome. Oh, could Aunt Sarah have grounds for her suspicions!

Owen, waking early one morning, caught his wife turning his pockets out, reading the bits of paper she found there. A note from cousin John, who had desired to borrow \$5; a type-written circular, recommending Stump's restaurant; a letter from his mother telling him of the doings at home.

Nothing but what she had seen before. And Owen, whose conscience was as clear as man's could be, was not in the least alarmed.

Doris might read all the letters he ever received, all he ever had received, for the matter of that; but he did not like to think that she would wade and spy upon him, that an old woman's prattle could make her suspicious of him.

He had heard the advice that Mrs. Merkle gave his wife as she stood outside the door of his little dining-room, and he was very sorry that Doris should take it and search his pockets.

He had a good mind to speak out frankly, to tell his wife what he had heard and what he had seen, and to assure her that his story of night work was true; to take her with him to the great piano factory where he was employed, and convince her how the hours were spent. That would be a serious way of making all right. But suddenly an idea popped into his jolly head.

"I'll turn it all into a joke," he said to himself. "I'll make Dory well ashamed of herself, she darling! I'll write a love letter or two and put them in my pocket and let her find them. Then there'll be a row, and when it's gone far enough I'll out with the truth. A bit of a joke settles things the best way."

It seemed such a comical idea that he burst out laughing over his breakfast, and nearly choked himself twice in trying to swallow his joke with his coffee.

However, he had not time to carry out his plan until Sunday came.

Then, while his wife was busy over the dinner, he took from his hiding place a little parcel of pink-tinted paper, with a rose at the top of the sheet, and concocted three idiotic and extravagant love letters, signed them, "Your best beloved and ever loving Fanny Ann," and put them into envelopes addressed to himself.

He was rather clever with his pen, and imitated a woman's hand very well.

Having first sealed these up, and then cut them open again, he hid them in the pockets of the clothes he wore on holidays, and which he did not wear on Monday when he went to work, left them hanging in the wardrobe.

There they might have remained, for Doris had grown ashamed of her suspicions of Owen and determined never to ransack his pockets, but that Aunt Sarah dropped in again after Owen had left the house.

"Out again?" she said, with a nod. "Yes, and hard at work, poor boy," replied Doris. "Aunt Sarah, I'm sure that he is as true to me as one angel could be to another."

"I should like to look through his pockets, though," giggled Aunt Sarah. "Look, then," said Doris, throwing open the wardrobe door. "There are his things."

Aunt Sarah took her at her word, and a moment more her shrill, vixenish voice cried out:

"Three pink notes, my dear; and all signed 'Fanny Ann.'"

An hour afterward, Doris sat at the center table in her little parlor sobbing violently.

The light from the shaded lamp fell upon the three pink notes, all wet with tears, Owen's compositions, as we know, and so absurdly rapturous and idiotic that they would have betrayed the fact that they were jokes to any but a jealous woman. But Doris, in her woe and wrath, had very little common sense left.

Aunt Sarah, frightened by the storm her own deed had raised, had taken her departure, and Doris had resolved to wait for Owen's return, show him the letters, and at once go home to her mother.

For awhile it had seemed to her that she would find at home a refuge and consolation for all her woes. Then she began to wince with mortification. To tell her mother that Owen was false to her would not be so bad, but that her sisters should know it, her friends, Jack's wife, the whole connection.

"Oh! Life would not be worth living under such circumstances!" Doris cried out, and then an awful thought crept into her mind and gained strength there. A jealous man or woman is a maniac. Let that be an excuse for Doris when she cried out at last:

"Death is the only cure! Death!

Do this! And if God will not kill me I must kill myself!"

At 2 o'clock Owen opened the door of his flat and went in. Things did not look as usual. The kitchen fire had gone out, and no little snack had been kept warm for him. The bed in the little bedroom was still neatly made up, and no one had slept in it that night. In the parlor the lamp was yet burning, but Doris was not there.

As he looked about him he saw doors and drawers open, things scattered about, and a nameless terror began to possess him.

