

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDÉ

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAPERS," ETC.

Copyright, 1914, by J. P. Lippincott Co.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

But Mr. Darrah chatted on, affably non-committal, and after a time Winton began to upbraid himself for suspecting the ulterior motive. By no word or hint did the vice president refer to the strange incident between the two companies or to the warlike incident of the morning. And when he finally rose to excuse himself on a letter-writing plea, his leave-taking was that of the genial host reluctant to part company with his guest.

"I've enjoyed your conversation," he said, "enjoyed it right much. Most happy to have had the pleasure of your company, Miss Virginia. May I hope you will have us often while we are neighbors?"

Winton rose, made the proper acknowledgments, and would have crossed the compartment to make his adieux to Mrs. Carteret. But at that moment Virginia, taking advantage of Adams' headbanging with the Rajah, came between.

"You're not going yet, are you, Mr. Winton? Don't hurry. If you are trying to smoke a pipe, as Mr. Adams says you are, we can go out on the platform. It isn't too cold, is it?"

Not the words themselves, but the manner of saying them, warmed him so suddenly that an Arctic winter's night would not have been prohibitory.

"It is clear and frosty, a beautiful night," he hastened to say. "May I help you with your coat?"

She smiled, but in the height of the heart-warming glow gave him a cold glance in a word to Bessie.

"Won't you come, too, Bessie, dear?" she asked; and Winton set the whole battery of his will at work to fend off the threatened calamity.

Happily, it averted itself. Miss Bessie was quite comfortable as she was and begged to be excused. Mrs. Carteret in her capacity of chaperon looked askance at Virginia, was met by a glance of the resolute brown eyes which she had come to obey without fully understanding, and contented herself with a monitory: "Don't stay out too long, Virginia. It is dreadful cold."

So presently Winton had his heart's desire, which was to be alone with Virginia; alone, we say, though the privacy of the square railed platform was that of the ear only. For the gathering-room of the Rosemary, with its lights and eyes, gave directly upon the rear platform through the two full-length windows and the glass door.

Now in whatsoever aspect the mountain skyland presents itself—and its aspects are numberless—that of a starlit winter night, when the heavens burn clear in a black dome for which the mighty peaks themselves are the visible supports, is not the least impressive. So, for a little time, awe challenging awe in these two had much in common, tongue and lip were silent, and when they spoke it was of the immensities.

"Does your profession often open such wide doors to you, Mr. Winton?" It gave him an exquisite thrill to know that her mood marched so evenly with his own.

"Outside of the office work, which I have always evaded when I could, the doors are all pretty wide. One year I was on the Mexican boundary survey—you can picture those all night in the desert. Another time I was with the Geodetic on the coast; since that winter the booming of the surf has been the constant undertone for me in all music."

"Ah, yes, in music. You must love music if you can associate it with this."

"I do, indeed. I would build it the grandest of the temples, though I should be only a mute lay-worshiper in it myself."

She smiled. "That temple must always have two high priests, one who prophesies and one who interprets. I can't play without a sympathetic listener."

"I wish you might play for me sometime. You would have to be very exacting if you could find fault with my appreciation."

more matter of dollars and cents, you may say."

She went on, entirely missing the irony in his reply.

"You did not know the difficulties before you came here?"

"Only in a general way. I knew there was opposition, and—well, I'm not just a novice in this sort of thing, and if I may be allowed to boast a little, I knew my appointment was owing to Mr. Callowell's belief in my ability to carry it through."

"You are not smoking," she said. "Haven't you your pipe?" She was finding it desperately hard to go on.

"If you don't mind," he returned; but when he had pipe and tobacco in hand she plunged again.

"You say your interest in this other railroad—your personal interest—is only that of an employee. If you should have another offer, from some other company—"

He smiled. "Put yourself in my place, Miss Virginia. What would you do?"

She tried to think it out, and in the process the doubt grew and overwhelmed her.

