

GOOD SHORT STORIES

A couple of pickpockets followed a gentleman for some blocks with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office. "What shall we do now?" asked one. "Wait for the lawyer," said the other.

There used to be an old gentleman who lived up in one of the parishes of Louisiana who was noted for his tremendous department and punctuality. Arriving in New Orleans for the first time, he accosted a young man-about-town, who was standing on the corner of the street. "I wish, my young friend," said he, "taking out my watch, to go to the St. Charles Hotel." "Well," said the gilded youth, "you may go, but don't stay but half an hour."

Supers are very particular about the distribution of parts. In a fairy piece a set of dominos was represented by men wearing on their backs boards marked with the different numbers. A discontented super gave in his resignation, and told the management they must find a substitute. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the astonished director. "don't you get fifteen sous a night like the others?" It isn't about the sous at all. I am one of the oldest artists belonging to the theater, and they ought to have made me the double six, instead of that I am the lowest number—the double blank. Rather than submit to such injustice I prefer to leave the theater."

When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So, as soon as he had entered the door and deposited his lamp upon the dressing table, he commenced his speech: "I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. I emptied the drip-pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a case under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letter as soon as I got down town. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light." Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas check and sought a line for the bed, when he was startled by the query from Mrs. Jenkins: "Why didn't you take off your hat?"

CONVICTS TO BEAT TRUST.

Way Be Put to Work in Indiana Building Harvesting Machinery. James A. Reid, warden of the Michigan City prison, has begun an investigation to determine what agricultural implements can be made without patent infringements, with a view to employing prison labor upon their manufacture, an Indianapolis dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer says. He is acting upon the direction of Governor Marshall, who said recently that he believed two things can be accomplished by adding agricultural implements to the product of the prison. First, it will embarrass the harvester trust, so called; second, it will provide labor for the prisoners, a problem that is always present.

The state prison is already causing the harvester trust some embarrassment by the manufacture of binder twine. The price of the prison-made twine is such that the trust is forced to meet the competition. In the matter of harvester machinery the same result, it is hoped, will be reached. Governor Marshall states that in a recent conversation with an attorney the harvester combine he was informed that if a law was drawn to force the combine out of the state, the state machinery would be taken by the combine refusing to sell harvesting machinery and other implements to Indiana farmers.

In the manufacture of implements protected by patent Governor Marshall believes the combine will find it hard to gain control of the raw material. Warden Reid is making investigations of the machinery question as it has been solved in other prisons and will report to Governor Marshall as fast as he has developments of interest.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

As of Child Substitution Brought Out in a Divorce Court. In an application for alimony and usual fees, pending a suit for separation and the custody of her three children, Mrs. Emma Beck, of 107 Westchester street, New York, charges as her husband, with the help of his attorney, who since has died, substituted her first born child one of her own, a founding axiom. This was eighteen years ago, and Mrs. Beck says that her first born is still living and kept away from her by his mother. Mrs. Beck's two other children, her son, her father and her brother, are all dead. She has a boy of 16, and a girl of 11. Mrs. Beck says she had a good deal of trouble in getting her children back. She says she had a good deal of trouble in getting her children back. She says she had a good deal of trouble in getting her children back.

to a police court for abandonment and began an action for the recovery of my child. When it was evident that I would win my mother-in-law brought me a child. My child had blue eyes and light hair. The child brought was a sickly one with brown hair and eyes. Protesting that the child was not mine brought my husband back. His assurance that I was mistaken calmed me, and took care of the child until it died a few weeks later. My husband three years later deserted me when my third child was born. Four years after the birth of the child I went to the Twelfth Regiment armory to a drill. I was with a woman and I told her that I felt queer and morally certain I was going to see my lost child. Later I saw my mother-in-law, and with her was a little boy. The moment I clapped my eyes on that child I knew he was my boy. I swooned, and when I came to the boy had been taken away. My husband insisted that I was mistaken. I lost all trace of my husband from then on. Two years ago my mother-in-law died and then my father-in-law. Finally, I located George Beck, my brother-in-law. He told me my boy was still living and gave me an affidavit.