"Doris!" he called aloud, but there was no answer. He walked to the table. There lay three sheets of pink paper with a weight upon them to keep them from blowing away, and beside them another letter addressed to himself. Poor Owen could hardly command himself sufficiently to tear this open and read the contents.

"I have read Fanny Ann's letters. Aunt Sarah found them in your pocket. Oh, Owen! I thought you loved me, but your heart has been stolen by that wicked woman. I was not pretty enough or good enough to keep you true, but now that you are false I do not care to live any longer. I am going to drown myself and leave you free. Your broken-hearted

"DORIS."

And this, then, was how his job's had ended. This was what he had brought about. Doris had killed her self. Then, he would follow her example. But first he must find her body, and pay it the last honors. He caught up his hat and left his desolate home, the tears gushing from his eyes as he remembered how happy he had been there.

When he reached the street he stood bewildered, asking himself which way he should go, what he should do. Then it came to him that he must report the horrible facts at the station house and have an alarm sent out. The police would know what to do better than he could; and with heavy steps and reeling brain he sought the big brick building before which the great lamps hung, and entered in.

Late as it was, there was a little crowd there, gathered about something that lay in the middle of the floor.

"What is it?" he gasped, with outcries that could scarcely form a sound.

"Young woman jumped into the river," cried a policeman.

"My God!" cried Owen, bursting through the crowd, and falling on his knees before the wet figure lying on the floor, with a policeman's coat under his head. "My God! it is my wife!"

The next instant he gave a big howl of joy, for the great eyes unclosed themselves, the little trembling hands were outstretched toward him, and a faint voice said:

"Oh, Owen, take me away from this dreadful place and all these dreadful men."

For Doris, although she had really thrown herself from the end of a wharf into the river, had been promptly fished out by the river police, and although soaked to the skin, terribly frightened and heartily ashamed of herself, was very much alive, indeed, and when Owen had whispered something in her ear—the story of his joke, which was already known—could only sob:

"Forgive me, Owen, pray forgive me."

"She was a bit out of her mind, you see, with a sort of fever," Owen explained, "and God bless those who saved her to me."

Then he took his wife home, and whatever else has come to this humdrum since that day, the green-eyed monster, jealousy, has never entered.—Dublin World.

A Gopher Fence.
While the train bearing the excursionists to Hawkinsville was rolling through Pulaski County last Thursday a peculiar looking fence, inclosing a garden, was noticed by some of the passengers. The fence was made of boards about two feet high, and they were stuck in the ground so close together that no cracks were left. They also leaned outward and were held in position by banks of earth, thrown against them on each side. One passenger wanted to know what good such a fence would do. A second passenger said that it was to keep out rabbits. A third passenger replied that such a fence could not keep out a rabbit, and said that it was designed to keep out gophers. This last guess was accepted as the proper solution of the question. The passengers had never before seen a gopher fence.—Middle Georgia Press.

Archery.
The Cretans are said to have been the first people to practice archery, they having learned the art from Apollo. Three of England's kings and two royal princes were killed by arrows. Harold and his two brothers came to their death by arrows shot from the cross-bows of the Norman soldiers. William Rufus was killed by an arrow shot at a deer, and Richard I, who revived archery in England, was finally slain by an arrow. Three great battles of English history, Crecy (1346), Poitiers (1356) and Agincourt (1415), were won by the archers. In those days there were men who could shoot an arrow from 300 to 500 yards, and Robin Hood is said to have shot from 600 to 800 yards. Kenyon college, Ohio, included archery as one of the courses of study about three score years ago.

Put Where They Did the Most Good.
"Mister," said the small boy to the druggist, "give me a bottle of them pills you sold father day before yesterday."

"Are they doing him good?" asked the chemist, looking pleased.

"I d'no whether they're doin' father any good or not, but they're doin' me good. They just fit my air gun!"—Odds and Ends.

A Laxy Man Can't Help It Any More Than an Industrious Man Can.



