TELL-TALE CLAY PIPES.

Prove That People Smoked Long Before Raleigh's Day.

A vast number of clay pipes have been found under conditions which seem to prove that they were deposited long before Raleigh's birth; and a pipe of early date is so utterly unlike the modern form that these could not have been dropped by laborers of the present day. At an antiquarian meeting many years ago an old gentleman told how his grandfather used to give him coppers for wading the Pool Dam at Newcastle-under-Lyme to gather "buck-bane," which the veteran smoked to relieve asthma. That reminiscence carries us back a century and a half, and it is probable that buckbane had been used for asthma "time out of mind." If people were already familiar with the practice of smoking herbs we should have an explanation of the astonishing rapidity with which they took to tobacco. It may be noted that Cartier found the Indians of Hochelaga, on the St. Lawrence, smoking an herb which we recognize from his description as lobelia, as well as tobacco. His sailors did not care for the latter, but the former met with their approval from the first; for it was "as good as drink" to them. The medicine men smoked lobelia before prophesying, and under its effect they raved. Has this property of the weed been tested by the savants?—London Standard.

A Few Rays of Light Let In on Newspaper Row.

Park row has a life by itself, and no one can write it. It must be lived, and lived for years, to be understood thoroughly. It is a life so varied and complex that it defies analysis and complete portraiture. Certain phases of it, caught here and there, may be shown to the outside world by clever people who have been in it and of it, and this has been done by Jesse Lynch Williams in "The Stolen Story." The volume is a collection of stories of Park row, and takes its name from the opening sketch. The stories are faithful pictures, taken at random in the newspaper country, and are written with considerable skill. Those who are of Park row will appreciate them, and those who are outside of the newspaper world will find in the book glimpses of a life which cannot fail to attract their interest and appeal to them from its novelty, if from nothing else. Mr. William's weakest story is the last one in the book, "The Old Reporter," a story which he evidently intended to make the strongest. He wrote it "with a view to rounding out the whole subject and showing just what is the effect upon character of the news gathering and news writing depicted in the previous stories." In this it is a failure, and succeeds only in being what the other stories are—a sketch of certain phases of newspaper life. "The Stolen Story," by Jesse Lynch Williams: Charles Scribner's Sons.

On Oct. 16, 1813, the French army, under Napoleon I., numbering 190,000 men, was attacked at Leipsic by 200,000 of the allied forces under Prince Schwartzenberg, Blucher and Bernadotte. The battle was renewed on the 18th and 19th, and in the end the French were obliged to retreat, leaving 25,000 prisoners in the hands of the allies. The total French loss was upward of 60,000 men, and that of the allies 46,000. After this tremendous conflict, called the "battle of the nations," the allies entered Leipsic, and Napoleon commenced his retreat toward the Rhine. The fiftieth anniversary of this battle was celebrated with much enthusiasm throughout Germany, Oct. 18, 1863.

Irrigating Strawberries.

Irrigation has two distinct advantages; it discounts the possibility of loss from drouth, and increases fruit production. Some commercial growers have even trebled the average yield by judicious irrigation. But there are disadvantages, also. The fruit is likely to become soft and unfit for long shipment; a deterioration in quality usually accompanies an abundant water supply; and, again, the season is retarded several days. If one is catering to a personal and discriminating market, where quality is appreciated, it would be wise to think twice before irrigating frequently during the fruiting season. None of these objections holds where irrigation is practiced during the summer preceding fruitage, and to my mind, this is its legitimate place in strawberry culture. I believe that crop production depends more on conditions during the first season's growth than the second, and that our aim should be to carry great lusty crowns into the winter with plenty of reserve strength.—S. W. Fletcher in Rural New Yorker.

Italy in London.

The Italians in London are sufficient of themselves to form a large town. There are as many as 14,000 of them; 2,000 of these are ice-cream vendors and 1,000 organ-grinders. The other 11,000 are chiefly engaged as plaster bust sellers, artists' models, cooks, valets, teachers, artists, restaurant and hotel keepers, and so on.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

The editor of the American Journal of Pharmacy, remarking upon the immunity of certain domestic animals against particular poisons, suggests that medicinal roots, fruits and seeds, being rich in nutritive materials, may economically be turned to account as food for animals, instead of being thrown away as being of no value after their medicinal constituents have been extracted.

A letter in a Glasgow paper records a phenomenon much too unique to be reserved for Scottish consumption. The writer says: "An acquaintance of mine who lives up north has among others of the feathered tribe a little bantam cock. A few weeks ago he noticed that it was looking the worse for a slight difference of opinion with a canine friend, but did not examine it closely, till his mother's and sisters' vociferations brought him in in a hurry. There was the bantam picking away at corn, but the corn was dropping from a rent in the bird's chest just as fast as it was lifted. Not wanting to kill the bird, my friend got a needle and some horsehair and stitched up the tear, with the result that the bird now is 'as good as new.'"

It seems pretty well authenticated that the human voice is capable of starting an avalanche. James Perchard, clerk of the state Court of Appeals of one of our western states, was mining some years ago in a mountainous region. The snow had fallen to an unusual depth and miners moving from one cabin to another were warned to look out for slides. He stopped on one of his trips at the cabin of an acquaintance and took dinner with him and his wife. At the close of the meal his host urged him to stay awhile, but he felt nervous and started on his journey. Crossing the canyon, he looked back at the cabin where the man and his wife were standing at the door. He waved his hand and shouted good-by. Hardly had the echo of his voice died away before a muffled noise struck his ear—a noise like the boom of a cannon—and in five seconds the cabin was buried under fifty feet of snow. Assistance was summoned and finally the two dead bodies were taken out. There is little question that under certain conditions the vibrations of the human voice will produce an avalanche.

In Time.