Gray Wolf of Louisiana. The largest gray wolf ever seen in this parish was killed by Owen Weems about three miles south of here. This wolf, has been terrorizing the inhabitants of the Seventh and Eighth Wards for several years, and it is a known fact that he has killed hundreds of sheep and hogs. A. M. Edwards lost many valuable hogs, until finally organized parties would sit up at night in an effort to kill the animal. Mr. Edwards offered a standing reward of \$100 to the person who killed the wolf. Mr. Howse, who lives in the same neighborhood, lost several head of hogs and sheep by the nightly visits of the gray fellow, and he congratulated Weems on his good marksmanship.

The wolf was on exhibition in a billiard hall, and attracted considerable attention. An admission of 10 cents was charged to view the corpse, 10 per cent of the fund realized to go for school purposes. Mr. Howse, upon hearing that the wolf had been killed, brought his entire family to town to take a look at the animal which had caused his family so much alarm during the last two years. The wolf appears to be about 12 years of age, with teeth decayed, and has the appearance of a great dog. His head is peculiarly shaped, not like the wolves of the northwest, but has a large flat head. The animal weighed 80 pounds and stood about 3 1/2 feet high.

Weems saw the animal while out hunting, and at first thought it was a dog, but upon closer inspection fired a load of buckshot into the right shoulder, causing instant death. The skin will be stuffed and preserved.—Hammond Correspondent New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Too Risky. In boring for oil, when the drill reaches the depth where it allows gas to escape, every precaution is taken against igniting it, lest there should be a destructive explosion. This necessary precaution gives point to the following story, told by a writer in the Pittsburgh News.

"I can deal with men," growled a grizzled oil-driller, "but a woman can outdo the best of us!" "The other day I brought in a well down in Virginia, right close to the kitchen door of a little farmhouse. Just as we were getting to the ticklish point, where smoking wasn't allowed within forty rods, out comes the farmer's wife, and goes to building a big fire in a Dutch oven. "Meby I didn't kick, but she just showed me a batch of dough, an' said if she didn't bake it 'twould spoil. If I wanted the fire out I had got to pay for the dough. Ten dollars, too. "She just dared me to touch that Dutch oven, an' I didn't touch it, either. I just gave her the ten. "Meby we didn't get that fire out quick. If the well had broken loose it would have blown me an' the whole farmhouse out of sight!" "No, sir, I don't want any more dealings with a woman. They're too risky."

Josiah. I never kin forget the day. That we went out a-walkin', an' set down on the river bank, an' kept on hours a-talkin'; He twisted up my apron-string, An' folded it together, An' said he thought for harvest-time 'Twas curus kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there— Josiah seemed uneasy. And another she began to call: "Lowezy! O, Lowezy!" An' then Josiah spoke right up, As I was just a-startin'. An' he said: "Lowezy, what's the use of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise, An' yet I knew 'twas comin'— I'd heard it all the summer long. In every wild bee's hummin'; I'd studied out the way I'd do it. But, law! I couldn't do it; I meant to hide my love from him, But seems as if he knew it, An' lookin' down into my eyes He must a seen the fire, An' ever since that hour I've loved An' worshiped my Josiah. —Hartford News.

No Superstitions. First Roommate (uneasily)—Say, do you believe in spirit noises? I declare there is a sound in this room like a watch. His Comrade (sleepily)—That's nothing. It's probably only the bed tickling.—Baltimore American.

No Danger. The Lady—If you buy a nice pearl handed halle for your birthday, but I'm apprehensive. I'm afraid it would be a woman's curse. The Man—Cheer up. No halle a woman buys could be a curse. —Cleveland Leader.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

His grace turns our grief to glory. The new life is full of new beginnings. It is easier to be a Christian than a hypocrite. Christ answers our heart-cries; not our words. The Father knows no service except from sons. Private fidelity is bound to win public approval. All some people lack of being black-slidden is acknowledging it. God doesn't appear at night to those who do not worship in the day. A goodly fatherhood is the best exposition of the fatherhood of God. The question is not, is life worth living, but are you worth living it? Consecration comes up against a hard test when a man tries to handle a calf. You cannot judge by the height of the steeple the number of saintly members. Too many think the foundations of religion were made to sit on instead of to build on. The man who has never had any "ups and downs" will not enjoy heaven when he gets there. Any man can preach what humanity likes to hear, but to preach what humanity needs requires backbone and religion. Life does not consist of the things we possess in this world, but of the things we hope to possess in the world to come. Some men are so busy planning for to-morrow that they have no time to execute the things which yesterday they planned for to-day.

