

FARMIN' AIN'T NO GOOD.

In the summer when I'm mowin'
Way down in the meadow lot
When the wind has stopped a-blowin'
An' the sun is dipin' hot,
An' the locusts is a-screamin'
An' the spring is dry in the wood,
Then I think I go to preachin'
Bein' farmin' aint no good.

Somehow preachin' took my fancy,
Ever since I was a lad,
When I sat to drive old Nancy
Down to meetin' 'long with dad.
Preachin' never does no stovin'
An' I shouldn't think they would,
In their line they's sumpin' doin'
When this farmin' aint no good.

Wimmin folks all get the parson
An' he never does no work;
Pays 'em half-fare on the cars an'
Alus wears a clean billed shirt,
Has his say on Sunday mornin'
I would talk back if I could—
But th' likes o' me he's scornin'
Bein' farmin' aint no good.

If th' bugs aint on th' taters,
Then I fight th' army worms,
Then I fight th' street speculators
Run th' hul-gol-darn concern.
So, b'gosh I'm goin' to quit it,
I would ye believe if I should
Make a break for some ole pulpit,
Bein' farmin' aint no good?
—W. B. Farrington in American Pictorial
Monthly.

The Wise Beaver.

"O, Uncle Ned," Harry exclaimed, as he threw himself down on the big panther's skin in front of the fire, "will you please tell that story you promised me about a gang of beavers you once saw building a dam, you know?"

"Yes," Uncle Ned replied slowly after he had finished the paragraph he was reading. "You see, that was the time I was engineering the construction of a levee on some islands in the San Joaquin River.

"All that summer we lived right on the water in a trapper's 'Ark,' and as the adjoining sloughs furnished pretty good accommodations for these crafty animals, I had plenty of opportunity to study their ways.

"Well, on this particular day to which you refer, the Boss Beaver called his workmen together very early; and as they came paddling out of their muddy holes, he set them to work cutting down timber; not the largest trees, of course, but yet some that would make you wonder how on earth they managed to gnaw through them even with their sharp teeth. Just as soon as the trees were down, the orderly foreman, or boss, put on another force of helpers to remove the logs to a creek not very far away.

"The clearing that bordered on this stream was level and somewhat lower; so, after a little investigation, it seemed evident to me that my neighbors intended to build a dam across the creek and flood the flat. This conjecture proved correct, for before night the lowland had been converted into a fair sized pond, and several beaver families had already taken up their abode there, apparently quite pleased with their new quarters.

"However, their satisfaction was destined to be short lived; for, as the water above the dam became deeper the pressure also became greater; so while I watched, one little opening after another appeared, until finally the entire obstruction gave way, and the usual swift current rushed on again with much haste and seeming impatience for the unwanted interruption. That certainly was very discouraging, and Boss Beaver became quite angry, as he saw their roomy habitation diminish down to a few shallow puddles.

"He looked at the floating timbers and shook his head; then, as he looked at his companions with disgust plainly stamped on his ugly face, he seemed to say, 'You are to blame for this misfortune.'

"At this rather abrupt reproof, the tired, hungry toilers flapped their trowel shaped tails over and sighed. Then one, a little bolder than the rest, threw back his head and made a noise which sounded strangely like this, 'There's a fellow I know would never had this luck if he'd been bossin' the job.' Anyway, the remark, whatever it was, angered Boss still more; for, without deigning a reply, he picked up some soft mud on his flexible tail and threw it, not very gently either, straight at the offender's face.

"Of course, this scene, with the defeat of their hard earned plans, rather put the patient little animals out; but without wasting any thought or regrets, at a signal from their undaunted Boss, they all started to work replacing the dam, which by this time was floating on and on to the river.

"Night was coming on, too, and, though the beavers had apparently eaten nothing at all that long day, they did not seem to mind it very much. At any rate, personal inconvenience was cheerfully overlooked for the time being, as all of them began to gnaw down more trees and convey them with no end of bother to the bank, when they would carefully shove them off into the creek. As soon as it was in the water, several of the gang whose work it was to put the timber in place, pushed it along to the spot where it was to be lowered and fastened; for you will observe, Harry, that a certain number were detailed for each section of work under construction. That is the reason, no doubt, that it does not require much time for them to perform rather large undertakings.

"Well, as I was about to say, they swam along guiding the timber until it was just where they wished it; then they fixed its ends firmly in the apertures they had dug in both banks, and filled them up with sod and rocks.

