

COSTLY 3-CENT PIECE

PITTSBURG MERCHANT HAS ONE THAT COST HIM \$75.

Tells of the Time He Met With A Strange Stranger in Kansas City—Keepsake From Young Man's Grandmother.

"See that three-cent piece?" said John M. Gardner, a retired Pittsburg merchant, who formerly lived near Kansas City. He was at the Union depot the other morning on his way to visit friends in Wichita, says the Kansas City Star. "That coin cost me \$75 right here in front of this depot, and I would not take a hundred for it. Twenty years ago this month I was waiting for a train here. Along came a stranger, with a smile, and held out his hand. He said he knew me, but I convinced him he didn't, and after he apologized, we went to get a drink. When we came out we saw a young man directly in front of us pull out a handkerchief, and as he did so something fell from his pocket. The stranger, who we will call 'Bud,' called my attention to it. He picked up the article, which proved to be a heavy piece of cardboard folded several times and tied with pink ribbon. Bud untied the paper and inside was a three-cent piece, the very one you see here. Bud told me to put it in my pocket and tie the paper again without the coin inside. We thought we would have some fun. We went over to the depot and found the fellow. "Lost anything, stranger?" asked Bud.

"Not that I know of," was the reply.

"We insisted on him searching. Suddenly he looked up with disappointment written all over his face.

"Yes, boys, I lost a piece of paper tied up with ribbon, have you fellows seen it?"

"Is this it?" I asked, holding out the paper.

"He made a grab for it. Bud asked him what he had inside the paper. The fellow said it was a keepsake, a three-cent piece which his grandmother had given him. Bud nudged me and laughed.

"You mean to say you carry a three-cent piece in that paper?" said Bud. Bud then offered to bet there was not any coin in that paper. They bet \$20. Bud did not have any more to bet, he said. Then I thought I saw a chance to make some easy money, so I bet the fellow \$10. He raised me \$20, and we argued back and forth until I had \$75 up. I knew I couldn't lose as I had that three-cent piece right in my pocket. Then the fellow took the paper and, without untying it, tore it in two. When I saw a three-cent piece come out of that paper, I was madder than a hornet. Bud was holding stakes.

"Several years after I learned that these two were working that game as a regular business. Now, every time some one approaches me with a scheme I don't know much about, I reach into my pocket and rub this three-cent piece, just as a matter of precaution, you know."

Money's Part in Marriage.

Scores of persons lose their chances of being happily married through making an unnecessary obstacle of money. The importance of it is often exaggerated. Many a man hesitates to propose to a girl because of his small income. Very often much misery, misunderstanding and tangled lives result from the silence. More unfortunate love affairs are the result of what has not been said than of spoken words.

When a man has a small sure income, and a prospect of increase, there is no legitimate reason for his not speaking of his love; no reason, for that matter, to prevent marriage. People are so desperately afraid, though, of beginning married life in a small way. They fear the sacrifices which they will be called upon to make—of the criticism to which they will be subjected. Many years of happiness are lost in this way. It is such a mistake for young people to want to start marriage in the state that their parents are ending it.

To delay marriage until a "comfortable" income is available is to prove something lacking in the love.—Answers, London.

Equal to the Occasion.

He had been a writer of novelettes, but now he was a tramp. The imaginative instinct remained with him, however.

"Well," demanded the cold-visaged lady as she opened the door?

"Madam," he replied, "I am the exiled king of Cambria. I was hunting in yonder forest, but in some way I became separated from my retainers, likewise my gun and purse. I am foot-sore and weary, and I would fain tarry awhile and partake of refreshment at your hospitable board."

"We've got nothing in the house fit for a king to eat," said the lady, in the same lofty tone; "but I pray thee tarry while I unobtain my bull-hound Terrier. He will escort your majesty with all ceremony to the gates, and methinks—"

But the king remembered a pressing engagement elsewhere.

Carefree Bohemians.

"How would you like to go to a Bohemian supper? Lots of literary people and all that."

"No; the Bohemians are too free and easy for me. Last time I went they ran out of cheese and spread the sandwiches with library paste."

TO EXPLORE THE DEAD SEA

German Expedition Has Started to Investigate Mysteries of That Body of Water.

Isn't it a remarkable fact that so little is known about the Dead sea—supposed scene of one of the greatest tragedies in all history? A German expedition is on its way thither, equipped with a large motor boat and modern sounding apparatus. Only two expeditions have preceded this one. The first was fitted out by an American, Lieutenant Lynch, in 1848, and was rather more thorough in its work than would have been expected before the days of motor craft and deep sounding apparatus. The second expedition was made in 1864, by the duke de Luyne, but did not compare in efficiency with the Lynch investigations.