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "If, as you say, it is only a question of so much money to be earned—"

He started as if she struck him with a whip.

"That is not your argument; it is Mr. Darrah's." Then his voice took a deeper tone that thrilled her till she wanted to cry out. "Don't say you want me to give up; please don't say that. I think I have been putting

you on a pedestal these last two days. Miss Carteret, you know well enough what is involved—honor, integrity, good faith, everything a man values, when I spoke of the day; that is nothing. I can't believe you would ask such a sacrifice of me—of any man."

The brown eyes met his fairly, and it was not Mr. Somerville Darrah's confederate who said: "Indeed, I do not ask it, Mr. Winton. I see now how impossible it would be for you to—" she stopped short, and leaving the sentence in the air, began again.

"But it is only fair that you should have your warning, and I'm going to give it to you. My uncle will leave no stone unturned to defeat you."

He was still looking into her eyes, and so had courage to say what came uppermost.

"I don't care. I shall fight him as hard as I can, but I shall always be his debtor for this evening. Do you understand?"

She broke the eye-hold and turned away quickly.

"You must not come again," she said.

"If Mr. John Winton, C. E., stood in need of a moral tonic, as Adams had so delicately intimated to Miss Bessie Carteret, it was administered in quantity sufficient before he slept on the night of dinner-givings."

For a clear-eyed Technologist, free from all heart-trammellings and able to grasp the unessential fact, the enemy's new plan of campaign wrote itself quite legibly. With his pick and choice among the time-killing expedients the Rajah could scarcely have found one more to his purpose than the private car Rosemary, including in its passenger list a Miss Virginia Carteret. There would be more dinners and social diversions; other procrastinations like this of neglecting to look after the consignment of steel—which, by the by, was not yet to be seen or even definitely heard from; and in the end, defeat.

All of which Adams, substituting friendly frankness for the disciplinary traditions of the service, set forth in good Bostonian English for the benefit and behoof of his chief, and was answered according to his deserts with scolding and deridings.

"I wasn't born yesterday, Morty, and I'm not so desperately stupid as you seem to think," was the bearded one's summing up. "I know the Rajah doesn't split hairs in a business fight, but he is hardly unscrupulous enough to use Miss Carteret as a cat's-paw."

But Adams would not be scuffed aside.

"You're off in your estimate of Mr. Darrah, Jack, 'way off. I know the

is the farm horse doomed to disappear from the working force of the farm? David Beecroft thinks so, for in an article in Technical World Magazine he says: "No longer will the plowman homeward plod his weary way." Instead he will simply turn on the motor car and go dashing by the lane to the farm house at the rate of 20 miles an hour. In the early months of 1902, what proved to be the first successful gasoline agricultural motor appeared, contesting at nearly all of the great agricultural competitions of the season in England, and carrying off the gold medals from the horse in every contest. Plowing proved to be the first phase of farm labor to which the agricultural motor was introduced, and at which, four years ago, it made its initial reputation. Steam engines had proven too heavy for the soft land being plowed, and here the agriculturist expected to mire the internal combustion motor, but he signally failed. For a plowing test among horses, steam power and the gasoline motor, two and three-quarters acres of very heavy clay soil were selected. It was a condition that the furrows were to be nine inches wide and six inches deep. In doing the work nine horses, three to a plow, with three drivers and three boys, did the work at a total cost of \$8.25, or at the rate of \$3.68 per acre. By steam power the total cost of plowing the same area amounted to a total of \$9.08, or at \$4.08 per acre, and with the gasoline motor the cost totaled \$4.44, or at \$1.97 per acre. For plowing purposes a three-furrowed plow is invariably used except in heavy clay soils, where a couple of furrows prove sufficient."

The New York Times is authority for the story that a dweller contiguous to the Long Island mosquito marshes has discovered that he can catch mosquitoes in large quantities by the device of putting up a wire netting with a large opening at one end and an electric light at the other. The mosquitoes are allured into this dazzling inclosure, and in the morning are pulled up in such large heaps that they may be handled with scoop shovels, and thus become an article of fodder, nourishing and stimulating, to the Long Island chicken in a degree up to this time altogether unsuspected.