"So they worked on for quite a while; and for the second time they had quite a pile of logs interlaced with willows projecting out of the water; but just when my pipe went out, and as it was getting quite dark, I hurried off to bed.

"The next morning when I went out the dam was finished, and it certainly

looked fine. The water was more than knee deep on the lowland, and there wasn't a beaver in sight. Perhaps they all felt so confident of the durability of their project this time that they had gone home to get some rest.

"I felt rather glad that Boss had triumphed; for, in my opinion, at that time, he was a first rate artisan; but, wait; the water hasn't surely made that large orifice over there! Yes, it has, was my excited reply to the mere thought; and really before I could remedy the mischief already wrought, another and another weak place gave away, until the dam was again totally demolished. The noise of course, brought the beavers on the spot immediately, and consternation prevailed for awhile, I tell you; in fact, fur flew, if it ever did.

"After awhile, however, when quiet had been partly restored, and Boss in disgrace slunk off to the friendly shelter of his dwelling, there was a sort of mass meeting held, and for a while I was fearful for his safety. Presently, to my relief, after a long, noisy consultation, one young pert looking animal struck off at a brisk waddle in the direction of a slough, several miles distant. That puzzled me, but as the beavers suspended all further operations toward dam building for that day, it occurred to me that possibly they had sent for an expert to superintend the work. Such was the case; for, on the second day, back came the sleek youngster, bringing with him a very fat, very gray old beaver.

"He was greeted with the funniest excited chatter imaginable and the most marked homage was bestowed upon him, as though he might be a king. He paid very little attention to anything, and without wasting time or words, he partook of the food offered him; then, after he had taken a plunge in the clear water to refresh himself, he surveyed the place they had attempted to dam, and from what I understood he must have pronounced it unfavorable; for presently he set them to work, but this time they were some fifty feet above the site Boss had selected. For his own part, he stood on the bank and directed the work, or swam back and forth pointing out defects, or even wielding his skillful tail at times to more clearly demonstrate his views. The development of the new dam became very interesting under this shrewd old leader's direction; and when it was at last finished I could understand why Boss had failed.

"The next day, after the old fellow had assured himself that everything was all right, he trotted off homeward.

"Did that dam hold, Uncle?" Harry questioned.

"Hold! Well I should say so. It had held more than a year when we left, and in all probability it is there yet."—Exchange.

To Capture Nitrogen.

By far the most expensive of the manurial elements that we must feed into the soil is nitrogen. Strange as it may seem, this most expensive element is the most abundant in nature and makes up four-fifths of the atmosphere about us. There was a time, and not very long ago when all people believed this great mass of nitrogen to be unavailable. All the scientists taught that there was no way of getting at this valuable store, and that we could avail ourselves of its presence only when the slow processes of nature elaborated it for us.

A decade and a half ago, American and German scientists discovered that the books were all wrong on this subject, and that there is a great family of plants, the leguminosae, that is able to fix nitrogen by means of bacteria that live on and in its roots. But where these bacteria exist root nodules are formed. When clover plants have no such nodules their growth is slow and development weak, unless the soil be very rich in the nitrogenous elements. Where not naturally rich the soil may be made suitable for the legumes by bringing soil from other localities where the legumes have the nodules desired. A recent report states that the soy bean has been grown at the Kansas station since 1890. Only recently, however, have tubercles formed upon the roots, and this was brought about by artificial means. Inoculated soil was obtained from a soy bean field at the Massachusetts station, and by scattering it over the Kansas land, plants with tubercles were grown, producing an increased yield and a higher percentage of nitrogen. Several methods of inoculating were tried. The seeds were thoroughly wetted in a bag suspended in water, into which the Massachusetts soil had been stirred. Again, the dry soil was sown broadcast over the fields, and in other cases was drilled with the seed. The best results were obtained by sowing inoculated soil in the drills.

Russian Aggression.

Russia is neglecting no means that will advance her interests in the east. An institute for eastern languages has been established at Vladivostok. There are accommodations for 500 to 800 students in the lecture rooms, library and music rooms, but there is little accommodation for resident students. Not more than 40 students are now enrolled in the institute proper, but twenty more are expected from European Russia, and others from Japan, China, and Korea. The first course includes the English language, the Chinese language, theology, oriental geography, civil government (Russia and other countries), political economy. The second course includes morning lectures on the English, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Mongolian and Manchurian languages on international law on the political and administrative organization of China, and the history of oriental countries, and evening exercises in the above.

A PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go softly as the grasses grow;
Push my soul to meet the shock of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propped with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart, fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down;
When his heart is filled with dew,
And his life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be kind and patient as a tree,
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Bettle on his mission bent,
Tarry in that cooling tent,
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grove—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.
—Edwin Markham.

Miss Salome's "Fresh-Air."

"Two!" the minister's wife said. She held her pencil suspended, waiting.

"Mercy, no! One's all I can manage, and more too," groaned Miss Salome. "I couldn't get my sleep out last night dreading it—but I promised your husband, you can put me down. My life's insured!"

Both women laughed gently over the little pleasantry, but it was Miss Salome's face that straightened to its customary sober lines first. The face of the minister's little wife "look" naturally to laughing curves, and held them persistently after the real occasion for them was over. The people of Sweetwater said it was a wonder the mother of six little children, all of 'em 'ceases,' ever felt inclined to laugh.

"I've got the 'T' all made, Miss Salome. I don't see how I can make 'T' into an 'O'. Besides, one would be so lonesome; aren't you most afraid so? Think of my little Jerry or my Ted or Mistress Mary being it somewhere alone!"

The pencil waited, still, and the minister's wife looked toward Miss Salome with arch questioning. She could see beyond her the broad stretch of prim lawn and the lilac bushes fringing it. It looked like such a beautiful chance for fresh-air children. And the house—the minister's wife sighed softly, remembering the crowded little parsonage.

"Shall I write the 'wo' after the 'T'—or I could write 'three,' you know?"

Miss Salome laughed, but not with yielding in it.

"Write 'O-n-e,'" she said, "and after my name you can put in a parenthesis—'And the Lord have mercy on her soul!'"

It was early July, and hot waves of clover-sweet sunshine crept into all the open windows. There was scarcely a breath stirring. In the cities, the tenement-house people gasped for their breath, and the little babies were borne away in tiny pine coffins. The minister's wife was thinking of the babies as she rose to go.

"My list is counting up," she said, "I shall send it tomorrow. I don't care to wait any longer. The accounts in last night's paper were heart-breaking. Miss Salome—the tiny ones are dying so!"

"I don't read the papers in the hot waves," Miss Salome said briefly. "I make fans of them then!" She followed her caller through the cool, dim hall to the front door.

"You've said a girl, of course?" she called after her. "Of course you understand I can't have any boy traipsing round?"

"Yes; I said 'one little girl,'" the minister's wife answered quietly.

The children—Sweetwater's share—would come the last week in July and stay a fortnight, the city missionary wrote. They would be the forlornest waifs of the street, and no one was to expect perfect manners or clothes. Miss Salome stayed awake oftener after the minister's wife read her the letter. There were plenty of times when she railed bitterly at herself for ever promising.

On the long-dreaded day, she walked to the station to meet the train and her fate. The minister's little wife joined her half way. She had a determined look in her sweet, tired face.

"I'm going to bring home the left-overs," she said. "There are most always one or two. Somebody gives up at the last moment, or else the missionaries can't resist the temptation to smuggle in one extra at the end. I shall bring any little left-over home, if I have to make a field-bed for my boys out on the piazza! It breaks my heart to read about the poor little suffering things."

She was not thinking of Miss Salome's big, empty rooms—she was thinking of the terrible, crowded rooms in the sweltering city tenements. Miss Salome would not let herself think of those.

Then the train swept in and the little waifs trailed out on the sunny platform and stood about uncomfortably. The minister's wife sorted them out busily, checking them off as she went down her list—these two to Deacon Spooner, those two to Mrs. Witherspoon—one to the Wetherell's one to the Greens, one to Miss Salome—but Miss Salome's was a boy! They were nearly all boys. The one or two girls were mere babies, and Miss Salome had specified no babies.

"Dear me," murmured the minister's perplexed little wife, gazing up and down the disreputable little ranks in search of a girl to fit Miss Salome. A touch on her arm made her turn.

"Never mind about me," Miss Salome was saying, with humorous wrinkles round her eyes. "I can get along. I wasn't really hankering."

"But there'll be too many to go round, Miss Salome. I haven't dared to count, but I know there are more than enough. And so few little girls—I do believe Miss Trent made a blunder and sent us the wrong consignment! Poor little things!"

There were three left-overs, even after Deacon Spooner took an extra boy and the Greens took two.