RUSSIA'S MANY SALT LAKES. Hundreds of Them Containing Rich Deposits Easily Worked. The production of salt is one of the rapidly developing industries of Russia. Salt lagoons and lakes are distributed over most parts of the empire and principally in the region of the Black and the Caspian Seas. In these lagoons during the dry and warm seasons the natural evaporation is so great that from the oversaturated brine great quantities of crystals of salt are precipitated. These salt lagoons, marshes or lakes give annually as much as 1,000,000 tons, although they have been known to yield 1,500,000 tons when seasons have been particularly dry and warm. Such work is done principally in the provinces of Taurida, Kherson and Astrakhan. The Baskunchak lake, located within the last-named province, gives in favorable seasons enormous quantities, sometimes nearly 400,000 tons. The bottom of this lake consists of thick layers of salt, and the visible supply has been computed at nearly 100,000,000 tons. Another lake, the Elton, contains a larger reserve of solid salt along its bottom measuring forty square miles. Beginning not far from the Sea of Azov, embracing all the north and east of the Caspian sea and extending to the east and northeast of this is a vast territory, larger in area than France, in which every lake and standing pool of water is brackish or salt and only running water is fresh. Hundreds of these lakes could be profitably worked for salt if required. Many of the lakes contain besides common salt various other compounds imbedded in the brine or imbedded in the sediments of their bottoms. These compounds are valuable in hydropathy.

Left Cloister in Vain. Miss Elsie Swanson, of St. Louis, renounced her aspiration to become a nun because she believed her duty was to search for her father, whom she had not seen for eleven years. She found him a few days ago in the county jail at Joplin, a few minutes after he was convicted of burglary and larceny and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Swanson did not recognize his daughter, but she picked him from a crowd of prisoners in the main cell room. Father and daughter wept in each other's arms. She will now try to obtain a parole for him, and as he was convicted solely on his own admission of guilt it is possible her plea of clemency will be granted. Miss Swanson, who is 21 years old, is the ward of the Rev. C. C. Stahlmann, who took her from the custody of her father when she was 10 years old, Swanson having been declared unfit to care for her. She was educated in a convent.

Earth's Magnetic Poles. The magnetic poles of the earth are two points nearly opposite of the earth's surface where the dip of the magnetic needle is exactly 90 degrees. The statement usually made that a freely suspended magnetic needle, remote from magnetic masses, tends to point due north and south, is not correct except for a few localities and certain times. The actual nature of the earth's magnetic field must be found by extended experiments which are being carried on by many scientists, largely under the direction of this and other governments. It is a field that offers great opportunities for scientific research, particularly since the discovery of the north pole.

Metempsychosis. A chicken lived, a chicken died; Its drumstick and its wing were fried, Its feathers by a dealer dried, And, very shortly after, dyed. Soul it had none; admitting that, How comes it? There, upon her hat, Its plumes a mortal chicken's—rise, A glorious bird of paradise. —Detroit Free Press.

Very few people can tell the difference between a joke, an insult and a complaint. When some people do tell the truth they exaggerate it.

Smiles of the Day

Appropriate Grace. At a dinner the other evening Dr. Charles F. Aked—famously known as the pastor of Rockefeller's church—told the following story about a daughter of a fellow minister: "It was the custom of the household to have dinner at noon on Sunday and to have a very light meal at night. One Sunday evening little Helen's father was absent and her mother said to her: 'Papa is away to-night. Suppose you say grace.' "Helen was hungry. There was very little to eat on the table. Casting a sweeping glance over the board, she tilted back her head and said solemnly: 'For pity's sake! Amen!'—Leslie's Weekly.

Occupation. "Every time I see you you have a new and more ornamental sign reading: 'This is my busy day.' Do you make 'em yourself?" "Yes." "What do you want with so many?" "Well, I've got to do something with my spare time."—Washington Star.

Truthful. Theatrical Manager—Young man, what is your greatest asset in life? Press Agent—My lie-ability.