To anybody who has seen the Dead sea at close quarters the surprising thing is that it does not contain any animal life. The Sea of Tiberias is prolific in fish, and the Jordan must carry large quantities of them into the Dead sea. What becomes of them? Is there an outlet? If so, where does it empty? Like the Caspian, it is lower than the Mediterranean sea.

Seen from the Mount of Olives on a clear day, due east, the Dead sea looks like a magnificent body of water—very green under the sun's rays; but near at hand one has the impression that he is gazing upon a stagnant, filthy pool. Not only is the water saturated with salt and many other mineral substances, but a coating of bituminous, glue-like scum is near the shore, under a strong wind has driven it into the lake. The feeling of the body, after leaving the water, is highly disagreeable.

Some people with sensitive skins suffer from a rash, like the sting of nettles, after taking a dip in the filthy pool. Whence comes this oleaginous scum? Likely as not there is a deposit of bitumen somewhere in the region, similar to that greatest physical mystery on earth—the Trinidad lake of pitch. Or there may be petroleum among those desolate hills. At Baku, on the western shore of the Caspian sea, are the greatest spouting oil wells on earth.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Reporting News an Art.

You will find before I am done that I have a proper conceit of myself. I think I know what news is and how to prepare it equally for the tea table and the breakfast table. Like victuals, it may be served hot and savory, or raw and unsavory, be brought on plain or be dressed and decorated to suit the varying public taste. There is in this, as in cooking, an art.

A fine ruddy murder, like a fair round of beef, may be ruined in the roasting, and a scandal fat and juicy, blond and frothy, be wholly spoiled by a figurative excess of vinegar and garlic. A skillful chef can take a few scraps and fabricate a dish to delight a gourmet.

So the deft reporter can put this and that together and piece a story to stir the town. In both cases, however, there must be a basis of fact. The essential ingredients must be there. It is given to no man to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; to no cook to render a saute out of sawdust and bootheels; to no reporter to turn a scoop out of a lie.—Henry Waterson before Boston Press Club.

The "Baby McKee" Jokes.

One day, in the course of business, I found myself in Mrs. Harrison's presence. That she was suffering keenly needed no telling. She had been reading some of the newspapers; and as I approached she raised her eyes and exclaimed:

"Oh, Colonel Crook, what have we done?"

"What have we ever done," she exclaimed, "that we should be held up to ridicule by newspapers, and the president be so cruelly attacked, and even his little, helpless grandchildren be made fun of, for the country to laugh at?"

For a moment I did not know what to reply; and she continued:

"If this is the penalty for being president of the United States, I hope the good Lord will deliver my husband from any further experience."—W. H. Crook in "Memories of the White House."

Far-Sighted Editor.

The editor of an up-state weekly had advertised a year's subscription as a prize for the largest potato grown in the community. The competition was warm, and the enterprising newspaper man was hard pressed to accommodate the scores of tubers which flooded the printing office. His competitor, meeting him on the street, attempted to "kid" the potato booster on his "commission market."

"You don't expect to increase your circulation this way?" scoffed the rival.

"Here's the proposition," answered the editor. "I'm out a dollar and a half subscription. But as near as I can figure spuds at 85 cents a bushel, I'm in exactly seven dollars. I'm going to try rutabagas next!"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Liked Variety.

When six-year-old Harry was saying his prayers at his mother's knee one night he failed to say "Amen."

"Harry," asked his mother, "have you forgotten something?"

"Oh, say, mamma," was the response, "I'm tired of always saying 'Amen.' I'm going to say 'A woman.' And he did

BEST OF ALL BARBERS

TO BE SHAVED BY AMERICAN NEGRO WAS A DELIGHT.

Entertaining, Skillful and Humorous, He Has Been Supplanted by the More Business-Like Modern Tonsorial Artist.

The tear of regret may glisten for a moment in the corner of the eye of some elderly man when he revisits in imagination the barber shop of long ago. That was in the day when in the middle west popular prejudice held fast to the opinion that the negro was a natural barber, the American negro the best barber in the world.

He knows more about family trees than any college of heraldry—if there is such an institution—could possibly know and how long and interesting he would talk of your folks' folks in Lexington, Ky.

"Let me rest 'o' hat, and 'o' coat, sah. Yes, sir, Judge G. was heah this mornin' and Col. B. got out of the cheer only a few minutes ago."

