THE SEA COAST ECHO

Published every Saturday at Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Sir Thomas Lipton declares he will yet win the cup. Sir Thomas is fortunate in the fact that anticipation is always better than realization.

The entertainment of royalty requires a long purse. The Czar's brief visit to France a few weeks ago cost the government of that country in the neighborhood of \$600,000.

A California widow abandoned a house in which she had lost two husbands, and it did not seem to occur to her how easily she might rent the place to discontented wives.

Tooth-pulling and corn-cutting have been recognized by the army authorities as specialties which must be provided for, so that dentist and chiropodists are now numbered among the army appointees. Where are we going to stop, now that the entering wedge of the list of "specialists" has been introduced?

Steadily the United States is assuming a paramount position in the many industries that go to make up the wants of the world. In this connection a story comes from Cornwall that the arsenic industry at that place is in a state of decadence, simply because America is now manufac turing the drug in sufficient quantities not only to supply her own demand, but is rapidly approaching a point where a heavy export trade will be possible.

In 1900 for the first time statistics of the agricultural interests of Alaska were gathered by the census bureau. The area of the 12 farms reported in Alaska in 1900 is 159 acres, of which 104 acres are devoted to the cultivation of vegetables and hay and the remainded is used for pasturage. The total farm products were valued at \$8046. These farms are all south of the Kuskokwim river, in southeastern Alaska, and along the southern coast, including the Aleutian islands.

The annual report of the Surgeon General of the United States Army declares that the health of the troops has been unusually good, that as a result of American occupation the sanitary conditions of almost every city and town in Cuba have been improved, and that army surgeons are now in possession of knowledge which enables them to stamp out yellow fever. In recent years the list of victories gained in the course of the in cessant warfare against disease is exceedingly impressive. Physicians and surgeons are making advances steadily and life becomes better worth From a statement issued by the United States geological survey it appears that the value of the mineral age crop of rice has been saved by the products of the United States in creased from \$360,319,000 in 1880 to \$1,070,108,889 in 1889. During the past nine years the value of the silver mined has not increased, though there has been a considerable increase in the last four years. During the nine years the value of the gold has increased from 33 to 39 million dollars; of pig iron, from 128 to 129 million: of copper, from 38 to 98 million, and the value of aluminum has increased 15 fold. The value of bituminous coal has increased from 117 million to 221 million dollars, and the value of petroleum from 30 to 75 million.

What would the women's clubs of America have to say had they to face such a decision as was recently handed down by the Austrian supreme court of appeals not long ago. The decision in brief was that if a wife saves money from the amount allowed her by her husband for household expenses, and appropriates this money to her own use, she commits what is, to all intents and purposes, a theft. The case that brought this decision was that of a couple named Daun. After 30 years of married life they were divorced, and Mrs. Daun took with her the sum of \$625, her savings of 30 years. Her husband brought suit and recovered the whole amount, and the judges made the ruling that Mrs. Daun had practically committed

The increase of civilization is measured by the decrease of the hours of labor. Every step in this direction improves the general condition of men and distributes more widely the results of labor and the fruits of industry by widening leisure. Store hours have been steadily shortening in the United States for two generations. All stores were once open until late in the evening. They still are in London, in all its suburbs and in much of the trade in its very centre. A parliamentary investigation last year showed that practically all English re tail shops were open until 8 o'clock five days of the week and until 10 and midnight Saturday. Our cities have all adopted 6 as the hour for closing stores, but this has taken over a generation to secure, remarks the Philadelphia Press.

Life and Its Paces.

Life is like John Gilpin's horse; at the beginning of the journey it walks most soberly; later it breaks into a trot: at middle age it goes at the gallop and toward the end it bolts.-Lon-

are when her clothing caught fire. and being almost helpless, she burned One by one the laudmarks co. There to death. No one heard her ories for is talk of reducing the Horseshoe help, if she gave any. Curve to a straight line. Next thing The husband of the de we know the Niagara Falls will exist Florville Foy, the marble outter of only as electric lights in various parts Rampart and St. Louis. Mrs. Foy of the country, comments the Philawas 78 years of age and a native of delphia Inquirer. Pontobatoula, La.

It is said that Canada is soon to have her own mint and that the gold coins will be called "beavers." In value the "beavers" will correspond to our eagle, \$10: double 'beaver." \$20, and half "beaver," \$5.

