

General Kuropatkin can still go to Tokyo as a prisoner of war.

There is always the consoling thought that if you had a good steak the girl in the kitchen would probably spoil it in the cooking, avers the Washington Post.

"Complex Problems for Women" is the title of a magazine article. The most complex problem for women at this season of the year is the complexion problem.

Kentucky has not made any complaint as yet about the beef scarcity, but when it hears about the shortage of the mint crop the colonels may be called upon to mobilize.

A Civil War veteran has just discovered that he has been voting illegally for the past forty years. As a rule, such breaks are never discovered, especially by the person most interested.

The situation in Russia is not so much fighting within and fear without as it is fear within and fighting without. And the worst of it is that Russia cannot tell which is the more to be dreaded, the Boston Transcript says.

In a discussion between Manager Connel and his musical laborers—the title artist seems somewhat in dispute—there still remains the obvious discrepancy between the salaries paid to the orchestra and those gathered in by the vocalists.

It seems incredible, says the New York Press, that 118 years ago the Legislature of Pennsylvania voted a loan of \$1500 to a man of the name of Humphries for five years to enable him to make steel as good as that imported from England.

An automobile has gone to the top of Mount Washington in less than twenty-five minutes—a marvelous feat! In later days these irresistible and unconquerable chariots may perhaps be climbing from the bottom to the top of the Eiffel Tower.

When the first through train for Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River, left Cape Town last month, Cecil Rhodes' dream of a Cape to Cairo railroad was so nearly fulfilled that no one longer doubts the realization of that dream in the near future, declares the Youth's Companion.

Charlotte Corday is remembered as a benefactor of humanity, where Marat is held in desecration as a degenerate scoundrel whose cruelties were stopped by her courageous blow. The man who killed Von Piehve will be entered on the roll which Charlotte Corday heads as soon as his name is known, says the Youth's Companion.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Veterans' Association and a score or more of other officers in the Confederate Army will be guests of a Boston post at a banquet to be given in Faneuil Hall at the beginning of the Grand Army encampment week. Let it be remembered that it is the duty of good citizens to get together after the war is over, says the Youth's Companion.

The ordinance requiring drivers of automobiles to extinguish the sparks which are in connection with gasoline whenever one of the machines goes on a ferryboat ought to be enforced. In spite of the grumbling of the occupants of the cars, states the New York Tribune. Possibilities of fires on these vessels should be guarded against with the utmost care. Our ferryboats are often jammed and packed from stem to stern, and an automobile spark might start a disaster almost as frightful as that of the General Slocum.

Eggs are among the very few farm products for which the demand is generally rather better than the supply. Not for many years has a period occurred when the cost price did not allow more or less margin of profit above usual farm cost of production. The dealers in the Puget Sound district bought 3,000,000 dozen of eggs from the East last year and are still buying largely. Thus, in some of the best farming regions the egg supply is not up to local needs. Instead of exporting grain to the Orient, it might be wiser for Pacific Coast farmers to keep the wheat at home and feed it to the hens, declares the Massachusetts Ploughman.

All of non-Russian Europe is only one-eighth the size of the czar's domain, says the New York World. If you placed all of non-Russian Europe in the Russian Empire you would have room enough left in which to place the United States and Alaska and most of Canada. The Russian Empire comprises one-seventh of the land area of the globe. It requires nearly two weeks to go by rail from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok. While the realm of the czar is so enormous, it is far from being the richest, many countries surpassing it in resources and products. The one and a half billions of persons on earth could live comfortably in the Russian Empire if they could stand the climate.

**SHOULD HE COME BACK.**  
(Translation from Maeterlinck.)  
"Should he come back this way  
To seek your gate?"  
"Tell him how each long day  
I did but wait."

"And should he question still,  
Knowing the not?"  
"Pity, as sisters will,  
His grievous lot."

"And if he ask your place?  
How speak the thing?"  
"Give him (and turn your face)  
My golden ring."

"And if he quest the damp,  
Dull dwelling o'er?"  
"Show him the lightless lamp,  
The open door."

"And if his heart ask wild  
How fell your sleep?"  
"Then tell him that I smiled,  
Lest he should weep."  
—Agnes Lee in The Bookman.

## His Lost Opportunity

From the German of Joseph Siklosy.  
On a beautiful autumn day I made a bicycle trip from Paris to Chartres, where I dismounted at the hotel. As I was very hungry and the clock had just struck six, I at once directed my steps toward the dining room, the location of which was known to me from earlier visits.