Wood-Stone.
From a mixture of magnesia and sawdust, subjected to a high temperature and great pressure, Dr. Otto Leibniz has produced a substance which he calls "xyolith," or "wood-stone." It can be cut with tools, but, it is said, does not burn, and does not absorb moisture. The inventor thinks it should prove useful as a building material.

Swift-Flying Clouds.
Mr. Clayton, of the Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, reports that observations made there show that the average speed with which clouds, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet high, move is sixty miles an hour in midsummer, and one hundred and ten miles an hour in mid-winter. The swiftest flight of a cloud yet measured was 230 miles an hour.

A Pigeon Race.
In France pigeons are regarded as valuable messengers in case of war, and recently the French Minister of War offered a prize for the winner of a pigeon race from Perigueux to Paris, 250 miles. No less than 2,746 birds were entered in the contest. The winner made the distance in seven hours thirty-four minutes, an average of over thirty-four miles an hour.

Ice-Breaking Ships.
Vice Admiral Makarow, of the Russian navy, has been studying the construction and use of powerful ice-breaking ships. At a recent meeting of the Imperial Geographical Society at St. Petersburg, he expressed his belief that with two such ships, each of ten thousand horse-power, acting together, a line of free water communication could be kept open in winter to the port of St. Petersburg, and he added that they could even force their way through the glacial ocean if the thickness of the ice did not exceed twelve feet.

The Flight of the Sun.
Astronomers know that the sun, accompanied by the earth and the other planets, is moving toward a point in the northern heavens with great speed. Just what the velocity is, however, cannot yet be told with certainty. Prof. Simon Newcomb, in a recent lecture, said that it was probably between five miles and nine miles per second. The bright star Alpha Lyrae lies not far from the point toward which the sun is moving. Every moment we are getting nearer to the place where that star now is. "When shall we get there? Probably in less than a million years; perhaps in half a million."

A Short-Lived Island.
In 1807 a new shoal was discovered in the group of the Tonga, or Friendly Islands. In 1877 smoke was seen over the shoal. In 1885 the shoal had become a volcanic island, more than two miles long and 240 feet high, and a fierce eruption was taking place within it. In 1886 the island had begun to shrink in dimensions, although the next year its highest point was 325 feet above sea level. In 1889 its height had diminished one-half, and the ocean close around it was more than a mile deep. In 1892 the island rose only about twenty-six feet above sea level. According to the latest information, its complete disappearance, under the action of the waves, will not be long delayed.

High-Priced Bumblebees.
Many years ago the farmers of Australia imported bumblebees from England and set them free in their clover fields. Before the arrival of the bees clover did not flourish in Australia, but after their coming the farmers had no more difficulty on that score. Mr. Darwin had shown that bumblebees were the only insects fond of clover nectar which possessed a proboscis sufficiently long to reach the bottom of the long, tube-like flowers, and, at the same time, a body heavy enough to bend down the clover-head so that the pollen would fall on the insect's back, and thus be carried off to fertilize other flowers of the same species. According to a writer in Popular Science News, the bumblebees sent to Australia cost the farmers there about half a dollar a piece, but they proved to be worth the price.

A Sparrow Prima Donna.
Monsieur Mingaud, a naturalist of Nimes, France, gives, in La Revue Scientifique, an interesting account of the musical accomplishments of a sparrow in his collection of living birds. He captured the sparrow soon after it had been hatched, and fed it by hand until it could care for itself. Then he placed it in a cage containing a chaffinch, a gold finch and two canaries. After a time the sparrow learned to warble like the finches and to trill like the canaries, the imitations being so perfect as to deceive the ear. In spring Monsieur Mingaud is accustomed to keep a box of crickets near his bird-cages. Two days after the crickets had been placed near the cage containing the sparrow the latter began to imitate their cry, intermingling it with its own. Even after the crickets had long been dead the sparrow remembered its lesson, and continued to repeat their cry. None of the other birds attempted to imitate the crickets. Singu-

larly enough, the sparrow never utters the peculiar squalling cry of its own species, having been removed from its nest too early, apparently, to have learned it.

KANSAS TWISTERS.