With a sigh of anticipated comfort you sank into the chair and stretched out your legs. "Yes, sah, 'o' really do need a shave, sah. It's a pleasure to me to shave you. 'o' beard is just as it should be. New and then I get a rough neck with squirrel whiskers that upsets me 'o' a whole day."

Perhaps you may recall a story in an old text book about a very different kind of a barber, that began after this fashion:

"A prating barber who waited upon a certain king, came one day to trim his hair and asked him: 'Sire, how will you have it done?' 'Silently,' said the king.

It is not necessary to continue that story, the Indianapolis News remarks. One may know at once that the barber of this churlish king was not a negro. He was probably a mere tonsorial artist, wholly devoid of the delightful charm of entertaining that is possessed in so high a degree by the black knight of the razor—one might now, alas, call him the disinherited knight, as so many have come in to crowd him from his place.

Only one superfluous question would he ask, and that was from long established habit: "Does she pull, sah?" Yet he well knew that in his skillful hand the keen blade was as light as gossamer, for as he afterward admitted he had "honed and stropped her down finer'n a gnat's heel." How deftly he would spread the cool lather over the rough and razorable cheek and chin! With what tender care he avoided the wart that nestled on your upper lip, close to your nose, and never said a word about this blemish on a very handsome face!

But you did not get out of the chair in any such brief time as this tale has required in its telling. By no means. How he would daily about you, comb and shears in hand, clipping here and there an infinitesimal bit of hair which, in his critical judgment, spoiled the symmetry of his work. And, at last, as though loath to let you go until his sense of the perfection of his work had been satisfied in every artistic detail, he would still detain you for a last lingering, regretful inspection, following you to the door and watching your shadow as it lengthened in the afternoon sun.

What a genial humor he had, what a knowledge of human nature, white and black! The newspaper, even then, was well enough in its way, but not to be compared as a news teller to him who gave the gossip of the dear old town with a racy flavor and picturesque beauty that proclaimed the master. The new barber has a finer shop and sometimes a foreign accent, is more matter of fact and business-like, but—candidly, you know he is not—well, he's not the old barber.

Germany and Heine.

Lord Haldane in his recent university address, "Great Britain and Germany: A Study in Ethnology," had words of reproach for Germany concerning her treatment of Heine. He pointed out that Germany in the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth century had her Elizabethan age, so far as literature and philosophy were concerned.

How much poorer would the whole world be but for this period of German life, in which she for the time outstripped every other country! Yet even then she indulged in tendencies which needed correction, and if she had listened to Heinrich Heine they might have been corrected and the outlook enlarged. And now the revanche was in progress, much as Heine predicted, and, looking at the German railway bookstalls he could see that the spirit of Paris was advancing on Berlin. It need not have been so, and it should not have been so, and Heine told of a better way. Had his counsel been listened to there would have been no Nietzsche period—so at least it seemed to a foreigner.

Suspicious Move.

"That woman views me with considerable suspicion."

"Why should she view you with suspicion, Mrs. Wopp?"

"Well, you see, we have been living in the same apartment house for the last seven years and once in an unguarded moment I bowed to her."

Both Had to Guess.

"Ethelinda writes a very peculiar hand," said Maude.

"Yes," replied Maymie. "It's just a lot of straight lines and angles. When you read it, you have to guess at the spelling, the same as she does."

FEW POLICEMEN IN BOSTON

New York Woman, Who Had Lost Her Way, Discovers Officer After Walking Many Blocks.

A young woman from New York, on one of her rare visits to Boston, found herself getting unusually bewildered in the labyrinth of streets converging at the South Terminal station. With the immediate instinct of the New Yorker, who can usually be sure of finding an officer stationed at every crossing, she turned to look for a policeman. But no policeman was forthcoming.

After walking a good many blocks she at last sighted a bluecoat. But he was going in the wrong direction—the direction away from her. At the end of a hundred yards of hot pursuit she overtook him.

"Oh," she gasped, "are you the only policeman in Boston?"

The stalwart son of Erin stood looking quizzically down on her; then his face widened in a slow smile.

"No, lady," he said, and his grin broadened in appreciative tribute to the flushed earnestness of the face upturned to his. "There's me, and a boy."—Youth's Companion.

Baby Liked the Tag.

"They have the finest plan up in Warren," said a stout lady in a department store; "people who attend revival meetings in the tabernacle can leave their babies in a nursery near the entrance."

"How do they keep track of them?" inquired her companion.

"Easiest thing in the world," was the reply. "They tag them."

"Huh!" exclaimed the friend, "not for mine."

"What is your objection to the plan?" came the inquiry.

"I tried that once when Eddy Sunday was in town," was the reply, "and my baby ate the tag."