I found the room better lighted than before, and flowers on the tables. But where were the guests? I took a seat and began to drum on the table with my knife and fork. A waiter who looked in at the door in response to the noise, and whom I asked if dinner would not be served soon, replied, in a tone almost of rebuke, "Very soon, sir."

Some ladies and gentlemen came in, conversing. To my surprise, they were all in evening dress. More and more of them came, until the room was quite full, but not one of them took a seat at the tables. I sat there alone munching the roll which I found stuck in my napkin, in expectation of the soup. Nobody seemed to take any notice of me; but the waiter, who had come in again, seemed to be shocked by my conduct. I reflected that probably the new owner of the hotel had introduced new etiquette at the table d'hôte. It was not long before the host came up to me and asked: "Pardon me, sir, but are you one of the wedding guests?"

"Wedding guest—? What do you mean? Oh, is there to be a wedding dinner?"  
"Yes, sir. I suppose you thought you were in the public dining room. This evening the table d'hôte is served in the billiard room on account of the wedding. Prosper will show you the way."

Laughing over my mistake, I rose and followed the waiter, but before I was out of the room I heard behind me a loud "Sir, sir!"

I turned in the door. It was M. Beriot, father of the bride, who was calling me. He was standing by the bride and groom, who had just come in. The young couple were smiling at me, and M. Beriot called out:

"My dear sir, you are hereby invited to keep your place at the table. Pray, do us the honor to dine with us. We have a vacant seat, for my friend Bidochard was obliged to leave before the dinner, and we shall be glad to have you take his place."

I looked at the faces around me, and saw that I should be laughed at if I refused. "I am to stay, then?" I asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes, stay, stay!" replied a chorus of voices, and all clapped their hands. A vivacious woman came forward and shook my hand, saying "How do you do, M. Bidochard?"

Under such circumstances I soon felt at home in the charming circle. I gave my card to M. Beriot, who introduced me with great ceremony. I was to sit beside his sister-in-law, a young widow, whom I had already noticed among the guests.

During the twenty or more courses I conversed diligently with my charming neighbor, and my chivalrous speeches were not received with disfavor. What she seemed to appreciate especially in me was that she could talk with me about everything. Her favorite theme, however, was music. She was vividly interested in the fact that I knew Franz Liszt personally and could tell her everything about his peculiarities and habits. She promised that if I should ever call on her when I happened to be in the city she would play a Hungarian rhapsody for me.

The next morning when I had sent for my wheel and was settling my bill a carriage drove up to the door. Soon the widow and a friend, whom I had also met the evening before, came down in traveling costume. I understood, from the way in which the friend looked at me, that I had been a subject of conversation between the two women. Returning my greetings, the lovely Mme. Beriot asked whether I was bound, and when I replied that I had no fixed destination, she suggested, blushing slightly, that I should go a little way with them on the road to Dreux, in which they might see me on my wheel.

I assisted the two women into the carriage and accompanied them on my bicycle to Dreux. In spite of the dust which I was obliged to swallow, I felt proud and happy to play the cavalier to my lovely acquaintance. Of course, no conversation was possible on account of the rattling of the wheels. The widow talked exclusively with her friend, but often looked at me with an enchanting smile. From time to time she raised her voice to ask me if I did not wish to turn back, and when I declared that no power on earth could induce me to leave them until they had reached their destination, she blushed and seemed pleased, which completely turned my head.

When we arrived at Dreux M. Ber-

iot, of course, invited me to luncheon. Her friend was present at the meal, but left us afterward. Then, partly to start the conversation, partly because I really longed to hear her play, I reminded Mme. Beriot of her promise of the evening before. She at once declared herself ready to comply with my wish and preceded me to the drawing room. Then she took pains to insure my comfort.

I was at it in a large armchair, and when the coffee was brought she put it on a small table at my side. She remarked, smiling, that it was plainly written in my face how much I longed for a smoke, and brought me an expensive Havana. As she offered it to me with her beautiful, aristocratic fingers, I lost my head. I seized one of her hands and pressed a passionate kiss upon it. When I refused to let the hand go, she gave me a slight tap with the other, then, in confusion, she fled to the piano and began to play.

She played on for more than an hour—played excellently, classic and modern compositions, and perhaps her own improvisations among them. My glance rested on her; sometimes I closed my eyes in the ecstasy of listening to the music. I smoked my splendid cigar, while enchanting dreams of the future passed through my brain. Then something happened which I can never forget.

It is always my habit to lunch lightly. My new found friend, however, had set before me a rich repast, and physically exhausted as I was, I went to sleep during a wonderfully soft pianissimo. That is the awful truth.