By comparing the statistics of Eng fish and Scotch universities in a given year it was found that Scotland with a population of 3,725,000, had 6500 university students, while England had only 6000 students out of a population about six times as great.

belt do not look a little out the so-

Although all deserving

as our system of brevet, have become

so common in the last year owing to

Lord Roberts' extreme generosity

value. Our brevets should not be

made similarly cheap, remarks the New

In Denmark many odd little stories

the streets, and nothing pleased him

better than to stop and have a chat

with any workman he chanced to en-

counter. Whenever any Dane makes

views, the king always sends for him

derstands his people or that they un-

Rice culture is regarded as n

broken this season, more than an aver-

yield per acre has been increased, the

average quility has been greatly im-

proved, and new varieties have been

developed. Many yields are phenome-

nal, while a product of ten to twenty

Japan, the outgrowth of sowing im-

ported Japanese rice in local soil.

developed an improved seed, taking

tae first place in the American market.

Lands two years ago were selling

glowly at \$5 to \$15. Today such land

is selling much faster at \$20 to \$50

per acre, and immigration to the rice

rice is regarded as the safest and

surest cereal production, as it is also

the most profitable, rice having the

largest use and market of all the

WOMAN BURNS TO DEATH.

Neighbors Saw Smoke Issuing From

House and Made Investigation.

New Orleans, La.-Mrs. Louisa

Foy, an aged woman, met a horrible

fate here. Her clothing caught fire

and she was burned almost to a crisp.

Mrs. Voy lived at No. 1919 Custom

house street. For some time past she

The first intimation that neighbors

had of something unusual in the Foy

household was when they saw smoke

issuing from the crevices of the doors

and windows. At first little atten-

tien was paid to this, but as the

smoke continued to escape several of

them decided to investigate. They

knooked on the front door of the cot

tage, but received no answer. They

heard unusual noises on the inside,

and peered through window and saw

An attempt was made to break open

the front door, but it fialed. Several

exes were then procured and the door

broken down. It was then discovered

that the fire had gained considerable

headway and that the house was filled

with smoke. Several men made their

way to the second room, and the body

I The clothing had been burned away

and the lower extremities of the un-

fortunate woman had been burned off.

Those in the house dragged the

body out and semeone sounded an

slarm for the fire department. There

was a ready response and the flames

were extinguished. The damage to

the building and furniture amounted

The body of Mrs. Foy was sent to

the morgue, which presented a grue-

some sight, because of the presence

Mrs. Foy lived alone. It is sup-

osed that she was seated before the

of a number of other bodies there.

to several hundred dollars.

of Mrs. Foy was found on the floor.

that there was a fire raging within.

has ben ill and almost helpless.

grains.

York Herald.

isfactory results.

A POSTMASTER'S WIFE Official reports say there were no cases of genuine hydrophobia in England or Scotland in 1999. Strict regu

When the government first ordered a postoffice established at Siloam a new lations as to the muzzling of dogs town on the upper Mississippi, the natural selection of the inhabitants for whenever there might be danger of postmaster was Jacob Berybud. Berycommunicating rabies and the utmost bud had served with distinction in the vigilance to prevent the importation of Second Minnesota at Gettysburg, was animals which might bring about mis- a staunch Republican and a publicchief have been maintained, with satspirited citizen. If it was his nature never to talk of himself nor his fam ily, nor their affairs past or present the gossip-loving country community Irrigation has enabled Arizona to regarded with pride the ability of one add olives and dates to her products. of its members to hold his tongue If the regions now within the rain No one in Siloam knew whether was happily married or not, what his income was, what his religious atticalled arid regions, through irrigation tude was how he was with his family will leave them in the lurch. If irriin private, or how he regarded his gation is good for one section, it is neighbors. His wife was always handgood for all, and there is no reason somely dressed, his children looked as why even the most favored regions well as any in the community. Beryshould not arrange for irrigation, if bud never contracted a debt and the externals of his home were bright and only to be held in reserve in the event orderly. If, until he became postmasof drought, reflects the St. Louis Star ter, he ever had a confidant, no one knew it, and that he had one, after he became a government official, only two should be recognized officially, it is to or three in time learned. He accepted the postoffice, gave his bonds, and be hoped that the distribution of brevproved to be a satisfactory official ets may be made conservatively, so Postoffice inspectors who came and that it may not become an honor for disappeared found his accounts in exan officer to be without a brevet. cellent shape, and perhaps were not as "Mentions in dispatches," which in vigilant in his office as they were in the British army are about the same

WASTED TIME.

There are such pleasant ways to go!
Why should we ever take
The ways that lead through wastes of woo,
Or cull the poison weeds that grow,
Just for revenge's sake?
---S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

There's such a little while to stay
That oft I wonder why
Men throw their precious time away
In aurturing old grudges they
Might just permit to die.