"I can squeeze two in, but I can't

squeeze three—I simply can't!" whispered the minister's wife in despair. She went up to the solitary boy that nobody could squeeze in, and patted his little grimy hands compassionately. He stood shuffling his bare feet stolidly.

"I'll go with her," he said suddenly, releasing a hand to indicate Miss Salome's retreating figure. And without further warning, he darted down the platform in close pursuit. At the street crossing he caught up.

"I enticed yer," he cried breathless, "I'm goin' 'long o' youse. Der aint no room no'wers else. Ain't dere room in your tenement? I can bunk on de roof all right."

Miss Salome stood still and ran her keen gray eyes over the lean, patched, unlovely little creature. Something in his cheerful confidence in her making room for him touched her. O, yes—yes, yes—there was room enough. There were five, six rooms. He would not need to sleep "on de roof." But this terrible little unwashed boy—it was not easy to associate him with one of her immaculate beds, as white, every one of them, as he was black.

"Did you ever take a bath?" she asked abruptly.

"Take a wot, ma'am?"

The lean, brown face expressed utter unacquaintance with the word.

"Ah—why, bath. Did you ever wash yourself?"

A minute's wrestle with memory and then a kindling of new-born pride in the brown face.

"Yer bet! I washed me face w'en me pal got 'trowed down an' I went ter de hospital ter see him. I didn't go wid no dirty face, naw!"

Miss Salome gasped, helpless before such an experience. It was unconsciously the meeting of the two ways, in her mind, and she took the one that would lead him home together.

"I'll keep him long enough to wash him up, once, any way," she thought grimly.

Miss Salome's "case" was an unusual one, if she had but known it. The city missionaries who rounded up the little waifs for their outing in the country made strenuous efforts to send them to their benefactors clean, at least, and as whole as they could make them. But this grimy little mortal who had adopted Miss Salome was an exception. Taken into the ranks at the last minute, there had been no time to make the best of him.

They walked on together, the boy's bare feet paddling unevenly beside Miss Salome. She stole a covert glance by and by at the alert, unchildlike face. What could he be thinking of?

"So you had a 'pal'? What is a 'pal'?" she asked.

"Oh!—well, a pal's a pard, yer know. Yer goes into trade wid him an' shares de winnin's, see? Yer sticks by him 'trough 'tlick an' 'cin; yer don't never go back on yer pal, naw!"

"And your pal is dead?"

The change in the boy's face was wonderful. Miss Salome marvelled at it. Mangled joy and tenderness struggled through the grime for equal expression.

"Mickey, dead? Yer bet he ain't! He's gettin' well—yer can't kill Mickey! He's comin' out er de hospital in a week, Mickey is."

They were close to Miss Salome's great white house, and further conversation was interrupted.

"Come in," Miss Salome said, at the lilac bushes that framed a gateway. And, in silent awe, the city waif padded in, his soiled little face lifted to the great purple tassels overhead.

"What's them?" he whispered, after a moment.

"Lilacs," Miss Salome answered briefly. It was another argument in the boy's favor. To think he had never seen a lilac bush! (Miss Salome called it "lillock.") She felt her heartstrings freshly tugged.

It does not take a great while to wash even a little gamin's face that is a stranger to the operation. But the cleansing over, still the boy tarried. Miss Salome did not invite him—he stayed. He was perfectly happy in a novel way. He went about the big front yard on tiptoes, at first, as if he were afraid of crushing the grass with his little calloused brown feet. And when inadvertently he trod on a great red clover head, Miss Salome saw him stoop and "set" its broken stalk with splints of bird's grass. He took plenty of time, and his thin unchildlike face was puckered gravely.

"I shall let him stay his time out," murmured Miss Salome; and that night—it was the first night—she sat up to mend his clothes. When she carried them back, a little less out at the elbows and forlorn, the boy was fast asleep and the moonlight was caressing his face as it lay in brown relief among the white pillows. It could not have kissed more tenderly the little face of a child who was loved, whose mother bent over him. The light in Miss Salome's unsteady fingers flared and half roused the waif. He opened his eyes and regarded her in stupor.

"Lemme 'lone—I ain't doin' nothin'," he muttered, shielding his face as if from a blow, then sinking away into sleep again. Miss Salome uttered a soft sound of pity in her throat. The soft sound of pity in her throat. The soft sound of pity in her throat.

The next day, the boy appeared before Miss Salome, rolling back his sleeves energetically. He beamed up at her with a friendly grin.