A Dustless Road association is trying in England to abate the very great nuisance of dusty highways, both by improved methods of road construction and by a saner use of those roads by the traffic passing over them. Here is a suggestion for our good roads movement in this country. Let construction work in as far as possible provide the dustless road. Oil and tar are being used successfully in various parts of the country to this end.

Don't feed large quantities of cracked corn to horses, or continue the practice for any length of time, as it wears on the inner coating of the stomach.

The agricultural department of the University of California is arranging to conduct a series of experiments in the manufacture of dry wines in San Joaquin county, and has selected the winery of the Woodbridge Vineyard association as the experimental station.

There is a plant in Chicago which manufactures more maple sugar in a month, said Dr. H. W. Wiley in a recent address, than is produced by nature in the whole state of Vermont in a year.

MAN AND THE BUG.

How Science is Prejudicing the Farmer Against the Latter.

Man's grudge against the humble insect waxes with increasing knowledge. To an earlier generation the buzzers, biters, and stingers were nothing worse than a nuisance. To coming ages they are likely to be a chief menace to life. Mark the grave indictments brought by the grand jury of science. The mosquito not only punishes us with her poisoned probe and wrecks our sleep with her intolerable song, but she introduces into our veins the unwelcome germs of malaria and yellow fever. The house-fly has become notorious as a distributor of typhoid and cholera. Ugly rumors connect the nimble flea with bubonic plague and leprosy. The pestilence that walketh in darkness, of whom the poet sings that though he "has no wings at all, yet he gets there just the same," is suspected of spreading typhus and other infections. Not even that model of quiet, self-effacing industry, the tick, escapes. Government in-

vestigators charge him with being responsible for the "spotted fever" of the western mountains. No living man who in his boyhood days has ever pursued with a broken-bladed jack-knife the retreat of a healthy, well-conditioned tick, wholeheartedly intent upon tunneling into the interior of his pursuer's bare leg, will hesitate to credit any kind of ordinary cussedness to the species, says Collier's. But that the burrower should thus salt his mining operations with deadly bacilli is almost too much to believe, even of a traditional foe. Thus far the butterfly has escaped slander, and the ladybug, so far as we know, is still a real lady. But the whole insect world is coming under suspicion. We expect to see the gloomy day when the hum of wandering wings will be more dreaded than the whirr of the coiled rattlesnake, and when a nest of tarantulas will be regarded as a peace conference compared to a swarm of gnats dancing joyously in the dappled sunlight.

Nothing is so difficult but that man will accomplish it.—Horace.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



The opinion of a man who has had 25 years' experience in strawberry growing ought to be worth considering. He says that after trying almost every method now practiced by different growers, he is convinced that the best method is to plant a new bed every year, and explains his plan as follows: "After the first bearing year, as soon as we are through picking, pulling all weeds and grass, before they make any seed. Let these lie on the bed in spots where there are no plants. As soon as the ground is frozen I cover the entire bed with horse manure to a depth of two or three inches. This will perhaps smother some of the plants, but there will be plenty of them left for the next year's fruiting, and those that come through in the spring will grow with as much vigor as a newly-set plant. From a bed of one acre treated as above described I picked more berries the past season than from an acre planted one year ago. The berries, however, were not quite as large. After I finish picking a second crop, I plow everything under in July and plant to celery. The land will then be in a high state of fertility, for the strawberry takes but little from the soil. If a second crop is not wanted the ground should be sown with crimson clover about the first of August. This should be plowed under the following spring, when the ground will be in excellent condition for planting early potatoes, beets, cabbage or, in fact, any early vegetables. This method of growing strawberries gives me three beds to look after, two bearing beds, one and two years old, and a newly-planted one every spring, and I am of the opinion that there is less labor and expense in planting a bed every year than in trying to build up the old one year after year."