It should be said that at least one of the inspectors did not relax his viglance-not because he suspected Berybud, but because long experience as that they have practically lost all a government detective had worked into his nature the one idea that rigid inspection was a necessity everywhere. This inspector was a short, fat man, a jokemaker, and in that often deceiving to unwary postmasters whose accounts were not just what they are told of King Christian and his should be when he appeared. He would kindly ways, above all of the friendly laugh and quip with them until the interest he takes in the doings of his last minute, and then in the twinkling of an eye become the personifi subjects. Until within quite recent cation of the government, an irondays, when his strength has begun to willed master demanding a strict acfail him, he used to spend much of his time in Copenhagen walking about

Jacob Berybud took a fancy to this inspector the first time they met, and it was not long before the two were on good terms. They did not meet often enough to grow tired of each other, and the inspector came always his mark in the world, no matter what so unexpectedly that his appearance his station in life may be or what his was a surprise, and the accounts being straight, a pleasant one. The years passed and the friendship continued at the first opportunity, that he may between the postmaster and the inknow what he is like and have a talk spector. Siloam inwardly congratulat with him. Little wonder that he uned Berybud on having "an intimate." It thought, too, that the postoffice was very good thing for Jacob, since it gave employment not only to him, but of his children and his wife frequently came and assisted. Prosperity ap longer an experiment in Southwest peared to be with the family. Louisiana and Southeast Texas. Al-

The inspector was making one of his bud to come to him. The postmaster walked over to hear him say: "Your cash is \$60

"My," said Berybud, never flinching. "I forgot about that, Our safe here is poor one, and I have taken to carrying any large sum on hand in the safe of my real estate office. You can go over there any time and check it."

The inspector said nothing, but went barrels per acre is common. Domestic on with his work. At noon he took his lunch at the hotel, and later walked over to Berybud's private office, saw the big safe there and found the \$600 intact. He left that night for another point, but long after he was gone Jacob Berybud stood at the back door of his home looking up to the sky. He did not answer when his wife called him, but when she angrily came to the door and said: "Are you going to moon belt is quite active. The growing of there all night?" he sighed and came in. When she told him that she was going to St. Paul the next day with one of the children for a shopping trip he made no comment. He had always accepted her actions and assertions as ight. If he thought some of them wrong he never said so. His views of matrimony had been summed up one

day to the inspector in this sentence: "If you get bit when you marry stay bit. It's better for the children and everybody else."

"Think so if you want to," retorted the inspector with a laugh. "I prefer antidotes for bites."

Mrs. Berybud departed the next

norning to return in two days laden with bundles of finery and many trinkets, which perhaps the income of her husband justified her in buying and perhaps it did not. His real estate business was not paying, although no one knew this but himself, and his family was expensive. He held a number of mortgages on worthless land, and in truth, was financially pinched. Still he held his peace. When in due time the inspector returned and again hecked the office Berybud was as o and courteous as ever. Again the inspector found an office shortage in eash and again was referred to the big safe in the real estate office. As be fore he visited it after lunch, with Berybud, and there was found \$2500 the amount short. As soon as it was ounted the inspector left the office and walked direct to the postoffice, where he instantly took charge of the cash again, and by a quick computation ound it still \$2500 short. Berybud was with him all this time. The inspector ooked up at him inquiringly. Bery-

cud softly whispered: "Come into my private office." The two men walked in, and Bery ud shut the door and gently locked He took a chair and sat down in ront of the inspector. Then he said: "I knew this had to come out. I ean't make the money good. I took t. Just get me out of town without the family knowing until I'm gone

what's up. You can see my bondsmen ater. The man was so self-possessed, so nmoved, that the inspector looked at ifm in amazement. But that feeling hanged to another when he saw slowy stealing out of one of Berybud's yes a tear and his lips were quivering. 'Old man," said the inspector with tenderness he never had shown a

culprit before, "there's something wrong here. You haven't told me all. Come, now, I have to do my duty, but you are holding back something. "I took the money," repeated Bery-

"But why? You are rich-you had no need for it. You are not telling me the truth."

"I took the money," was the only reply. And Jacob Berybud held to that through all the days of his disgrace, during his short trial and until the prison doors closed on him and he began to serve his sentence. Siloam believed him, although it 66uld not ex-plain why he took the money. His bondsmen believed him; his children believed him and turned their faces from him; As fer his wife-

Long after Jacob Berybud was freed from prison and had taken up life alone in a town far removed from Si loam and the family, which, wife and all, had refused to receive him again. ne met by chance his old friend, the inspector, and they clasped hands.

"Berybud." said the inspector know now that your wife took that money; that you were a poor man then and she was forcing you to live far be yond your means. She entered that office hights, and you suspected her if you did not know that she was guilty She robbed the till and the old safe, and you made good the shortages unti finally you were forced to try and de ceive me. She spent every dollar on perself and her favorite children and let you face me and the government. She never loved you and your married

life was worse than purgatory."
"Perhaps," said Jacob Berybud, looking far away from the searching eyer of his friend, "but I took the money." -H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Rec

HER ATTRACTION FOR GOLD.