His Weakness. "Beautiful hats are your wife's weakness, are they not?" "Father I should say that they are my weakness." "You are fond of them?" "No, but my wife can always make me put up for them."—Houston Post.

Getting Even. Miss Passy—What a lovely gown you have on! But haven't I seen it before? Miss Tartleigh—No, I think not. You see, I've only worn it at very smart affairs this season.—Brooklyn Life.

Selfish Man. She—I don't see why you should hesitate to marry on \$3,000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that. He—But, my dear, we must have something to eat. She (pettulantly)—Isn't that just like a man. Always thinking of his stomach.—Boston Transcript.

Juvenile Wisdom. "What did people do before steel pens were invented?" asked the teacher. "The plumes of one goose were used to spread the opinions of another," answered the wise boy at the pedial extremity of the class.—From Judge's Library.

Offensive Humor. "What are you doing down town?" "Trying to get something for my wife." "Find any bidders?"—Kansas City Journal.

A Kick. Irrate Customer—Say, this is a scab clock. Jeweler—What's the matter with it? I. C.—It won't strike.—Yale Record.

Never Satisfied. Titeword wants the earth, doesn't he? "Yes, and if he got it he'd kick about having to pay taxes on it."—Cleveland Leader.

Where He Stands. Teacher—Johnnie, do you know what a blotter is? Johnnie—Yessum. It's de t'ing wot youse hunts for while de ink gets dry. —Chicago Daily News.

Easy. School Teacher—Who can make a sentence using the word "indisposition"? Tough Pupil (assuming a pugilistic pose)—When youse wants to fight youse stand in dis position!—Town Topics.

That Depends. Teacher—Now, boys, here's a little example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1875? Pupil—Please, teacher, was it man or a woman?—Red Hen.

A Meteorological Man. Bertha—Why do you never save up for a rainy day? Bertie—Oh, I suppose my disposition is too sunny!

Our Queer Language. When the English tongue we speak Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"? Will you tell me why it's true? We say "saw," but likewise "few"; And the maker of a verse "Can not cap his 'horse' with 'worse'"; "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard"; "Cord" is different from "word"; "Cow" is cow, but "low" is low; "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe"; Think of "nose" and "dose" and "lose"; And of "goose"—and yet of "chose"; Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb"; "Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some." And since "pay" is rhymed with "say," Why not "paid" with "said," I pray? We have "blood" and "food" and "good"; "Mould" is not pronounced like "could," Wherefore "done" but "gone" and "tone"?

It Seems So Anyhow. "What jokes go the best in your business?" the humorist's friend asked him. "To tell the truth," said the funny man, "they're usually the ones the other fellow writes."

Looking Ahead. Gerald—Will you marry me? Geraldine—Wait awhile. I don't want to get tired of you just yet.

One on the Doctor. As a South Jersey country physician was driving through a village he saw a man amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor pulled up and said: "My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog in that way. I can't teach mine a single trick." The man looked up with a simple rustic look and replied: "Well, you see it's this way; you have to know more'n a dog, or you can't learn him nothin'."—Scranton Truth.

Marked Down. Kitty—Life is what we make it. Peggy—But you make yours ten years less than it really is.

Up North. First Eskimo Wife—The north pole has been discovered. Second Eskimo Wife—I'm glad of that, for now when my husband comes home late he can't give me that old excuse about being out looking for it.—New York Times.

Savings Banks. An Irishman was explaining American institutions to a green countryman. "A savings bank," he said, "is a place where you can deposit money to-day and draw it out to-morrow by giving a bank's notes."—From Success Magazine.

An Illogical Boast. "I owe nothing to luck," said the pompous individual. "I am a self-made man." "Perhaps," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I wouldn't say much about it. So many who have claimed to be self-made have come to be regarded as nature babies."—Washington Star.

Not on Her Heart. He—I've just danced with Miss Bute and I think that I made a decided impression on her. She—You must have. I noticed she was limping.—Boston Transcript.

Her Sad Fate. "Did you ever know a girl to die for love?" "Yes." "Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?" "No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."—Houston Post.

Very High Prices. My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady; I saw the curls of her hair, And the face that, turning in wonder, Was lit by the deadly glare. I know little more—but I heard it. The groan of the anguished wheels, And remember thinking the heart In agony trembles and reels.