The preliminary classification for the seventh international livestock exposition which will be held at Chicago Union Stockyards, December 1-8, has been issued, and may be had on application to W. E. Skinner, general manager of the exposition. It should be noted by those specially interested that the rules have been changed from previous rules in one important particular, namely, that covering ownership of animals is revoked in the classes of "get of sire" and "produce of dam." In many departments the classifications have been increased to discourage exhibits. This is particularly true in the classification for horses.

The crop prospects are that corn will only be 4,000,000 bushels behind last year's huge record of 2,708,960 bushels. Potatoes, oats, and barley are likely to be somewhat below last year, but wheat, much of which is already harvested, is likely to go beyond the record of 50,000,000 bushels. The four great farm crops of corn, hay, wheat and oats, named in the order of their gross value, will probably be worth this year something like \$2,750,000,000.

The North Wisconsin Farmers' association is only two years old, but it has produced results of which it may well be proud. It has succeeded in securing four demonstration farms in the lake shore counties, which are under the direction of the state school of agriculture. Three special lines of experimenting are being carried out: Agronomy, soil and horticulture, under the direction of Profs. Moore, Whitson and Sandsten. The four farms are located at Iron River, Superior, Ashland and Bayfield.

The farmer who has not wakened to the magnitude of the things yet to be learned in agricultural science is the man who does not study, who is contented with himself and who believes that the methods of his forefathers is good enough for him. Yes, and we might add that he is the farmer who is content with half a loaf when he might just as well have the loaf and a half.

An experimental gardening association in Germany has been making experiments in the protection of orchard trees against night frosts by means of fumigation. A part of an orchard in bloom was thus successfully guarded against an April frost by the dense smoke of naphthalene. But the experiment was very expensive, 50 kilograms of naphthalene being consumed by seven flames in one hour. Later a new preparation of chemicals was tried, producing a comparatively large volume of smoke with the expenditure of only two kilograms of the material per hour.

According to the Florists' Exchange the latest addition to labor's ranks is the United Brotherhood of Rural, Horticultural and Agricultural Wage Earners of America, with headquarters at Dallas, Tex.

A clever object lesson in dairying was a feature at the Washington state fair. It consisted of a model cow stable with cows and attendants all immaculately clean and with every sanitary condition, while right alongside of this was a filthy cow stable, such as is still common in many sections. The contrast was most interesting and instructive.

National Apple day is to come on the third Tuesday in October each year, according to the decision of the Apple Growers' association.

That was a strong address of James J. Hill, delivered the other day at the Minnesota state fair, in which he declared that in agriculture was to be found the salvation of the country. "Within 44 years," he said, "we shall have to meet the wants of more than 300,000,000 people. In less than 20 years from this moment the United States will have 150,000,000 people. Where are these people, not of some distant age, but of this very generation now growing to manhood, to be employed and how supported? When the searchlight is thus suddenly turned on we recognize not a mere speculation, but the grim face of that specter which confronts the unemployed, tramping, hateful streets in hope of food and shelter." Having thus predicted the peril to the country of the increasing number of the unemployed, Mr. Hill points to the farm—the small farm—as the only escape. He declares that the first requisite is a clear recognition on the part of the whole people, from the highest down to the lowest, that the tillage of the soil is the natural and most desirable occupation for man, to which every other subsidiary and to which all else must in the end yield. And then as a means of stimulus and education, Mr. Hill says, "the government should establish a small model farm on its own land in every rural congressional district, later perhaps in every county in the agricultural states. Let the department of agriculture show exactly what can be done on a small tract of land by proper cultivation, moderate fertilizing and due rotation of crops. The sight of the fields, and their contrast with those of neighbors, the knowledge of yields secured and profits possible, would be worth more than all the pamphlets poured out from the government printing office in years."