Curious Story Told by a Scientific Ma of a Little Girl in Haiti. A critic, writing of a new book, the

ther day, objected to the statemen in a chapter on the precious metals that "Gold is one of the few metas that is often found pure." He said that the author, in making this state ment, was certainly mistaken. Of course, the author was not mistaken: and it was a curious blender for any one to make to deny that pure gold is n very fine particles or in coarser pieces, in narrow beds of mountain streams, in fine sands at the mouths of rivers in the sands of the seashore and even in places high up on the sides of mountains. While this statement is perfectly true it is also a fact that most gold is found alloyed with other metals and that ore crusning, smelting and other processes are required to obtain the more valuable metal.

A story has just been told about pure gold, found in this instance in river sands, that reads like one of the superb fictions. No one would give it the slightest creuence if it were not told by a scientific man of unquestionable authority, for it is one of the strangest narratives that ever adorned a very dry and thoroughly scientific piece of writing.

It comes from the pen of Mr. L. Gentil Tippenhauer, who has been making a geological investigation for the government of the island of Hayti. The results of his work, with maps have been published in a series of papers in Petermann's Mittellungen, one of the most scientific of German pub lications. The following is a transla tion of the story as it appears at the end of Mr. Tippenhauer's papers.

"I will make mention, in conclusion of a very peculiar phenomenon. As was engaged in a microscopic investigation of the gold-bearing river sands observed that the 1-year-old daughter of my companion, Mr. L. Aboilard. had only to lay the flat of her hand on repeated the action her palm was almost covered with the gold dust that Whenever she grasped a handful of sand she would shake her hand; the sand would fall to the ground, but the flakes of gold would remain clinging to the

hand. "No other person present possessed this peculiar ability. Since then all the educated Europeans in Jacmel, including Dr. Zerves, geologist and representative of the Standard Oil company, Mr. Roosmale Nepven and Mr. Dorn, Dutchmen, owners of the gold reduction works at Paramaribo and others, have borne witness to the fact that the young girl possesses this remarkable peculiarity. The numberless particles of iron mixed in the sand did not cling to the girl's hand.

"I must therefore come to the conclusion that there is in nature a power whose influence in attracting gold is similar to that which magnetism exerts upon iron and the related miner The daughter of Mr. Aboilard seems to have this power."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Love's labor cannot be lost. Love's labor is never laborious. Love never turns its microscope or our faults.

Many a hard chain is made soft snaps.

The world is never cold to the warm-hearted. Time lost in mending nets is saved

in catching fish. There can be no music in life where there are no silences.

A sensitive conscience never make man self-conscious. Our real profits in life depend or our voluntary losses.

The brightest truths are often dus ut of the darkest doubts. Truth is in danger of becoming fals

when it becomes fossilized. Truth supersedes all statements man surpases his picture.

The family altar is the heart of th home and determines its health. The shadows of trouble is nearly always darker than its substance. It is always better to think withou

saying than to say without thinking. No government can make a people free when their hearts are enslaved. There is so man so poor as to be without the influence of his example. A man who is willing to begin his

ork in a small way shall be led into When you step up on one promis

you will always find a higher and a better one before you.—Ram's Horn.

A Paris Emerald Hill.

It will be a thousand pities, says London Sketch, if the Paris Municipal council find that their budget will not entitle them to spend 80,000 francs or the Montmatre Gardens. The scheme is to crown the hill that looks over Paris, with its superb basilique of Sacre Coeur, with magnificent gardens and fountains. St. Mark's in Venice would be nothing in comparison it this scheme could be carried out, and the famous hill with reminiscences of a thousand years of the story of Lutece would be the sweetest lounging place in the world.

There are 10,000 cripples in the state of New York and 3000 of them in New York City.



THE BOYS TO BE PROUD OF. Here's to the boys who are alway

To do their best at their play work: Never afraid, as some are, of lat Never trying a task to shirk.

Never saying, "I cannot do it," And putting it off "till by-and-by, But facing each task with a sturdy courage, A willing heart and a brave "I'll try

Such are the boys who will some day hey shut the doors of their hearts and guard them

Against bad thoughts that would fair

come in. hough only boys, as age is reckoned They are really men at heart, say I nd it makes me glad and proud to se

them; And the world will be proud of the -Golden Days. by-and-by.