One rod to the day of my dying. I shall think the old engine reared on its neck, And as it recoiled, with a shudder, I swept my hand over the track. Then darkness fell over my eyelids, But I heard the surge of the train, And the poor old engine creaking, As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the graveyard. My fingers enmeshed in her hair, And she on my bosom a-climbing. To nestle securely there. We were not much given to crying— But that night, they said, there were faces. With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning, As I neared the cabin again, My hand on the lever pressed downward. And slackened the speed of the train. When my engine had blown a greeting, She always would come to the door; And her look with a fullness of heaven, Blessed me evermore. —Author unknown.

Had Little Nose for News. A "cub" reporter on an up-State paper was sent out by the city editor to get a story on the marriage of a young society girl and a man well known in the city, says the Philadelphia Times. The "cub" was gone about an hour and then returned and went aimlessly over to his desk, by which he sat down. Shortly afterward the city editor noticed his presence and his evident idleness. "Here, kid!" shouted the superior, "why aren't you at work on that wedding?" "Nothing doing," replied the boy. "Nothing doing? What do you mean? Didn't the wedding take place?" "Nope; the bridegroom never showed up, so there ain't nothin' to write."

Kumiss. Kumiss is a valuable beverage for use in the sick room. Heat one quart of milk to 75 degrees F., add one and one-half tablespoonsful of sugar and one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one tablespoonful of lukewarm water. Fill sterilized bottle to within one and one-half inches of the top. Cork and shake. Place the bottles inverted where they may remain at a temperature of 70 degrees F. for ten hours, then put in the icebox or a cold place and let stand forty-eight hours, shaking occasionally to prevent the cream from clogging the mouth of the bottle. It is refreshing and nourishing.—Woman's Home Companion.

Cultivate a Happy Nature. A happy nature is sometimes a gift, but it is also a grace, and can therefore be cultivated and acquired; and it should be a definite aim with those who are training a child.—Soulisy.

As, Ay. "Troubles never come singly." Observed some ancient guy. Well, we don't know; we've seen a man with only one black eye. —Boston Transcript.

Daily Thought. Time is infinitely long and each day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured—if one will actually fill it up.—Goethe.

If a man never has any use for a doctor he hasn't much of a kick coming. Much so-called originality is merely undetected imitation.

Old Favorites

The Engineer's Story. No children, my trips are over, The engineer needs rest; My hands are shaky; I'm feeling A tugging pain in my breast; But here, as the twilight gathers, I will tell you a tale—Gracious God, 'Till I rest in my head forever.

We were lumbering along in the twilight, The night was drooping her shades, And the Gladiator labored— "Climbing the top of the grade; The train was heavily laden, So I let my engine rest, Climbing the grade slowly 'Till we reached the upland crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight— Ten minutes behind the time! Lost in the station's motion, Of the up-grade's heavy climb. But I knew the miles of the prairie, That stretched a level track, So I touched the gauge of the boiler, And pulled the lever back.

Over rails a-slooming, Thirty an hour, or so, The engine leaped like a demon, Breathing a fiery glow; But to me—ahold of the lever— It seemed a child at play, Trustful and always ready, My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine, Holding it steady that night, And my eye on the track before us, Abaze with the Drummond light. We neared a well-known cabin, Where a child of three or four, As the train passed, often called me, A-playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle, As we swept around the curve, When something afar in the shadow, Struck me through every nerve, I sounded the brakes, and crashing The reverse lever down in dismay, Groaning to heaven—eighty paces Ahead was a child at its play!

One instant—one awful and only, The world flew around in my brain, And I smote my hand hard on my forehead, To keep back the pain; The train I thought flying forever, With mad, irresistible roll, While the cries of the dying, the night winds, Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine, How I got there I never could tell— My feet planted down on the crossbar, Where the cowcatcher slopes to the rail. One hand firmly locked on the coupler, And one held out in the night, While my eye gauged the distance and measured The speed of our slackening flight.