Here is the opinion of the Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer as to the value of the study of agriculture: "Modern agriculture is a science. It includes the study of many high school and college text-books to qualify one for an instructor in the primary principles of tilling the soil. It is both theoretical and practical. The study of Indian corn is as important in the development of the student mind as is the study of Greek. It presents living object lessons in illustration which are more valuable than dead languages. The study of the classics is no more divine or reverential than the study of farm machinery and Irish potatoes. Many a poor boy injures his health fretting over translations of Latin when he should be learning how to transplant onions."

The preliminary classification for the seventh international livestock exposition which will be held at Chicago Union Stockyards, December 1-8, has been issued, and may be had on application to W. E. Skinner, general manager of the exposition. It should be noted by those specially interested that the rules have been changed from previous rules in one important particular, namely, that covering ownership of animals is revoked in the classes of "get of sire" and "produce of dam." In many departments the classifications have been increased to discourage exhibits. This is particularly true in the classification for horses.

The crop prospects are that corn will only be 4,000,000 bushels behind last year's huge record of 2,708,960 bushels. Potatoes, oats, and barley are likely to be somewhat below last year, but wheat, much of which is already harvested, is likely to go beyond the record of 50,000,000 bushels. The four great farm crops of corn, hay, wheat and oats, named in the order of their gross value, will probably be worth this year something like \$2,750,000,000.

The North Wisconsin Farmers' association is only two years old, but it has produced results of which it may well be proud. It has succeeded in securing four demonstration farms in the lake shore counties, which are under the direction of the state school of agriculture. Three special lines of experimenting are being carried out: Agronomy, soil and horticulture, under the direction of Profs. Moore, Whitson and Sandsten. The four farms are located at Iron River, Superior, Ashland and Bayfield.

The farmer who has not wakened to the magnitude of the things yet to be learned in agricultural science is the man who does not study, who is contented with himself and who believes that the methods of his forefathers is good enough for him. Yes, and we might add that he is the farmer who is content with half a loaf when he might just as well have the loaf and a half.

An experimental gardening association in Germany has been making experiments in the protection of orchard trees against night frosts by means of fumigation. A part of an orchard in bloom was thus successfully guarded against an April frost by the dense smoke of naphthalene. But the experiment was very expensive, 50 kilograms of naphthalene being consumed by seven flames in one hour. Later a new preparation of chemicals was tried, producing a comparatively large volume of smoke with the expenditure of only two kilograms of the material per hour.

According to the Florists' Exchange the latest addition to labor's ranks is the United Brotherhood of Rural, Horticultural and Agricultural Wage Earners of America, with headquarters at Dallas, Tex.

A clever object lesson in dairying was a feature at the Washington state fair. It consisted of a model cow stable with cows and attendants all immaculately clean and with every sanitary condition, while right alongside of this was a filthy cow stable, such as is still common in many sections. The contrast was most interesting and instructive.

National Apple day is to come on the third Tuesday in October each year, according to the decision of the Apple Growers' association.

Famous Flagship of Perry to be Raised

The Niagara Will Be Preserved as a Memorial of the First American Naval Victory

For seven years now there has been a growing sentiment for the raising of the Niagara, the famous old flagship of Commodore Perry when he fought with the British fleet in Misery bay, Lake Erie. This sentiment assumed practical form during the last session of congress and that body appropriated \$50,000 for the raising of the old ship, under the direction of the secretary of the navy. The ship will be placed in a permanent building of brick and stone on the grounds of the soldiers' and sailors' home at Erie, Pa., as a memorial of the first victory of an American fleet over a foreign foe.

The fact that the Niagara lies at the bottom of Misery bay was first called to the attention of the public by former Representative S. A. Davenport, of Erie, as a result of a conversation in Washington in the spring of 1899. At that time the question of the rehabilitation of other historic ships was being widely discussed, and it was suggested that among other famous ships the old Constitution should be restored.