UNDONE BY LOVE OF PIE. Little Johnny is a Philadelphia boy vith an appetite for pie, and the North American tells of the dismal failure of his suit against a railway company hrough an innocent disclosure of his

rowess as a pie devourer. Six doctors had testified in a \$5,000 amage suit that Johnny was an invaas the result of his sudden ejectment rom a trolley car, when Willie Brower took the stand, and incidentally spoke of Johnny's achievements in the pie-

eating line. "Could he eat a whole pie?" asked "Why, yes, he ate five within a few

last week," replied Willie, eninutes iously In vain Johnny's lawyers contended that the pies were very small and should not be allowed to figure in the case. The

estimony was admitted, and the company's lawyer argued that any boy who ould eat five mince pies was not much of an invalid. The jury took this view of the mat-

er, and decided that Johnny had not made out a case. The mince pie testimony-for the pies were of the mince meat variety-had been fatal.

DOG'S RACE WITH A LOCO-MOTIVE.

Passengers on the noon train on Sun lay were quietly interested in a pointer og. The canine would not violate the rules which forbid passengers to stand on the platform, and he was too modest to enter the passenger car, which was crowded, principally by ladies. naster was in a dilemma and before he had time to resolve what to do the train started, and so did the dog. The locomotive screeched and the dog yelped n defiance as the race began. At times he ambitious animal would be ahead of the engine, and then would fall behind. Every window in the train had a head or two peering out watching the race and all sympathized with the dox. He of interest, as he would make an occasional burst and show terrifice speed. ween the Heath street station and Boylston the Stony brook runs under the railway, and the bridge is not planked. The pointer went pell-mell between the guards and down into the stream. But he as suddenly emerged and gained the track, and reached Boylston just as the train stopped. Had it been any other day than Sunday the dog would have been saluted with hearty cheers by the ladies and gentlemen whose interest he excited. As it were, he gave three yelps for himself and almost upset his master, so glad was he at meet-

ing him on terra firma.-Boston Times. THE MAPLE'S VISITOR. "Whew!" whistled the birch, with shiver that shook off a great handful of leaves. "Winter is coming!" "Why should you sigh over that?"

said the jolly, rosy maple. "The garden will be so clean and white; and then the icicles! How they will sparkle on the tips of our fingers! they are ever so much brighter than these gold and crimson leaves everybody likes so well.'

"But the robins will be gone," sighed the birch, shaking her head, "and the phæbes and bluebirds!"

"Never mind, we shall have plenty at that moment a squirrel ran along busy for the best part of a morning her branches, and, peeping into a hole in chine men will put on soles for 75 cent "Certainly," said the maple. all winter, if you like."

The squirrel seemed pleased with the us and for everybody concerned. invitation. So he stored in the maple's sisted of one hickory nut. He soon brought another, however, and another and another, till the room was almost full. Then he curled himself up comfortably in the warmest corner.

"I told you we should have com pany," said the maple. "Now I have some one to talk to on dull days.

And sure enough in stormy weather we always hear her rattling her branches But I am afraid that the squirrel is not s sound asleep .- Youth's Companion.

WHEN CATHARINE WENT TO CHURCH

Catharine went to church with namma one hot Sunday in August, and must have been a queer church, for Catharine remembers only of passing through the great floor and pausing or he inside while the minister came to he end of his prayer. Probably they went to a

Catharine does not know. There was the minister in the pulpi and the singers of the choir in their places, and ever so many fans in the

While the organ was playing an old. ld, old woman, wearing a dotted dress and a hat of straw that reminded Catharine of the pictures in her "Mother Goose" book, came up the ais'e and notioned to Catharine.

The little girl rose and stepped into the aisle and the old, old, woman's chin went up and her nose camé down and she cracked a smile over her wrinkled fort than of your desires. Thus is the

owed the old, old, old woman out into the sunlight and at once they were in a forest, with its cool shade and its grass and flowers.

Before them at the bottom of the hill HOW THE BIRDS TALK. was a beautiful river, and next that river were little fairies dipping up full

ottles from the stream. "What river is this?" the little girl

"This is the River of Perfume," the old, old, old woman said, shoving up her chin until it almost met her nose over a mouth that had become very sweet in the shadow of the forest. This creek runs into the river." talk and to make themselves unde Then Catharine saw she stood on the bank of a creek that fell away to the stood by each other, is a fact suffi

river.
"What do they call this stream, and less mysterious, very little being known on the subject. Few persons what is the green fluid flowing down?" have thought it worth while to study "This stream is called 'Sweet Viothe matter, which, from the viewpoint of the student of nature, may fairly

Catharine noticed that the stream was very fragrant and smelled just like her nother's "sweet violets" perfume, up stairs on the dresser.