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AMERICA IS 'IT'

When It Comes to Railroads and Canals Learn Nothing from Europe. According to J. G. McPherson, lecturer at the Johns Hopkins University, the people of the United States would not tolerate such railroads as those of the continent; the American railroads have nothing to learn from Europe. Prof. McPherson is the traffic expert with the Waterways Commission now in Europe gathering data for Congress. He states that "the carriages on continental lines, for the most part, still cling to the form of the traditional stagecoach, and the freight cars are very small compared with those of the United States. Instead of forty and fifty ton cars the average capacity in France and Belgium is ten and fifteen tons, and there are a few cars in Germany carrying as much as twenty tons. The Germans say that large cars would force many manufacturers to readjust their plants, whose loading and unloading facilities are adapted to the smaller cars."

"By keeping the rails down to the level of the small shipper they are hampering the enterprising and progressive producers. Small cars, moreover, keep up transportation charges, for a forty ton car can be hauled at a cost not greatly in excess of that of hauling a fifteen ton car. German officials admit that their railroad rates are higher than those of America. "In other words, the Germans hold back railroad development to the needs of the average business man, while in America the tendency is to reduce the unit cost of production. This is aided by the use of large cars, and small shippers are forced to adjust their business accordingly. To handle the great volume of traffic in America the railroads have had to resort to immense coal and ore cars, grain cars, furniture and meat cars. "It is just this reducing of the unit cost with the most improved machinery which allows America to pay the highest wages while obtaining the lowest cost of production. If the great American establishments were brought suddenly to do business on railroads such as those of the continent they would be suffocated."

TERMS USED IN WALL STREET. Up-to-Date Meaning of Investment Gambling and Sure Thing. If a man buys \$10,000 worth of bonds, pays the money for them, locks them up in his safe-deposit box and waits for the interest, that is making an investment, says Lippincott's Magazine.

If he orders \$10,000 worth of bonds bought for his account, puts up \$1,000 as collateral and then sits around for the bonds to go up, that is trading on a margin.

If he meets a pretty girl, falls in love with her, finds out that she has \$1,000,000 in her own right, gets witnesses to prove that she has a fine disposition and is a good housekeeper; in short, gathers all the evidence beforehand that she will make an ideal wife, why, that is gambling.

If he enters politics from disinterested motives, sees a rotten condition, makes up his mind to reform it, makes no compromises with anybody, stands on his merit, fights an honest fight, wins, puts his reform through and then sits around and waits to see it become a permanent one—that's speculation.

If he marries a poor girl and she dies and leaves him with four children, and he marries another poor girl and she dies and leaves him with four children, and he marries another poor girl and she dies and leaves him with four children, and then the children grow up and he calls them together in his old age and says: "Don't worry, boys and girls! When I was young I was quite enough to save up some cash so that I could take care of myself all right without calling on you. Now, I don't need any of you, so you can all run right along and be good"—that's a sure thing.

Proper Way to Drive Nail. "It takes an apprentice a full year to learn that he does not know how to drive a nail," said an expert carpenter. "When once he has realized this it is only a matter of a few minutes to learn how it should be done. The commonest mistake is the belief that a hard blow with the hammer is more effective than several light taps, and the learner is inclined to admire the man who drives a nail all the way in with one blow. This is where he is wrong; four or five blows are much better than one. The reason is that one hard blow inevitably makes the nail rebound, ever so slightly, it is true, but enough to make it hold less firmly than it would if driven gradually. The nail may be driven almost all the way with one blow, but several lighter taps are necessary to finish the job.

"Another thing," continued the old carpenter, "the beginner generally tries to drive his nails as perpendicularly as possible. This is another error, for a nail driven a little diagonally holds the parts together much more firmly than one driven perpendicularly. And in driving a nail diagonally it is even more necessary to proceed with gentle taps, for hard blows inevitably displace the surfaces that are to be held together."

Cultivate a Happy Nature. A happy nature is sometimes a gift, but it is also a grace, and can therefore be cultivated and acquired; and it should be a definite aim with those who are training a child.—Soulisy.

As, Ay. "Troubles never come singly." Observed some ancient guy. Well, we don't know; we've seen a man with only one black eye. —Boston Transcript.

Daily Thought. Time is infinitely long and each day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured—if one will actually fill it up.—Goethe.

If a man never has any use for a doctor he hasn't much of a kick coming. Much so-called originality is merely undetected imitation.