

The St. Tammany Farmer

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Knowing How to Work.

There has recently appeared a book portraying the lives of working girls in our great cities, not from the point of view of an outside observer, but from the intimate knowledge of one who, forced by necessity into a life-and-death struggle for her daily bread, knows all the dangers, the temptations, the endless anxieties and the small opportunities for pleasure of working girls. The most valuable thing in the book, comments Youth's Companion, is not its picture of the lives of the toilers, but the chapter dealing with the causes of such lives and conditions. The great underlying secret, the writer declares, as the result of her acquaintance with hundreds of working girls, is that the girl does not know how to work. She is not lazy—anything but that—but she goes to her workshop, factory or store, ignorant, incompetent, and with an instinctive antagonism toward her task, simply because she never has learned to put her heart or mind into her labor. The value of such knowledge was strikingly illustrated in the case of one worker in a certain factory. The girl was physically crippled so that it was difficult for her even to walk across the floor, yet in spite of her heavy handicap she was the quickest worker and made the largest wages of any girl in the shop, simply because she had studied how to husband her resources, to work rhythmically and systematically, and to make each stroke of work count its utmost. The lesson is one needed scarcely less by women in easier places. To learn how to work, no matter what one's task, is to learn one of the great lessons of life; it is to gain power instead of wasting strength, to find joy instead of weariness of heart. "Anna Rebecca," a wise old woman said to a pretty niece who found her wardrobe fall her at a critical moment. "Anna Rebecca, you'll learn, sooner or later, that it pays even to darn your stockings with your brains!" The woman who has learned to "darn her stockings with her brains," whatever the stockings may typify, is the one who never need fear failure in the working-day of life. This rule applies equally as well to men.

World-City Conferences.

A new and comprehensive proposition has been broached by Sir Edwin Cornwall, chairman of the London county council, which is no less than a conference of all the European cities with a population of over a million, including London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Rome, St. Petersburg, Madrid and Constantinople, and "if our American friends do us the honor to join." New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. The idea was suggested to him by the benefit he had experienced from an interchange of views with the Paris municipal authorities. The scheme is a picturesque and interesting one, thinks the Boston Transcript, but whether it would be possible to co-ordinate the widely varying conditions of the cities of different countries and continents is somewhat doubtful. Still, from one point of view it would be merely an extension of what for some time has been going on in this and we presume in some other countries. We have local associations for civic betterment and a national municipal league, so it is not a great stretch of the imagination to contemplate as a practical possibility an international expansion of the idea. If this idea is so far-reaching as to appear visionary to some, it yet has a plausible side to it. Were the right men selected to take part in such a congress, men with expert knowledge of the conditions which they represented and the grasp of mind to catch the suggestiveness of new methods and new theories, the result without doubt would be a broadening influence upon general municipal administration. If men were selected simply to give them a good time, as is too likely to be the motive in some of our American municipalities, the outcome would be barren of anything of value. The potentialities of the situation are large; the probabilities are not so hopeful.

A naval court-martial at Annapolis has ruled that basing includes not only the infliction of physical cruelty or pain, but any molestation or annoyance which makes the victim ridiculous in the eyes of his fellows. The ruling is in keeping with common sense and public feeling, both of which recognize that mental suffering may be a more serious infliction than physical pain.

A Philadelphia captain of detectives tells of one of the malapropos of his force, who, despite his deficiency in education, is a clever operator. Responding to an inquiry, he explained to a friend the possession of two names by a prisoner by saying: "Jim Henry is his real name; Percy D. Klyne is his ananias."

Two women, in lighting a picnic fire on the slope of Waterman mountain, San Bernardino county, Cal., the other day, discovered asphaltum deposits. A rush followed, 20,000 acres have been located, and an oil boom is in progress.

A Maine paper recently attributed to Gen. Miles the familiar saying that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Gen. Miles, who knows Indians better than most people who speak ill of them, promptly wrote that he was "never the author of any such inhuman, brutal and truthful statement."

Japanese have been caught circulating counterfeit bills of gold coins in Tacoma. The molds and batteries were made at Sirohimi, Japan. The Japs are not all good.