TALKED A WHOLE LOT.



Wigson—When your wife caught you hugging the chambermaid I suppose she was speechless with amazement.

Wagson—Speechless! Say, you don't know my wife.

Remarkable.

"A funny thing happened at the banquet last night."

"Did somebody quit speaking before he had made everybody weary?"

"No. A preacher who was called on for some remarks succeeded in getting through without telling a story that had a cussword in it."

The Trouble.

"I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Wrightson are living apart. What is the trouble?"

"The same trouble that has caused many another man and woman to separate. He had an idea that she was his wife, but it was her belief that he was merely her husband."

The Invalid.

"You know that ballplayer who has a glass arm, a weak knee and a game ankle—the one who only finished in five games during the season?"

"Yes; what about him?"

"He's going to work in a stoneyard through the winter."

Unconscious Truth.

Church—Here's an advertisement of a railroad's night trains. It says "You go to sleep in Philadelphia and wake up in New York."

Gotham—Well, I don't generally take stock in railroad advertisements, but I guess that one's true, all right.

We Have Met Him.

"Would you call Bliggins a clever man?"

"Certainly," replied Miss Cayenne. "He is not intellectual, but he is wonderfully clever in concealing the fact from strangers."

Justifiable Suspicion.

"I guess I must be getting old."

"Why do you think so?"

"A pretty girl dropped one of her gloves on the sidewalk this morning and I permitted another man to best me to it."

Surely Not.

Belle—Don't you think conditions adapt themselves to the fashions?

Beulah—Oh, yes, when the women wore corinthees they didn't have these little narrow flats."

No Taste for Them.

"I notice that you always have a box at the horse show. Are you a lover of horses?"

"Oh, dear me! I'm a strict vegetarian."

Accommodating.

Tramp—Ma'am, I want a bite.

Woman—All right. Here, Towser!

MANURE AS GOOD AS A BANK

Pennsylvania Station Makes Experiment Showing That Fertilizer Should Be Spread at Once.

One of the experiment stations—Pennsylvania—made a valuable experiment with manure. It was found that manure when spread on the field as fast as made suffered little loss of its fertilizing constituents though less than two-fifths of the dry matter of the feed and bedding was recovered in the manure.

Manure that was thrown out and kept in a covered shed lost one-third of its nitrogen, one-fifth of its potash and one-seventh of its phosphoric acid.

Only one-third of the dry matter of food and litter was recovered in the manure. The potash and phosphoric acid probably escaped by seepage of the liquid manure into the clay bottom.

The nitrogen was volatilized and escaped into the air in the form of carbonate of ammonia.

The money value of the fertilizing constituents lost in the covered shed as compared with manure left to be trampled down was equivalent to 2.50 for each steer fed for six months.

Hence it was found that if there is a tight floor and abundant bedding that can be trampled into a compact mass, the manure loses very little, if any, of its fertilizing value so long as the animals remain on it.

Therefore, this method is very much superior to the piling in a covered shed. But when this trampled manure is taken out do not pile it to heat and waste, but haul it at once to the field where plants are waiting for it.

The whole process depends on the complete tramping to exclude the air and to prevent the carbonation of ammonia.

But whenever it is practicable it is better to haul out and spread the manure as fast as it is made for there is less loss of its value lying spread on the land than in any other way.

If the potash and phosphoric acid leach out they will be absorbed and retained by the soil until plants call for them and as there is no fermentation the nitrogen will be retained in the organic matter until nitrification takes place after it is buried in the soil.

CLEAN PLACE FOR MILKING

Separate Rooms Should Be Provided and Care Taken to Exclude Dust and All Odors.

(By WALTER B. LEUTZ.)

Cows should never be milked in the same stable or stall where they are fed if it can possibly be avoided. It will pay to provide a separate room in bad weather and this room should be so arranged that no dust or odors from the barn can enter it. In good weather cows should be milked in the open air.

If cows are milked in the barn where hay and other feeds are kept the mangers should be filled several hours before milking time and the floors well sprinkled just before milking begins.

The main thing is to keep the dirt out of the milk in the first place because when it has once gotten in no amount of straining will take all of it out. Running the milk through a strainer does not mean that it is made clean by the process. Of course the best way is to milk through a strainer into a covered pail as that keeps out the dirt.

Of course most farmers will say that all this trouble is not worth while but it is. That is it is worth while if a man really wants to provide milk that is absolutely clean. Of course if he doesn't care to do this and is willing to send to the market foul and tainted milk nothing is worth while. Just go ahead and milk in any old way and any old place regardless of dust, stable odors or any other contaminating elements, but this never pays in the long run.