They walked on and presently stopbed on the bank of another stream.
"And what is this?" asked Catharine "This," said the old, old, old woman is the stream called 'Altar of Roses.' And all along its banks were bowers of

some birds possess quite an extended vocabulary; but he adds that it would Next they came to a stream called 'Heliotrope" and then to one named "Sweet Clover," that was all in white; and the old, old, old woman smiled as she took Catharine on to the stream of thing corresponding to articulate speech, or to suppose that they are able to sit down and converse with 'Apple Blossoms" and "Tube Roses one another in the ordinary sense of and then they met face to face a little the word. old man, who took off his hat and bowed very respectfully to the old, old, old wobirds, as a rule, have but a small vo-

"Little girl," said the old man, you ever hear of the Music Cave "I never did," said Catharine. "Well," said the old man, "come with

And they went-this old, old, old, woman, with her nose which turned fown and a chin that turned up, as they had come from the church to the River of Perfumes.

They went into a valley with grea big trees spreading branches over heads and a mountain in front, and the old man clapped his hands and the trees parted and they could see in the side of the mountain the opening of the cave. And in the distance they could hear the trembling tones of a great organ, but it was so far away Catharine could scar-

cely hear it. Again the old man clapped his hand and the door to the cave flew open and the music rushed out upon them. There were the stirring notes of the great ornight the turkeys on guard have a spegan and voices that were lifted in song clear and sweet. And then, gradually the cave faded away, and the old man faded away, and the old, old, old woman whose nose went down and whose chir came up, also faded away. And before Catharine there was another organ and a stream that seemed to flow down the floor and end at a pulpit. And the minister was saying something, and all the congregation was standing with bowed

Catharine then saw that the stream was nothing after all but the carpet in the aisle of the church, and very likely the music she heard came from the choir, as they sung the closing anthem. Again the fans were active, the min-

ster left the rostrum and hurried to the door where he was busy shaking hands with all of those he could reach And Catharine's mamma, taking her by the arm and looking at her very closely, "Why Catharine, I believe you've bee

asleep."-Chicago Record-Herald,

for study in the way two cocks oppose Machines For Shoe Repairing Driving let us say, stands erect, gives a defiant the Hand Workers Out of Business. chuckle, and drops one wing. means fight, If the adversary lowers 'What's become of all the little cobhis tail, draws his wings up over his blers' shops we used to see about

town?" asked the man with the rundown heels to his friend the shoe clerk. "Gone the way of the stage coach and the horse-car-given place to modern institutions and methods," was the "We don't need the cobbler reply. continued the shoe man. is little place for him any more. begin with, shoes are so cheap and the general run of wearers so fastidious nowadays, that the heel and tap economy is out of fashion. The big stores of the shoe factories, too, have had a good deal to do with the disappearance of the shoemaker and his little shop. You see, everything that can possibly be done so is done by reachinery these days, and the repairing of shoes is o of them. There are in New York today probably a dozen big shops where shoes are tapped by machine. These wholesale repair men can do the work You know cheaper, better and quicker than by the hand method, and they send out regular that collectors to the stores to gather up damaged shoes left by customers who still stick to the old idea of wearing a shoe so long as the upper holds good It takes only a few minutes for a skillful operator to put on a sole with a of company," said the maple, and just machine, where it would keep a cobbler her trunk, asked if he might come in. to 85 cents while it used to cost us \$1 "Stay or more. We get \$1.25 from our customers, so you see it is a good thing for might be multiplied without number No, going to show that parrots connect sir, you'll have to hunt long and wearspare room all his baggage, which con- ily for the old familiar sign of the boot and shoe with the 'repaired' between them, I guess."—New York Tribune,

It is the fashion for Portugues clocks to strike the hour twice over Heaven only knows why, for certainly the people are not so keen about the profitable use of their time that they require to be reminded thus flight. The habit is apt to be irritat and talking very fast in her fashion. ing, especially in the night, when your bed (like enough a straw mattress and a good listener; for, to tell the truth, he a bran pillow) chances to be near one of these monsters which dings its fourand-twenty strokes at midnight, with a pause between the dozens which mere ly stimulates expectation. If there are five clocks in the establishment, all with sonorous works (and the tion is reasonable), they will of course differ widely, so that twenty-four may be striking, with intervals, during a they think that something must have maddening half hour. You may hap-killed it and are afraid to come near pen to want to know badly which of lest a like fate befall themselves. the monsters is the least mendacious. and the bells at your bed-head com municate with two servants, one a Gal-

Portuguese Hotel Timepieces

lego and the other a Portuguese. In suppose. They have three distinct such a case ring for the despised songs—one addressed to the mate, another signifying anger, and a third to with you in a minute, fresh and smilindicate pleasure. If a female be taken ing, though half naked, and if he distrusts his own judgment about clocks he will not mind saying so, and a sign of distress and not of cheerfulrather than that you should remain in note, as it might be called—a "twit, doubt. I regret to add that his more twit" of contentment—uttered as the probably say whatever first comes to his low cry of warning is given when she cracked a smile over her wrinkled fort than or your desired waiter in face—a smile that reached from ear to installation of the Gallego waiter in Portugal justified as that of the Gerowner. Very affectionate birds are casomething flashes past the window or