Luigi's Good Fortune

By FRANK H. SWEET

Author of "The Capture of the Expedition," etc.
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Luigi ran his push-cart into an alley, looked sharply to the right and left, then stepped behind the cart and took his money from his pocket and counted it anxiously. Seventy-two cents—three lira and a half. At home a lira would keep him, with prudence, for a whole week; here, it took a lira to pay for his corner of a room for a single night, and another lira for the rent of his push-cart. And Rhetta's mother had told him he must never linger at their fruit counter again until he could show at least a hundred lira. A long, hopeless sigh started from the depths of his chest, only to be cut in half by a vigorous thump of his fist upon the push-cart. That was how the man had done when he should to them from the top of a barrel the night before, telling how the straight road to the presidential chair was through voting for the right alderman. It was a good, strong, vigorous way, a "get there" way, as the man had said; and once more Luigi's small Italian fist came down with the big American thump. Did he not have the three and a half lira already, and was not his cart rounded into pyramids with fresh fruit—two whole bunches of bananas, cut into five and seven and twelve fingers, to fit various needs, with half of an American box of oranges, and apple and peach and g-r-rape? He would hurry back and make the hundred lira in the quick New York way, and then take it to Rhetta's mother to buy fruit for their stand. A stand was more lordly than a cart, and he and Rhetta would stay behind the counter and hold hands and sell, while the shrewd old mother did the buying and looked after their whole room—or perhaps two rooms as they became rich.

A vigorous push sent the cart from the alley back into the midst of the clashing turmoil of oburgation and whodding and disputing, the dodging of wagons and horses' feet and the elbowing of competitors. Luigi's eyes were bright and his cheeks flushed with the vigor of his thoughts, but somehow, in this maelstrom of traffic, the attaining of the purpose did not seem so easy as it had been there in the alley. All these keen-eyed, crowding vendors were after the same thing—money, money, money; and they were veterans in the pursuit, while he was but a newcomer. Could he hope to grasp the hundred lira in the wild scramble?

All the good corners were occupied, all the eligible places along the curb and at the crossings. As he pushed his cart in toward the sidewalk from time to time, or sought a place near a corner, in hope of a customer, he was scowled at and thrust and threatened aside. These were their places, they said. He must go and find some unoccupied spot.

So he pushed on and on, keeping as close to one or the other sidewalk as he dared, and seeing customers purchase from carts adjoining without so much as noticing his entreating voice and beckoning fingers. But of course it was natural. Where there were so many carts, people bought from the most convenient.

However, Luigi had one quality for success which few of his competitors possessed, and that was liberality. He had never heard of the great French banker Lafitte, who was so kind-hearted and generous that he was a universal dupe, yet who, because of this very quality, rose from a poor boy to be one of the richest and most influential men of France; or of many other great men whose chief cause of success was the liberality that brought them friends and patronage. Indeed, if Luigi had paused to consider his generosity as a business factor, he would have felt depressed and very likely taken himself to task for the falling. When he gave bananas and oranges to big-eyed street urchins whom he caught watching his cart hungrily, it was through a momentary kindly impulse, without thought of the past or future. But then Luigi was only 18 and but three months in his own sunny Italy was still in his heart and eyes and voice.

At length he stopped in the very busiest part of the street, with two carts between him and the curb. He had not made a sale in an hour and, if no better, this spot could certainly be no worse; it certainly would afford him more things to look at.

Among these objects were presently two weazen faced children, scarcely old enough to be away from their mother's skirts. They were standing near the end of his cart, holding hands, their big, hollow eyes fixed hungrily upon the fruit.

Luigi did not hesitate an instant. Selecting the two largest of the oranges and bananas from his cart he gave them to the children, and then stood watching the wondering, incredulous eyes and the almost savage joy with which they began to devour the fruit.

He was too absorbed to notice upon the sidewalk a group of persons who had just left a carriage to "see" the Italian quarter, or a skurrying host of street urchins who were closing about him and his cart, some with furtive eyes and hands, ready for a chance to pilfer, others like the two who were eating, watching with big eyes and wondering if they, too, would be given something.