The waiting-room of the Boston and Dakota Railroad station was hot. Everything about it, from the dingy letters on the door to the shabby red plush of the seats, was dirty. An odor of bananas and peppermint came from the refreshment stand. Near the door two schoolgirls in showy hats were eating caramels and rolling their eyes at the ticket agent. A shriveled old lady sat in a retired corner, surreptitiously adding to the dusty pile of peanut shells which lay under the seat. Halfway down the room, a sticky child in a dirty white cap, being forbidden to roll on the floor, kicked its mother frantically and gave vent to a series of angry shrieks.

Between the windows sat a girl who, from her small velvet turban to the tip of her polished boot, seemed the very embodiment of luxury. Her mouth had a determined expression, but her blue eyes were unsophisticated and there was an admiring, trustful look in them as she gazed at the man by her side.

He appeared less obviously out of place in the forlorn surroundings. His clothes were new—too new; and he seemed ill at ease. His somewhat expressionless eyes rolled nervously and he alternately fingered his glove button and fondled a scrubby little mustache.

Suddenly there was a rattle and jar at the dingy door and an elderly man hastily entered. He cast a glance about the room, and then walked directly toward the pair by the window. The young man started up at his approach and began to speak with evident embarrassment.

"We are—that is—you see—"

"Come, Marguerite," interrupted the gentleman, "we have just time to catch the three-forty-five train for home."

He held out his hand for the traveling bag. The young girl drew herself up resentfully.

"Father," she said, "Alfred and I are together now, at last—and forever."

She smiled and looked proudly up to the young man by her side for confirmation. He had picked up her bag from the seat and was about to hand it over her to her father. Her cheek paled slightly and then flushed. Silently she took the bag from his hand as from that of a servant; then lifting the breadths of her skirts, she turned to her father with a smile; "just time," she repeated mechanically—"just time to catch the three-forty-five."

Forewarned.

"When my typewriter girl went away, what do you think?"

"Well—what?"

"She left a note for the new girl, telling her I was mighty shaky on the use of 'shall and will.'"—Chicago Record.

PLANTS SEEN IN QUEER PLACES

Ten Story Factory Blooming All Over with Flowers.

Flower pots exposed along the window ledges prove that spring is here. There is no better sign. All winter the faint blooms have shone behind the glass of the panes, but now they take the open air like invalids confined for long, but convalescing. They are curious things, flower pots, and evidence the love of nature born in us all and staying with us to our latest breath. They are seen, too, in the most curious places. There is a huge smoke-grimed factory on the west side, ten stories high. The air about it is thick with coal dust and soot. Yet all summer its ledges bloom like gardens. One knows that many girls work in that factory. The flowers are watered from tin cups that are carried full and dripping the long length of the halls in the luncheon half hour. Men would not take the trouble, but the woman who does not love buds and blooms is as rare as the woman who does not love babies. In either case her thinking machinery has slipped a cog or was built wrongly to begin with. Flowerpots and little seamstresses working high up above the city's roar go together as naturally as turkey and cranberry sauce.

WITH THE FUN MAKER.

Every time a doctor collects a fee he adds to his ill-gotten gains.

"If you see a man walking out of the house with an umbrella under his arm, that doesn't mean a storm, necessarily." Crimsonbeak—Well, if it's my umbrella he's walking out with, it does.

Questionable Guest—Waiter, I am in a great hurry, and would like to know what there is that you would require the least time to bring me? Waiter—Well, I dunno, sir, unless it might be y'or bill, sir!

"And what do you call the little brother that the doctor left last week at your house?" inquired Johnny's teacher as the small boy appeared at Sunday school. "We hain't give him any reg'lar name yet. Pa calls him a little pink bunch of yell," was the response.

"Father," said the boy who was looking pensively at the sunshine and luxuriant foliage which told of approaching June. "What is it?" "Where do you suppose General Funston would be today if his father had punished him so that he was afraid to go in swimming?"

The following note was recently received by an employer from an absent workman: "Honored Sir: I am sorry to say I cannot say when I shall be well enough to be able to come back to work. The doctor says I have information of the left lung which I hope will meet with your approval."

WOMAN'S STATUS IN LOUISIANA

A Curious Anomaly That Has Just Come to Light.

Ethel C. Avery calls attention to the present unique status of Louisiana women, says the Woman's Tribune, as follows: "A curious anomaly has just come to light in Louisiana. The late constitutional convention gave taxpaying women the right to vote upon all questions submitted to taxpayers. It added a clause, unique in the suffrage laws of the county, that any woman who did not wish to go to the polls herself might give a proxy to some one else to cast her vote for her. This was done out of chivalrous regard for the women, who, it was thought, might shrink from contact with the polls. New Orleans is preparing to hold its first election under the new law, to decide upon a tax levy for sewerage and drainage. An examination of the assessors' books reveals that there are more than 10,000 taxpaying women in New Orleans, and the mayor, the city council, the president of the city board of health and other civic dignitaries have been eloquently urging women to vote in favor of better sanitation for their homes. Some of the women thought they would rather vote by proxy; and this has brought to light the anomaly in question. If a woman gives a certificate to a proxy to vote for her the certificate must be signed by two competent witnesses. Many New Osleans women are now finding out for the first time that by Louisiana law, which is based on the old law of France, a woman is not a competent witness to a legal document. In Louisiana taxpaying women may vote on the expenditure of their taxes, and in this way are in advance of all the northern and eastern states. But while a woman may be a voter in her own right or may cast a vote as proxy for another woman she is not legally competent to witness the signing of the certificate.

The Modern Method.

"It's an awful thing not to know where one's next meal is coming from."

"Yes, but a good many of us married men are experiencing it since the grocery stores got advertising bargain sales."—Indianapolis Journal.