> Though "the voice of the turtle" It's easy to be good-natured if you familiar in classical literature, neither have nothing else to do turtledoves nor other kinds of pigeons

POSSESS QUITE AN EXTEND ED VOCABULARY.

be regarded as of more than ordinary

There is a scientist attacked to the

Smithsonian institution, Mr. Nelson R. Wood, who has made the language of

birds a lifeloug study. Not only is he able to understand a good deal that

birds say, but he can talk to man;

feathered creatures so as to make him

self understood by them. He says tha

be a mistake to credit them with any

Feathered species differ very much

in their talking powers. The perching

cabulary, whereas the widest range of speech is found in chickens and tur-

keys-very likely because they have

so many enemies, and must be able

to utter warning notes, both to each

The turkey has a note which sign

fies immediate danger overhead, and

this is different from the sharp and

rapid call that means imminent peril

from something on the ground, as

rat, for example. A hawk seen in the

distance calls forth yet another cry.

pain, and a sixth of complaint or re

monstrance (as when the turkey is

being driven). When feeding in an

open meadow a call is uttered different

ushes, where the flock is to be kep

together. There is a summons to cal

together scattered members of the

flock: a social note, in a manner con

ersational, is also peculiar; and s

The vocabulary of chickens, accord-

ng to Mr. Wood, is really quite ex-

ensive, though many of their notes

ossessing different meanings, are s

auch alike that the untrained observ

er cannot tell them apart. Those used

for hushing the young to sleep, and for

warning, are closely similar. Most peo

ple will be surprised to learn that the

very-day hen has three distinct songs.

One of them she utters while seeking

her nest to lay; another is a call t

er mate when she is separated from

im; and a third appears to signify

mere abstraction—a crooning to her-

self while, perhaps, she is hunting for

The rooster has a song of his own

hough perhaps few persons have heard

t. He uses it only occasionally. It is

low, fine whistling, and he will utter

sometimes on a dark day when going

roost, or when resting in a corne

There is a lot of interesting materia

back, raises the feathers behind his

comb slightly, and begins to sing like

hen, the indication is of meekness

and fear, and presently he will retreat.

avoiding a combat. The fighting roos

The parrot has quite an extensive

ocabulary in its native forest. As

night be supposed, when it has escaped

from captivity it does not forget what

t learned while a prisoner, and par-

rots released from bondage have fre

quently been heard talking to their

wild companions in civilized human

The parrot ranks high in the scale

of intelligence, and unquestionably un-

derstands the meaning of some of the

words it utters. Mr. Wood once knew

polly that said "Good morning" early

n the day, "Goodby" at noon, and

'Good night" in the evening. It never

made a mistake in these salutations

nor mixed them up. Its accuracy is

the supposition that it understood the

meaning of the words and had a notion

ouse that had a squeaky gate. Long

after the gate was mended, so that it

squeaked no longer, Polly would utter

a shrick in imitation of the familiar

sound every time it saw the lady who

occupied the dwelling cross the road

in its direction. Stories of this kind

with ideas the vocal sounds which they

The crow knows that a man with

gun is dangerous, and on seeing him

it will utter a note of alarm. Another

note is of intense fear and warning to

the young, as if to say: "Keep still

and hide." A third cry is of affection

for the young, for each other, or for

the bird's owner. The crow is one of

the most affectionate of birds, and

when tamed shows many signs of love

for its master. One of its notes is

guttural mixture of gabbling sounds,

uttered perhaps when it is sitting on a

branch in the woods, and apparently

If a crow sitting on a tree branch

sees other crows passing overhead it

salutes them with a note that has a

rising inflection; the passing crows re-

ply with a note that has a falling in-

flection. One thing that birds of this

Canaries are not especially good talk-

ers, yet they have a great deal more to

say for themselves than most people

away from her spouse, the latter will

kind are much afraid of is a dead crow;

indicating a bubbling over of good

spirits.

quarrels

this regard could only be explained

This parrot lived next door

of the time of day."

ter utters a short, sharp note.

cial signal.

by himself.

language.

from that voiced in high grass

A fourth note is of defiance, a fifth

other and to their young.

intercati

of mourning, another to call the mate to the nest, and a sort of "coo" which a Mistake to Credit Them Wit Anything Corresponding to Aft.culate Speech — A Requier's Augry Words — Canaries Are Seldent Good Talkers. That birds and fowls are able t

by a slight variation is made to indicate either anger or pleasure. "The farmyard," says Mr. Wood, "la the place to study the talk of feathered creatures, and if you wish to up. derstand something about it, the best with the chickens and the turkeys that are the everyday companions of human beings."—Rene Bache, in the Saturday ciently obvious. Yet their conversa tional powers are considered more or Evening Post.

are good talkers. They are not very

intelligent, indeed, as birds go, and

they have few notes. There is a note

OUS?