Luigi noticed these first; his hand went involuntarily toward his fruit and their eyes began to brighten; then he beatated, and they looked disappointed. He was thinking of a fruit stand just four blocks down, and of what Rhetta's mother had said. If he gave oranges and bananas to all this waiting crowd would he ever be able to get the hundred lira?

But the crowd of ravenous little ones were watching him hungrily, their very souls appealing to him through hopeful eyes, and the decision was inevitable. Luigi realized this, and his heart sank, and then rose in a great throb of pity that carried his hand straight to his pyramids of fruit. But

it that moment Providence interposed.

The group on the sidewalk had stepped to watch the two little toddlers eat their fruit, and had seen the other children gather miraculously from among the telescoping wagons and carts and pedestrians. Now one of the group came straight to Luigi's cart, oblivious of the ejaoling and protesting voices and hands of the vendors nearer the curb.

"Oh, you poor little dears!" she cried, her voice quivering. "I never knew anybody could be hungry like that. I—I—it makes me feel almost like crying," unconscious that tears were already trickling down her cheeks. "And here are so many more! What is all your fruit worth?"

Luigi was staring. A lady like this, such as he had never sold fruit to before, coming to his cart past all the others. His mind flew to Rhetta's mother. Perhaps in time—

"One hundred lira—twenty dolla," he answered, his thoughts coming back hurriedly. "It will be enough. Mebba I make him some."

"Very well," the young lady interrupted, reaching for the fruit with both her hands and scattering it among the crowding children. "That is right, dear," to one of the furtive-eyed boys who was reaching for an orange. "Take all you want. Fill your pockets and carry some home to other little ones. Here, you," half-laughing and half-



How John D. Rockefeller in point of wealth overshadows the greatest rulers of continental Europe.

"COME AND HELP YOURSELVES," crying, as she nodded to some of the more diffident ones in the background. "Come and help yourselves. Let us see how quickly we can empty the cart. There now," as she dropped the last half-dozen bananas into the skirt of a little girl, who held that up because her arms would hold no more. "Wasn't it fun! Now run home or to some place where you can eat them at leisure."

In less than three minutes from the time of her appearance the cart was empty, and she was slipping a crisp bill into Luigi's hands. But Luigi drew back, his face flushing with shame.

"No, no, signorina," he protested. "I not mean that. I was thinking of—of another thing. Ten dolla—nine dolla is plenty big."

But the young lady forced the money into his hands.

"It was well worth it," she insisted. "I haven't enjoyed anything so in months. And I want to thank you for your part in it. I saw you let the little fellows have fruit, and that gave me the idea. It was nice of you. Good-by."

He watched her back to the sidewalk; then, with one hand closed tightly upon the note and the other grasping the push cart, he made his way down the four blocks quicker than he had ever done before.

Rhetta's mother was arranging fruit when he stopped beside the counter, and he noted with much satisfaction that the stock seemed to be getting low. She looked at him sharply.

"What a you here for?" she demanded. "You forget what I say?"

"No," eagerly, "see!" and he spread the \$20 note upon the counter. "One hundred—lira! That what you say. Now you take it and go buy fruit, plenty, so it pile 'way up here," reaching his hand high above the counter. "We have finest stand on the whole street."

Rhetta's mother looked at him curiously, then at the money.

"You make all this since we talk," she asked.

"Si," and he told about the odd sale of 20 minutes before, using his head and hands in the recital. She listened with the forbidding look on her face changing to an appreciative one.

"That good business," she commented. "Make folks like you. No," as he was about to go behind the counter, "you take push-cart down to wholesale house with me to buy fruit. That save hire. Then we come back and fix 'bout Rhetta be your wife. She good girl, and—yes," looking him over critically, "I think mebbe you be pretty good man."

PATENTS HARD TO GET.
Much Red Tape Is Necessary to Obtain Right of Invention in Mexico.