When I again opened my eyes her place at the piano was empty, and I was alone in the room. My only thought was flight. My cap was in the hall and my wheel was leaning against the stairs. At the speed with which I fled I could have won a race.

## QUEER INDUSTRIES.

Alligator Farms, Elk Pastures, Skunk Ranches and Leech Ponds.

It was not until the buffaloes were practically extinct that it became generally known that "buffalo robes" were exceedingly warm and desirable. Whalebone has, of course, increased in price with the development of the methods of hunting. The story of ivory and elephants is much the same. Now comes a story from Florida that a number of French dealers are on the way to the Southern swamps to secure a supply of healthy young alligators for breeding purposes. It is proposed, according to a Florida authority, to establish in the south of France a farm for the propagation of the saurians. Alligator skin is made into leather that seems to strike the French aesthetic taste as the nearest for all forms of ornamental work, as well as for bags and shoes.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that a number of industries quite as queer as alligator farming have been established in this country. A Vermont man is said to make \$4,500 a year raising elk, and a New York newsboy a number of years ago went West and in time had an extensive elk pasture at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. He got customers from the owners of game preserves all over the country, and found it difficult to supply the demand. The man who proposes to establish a skunk ranch in the South said of his plan: "The skunks feed upon anything so long as it is good, but they like grasshoppers better than anything else. After being killed and skinned the skunk is roasted over a slow fire for its oil. This usually sells for \$5 a gallon to druggists. The black skins fetch about \$1.25. A skunk will yield from one to three pints of oil. The average is about a quart." The leech farmer has no such cheerful word. It is true that leeches feed upon "anything so long as it is good," but they have decided that few things are good. In spite, therefore, of the fact that a fine, hungry leech has a good market value, there are only five farms where they are cultivated in the country.—New York Post.

**How the House Happened.**  
"Yes," said Mr. Mutt, "it was rather odd, the way I came to rebuild my house. You see, Mrs. Mutt was in town one day and happened to buy a very handsome hall lamp—one of the kind that stands on the post of the stair banisters," and then, says London Tit-Bits, he went on to describe the development of the house:

"Well, as soon as she got the lamp home, we saw that it was too large for the style of stairs, so I had to get the carpenters to come in and widen them and put in new balustrades and posts, and set them over more toward the center of the hall. When that was done the hall didn't look like a hall at all, and I had to have the carpenters tear out the walls and make the old dining room into a new hall."

"Then, of course, the kitchen had to be torn away and rebuilt at the back of the house, so that the old kitchen would do for a sitting room, and there had to be a new dining room built to match the finish in the hall. And when things got so far we saw at once that we had to have a library off the hall, and then the veranda had to go to make room for the library, and my pet rose bushes came up to give a chance to build the new veranda."

"Well, to make a long story short, I had to remodel the second story to match the first, and put a third story on in order to take care of the rooms that were crowded out by the changes in the second. And so I had a new house all round."

"And was your wife pleased?"  
"Only partly. You see, just on the last day when the carpenters had completed the third story and were finishing work on the whole job, one of them dropped his hammer through the skylight and it fell to the hall and smashed the lamp that had started the whole thing."

**A Coaling Ship.**  
Built on the Tyne, a floating coal depot with a capacity of 12,000 tons has arrived at Portsmouth, England, where it will be used for coaling battleships and cruisers.

## COURTESY AT SEA.

An Impressive Experience When Ships Exchange Salutations.

The passing of two vessels within speaking distance in mid-ocean is always an impressive experience. Even the most indifferent of travelers must feel a thrill at the exchange of salutations in such circumstances. The account of such a meeting, told by a sailor on the United States training ship Hartford, and reported in the New York Tribune, is of more than ordinary interest. The Hartford, Farragut's old flagship, was ten days out from Madeira. Supper was over and the crew, 500 strong, were enjoying the leisure hour in the soft light of the full moon, when a full-rigged ship was sighted, every stitch of canvas set. She was bound to cross close in the Hartford's wake, but the thickening evening haze soon hid her from view.

Presently the watch officer cried out, "I saw a white light flash from where the ship ought to be!"

We thought it might be the glister of the moon on her sails; but it appeared again, this time long continued and plainly visible, a signal of distress, a call for aid. Many were the conjectures as to what it could mean. Probably the crew were short of water, or someone was desperately ill, and a surgeon was wanted from our steamer, or the vessel might have sprung a leak.

Without a moment's delay our captain ordered the helm to starboard. The great ship swung slowly about and bore down upon the stranger. Gradually the two vessels drew together until the lights shone clear and the outlines were well defined.