NOT HIS LUCKY DAY.

Hero, but Locked Him Up Over Night, One evening, late, Jean Loqueteux decided that it was time to go home, By that he meant a beach under a hestnut tree on the Place d'Auvers, where had slept during the last few weeks. Famished, he had only made wo cents-two foreign coins at thatat the entrance of the vaudeville thea-

tre, opening the door of a cab.
"Such hard luck," remarked the poor man, talking to himself. "If I had only wo sous, two sous to buy a crust of read in the morning."

Dragging painfully his ill clad peron, hungry, suffering besides from ill. ness, he resumed his walk toward the bench under the chestnut tree, hoping that he would meet a providential man willing to part with 10 centimes, the price of his breakfast. Suddenly he stumbled against something in the darkness. Was it worth the trouble to look and see what it could be? Who knows? Providence has little regard for the poor, yet she is kind to them at times; he had found once a leg of mutton in the mud; maybe this time

it was a chop. And he picked up the object. "Humph! This time I am deceived.

It is no good to eat." Not one, not even a sergeant de ville, could be seen in the street. Jean Loqueteux went under a lamp-post to examine what he had in his hand. "Well," he said aloud, "this is fun

The object was a black pocketbook containing 10,000 francs in government bills, but no letters, no cards, nothing to identify the owner.

"To think," he remarked to himself. 'that some people carry 10,000 francs in that way in their pockets. It is enough to make any one sick. And now I have to go to the police station, out of my way, and I am so tired. Decidedly I have no luck tonight."

And Jean Loqueteux went to the poice station, where he experienced all kinds of trouble trying to see the commissary, on account of his dilapi. dated appearance. Finally, the magistrate consented to receive him. "M. Commissary," he said very politely, handing the portfolio, "I have

found this." "And, naturally, there is nothing in "Look for yourself, M. Commissary." This gentleman opened the pocket-

book, saw the bills, which he counted "Ten thousand francs! An enormous amount of money, my friend! You are a brave man, an honest man, a hero

Do you know that?" Jean Loqueteux remained very quiet, only repeating: "To think that some people carry in that way 10,000 francs n their pockets."

The commissary was considering the with more actoulshment than admiration. "And you have found this? There

your name?" "Jean Loqueteux." 'What is your profession?' "I have none."

"Then I suppose you have an inome. Where do you live?" "Alas, Commissary, I am a poor beggar; I have no residence."

"What? No residence? This is astonishing. He has no residence," remarked the commissary. Then, addressing Jean Loqueteux he added:

"You have no residence. Therefore you are a vagrant. You are a hero, evidently. Yes, you are a hero. But you are also a vagrant, and I am compelled to apply the law. Here is the pocketbook: no doubt about that. You may receive a reward, possibly five francs, if the owner is discovered. But this does not altar the fact that you live in a state of vagrancy. Believe me, it would have been much bet ter for you to find a residence than to and a pocketbook containing 10,000 france. The law does not compel you to find a pocketbook, but it compels you to have a residence; otherwise-

"Otherwise?" asked Jean Loqueteux. "Otherwise, I have to lock you up for the night, and send you in the morning to the police court.'

The commissary rang the bell and two police officers led the vagrant to a cell. "Really," said the disheartened Jean

Loqueteux, "I have no luck today."-

Farm Burial Places.

If the farmers of 50 or twice 50 years ago had been asked to name the most valuable portion of their landed estates, the old family burial grounds would have received the highest appraisal. Many of these inclosures upon New England farms were then old grounds, containing all that remained of earth of ancestors that, maybe,

cleared the surrounding forest far back in the years of early settlement. The time came when the farm and farmhouses were forsaken and their occupants departed to return no Some of more. are still uncultivated, or only for pasture ranges. have gone into the posse cenary purchasers, who have small regard for the sacred character of the ancient graveyards. The ruined fences and not restored and cattle trample over the mounds once so carefully tended. The fallen headstones are broken and their inscriptions lost. If may be useless to make any sort of appeal to those who would not care for an old graveyard of their own accord. But those to whose care these half-abandoned farms shall come in the future, having humane hearts, and feeling that the obligations of the golden rule are not all outlawed by death, will save the old farm burial places, as they will expect strangers to protect theirs in the far years to come. The thread that binds his birthplace and that of his ancestors is a strong one and may stretch beyond a thousand miles. Sometimes the children of the New England emigrant and even their children's chil-

naries, though they have many family British medical journals of high auhority insist that ozone can be artifically produced at reasonable expense to purify the air in tunnels, sewers

and other places in London

dren may trace it back again and into

the old farm graveyard.JSpringfield