To procure a patent in Mexico the party making application, unless present in person, must furnish his representative with a letter of authority—carta de poder in Spanish—signed by himself or herself in the presence of two witnesses. Ordinarily legalization by a Mexican consul is not required. It must be borne in mind that our carta de poder will not answer for several applications, as each application for either patent or trade mark must be accompanied by a separate carta de poder. This must be accompanied by a full and complete description, and claims of and for the invention. If they are sent in Spanish ready for filing they must be in triplicate, on clear white paper 330 by 12½ millimeters, approximately 13 by 1½ English inches, written with typewriter on one side only of the paper, leaving on each sheet a left hand margin of one-fourth the width of the paper. Of course if they are not sent in Spanish the local representative attends to all the details, which is by far the better way. He should be furnished with full names, profession, citizenship, and residence of applicant.

TOWERING GIANT OF WEALTH OF THE WORLD.



How John D. Rockefeller in point of wealth overshadows the greatest rulers of continental Europe.

CITY HOSPITAL FOR DOGS.

Detroit Has One That Rivals Some Institutions for Human Beings.

In almost every city and town in the United States there are veterinary surgeons, a part of whose business is doctoring sick and injured dogs and cats, but in Detroit there is a dog hospital where dogs have their rooms and numbers, their nurses and special diets and are treated and studied like so many human beings, says the New York Tribune. When a dog is brought to this hospital he comes in an ambulance, unless his owners bring him. If the animal is a valuable one and if his owners can afford the expense he is carried to a private room. If the dog's owners are economical he goes to a "ward," where he may be in company with a dozen others.

When an animal enters the hospital its name goes into a ledger, together with its owner's. A long slip, such as is used in hospitals for human beings, is filled out. The age of the dog, its breed and the nature of its malady or injury are first recorded. Then the dog undergoes a thorough examination by the doctor in charge, instructions for its care and treatment are given and the animal has become a patient.

With the exception of appendicitis, dogs are subject to ailments that beset human beings, and in the treatment of all, hypodermics, nerve tonics, heart stimulants and nearly all other drugs and medicines used by human beings are employed. In this hospital surgical operations are of daily occurrence. Legs are amputated, tumors are cut out and internal organs repaired. There are many persons in every city who possess old pets that they would not part with for a great deal, but which suffer greatly and usually die because they have lost their teeth. A doctor at this hospital is now working to invent a set of false teeth which may be clamped to a dog's jaws.

CHINESE SOLDIERS' QUEUES.

Many of the Pei-Yang Army Have Shortened Them Two-Thirds.

According to the new Chinese military laws, in all the army, from the commander to the private, a new uniform is introduced, but the question of the queue presents great difficulties. Many of the soldiers of the Pei-Yang army have already shortened their queues by two-thirds. However, the Lian-ping-chu (the chief military administration), although it has several times discussed this question, has not as yet permitted the soldiers to cut off the remainder of their queues.

Even Prince Ching does not venture to address the empress dowager with a report about this matter. Just a few days ago he asked the head eunuch, Li-lun-ying, to choose a suitable occasion, as if unintentionally, to find out from the empress dowager her opinion on the question. And so, at a time when the empress dowager was resting and was hearing the reading of the newspaper, the head eunuch made up his mind to tell her that all the papers now state that during war time the queue would be a great inconvenience to the soldiers, and on this account would it not be better to cut them off.

He had hardly finished his words when the empress, full of wrath in her face, answered sharply: "Wait till I die, then you can cut off your queues!"

The head eunuch, of course, did not reply to such an answer; and from that time on no one has dared to raise the question of abolishing the queue.

Moorish Pastime.

As a people, the Moors are already well inclined to anything that gladdens life. A writer says: "Nothing delights them more, as a means of agreeably spending an hour or two, than squatting on their heels in the streets or on some doorstep, gazing at the passers-by exchanging compliments with their acquaintances. Native 'swells' consequently promenade with a piece of felt under their arms, on which to sit when they wish, in addition to its doing duty as a carpet for prayer. The most public places, and especially the cool of the afternoon, are preferred for this pastime."

Har Hard Lot.

