

FARM LIFE FOR ITALIANS.

Baron Planches Advises His Countrymen to Leave Cities and Take Up Plow.

Baron Edmondo Mayer Des Planches, ambassador from Italy to the United States, who is making a tour of the southern states, stopped in St. Louis a few days ago, and in the course of an address advised the Italians who come to this country to take up farming.

"The Italian immigrant, fresh from the shores of Italy, gets into New York first, because nearly all the ships enter at that port," said Baron des Planches. "He is uneducated, usually, and has but little money after he has paid his passage. He begins work immediately, and takes up anything his hands find to do. Sometimes he gets to blacking boots or pushing a banana cart. The pay is small and he has little opportunity of improving his mind. His children are brought up in the streets, and they follow in their father's footsteps. Occasionally an Italian will have enough money to get to some other city.

"What I desire is to induce these Italians in the cities to go to the country. There laborers are wanted, especially in the south. There is a great opportunity for Italians in truck farming, fruit raising and general agriculture in the south. Land is cheap and may be obtained and paid for in a few years. The immigrant who goes to the country finds a chance to send his children to school. He learns the customs of the people of the United States quicker, and thereby becomes a better citizen.

"It has been said that I am seeking to promote immigration. This is not so. My desire is to have my fellow countrymen who seek the United States make better citizens for the United States. I want them to have respect for the laws and in other ways to conduct themselves that they may reap the great advantages offered in this country. I advise all Italians coming here to become Americans as soon as possible and to do as the Americans do. In this way I feel that they will not be looked down upon. Some day, when I am dead, some of them may think of the time that des Planches sent them to the country, and they may give him thanks. That is all the credit I expect to get out of it."

DODGING REAL QUESTION.

She Did Not Question Lady's Reputation, It Was the Jelly That Didn't Suit.

A lady who intended to give a dinner to some friends at which the piece de resistance was to be duck shot by her husband on the shores of eastern Maryland, decided that none but the very best jelly should be served as an accompaniment to the dainty fare, relates Collier's Weekly.

So she proceeded to a gorgeous Broadway establishment, a place where one pays a quarter apiece for tomatoes and a dollar a stock for asparagus at certain seasons of the year. The jelly the clerk offered her did not appear to be just what she wanted, so she suggested another variety.

"But, madam," said the clerk, laughingly, "this is the very best jelly you can buy. It is made by Mrs. McGuggin, of Brooklyn." And he pointed to the label on the jar.

"I've never heard of it," meekly suggested the lady. "Are you sure it's all right? Do you guarantee it?"

Seeing that this customer was extremely mild of manner and perhaps to be easily rattled, the clerk smiled in a patronizing way. "Guarantee!" repeated he, more laughingly than ever, "madam, we don't have to guarantee Mrs. McGuggin's jelly. Her name is enough. This lady, madam, has a reputation!"

"O, I have no doubt of that, I'm sure," broke in the mild-mannered lady, with a heightened color. "I'm not questioning the lady's reputation; it was the jelly, I assure you!"

Strange.

A man who worked for a firm engaged in the manufacture of bogus antiques testified in his suit to recover wages that he had honestly worked. Philadelphia Ledger.

SUBMARINE MINE A DANGER

Hidden Machines Have Caused More Damage Than Torpedo Boats and Torpedoes.

A remarkable fact, which also appears with regard to the torpedo, is the infrequent hits made when attacking ships at anchor, says the Navy League Journal. In the first attack made by the Japanese fleet from Port Arthur the Japanese destroyers slowed down and came within a short distance of the enemy, but, with everything in their favor, of the 23 torpedoes discharged only three made hits. On June 2 and 4, when the entire Russian fleet was outside the harbor, in a long series of attacks by the Japanese torpedo boats not the slightest damage resulted. As to ships in motion the torpedo has been proved to be absolutely useless, no hits having been made during the war, although attempts were repeatedly had. It would, therefore, appear that the efficiency of this weapon of war had been greatly exaggerated, for its failure cannot be attributed to any want of skill or courage on the part of the Japanese, who displayed at all times the greatest bravery and coolness.

But if the torpedo has been a disappointment the fear of it and the ignorance concerning its efficiency produced a marked change in naval actions, for it forced the fighting between the large ships at extreme long ranges, and proved that the 6-inch guns, with which most battleships are largely armed, were almost useless, the heavy guns—the 12, 10 and 8-inch—only being effective.

The greatest destructive agent employed by both antagonists, however, has been the submarine mine. By this means alone one-seventh of the battleship force on either side has been put out of action, and its use constitutes one of the most serious perils of the future unless restrained by international agreement to territorial waters. The mine has done what the torpedoes failed to do, and the long list of casualties to its credit proves it to be a most formidable engine of war.