Then some one announced that the Niagara was still intact in the little bay near Erie. The knowledge that Perry's flagship was still in existence came as a surprise to many representatives, who manifested the greatest interest in the project soon after proposed by Mr. Davenport. The events of the next session of congress were

was heard, followed by cheers. A second later a puff of smoke came from a porthole, followed by the salute boom of a cannon, while a shot ricocheted along the surface of the water and splashed harmlessly near the prow of the Lawrence. This opened the action. The squadrons were a mile apart. Perry, with every inch of canvas spread, left his consort far behind. The Detroit fired again—this time from a long gun—and the shot passed through both bulwarks of the Lawrence. Perry did not respond. He was reserving his fire for close action, knowing that his small guns would be ineffective at a distance.

Raked fore and aft, the Lawrence still made a plucky fight. One after another her cannons were dismounted. Her bulwarks were beaten in. The shot passed through her sides like needles through sail cloth. Heavy smoke hung over the decks, which were strewn with dead seamen and slippery with blood. The sails and rigging were hanging in tatters over the sides. The yards were splintered. The rudder was in atoms. Still the wounded fought on. Bleeding and faint, Lieut. Yarnall the second time appealed for officers.

"Mine have all been killed," said he. "I have no more to give you," said Perry. "This was after an hour and a half's fighting. There was but one gun left



Off the West Shore of Put-In-Bay Island, and Scene of the Battle of Lake Erie.

so closely crowded one upon the other that an opportunity was found for introducing the measure, but the master was suggested to Mr. Bates, who succeeded Mr. Davenport, and the result was the law of last session.

While the movements of Perry's fleet have been clearly followed in nearly all the histories, it is not generally known how the Niagara came to be in her present position. Soon after his battle Perry was ordered to winter his vessels at Erie, and the Lawrence, which was the first flagship; the Niagara, the Scorpion, the Porcupine, the Tigress and the others were anchored in the little body of water opening into the eastern entrance to Presque Isle, or Misery bay. The Lawrence and the Niagara were refitted the following spring and joined the expedition against Mackinaw. Upon their return to Erie the Lawrence was found to be unseaworthy and was sunk with the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, both captured British ships, in Misery bay. The Lawrence was sunk in the northwestern part of the bay, where the water is quite shallow, and she gradually became the victim of relic hunters, so that now hardly a vestige of the old vessel remains. For several years the Niagara was used as a receiving ship, but finally becoming too old even for that service she also was sunk in Misery bay; but she lies in the northwestern part of the bay, where the deep water has protected her.

The story of the battle is interesting reading. After Perry had built his fleet he waited several weeks before he could bring on an engagement. While waiting in the bay at Sandusky word was received that the British were on their way to give battle to him. Perry at once gave the order to sail, and, hastily gathering his vessels together at the head of the bay, proceeded to the scene of action. At sunrise of September 10 the enemy's ships were sighted from the masthead of the Lawrence.

The decks were cleared for action, and Perry, surrounded by his officers, unfurled a blue flag, with the inscription in white letters: "Don't Give Up the Ship." This he told them was to be the signal for action, and he explained that on account of the small guns with which his vessels were manned it would be necessary to fight at close range.

There were few preliminaries to the battle. First a bugle on the Detroit

on the Lawrence and not enough men to man it, and so Perry, an officer and the chaplain served it till a shot dismounted it. At half-past two in the afternoon the Lawrence was entirely disabled, with only 18 of her crew remaining alive. But Perry did not despair. Forest, the second officer, saw the Niagara in the distance.

"That brig does not help us," said he; "see how he keeps off."

Perry took in the situation at a glance.

"I'll fetch him," he cried, and springing into a small boat and wrapping around him the flag bearing the words of Lawrence, he was pulled toward the Niagara. The shot fell all about him, but he reached the ship in safety. As he mounted the deck of the Niagara he looked back and saw the Lawrence drop her colors, while faintly there came to him the cheers of the British seamen.