"Mamma, what is a spinster?"
"A spinster, my dear, is a woman to be envied. But don't tell your father I said so."—Tit-Bits.

MICHIGAN HERON ROOKERY.

One of the Few Nesting Places of the Birds is Located in That State.

A notable nesting place of the great blue heron is ten miles west of this city, on the north bank of the Kalamazoo river. It is notable, says a Battle Creek correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, for the reason that there are now only a few nesting places left of this handsome and majestic bird in the state, and still more notable for the fact that this is the only rookery not located in inaccessible swamps, almost impossible to penetrate, especially for women bird students.

Hérons always return to the same nesting place. The ones at this rookery have returned annually for 25 years past. The nests are huge, rude affairs, built of sticks and twigs of about the same size, loosely packed together and forming a sort of lattice work on which the eggs are laid.

They use the same nest every year, simply adding more sticks. The eggs number from three to four, are of a bluish green color, a little larger than hen's eggs.

If possible, sycamore trees are always selected for nesting because the color of the bark harmonizes perfectly with the plumage of the bird and affords what ornithologists term "protective coloration."

The herons during the nesting period are of great benefit to the farmers, as they destroy all the snakes and field mice for miles around. When they are feeding the young, the noise and commotion made can be heard at a great distance.

"THE WORLD FOR CHRIST"

Enormous Growth of the Christian Endeavor Societies Every-where.

Sixty-six thousand societies, with a membership of more than 3,000,000, have grown in 25 years from "a tea and talk" in a quiet home in Portland, Me.

Dr. Father Endeavor Clark—as he is affectionately called through a pun on his initials, F. E.—was pastor then of the Williston church in that city, and it was in his house and at his invitation that some of the young people of the church founded the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this month.

There are almost 50,000 of these societies in the United States and Canada, and more than 10,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. In Africa there are 225 societies; in Brazil, 62; in Bulgaria, 15; in China, 350; in Finland, 19; in Hungary, 13; in Russia, 10; in Sweden, 148; in Hawaii, 54, and in India, 567.

The annual Christian Endeavor conventions have become stupendous, being attended by something like 60,000 registered delegates, not counting thousands of outsiders. At one proposed at the quarter century celebration to commence the erection of an international headquarters building in Boston. This will not only provide offices for the society but will serve as a memorial to the founder, Dr. Francis Edward Clark. The motto of the Endeavorers is "The World for Christ."

Cigarettes and Other Smokes.

In smoking a cigarette we are partly inhaling about ten grains of tobacco, which as a rule is milder and freer from adulteration than any other form of smoking tobacco. One pound of tobacco will furnish filler for about 416 cigarettes, and one pound of cigarette paper will serve to envelop 12,000 cigarettes. One cigarette consists of one twenty-sixth of an ounce of tobacco wrapped in about one hundred and fifty-sixth of an ounce of rice paper. Ten cigarettes about equal one full-sized cigar. An ordinary pipe holds tobacco equal to the amount required to make five cigarettes.

Trying to Prove an Alibi.

"Now, Tommy, either you or Johnny have been stealing grapes again. Here are the skins."
"Wasn't me, ma—honest I wasn't! It all my skin's"—Cleopatra Lander.

Only the Poor Dressed.

"Why do you imagine I'm poor, because he doesn't dress better?"
"No, not that; but there has as yet been no talk of investigating him."—Houston Post.

NEW BOON TO BACHELORS.

Hand Sewing Machine That Needs Only Simply Turning a Crank.

"I have been wondering for some time," said the girl in the white shirt waist to a New York Press writer, "who uses all of those little hand sewing machines that we sell nowadays. Yesterday I found out. It is the men. I had noticed for several weeks that the masculine shoppers investing in those handy little contrivances far exceeded the feminine, but I set their goodnature down to good-natured obedience which impelled them to buy at their wives' or sisters' behest."

"But yesterday afternoon a good-looking, helpless Hercules came in and made inquiries about a machine. His manner showed me he was not hampered with many women folk, so I finally plucked up enough courage to ask him for whom his purchase was intended."