What has been clearly demonstrated and can be accepted for future guidance is that torpedoes are not to be dreaded as formerly; that in an engagement between battleships the large guns only are effective, and that submarine mines, while the most deadly of all modern instruments of warfare, are inhuman and barbarous, and should be restrained by the laws of war.

PAINT PORTRAITS OF EYES

Novel Miniatures in Natural Colors Prized as Mementoes by Friends of the Absent Ones.

The delicately painted picture of the eye glowing with life is rapidly becoming a favorite memento of the absent friend.

The first sight of one of these eye portraits gives one an almost uncanny impression. From the monotoned wall there looks down a tiny, vivid human eye without a face. So perfectly executed is this eye that the flicker of laughter in it is weird in its expressiveness.

There are several eye portraits now on view at the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors in London, and they are attracting a great deal of attention.

A well-known miniature portrait painter said the other day that many men were treasuring portraits of their sweethearts' eyes, and in addition ladies of their turn were keeping the eyes of their male friends. They mostly put into lockets.

"The eye," she said, "is by far the most expressive feature of the face, and sometimes it makes a portrait of itself. It is an expression that gives its own cells. The eye is serious. The story, laughing or the brows' shadows round it, but it's the above, help, of course, the grey light in the eye that is at thing.

How do we get on with people who have fishy eyes? Well, they can't come to be painted. It's the people with nice eyes, and often people whose eyes are the best part of their face. The price varies, running from five guineas. As you may guess it is delicate work, but it is very satisfactory when you have nice eyes to deal with."

SALVATION IN ADVERTISING

Brightly-Colored Insects Are a Danger Signal to Their Known Enemies.

Every meadow on a summer day swarms with a winged host blatantly heralding its existence by colors that must seem cordial invitations to its enemies. Why is it that they are not attacked? asks Waldemar B. Kaempfert, in Booklovers Magazine. For a long time that question puzzled Darwin. After much futile speculation it was finally ascertained that many of these gayly tinted denizens of the air are horribly distasteful to insect-eating epicureans and frequently endowed with the most nauseous qualities. They find their salvation by advertising themselves—boldly and flamboyantly. Their colors are danger signals not to be disregarded. The light yellow body of the caterpillar that develops into the magpie moth is gaudily spotted with orange and black. A little experimental tasting has taught every bird, lizard and frog to avoid the creature that wears these colors. The caterpillar, that strips the foliage of our oaks and elms toward the close of summer is likewise a squirming cylinder of black, yellow and orange. Insect eaters reject it after signs of intense disgust. And thus red and black ladybirds, yellow striped hornets, wasps and bees, black and red beetles, and a host of insects preserve themselves by brazenly proclaiming their offensive tastes or their dangerous stings to all the animal world.

Other insects that would prove delicious morsels to greedy foes have not been slow to profit by the immunity that is granted by a warning garb. They have actually mimicked obnoxious species protected by garish hues in order to escape death themselves, and this with such amazing accuracy that not only is the enemy but even the collector completely tricked. In the jungles of the Amazon species of butterflies are found that mimic the species Heliconidae. Entomologically they are all as distinct as horses and cows, and yet the one species is a photographically exact counterfeit of the other. The Heliconidae possess an atrocious odor and taste, and accordingly are as brilliantly conspicuous as oxeye daisies in a green field. So free are they from attack that they flap lazily along, utterly indifferent to danger and perfectly secure in their sickening attributes. The mimickers so cleverly copy the markings, form of wings, and heavy flight of the Heliconidae that spiders drop them from the webs and small monkeys reject them despite their palatability.

FALL OF MANNA IN PERSIA.

Substance Drops from Sky Believed to Resemble Historical Bread.

A substance was presented to the French Academy of Sciences, which had been forwarded from the government, as having fallen from the sky in Persia at the commencement of this year.

This specimen of celestial manna was found in such great quantities that the earth for a considerable distance was entirely covered with it. In some places it was five inches in depth. The cattle, particularly the sheep, eagerly fed upon this singular production, which was also converted into bread for the support of the inhabitants.

Such was the information which a Russian general, who had witnessed the phenomenon, communicated to the French consul in Persia. Upon examination this substance was found to be a sort of lichen, already described by botanists.

These mosses, which appear to be found in very great abundance, must have been carried by the wind to the places where their sudden appearance was remarked.

A similar phenomenon was noticed in the same regions of Persia, in the year 1824. — Athenaeum, 1829.

Constant Reminder.

Oldchum—Your wife reminds me of a girl I once knew in Boston. Prettyman—That's nothing; she is continually reminding me of every girl I ever knew—anywhere!—Life.