A Few Little Anecdotes Told by a Truthful Witness.

"I've heard so many incredible stories about the cyclone and its eccentricities," said the solemn looking man to a party of tourists he had joined in the sleeping car, "that I've been to Kansas making some personal investigations in the interest of science."

"I find that many reports from that section have been grossly exaggerated. Nothing occurs there that is not in accord with our understanding of these terrific outbursts of nature. For instance, the tornado, often mistaken for the cyclone, has a rotary motion. I have known it to dip low enough to bore a well and then bound once more to the region of the clouds. This wonderful phenomenon was an accomplished fact in far less time than it takes me to tell of it."

"An extensive farmer here heard the roar of an approaching storm and just had time to get his team from his reaper to a place of safety. The wind caught the reaper and sent it round and round and round the immense tract, till the grain was all cut."

"But didn't it blow away?"

"Not at all. That would have destroyed our theory. The circular whirl of the irresistible power swept the grain to the center of the field and into an immense stack such as human hands could not have piled."

"One of the strangest and best authenticated incidents I learned of occurred where a cyclone struck the base of a mountain and went burrowing through it. A few feet in the twister encountered a solid granite formation. It was two weeks later when the tunnel was completed and the terrific wind resumed its devastating way on the other side. The tunnel was promptly appropriated by a railroad company."

"I had rather an unpleasant experience in that section," said one of the tourists. "I bought a little farm there, just to be a landholder. Everything in three counties was plastered thick with mortgages. A cyclone would then all up into one great package and pasted them down on my little place. We drilled and blasted to get them off, but it was no go. My farm is mortgaged \$40,000,000 deep."

The solemn man of science never turned a hair, but took notes.—Detroit Free Press.

Cause and Effect.
"Never tell your dreams" is an oft-repeated bit of advice, yet it is probable that few persons do things in their dreams that are more foolish than some things they do when they are wide-awake.

"I had a very singular dream last night," said a boarder, as he came down to breakfast one morning. "I dreamed I was a spectator at one of those peculiar institutions known as 'cake-walks.' I was the only white man present, and was enjoying the novel sensation of watching for the first time a procession of gorgeously arrayed couples making the circuit of a large room in the most stately and imposing style imaginable, when suddenly the master of ceremonies saw me, took me by the arm, led me to the center of the hall, called a halt, and the entire assembly gathered about me, and began to jabber in an unknown language."

"All at once I began to grow tall. I felt myself rapidly expanding in an upward direction. The crowd at my feet seemed to dwindle. My head pushed its way up through the ceiling, then through the roof, and probably it would have bumped against the moon in another minute if I hadn't waked up. It was a narrow escape."

"And you saw and did all this at a cake-walk, did you?" asked one of the regular boarders.

"Yes, that's what I said."

"Humph! What have you eaten for supper?"

"Nothing but a plate of buckwheat cakes."

"That explains it. What you saw in your dream was a buckwheat cake-walk."

A Stroke of Diplomacy.
Applicant—I have called to ask you, madam, to use your influence in my behalf. I am an applicant for a position in your husband's private office, but I have one dangerous rival. He seems to prefer—

Madame (interrupting)—I'm sorry, sir, but I never interfere with my husband's business.

Applicant—If I were as pretty as she is I might—

Madame—She?

Applicant—Yes, madam; my competitor is a most bewitching girl.

Madame—Just call to-morrow, sir, and I may have the position for you.—Washington Times.

A Justification.
Mother (coming swiftly)—Why, Willie! Striking your little sister?

Willie (doggedly)—Aunt Frostface made me!

Aunt Frostface—Why, Willie! I said if you did strike her I would never kiss you again.

Willie (still dogged)—Well, I couldn't let no chanes like dat slip.—Judge.

Worried.
Wimbleton—What's on your mind, old man? Is your wife or any of your children sick?

Hankins—Heavens, it's a more serious matter than that! I'm afraid we're not going to have a base-ball team here this season.—Cleveland Leader.

If a baby is good at all other times, it is bound to howl when its mother and father invite their unmarried friends in to envy them.