"For myself," he said, innocently. "I've seen so many of the fellows up at the school rooming with them this winter—I'm a medical student, you know—that I thought I would see what kind of a stunner I could make at my own mending. You have no idea what expert sewers some of the boys have become. I believe they would make a whole suit on one of these little machines. I've seen them make all kinds of repairs. They were all twenty awkward at the beginning, but they persevered until they got so they could turn the crank with one hand and guide the cloth with the other as well as any woman."

"The young man's breezy explanation nearly floored me, but in the light of preceding experiences I knew it must be so, and I fancy that it seems hard to believe that a number of them could tell of their origin on hand sewing machines that have been run by the bachelors of New York."

KAISER AS A DESIGNER.

He and His Family as Saints and Cherubs in Stained Glass and Bricks.

The kaiser has just designed a magnificent electrical candelabrum for a new church at Strassburg. The metal work, of beaten brass, consists of seven huge branches in a highly complicated pattern. The four evangelists are represented in them. The kaiser's idea is symbolic; he wishes to say the light of the world comes from the Gospels.

A short time ago, when the elaborate ornamentation of the chief door of the new cathedral at Metz was unveiled it was noticed that among the figures of apostles and prophets upon it was a model of the kaiser as the prophet Daniel.

In the new cathedral at Worms the stained glass windows contain figures of the kaiser's seven children as cherubs. The artist used photographs of the children when about six years old.

When the kaiser was asked to give his permission he said his children were far too bad a lot to be displayed as cherubs, and there was nothing cherubic about them, but if the empress would consent, he had no objection. The empress gave her consent.

Finally, in the parish church at Wilhelmshöhe, the favorite summer residence of their majesties, there is a window with the empress' picture as St. Elizabeth.

OFFICER WAS TOO CURIOUS.

Watchman Mistook Lover for Nocturnal prowler with Evil Intentions.

Recently there was a series of burglaries committed in the fashionable section of Baltimore. So anxious were the police authorities to apprehend the culprits that instructions were issued to the watchmen to exercise extraordinary vigilance during their tours of inspection, relates Success Magazine.

On one occasion, just after midnight, an officer saw emerging noiselessly from a house in Eutaw place a young man, who hastily darted down the street. The officer made after him as rapidly as possible. When he had stopped the young man he said:

"Didn't you come out of the corner house just now?"
The young fellow, though of quite a respectable air, seemed ill at ease. "I did," he answered, with some confusion. "Do you live in that house?" sternly demanded the officer.

"That's an impertinent question," replied the young man, in a tone of great indignation. "I don't see what business it is of yours, it is so long as her father doesn't object."

Origin of the Dog.

Dr. Lindsay Johnson, the celebrated ophthalmologist, says that the dog has two ancestors, one round-eyed, the other oval-eyed. The first is the lynx, the second the bear, through the recesses of which dogs descend from these animals. The "gorpax nigra," or black body of pigment in the eye of the horse, which has puzzled veterinarians, naturalists and zoologists so much, provides, through the ophthalmoscope, a new means of tracing the ancestry and relationship of the horse. It is the same eye certain that is found in tropical animals—the onager, the camel and the antelope—for protection from sunlight.

More Like History.

An enthusiastic citizen of Chicago was one day showing a visitor the wonders of the lake front. "A few years ago," said he, "the lake extended inland far beyond where we are standing. I tell you there isn't a town in the world that's making history as fast as Chicago is." "It looks to me more like making geography," replied the unemotional stranger.

Just Married.

"Well, old man, you're linked for life now. Linked for life."
"I wish you'd stop applying that expression to me."
"Why?"
"Sounds too much like being handcuffed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SHOULD A HORSE BE CLIPPED?

CLIPPING IN THE EARLY SPRING RECOMMENDED BY LEADING VETERINARIANS.

All Thinking Men Readily Recognize its Advantages.

"A horse is a valuable asset, and should receive the best care possible. He should be well fed, comfortably stabled, carefully groomed and clipped in the early spring. If he receives these attentions he will work well and improve in value. A horse lives under artificial conditions. In his wild state he required none of these attentions, for he was able to look out for himself. The domesticated animal, being worked under conditions that are in themselves artificial, must be kept in condition for such work."