"Yer gotter brush an' som' blackin', ma'am? I kin shine yer boots complete—that's me perfection. An' I'll give de stove a coat, too. Yer wot mind, ma'am?"

He waited wistfully. It was his only way of acknowledging his devotion to his adopted mistress.

Several days went by uneventfully. Then Miss Salome took the boy to town and fitted him out with new clothes. That day was eventful. The child was transfigured—made over

new. Even his little uncouth tongue seemed to partake of the softening influence of the patchless, natty trousers and the little brass-buttoned coat, and the strange street dialect sounded less offensive in Miss Salome's ears. She was proud of her fresh-air boy, and her heart-strings, tugged so often and so persistently, vibrated with gentle steadiness. The lonely woman was near to loving the little lonely child.

Then came the rude awakening when one morning Miss Salome found her bird had flown, tricked out in his proud new plumage. The ragged old clothes were smoothly folded on a chair. There was nothing else save a freshly blackened stove and shining shoes at Miss Salome's door, to tell of his having been there and gone.

Miss Salome stood a long time beside the heap of folded clothes, torn between anger and grief. She had never felt so keenly the one way or the other in all the fifty-seven years that spanned her quiet life. The clothes—if he had only left the new clothes behind instead of the old! That would have helped so much.

"But it wouldn't have been near so human," sighed the poor woman drearily. "Then I should have been entertaining an angel unawares. No, no, let him wear 'em back to his slums, but don't let him ever darken my doors again from this time forth and forever more!"

Still, she left the little ragged clothes unmolested. It takes time for heart-strings to recover themselves.

Two days after the waif's disappearance, Miss Salome saw a strange little figure hobbling up her walk, to the accompanying tap of crutches. She had never seen the boy, but the clothes! She adjusted her glasses hastily and nodded as she looked. They were several sizes too large—the trousers and the sleeves were turned up, and the coat was lapped until but one row of brass buttons was visible—but the clothes were the ones Miss Salome had bought for her fresh-air boy.

The little figure hobbled nearer, and an eerie gaunt little face looked up frankly at Miss Salome.

"It's me—I'm Mickey," the child explained at once. "Jerry sent me—Jerry's me pal, yer know. He said as I could wear de clothes—he 'tought youse wouldn't mind?"

The upward inflection at the end was intense with wistful interrogation. Mickey propped one crutch under his arm and ran his thin white fingers up and down the coat front admiringly.

"Ain't dey dandies? Jerry was a reg'lar toff, but I guess I'm too little to fill 'em out—it takes the stuffin' out o' yer ter bunk at de hospital a mont'."

He drew close to Miss Salome and touched her dress gently.

"Jerry wanted I should ax yer if yer'd be willin' ter swap—he said ter tell yer I were a tip-topper chap 'an him—but he lied, Jerry's a brick! He give me de clothes an' made me come, cos I'm his pal an' goes lame. Dat's Jerry."

The child in the overgrown clothes seemed to shrink to a baby's size as Miss Salome looked at him out of dim eyes. The other child's face—Jerry's—peered over his shoulders at her.

"Yer wot mind, ma'am?" it seemed to say wistfully.

"I say, ain't it prime here?" Mickey said. "Dere's grass you kin step on, an' flowers on de trees, an' de house is painted fit ter spit! Dat's wot Jerry let on here'd be—Jerry said he bet 'twere like wat de mission chap said goin' to Heaven'd be. If-yer wouldn't mind, could I bunk on de grass, ma'am?"

Two weeks later, the minister's little wife called on Miss Salome again. She pointed out of the window to a little figure in the grass and smiled.

"Still here?" she said.

"Yes," Miss Salome said briskly. "I'm going to keep Mickey till he's strong again. He's coming on—you'd be surprised to see him eat now! And Jerry—"

Miss Salome's face broke into mellow curves—outriders of a laugh. The minister's wife wondered why she had ever thought it a plain face.

"Jerry went off as brown and fat! You know, I sent for him to come back after he ran away and 'swopped' himself? He's been here two weeks with Mickey, and he's just gone today. He said it was necessary for him to go back and 'settle up his business!'"

The laugh had arrived and Miss Salome gave herself up to it luxuriously.

"Such a boy! Yes, we're going into partnership together, Jerry and I, after that. We're going to be—pals!"—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Country Gentleman.