Perry took immediate command of the Niagara, and, without a moment's loss of time, bore away for the British line, again with topsail spread and his signal for close action flying. The breeze had freshened, and the Niagara cut through the waves, splashing the water before its bow. As the vessel approached the Detroit that vessel tried to come about so it could present its starboard broadside to its enemy. The Queen Charlotte was under the British flagship's lee, and, as it did not follow the maneuvers with sufficient alertness, the two vessels fouled.

At this psychological moment Perry passed under the bows of the Detroit, almost poking his guns upon her deck, and poured into both English ships a broadside of grape and canister. Simultaneously his port guns played into the Prevost, while the American marines with their muskets cleared the British ships of every living creature above rails. Then, passing adroitly to the leeward of the ships, Perry emptied his starboard broadside into the Queen Charlotte and the Hunter, some of the shots going clear through the former into the Detroit. The small ships of the American fleet now came up, firing into the British vessels and completely disabling them. In a few minutes every English gun was silenced. The Queen Charlotte struck her colors, closely followed by the Detroit, the Hunter and the Lady Prevost, and in seven minutes after Perry broke into the line all the British colors were down.

MAN AND THE BUG.

How Science is Prejudicing the Farmer Against the Latter.

Man's grudge against the humble insect waxes with increasing knowledge. To an earlier generation the buzzers, biters, and stingers were nothing worse than a nuisance. To coming ages they are likely to be a chief menace to life. Mark the grave indictments brought by the grand jury of science. The mosquito not only punishes us with her poisoned probe and wrecks our sleep with her intolerable song, but she introduces into our veins the unwelcome germs of malaria and yellow fever. The house-fly has become notorious as a distributor of typhoid and cholera. Ugly rumors connect the nimble flea with bubonic plague and leprosy. The pestilence that walketh in darkness, of whom the poet sings that though he "has no wings at all, yet he gets there just the same," is suspected of spreading typhus and other infections. Not even that model of quiet, self-effacing industry, the tick, escapes. Government in-

vestigators charge him with being responsible for the "spotted fever" of the western mountains. No living man who in his boyhood days has ever pursued with a broken-bladed jack-knife the retreat of a healthy, well-conditioned tick, wholeheartedly intent upon tunneling into the interior of his pursuer's bare leg, will hesitate to credit any kind of ordinary cussedness to the species, says Collier's. But that the burrower should thus salt his mining operations with deadly bacilli is almost too much to believe, even of a traditional foe. Thus far the butterfly has escaped slander, and the ladybug, so far as we know, is still a real lady. But the whole insect world is coming under suspicion. We expect to see the gloomy day when the hum of wandering wings will be more dreaded than the whirr of the coiled rattlesnake, and when a nest of tarantulas will be regarded as a peace conference compared to a swarm of gnats dancing joyously in the dappled sunlight.

Nothing is so difficult but that man will accomplish it.—Horace.

TOO MUCH FOR OSLER

When the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda visited the congressional library in Washington he was naturally greatly interested in that vast and excellent collection of books.

"How long," he asked Herbert Putnam, "would it take a man to read all these books?" Mr. Putnam smilingly replied that no one could ever begin to read all the books in the library, some 2,000,000 in number. Then he made a rough calculation. He told the Maharajah that it had been estimated that no man, in the course of the average lifetime of 70 years, could read more than 8,000 books. Therefore, figuring on 2,000,000 in the library of congress, a man would have to have 250 lifetimes of 70 years each to get through with all of the books, and that would mean 17,500 years.

The computation seemed to amuse the prince. "And what would your Dr. Osler say to that?" he inquired.—N. Y. Tribune.

Tributes to the Departed.

Corn and bread are still offered by the poor Basques of the Pyrenees to the dear departed on their death anniversary. A traveler in Spain describes how, at San Sebastian, he has often seen some poor fishermen's daughter praying in a church for a dead relative "amid baskets full of fruit, loaves of bread and corn, and kneeling upon the tomb of her ancestor."

A homing pigeon which was sent to the Isle of Man two years and four months ago returned to its home cote in Blackburn, England, recently.