MOTHER KNEW WHAT TO DO

Old Lady Tells Remedy for Wee Monkey's Ailment and Parent Ape Follows Directions.

"Mamma! Mamma!" is the most familiar cry at the New York Zoological park these days, says the New York World. There are, counting all noses, upward of 100 babies. These number the ducks, chickens, monkeys, wolves, buffalo and snakes. And the baby cry strangely resembles the human cry for "Mamma!" in some of these nurseries. An old lady with the air of a martyr walked through the park with her daughter, who was evidently a college girl, for she wore "specs" and talked in a superior way about Darwin and Huxley.

They entered the monkey house and there came across the babel of simian talk the clear, squeaky cry of the baby green monkey, born a week ago.

"Hello!" said the old lady. "Whose baby is that crying? It is a shame to bring a baby into this place."

And she moved along the cages till she was in front of the cage of the green monkey. This simian seldom breeds in captivity and this green monkey is a curiosity. The baby awoke feeling ill. It clung close to its mother's arms and sobbed, while its little stomach was convulsed with spasms, which the kind old lady outside the cage understood at once.

"The poor little thing! It has the stomach ache!" she said. "I should rub its stomach if it was mine, now!"

And just then, to her utter astonishment, the wise-looking old mamma green monkey took the baby on her knee and began gently to massage its stomach, now and then patting the little one on the back and then trotting it up and down. The old lady looked on in consternation.

"Daughter!" she exclaimed. "That's the humanest baby I ever saw—and its mother is the humanest animal that ever was."

BEEES SAVED THEIR CLOVER

Facts Which Go to Prove That Scientific Farming Is Truly a Success.

A clerk in the department of agriculture says:

"So, you think that scientific farming is a bluff? You demand some illustrations of the good that is accomplished by the scientific method? Very well.

When clover was first introduced into Australia it grew there beautifully, but it never succeeded. The soil was all right. The climate was all right. What, then, was the trouble?"

"A scientist studied the matter and this is what he found:

"He found that the native Australian bees had tongues too short to reach the clover's pollen-forming organs. These organs, in red clover, are hidden deeply in the heart of the tubelike petals and they can only be fertilized by the long-tongued bumble bee. If red clover is not visited by bumble bees, who bear the golden pollen grains from one blossom to another, it never seeds—it cannot be grown. The scientist, aware of the fact, soon put his finger on the barren Australia clover's trouble.

He imported a lot of long-tongued bumble bees, these bees flourished, and immediately Australia clover, which had promised to be a failure, became one of the country's richest and finest crops."

Clothed the Portrait.

A half-length portrait of the German empress occupied a prominent place in a Catholic boys' school in the Ermeland district of eastern Prussia. Recently the chaplain happened to look closely at the picture and was horrified to find that her majesty was decollete. A local house painter provided a chaste covering of lace for her majesty's neck, whereupon the picture was permitted to be rehung in the schoolroom. This incident is now forming the subject of an investigation by the German minister of education, who considers it a gross insult to the empress to assume that any picture of her could be improper.

Helping to Locate It.

Benham—I wonder where I left my umbrella. Mrs. Benham—Here's a directory, dear, with a list of saloons in it.—Judge.

ORIGINALITY IS A POWER.

By Fostering This Characteristic One May Attain Great Things in Life.

There are a thousand people who will do faithfully what they are told to do who can lay out a programme or execute it; a thousand who can only follow to one who can lead. It is a rare thing to find a young man who has the power of accomplishment, the ability to put a thing through with the force of originality, says Orison Swett Marden, in Success.

Whatever your work in life, do not follow others. Do not imitate. Do not do things just as everybody else has done them before, but in new, ingenious ways. Show the people in your specialty that precedents do not cut much of a figure with you, and that you will make your own programme. Resolve that, whether you accomplish much or little in the world, it shall be original—your own. Do not be afraid to assert yourself in an original way. Originality is power, life; imitation is death. Do not be afraid to let yourself out. You grow by being original, never by copying; by leading, never by following. Resolve that you will be a man of ideas, always on the lookout for improvement. Think to some purpose. There is always a place for an original man.

There is nothing else which will kill the creative faculty and paralyze growth more quickly than following precedents in everything, and doing everything in the same old way. I have known progressive young men to stop growing, become hopelessly ratty, and lose all their progressiveness by going into their fathers' stores, factories or places of business, where everything was done in the same old-fashioned way, and precedents were followed in everything. They lost all expansiveness. There was no motive for reaching out for the new and original, because their fathers would not change; and I have seen these splendid fellows, who might have become great and grand men, shrivel to pygmies in their fathers' ruts.