The cost of the public schools of greater New York for the year 1901 will be \$17,719,978. The number of pupils in the schools is estimated at 408,112. So that the average cost for each pupil is \$43.39. In 1890 there were 230,931 pupils, the total cost was \$6,000,639, and the average cost per pupil was \$25.98. The expense of the public schools has, therefore, nearly tripled in ten years, while the average cost per pupil is nearly \$18 a year more. This increase is partly due to the municipal consolidation and partly to the Davis law, which has increased the average salaries.

The Hessian fly probably ranks next to the chinch bug as a farm pest in the United States, and its ravages in other countries have long been known and appreciated. While its first scientific description was by Thomas Say in 1817, it had been for many years recognized as a pest in wheat and had received in this country the popular name of Hessian fly in the belief that it had been introduced by Hessian soldiers during the war of the revolution.

A short absence quickens love; a long absence kills it.—Mirabeau.

Scholarship and Athletics.

The council of administration of the University of Illinois recently passed the following resolution in regard to the scholarship requirement for athletes: "While it is true that the university looks with favor upon college athletics, it should not be unmindful of the interests of the university and its students; that undergraduate contests should be conducted in such a way as to serve the best interests of the university and its students, so that neither the standing of the university nor the scholarship of the students may suffer; that the good name of the university is affected by permitting students who have failed or been conditioned to take part in public contests in which they represent the university. Therefore, no student who has failed in any university course shall be permitted to take part in such public game or contest during the continuance of such failure; that no student who has been conditioned in two courses be permitted to play or engage in university athletic contests during the continuance of such conditions, and that in no case shall any student be permitted to play or engage in any contest until the failure or condition shall be removed by examination, and that his membership in any team of the university, after the removal of such failure or condition, shall depend upon the performance of class or laboratory work to the satisfaction of the instructors in charge."

Tree-Planting East and West.

A circular of the Department of Agriculture says that forest tree planting has been in progress in the West for many years. Although reasonable success has usually followed skillful planting and close attention to the selection of species and to their subsequent care, many of the tree claims of that region are failures. This condition has largely arisen from the difficulty of obtaining accurate information at first hand regarding the most desirable species to grow in a given locality and from the lack of personal supervision by a competent tree planter in the setting out and subsequent care of the plantation. Many of the earlier papers on forest tree planting, scattered through the Western press and through the reports of Western horticultural societies, forestry associations and boards of agriculture were based upon untried theories or upon experience too brief to warrant the deductions made. Many species were recommended with the utmost confidence for planting in regions for which later experience has shown them to be entirely unfit. Although many valuable papers occur in the great mass of published material on Western tree planting, they are so obscured by unreliable matter as to be of little use to the inexperienced planter. In the East a small amount of planting has been done, with much better results than has attended Western planting, but the good results are due to the more favorable natural conditions rather than to the methods employed; for methods of planting have received less consideration in the East than in the West. In both regions the method is so important that success to a great degree depends upon it. The grower must know what to plant, how to plant it, and how to care for it afterwards.

Telegram.

Select some word containing at least eight letters, and announce that a prize will be given the guest who will write the best telegram in a given length of time—the words of the telegram to begin with the letters in the chosen word, taken in their order," are the instructions of a contributor to Housekeeper who, in describing the game, says:

"At a recent entertainment the word Washington was selected and among the telegrams written the following were considered the most amusing:

"When Aunt Sarah has internal neuralgia give two ounces nerville!" This was objected to, when put in competition for the prize, on the ground that the dose of nerville was too large!

Then came, "Watch anarchists, Sam has informed, Now going to organize nabobs." There was a tone to this which pleased many because of the late news of the New Jersey anarchists, and it was urged that the nabobs ought to organize; but it was finally voted that the telegram was not sufficiently business-like to win the prize.

The fourth word in the next telegram stood between the writers and the prize. "Where are Sam's habits? I never got them of Nathan." In vain it was urged that the dispatch was sent by a Boston woman. The judges were firm in their opinion that the telegraph operator would never use the word habits without a protest which would result in a shorter word being selected.

"Will arrive Sunday. Harry is not going to organize negroes." While this was considered a well-written telegram in that it would give the one who received it considerable information, objection was raised to the wording. "Harry will not organize, etc.," was noted to be more like a real telegram, and so this, too, was shelved. Then came the following:

"Wallace and Sarah here. Ira nearly gone. Tumor on nose."

Could any telegram tell more in the same number of words? Try to write a better one, and you'll not wonder that the author of this was given head prize.

The production of tobacco in the United States is now about 725,000,000 pounds, of which about one-half is consumed by our own people and one-half exported.—Indianapolis News.