Sheep and the Silo.

The value of silage as the cheapest and best succulent for cattle and hogs is fully established.

For sheep and especially for lambs its very cheapness is apt to tempt to its overuse, says Farm and Fireside. The successful feeding of lambs depends largely on their being offered great variety of food while in the yards. They find it for themselves when at pasture. This also applies to ewes while suckling.

Much damage is often done by careless feeding of sour or moldy silage. A few roots, turnips, mangels, beets, good bright timothy or clover hay, with bran and linseed oil meal with their grain ration, are the safe and well proved producers of healthy ewes and prime lambs.

Grading the Swine.

Grade the hogs as to size, thrift and general condition and separate them into two or three lots before beginning to feed them for the market. You thus will realize greater profits from the sale of swine, since each herd will be more uniform in size and condition. Besides, each lot of hogs may be fed more economically, since what meets the needs of some will not meet the needs of all.

Separating Unthrifty Animals.

If you have a bunch of hogs feeding or growing together and one begins to show even slight signs of unthriftiness, separate him from the others at once. It is likely to be good for him, and it will certainly be safer for the other.

NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

HOW TO TELL THE WEATHER

Peculiar Actions of Many Animals Taken as Sure Indication of Rain, Snow, Wind or Calm.

If a cat sneezes it is a sign of rain. The goat utters a peculiar cry before rain.

When the fox barks at night it will storm.

If rats and mice make much noise it indicates rain.

If the dog eats grass in the morning it will surely rain before night.

If the tracks of bear are seen after the first snow fall, look for a mild winter.

The wind will blow from the point the cat faces when she washes her face, and fair weather will follow.

If the bull goes first to pasture, it will rain; if the cows precede him the weather will be uncertain.

It is a sign of rain if the cat washes her head behind the ear. Cats rub against an object before a storm.

Sheep are said to ascend hills and scatter before clear weather, but if they bleat and seek shelter it will snow.

If the hair of a horse grows long early the winter will be mild. The hair of a horse becomes rough before rain, and they are frisky before a cold wave, and restless and uneasy before a rain.

Sailors do not like cats, and they have a saying when the cat is frisky she has a gale of wind in her tail, and a charm is often resorted to in a calm by throwing the cat overboard to raise a storm.

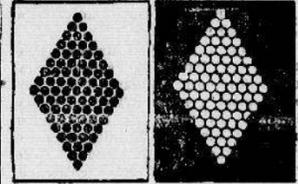
If cows fall in their milk look for stormy and cold weather. If they belch in the evening it will snow before morning, and when a cow stops and shakes her foot there is bad weather behind her.

If cattle lie down early in the day expect rain, also when they lick their fore feet, lie on the right side, scratch against posts, when they refuse to go to pasture in the morning, and when they low and look at the sky.

ILLUSION WITH SMALL DOTS

Hexagonal Figures, Black and White, Appear to Be of Different Sizes, but Are Not.

If we look with one eye only, or with eyes half closed, at these groups of circular dots they assume the appearance familiar to us in honeycomb. This



Hexagonal Illusions.

is an effect of the contrast and opposition of the black and white in the sensation of the retina.

Although the black and the white circles are of the same diameter the irradiation is in their case so intense that the white circles appear to be larger than the black.

When Sea Feeds Land.

Seaweed, at one time thought valueless, is a wonderful fertilizer. Tons of it are collected in carts at low tide by the Cornish farmers, and around the coast of Jersey.

After being dried in heaps, it is spread on the land. There its nutritive properties of nitrogen and potash, in which it is very rich, are absorbed into the soil, and produce wonderful crops. New potatoes from Jersey, and spring cabbages from Cornwall, are raised with seaweed fertilizer. The sea also furnishes food for the land in other ways.

Legal Angle.

First Lawyer—I was looking over my boy's geometry lesson last night. I was quite interested in that proposition that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

Second Lawyer—That isn't very complicated.

First Lawyer—No, but I was trying to think what a man could do if he had the other side of the case.—Puck.

Unexpected.

The office boy opened the door and looked in.

"My grandmother—" he began.

"Bah!" snorted the boss.

"Has just died."

"Wow!" yelled the boss.

"Has just died and left me a lot of money—and I've resigned—see?"

And he softly closed the door.

Little Girl Lost.

Lillian (aged 4)—Mamma, you're not a girl, are you?

Mamma—No, dear. I used to be a little girl, but now I'm a woman.

Lillian—Then what became of the little girl you used to be?

In the Midst of Game.

"What's de matter wid Jimmy?"

"Aw, he feels disgraced for life."