How many of our business houses are weighted down with machinery, old, antiquated methods, ponderous bookkeeping, and out-of-date appliances, when new devices, or new methods, with short-cut way of doing things, would enable them to economize greatly on room and get along with less help; but they cling to the old with a fatal tenacity.

This is why so many old concerns, which have been strong and powerful for generations, gradually shrink, shrivel, get into ruts, and fail, while their newer competitors, the bright young men who have gone out from these houses, do things in a new way, adopt up-to-date methods, keep up with the times, and go on to greater success.

WOMEN WASTE VITAL FORCE

Fair Sex Loses Much Nervous Energy Through Errors Which Might Easily Be Avoided.

Women (according to a lady doctor) lose much nervous force through errors which might be easily avoided.

One notable instance is seen in their manner of walking. Many women have an uneven gait, a nervous, jerky step that jars the whole body and keeps most of the muscles tense and drawn.

A good way of correcting a bad walk is to carry a waltz tune in the mind, and keep step to it as far as possible without actually dancing. After a time the walk will become regular and buoyant, and, the habit once formed, there is no occasion of continuing the device of keeping step to a tune.

Women lose much of their vitality in needless excitement and in misplaced sympathies. Their emotions are easily drawn upon, and instead of reserving their powers for important occasions, they dissipate them on the smallest provocation. The remedy here is to practice self-control. It is one of the finest of nerve tonics.

Chinese Cotton Mills.

Thirteen hours and a half constitute the working day of a Chinese mill hand in the cotton factories, night shifts working ten hours. In spite of the long hours the pay is very small, the best workers receiving but 12 cents a day.

WOMAN A PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

Pessimist When Talking of Alabama Must Speak in Soft Tones—Female Secretary There.

The pessimist who protests against woman's progression, not to mention digression, in new lines of work must admit there is recognition of her ability abroad in the land when a woman is chosen as recording secretary of one of the southern states, says the Pilgrim. When the man who held that position with Gov. Cunningham, of Alabama, resigned recently, Miss Mamie Offutt, who was confidential stenographer to the governor, was appointed in his place. It was a great compliment, for the office demands the exercise of much tact and diplomacy. By virtue of her position Miss Offutt is also secretary of the state board of pardons, and keeps a record of everything in connection with the thousand and one applications for pardon from inmates of Alabama mines and prisons. She must have a familiarity with the statutes of the state which relate to the office of governor, since questions bearing upon state laws and statutes are consequently coming in, and many novel points raised. She must also indorse the action of the governor upon such applications, as well as conduct much of the correspondence of the executive department. Graciousness and gentlemanly qualities are no less characteristic of Miss Offutt than the knowledge of her duties or the efficiency with which those duties are performed, and her appointment to such responsibilities is not only a tribute to her exceptional ability, but incidentally recognizes the fact that there are women who can keep a secret.

MOBS ATTACK MONUMENTS

When Riot in Russia Breaks Loose Big Shafts Are Made the First Object of Attack.

That the disturbances in Russia are not marked by the overthrow of memorials is due to the care exercised by the police in guarding the column of Alexander I. and other historic monuments.

The police have learned through experience that these public memorials are the first objects of a mob's attack, and they profited by the happenings in other lands.

When the Commune gained control in Paris its first action was the overthrow of the Vendome column, while even the historic Nelson column, in London, has been mined, though in that instance the detonator failed to explode.

The statue of William III. in Dublin has withstood many an attack, the recurrent anniversaries of the battle of the Boyne stirring hatred afresh. The old statue is battered and time worn, but no serious harm has yet been done.

America has few memorials to attract or invite mob violence. Possibly the Haymarket memorial, in Chicago, may some day be blown up by those who regard the anarchists executed for the crime as martyrs, but the only recent attempt to blow up a statue was the unsuccessful effort to destroy the monument to Frederick the Great at Washington.

European memorials incur the dislike of the lawless because of their associations rather than because of their lack of artistic value. Were the latter defect an incentive to crime the park police would be kept busy here.

Ancient Crinoline.

In the World of Fashion of 1830 is a reference to "the new stuff called crinoline." Crinoline was partly thread, partly horse-hair, its name being compounded of the French "crin" horsehair, and "lin" flax. Hats, skirts and all sorts of things that were wanted to possess a certain stiffness were made of this material.

Ostrich Tax.

The exportation of ostriches from South Africa has practically been prohibited by an export tax of \$487 each, intended to preserve to that country, as far as possible, the monopoly of the lucrative trade of ostrich farming.—N. Y. Post.

Under the Ocean.

First Mermaid—What are you going to do with that shovel? Second Mermaid—See if there is a man under my bed.—N. Y. Sun.