The clipping of a horse in the early spring is now conceded by all the leading veterinarians to be as essential to a horse's well being as shoeing him or giving him a comfortable bed to lie on. Farmers in England and France have been clipping their horses for many years, and American farmers are not slow to realize its advantages. A clipped horse dries out rapidly after a hard day's work, and will rest comfortably and be refreshed for the work the following day. An unclipped horse is liable to catch the heaves, pneumonia and all sorts of colds, rheumatism, etc. More especially is this so in the early spring, when his hair is long and he is "soft." If worked hard he will perspire freely and the moisture will be held by his long hair, and the food that should go to nourish him will be used to replenish the heat that is being constantly taken from his body by the mass of cold, wet hair. If clipped, the perspiration will evaporate almost as soon as secreted, and when put in the stable he rests comfortably and his food does him good. Some years ago a Buffalo street car company tested the value of clipping in the following manner: They owned 500 horses, and 250 of these were clipped early in the spring and 250 were not clipped. A careful record was kept of results, and it was found that of the 250 unclipped horses 155 were afflicted with coughs and pneumonias, while of the 250 clipped not one case of sickness was reported. A man would expect to enjoy very good health if he did hard manual work clothed with heavy underwear, a heavy suit and a fur overcoat, and after perspiring freely, as he naturally would, go to sleep without removing same. It is just as ridiculous to expect a horse to be in perfect health if worked under the same conditions.

If you would get the best returns from your investment in your horse, treat him right, and be sure and clip him in the early spring. A first-class horse-clipping machine can be bought at almost any hardware store for less than \$7.00.—Horse Review, Dec. 5th, 1905.

BEAT ROLL AT 893 BURIALS.

Veteran of Civil War, Still Hale and Hearty, Holds Record of Service at the Grava.

Easton, Pa.—William Trumbore, of this city, has made a remarkable record as a drummer at the funerals of veterans of the civil war. Up to date he has sounded the muffled roll at the funerals of 893 fellow comrades, besides 12 Sons of Veterans.

When the civil war broke out Trumbore enlisted in the Fourth regiment, New Jersey volunteers, serving under Gen. Phil Kearney, and later under Gen. A. J. Smith. In 1862 he went out with the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment in the emergency call for the suppression of troubles in central Pennsylvania.

Trumbore was honorably discharged from the army with a sergeant's rank.

BROKEN EGGS STILL EGGS.

Appraiser Holds That They Must Be Levied Upon Though Sold to Consumer by the Gallon.

New York.—General Appraiser Walte, for the board of general appraisers, has just handed down a decision overruling the protest of L. E. Spencer against the assessment of duty by the collector at Detroit at five cents a dozen upon an imposition of eggs from which the shells had been removed. The decision says:

"It seems that in handling many of them are cracked or broken. From these shells they are removed, and are imported into the United States and sold by the gallon, and are used the same way as any eggs would be used by bakers and confectioners."

"No change whatever is made in the condition of the eggs except that the shell is removed. We think eggs would remain eggs whether sold by the bushel, gallon, or by the dozen. Hence our conclusion is that the assessment by the collector was right."

Temperance Has Money Value.

A Swiss life insurance company has taken action which indicates that "temperance" has money value. It has undertaken to insure members of a temperance society composed of railway employes for four per cent. less than employes who are not members of it. For some time past a Swiss accident insurance company has given total abstinence a reduction of ten per cent. in insurance rates. So well satisfied is the company with results that after January 1, 1906, it will make the reduction to total abstainers 15 per cent.

Forethought.

Mistress—Bridget, why didn't you finish winding the clock? You only gave it a couple of turns.
Maid—Yes, must remember that I'll be lavin' ye to-morrow, mum, and I'd not be after doin' anny of th' new errands wor-ri!—Tit-Bits.

A Clutch.

"Now, I guess I had better go in and ask your father for your hand."
"I admire your nerve, George, but I condemn your judgment. The better plan is for us to get married, and then wire him."—Houston Post.