Riding Hands Off the Bars.

There are various reasons why the reprehensible practice of riding with hands off the handle bars should be generally abandoned. Chief among these reasons, perhaps, is the fact that it is dangerous not only to the rider himself, but to others. To do the trick successfully, it is necessary to travel at a speed which is not safe, at least on a street which is liable to be crossed anywhere by pedestrians or other riders, and it is just such thoroughfares that the senseless hands-off rider selects to show himself off. With the hands off the bars the rider has no control of the wheel, and particularly at crossings, there is no telling at what instant it is necessary to make a detour or slacken speed. Just the fraction of time necessary to regain control of the wheel often is enough to cause an accident. With no guiding power there is no telling what the front wheel is going to do. A small obstacle in the street which would ordinarily be passed over without notice is enough to deflect the front wheel and, if there are any riders close, send it crashing into their bicycles.

Noise Means Damage.
When your bicycle makes a noise it is a sure sign that something is wrong. The perfect running machine is noiseless. A jingling sound usually indicates that spokes have broken loose from their fastenings at crossing points; a distinct click indicates spokes loosened at the rim; what might be termed a joggling noise is usually caused by a loose crank; loud snapping almost invariably comes from a dry chain, and a loose sprocket will thump. No matter what the noise is, or from what part of the machine it comes, it indicates trouble that should be promptly attended to.

What a Collision Means.
A man of 150 pounds weight, and moving at the rate of ten feet per second (about seven miles an hour), has a momentum of 1,500 pounds, without counting the weight of his wheel. This is sufficient to have surprising effect on the ordinary pedestrian. A collision between two 150-pound riders wheeling at the moderate rate of seven miles an hour would result in a smash-up with a force of 3,000 pounds. No wonder bicycle accidents are often serious!

Depend on the Right Foot.
It is a singular fact, but true, that the majority of cyclists depend on the right foot to push the machine along. In proof of that, if the balls on a crank axle are examined those on one side will be found more worn than on the other. That is accounted for by the fact that the greatest strain is on the right side.

Scorchers.
"How long did it take you to learn the bicycle?" "Me? It wasn't three days before I could lie as fast as any of them."—Indianapolis Journal.

Tryes—Have you named your boy yet? Spokes—No; my wife wants to name him after her wheel and I want to name him after mine.—Judge.

Walker—They say that Napoleon was so self-possessed that not even the sound of a pistol fired close to his ear could make him start. Wheeler—He wouldn't have much show in a bicycle race.—Indianapolis Journal.

Some people have stopped eating grapes for fear of appendicitis, and it is now said that the bicycle is a prolific cause of that disease. Stop eating bicycles.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Vanwart (rising up in bed horrified)—Reginald, what made you swear so when you stepped on that tack! Vanwart (wildly)—For a moment I thought I was cycling and had punctured my tire.—Puck.

An Informal Meal.
In English country houses the hon. of high tea is considered the pleasantest one in the day, especially during the hunting season. Formally it is cast aside. The men come in from the field with appetites sharpened by a long gallop in the fresh air. The women appear in their prettiest tea gowns, the conversation is usually interesting and spirited, and everything tends to make the participants linger long around the table. The meal partakes of the nature of breakfast, luncheon and dinner without being too nearly like any of them. Tea, of course, is served, and is made at the table by the hostess, being kept warm under a dainty cosy. Claret and even beer are allowable for the tired and thirsty sportsmen, though the latter is rarely asked for. The table is well furnished with substantial eatables for the men and with dainties for the women.

Tobacco Consumption in Austria.
Austria, with a total population of about 43,500,000, consumed in 1896 1,244,000,000 cigars and 1,995,000,000 cigarettes, which is about thirty-eight cigars and forty-eight cigarettes to every man, woman and child in Europe per year. Since the manufacture of cigars, cigarettes and tobacco is a monopoly of the Austrian government the entire income of this industry reverts to public uses. The total receipts for the year amounted to more than 98,000,000 florins (\$37,000,000).

Most people not only grow older every day, but poorer.