Now the order rang out, quick and distinct:  
"Stand by to clear the lifeboat; make ready to lower!"

The approaching vessel was now close to our port bow, but we heard no hail.

"Try her!" ordered our captain. "Hail her with the megaphone."

"Ship ahoy! Can we be of any assistance?"

"No," came back the answer. "We did not know you were a man-of-war."

"We saw your light, and thought you signaled for help."

"No, thank you. We saw your light and bore down to assist if you needed help."

"No, thanks."

"Same to you."

"What is your nationality?"

"German."

Our ship struck up the German national anthem, while the sailors on the stranger gathered on her poop, gave us three rousing cheers, which were returned with good will by our boys, and our band played "Columbia," as the German squared on her course and passed on like a vision.

But we followed her, and running in under her stern, hailed her once more.

"We are the United States ship Hartford; what ship are you?"

"The Ariadne, of Bremen, bound home."

Our band struck up "Die Wacht am Rhein," and with three more lusty cheers from the Ariadne and three more from the 500 throats on our ship, we parted, we to the west; she, with her great gleaming spread of canvas, toward the rising moon.

She had mistaken the electric lights of our band for distress signals, and we had thought the same of her answering light. Each had gone miles out of her course to aid the other.

## Grandmother at Thirty-four.

"The wife of a Brooklyn Alderman has just had the rare experience of becoming a grandmother at thirty-six."

The above paragraph, which appeared in The Express recently, has provided an instant challenge from a lady who lives near Brighton.

"Is this unusual?" she asks. "I was married at fifteen. I had a daughter at sixteen. She married at seventeen and she had a child nearly a year afterward."

"Therefore I was a grandmother at thirty-four. I had four children before I was twenty-one, and have had none since. Now I am forty-two. My girls are all grown up, so we are like five sisters, and as happy as Queens."

"Three of my daughters are married, and I have two grandsons. I could not resist the challenge implied in your paragraph, seeing that I could so distinctly go one better than the American grandmother."

Our correspondent's achievement is heroic. But she will probably not be astonished to find, in spite of the obvious surprise of her question, that she has very few competitors in England.

The lady was married at fifteen. Now, in all England at the time of the last census there were only thirty wives of that age. This is not conclusive, of course. If the census were taken annually, it might show thirty wives at the age of fifteen every year.

## SECRET OF ORIENT PEARL.

DISCOVERED TO BE MERELY SEPUCHRES OF DEAD PARASITES.

The Gulf of Manar, on the Coast of Ceylon, is the Chief Source—Fished Up by Native Divers—Tombs of Baby Tape Worms.

For more than 2,000 years the Gulf of Manar, on the northwest coast of Ceylon, has been noted as the chief source of Orient pearls, which are found in the bodies of pearl oysters (Margaritifera vulgaris), more truly described, however, as pearl mussels. The mollusks are fished up by native divers, though recourse will probably be made to dredging in the future. The alarming decline in this important fishery, the proceeds of which, amounting to hundreds of thousands of rupees annually, have long been an important asset in the revenue of the Ceylon government, recently resulted in Prof. Herdman of Liverpool being sent out to ascertain the cause, and, if possible, to suggest a remedy.

The first volume of his report has just appeared, and the beneficial result of his valuable suggestions is already being felt. Mr. James Hornell, a well known naturalist, has been associated with Prof. Herdman in the matter, and is continuing the work under the auspices of the Colonial Government. The most interesting outcome of the whole thing is the fascinating story which these experts tell us about the mode of origin of "oysters" tears. Mr. Hornell has just ascertained the facts which make the story complete.

For nearly half a century it has been known that river pearls, which were the object of important British fisheries, are caused by the irritation set up by parasitic worms, and forty years ago Kelsart proved that this is also true of the marine pearls of Ceylon. But it has been reserved for Herdman and Hornell to work out in detail the story of the parasite infesting the pearl oyster, adding one more romance to the fairy tale book of modern science.

Living in Indian seas is a voracious stingray (Trygon), the intestines of which afford food and lodging to a peculiar little tape worm (Tetrarhynchus). This unwelcome guest holds on for dear life to the lining of the intestine by means of two suckers and four long hooked tubes, projecting from its head. As in tape worms generally, the hind end is made up of a series of flat joints, within which innumerable eggs are developed. The ripe joints pass out of the body of the fish, and from the eggs minute free-swimming embryos hatch.

Some of these pass between the shells of pearl oysters, burrow into the bodies of the unfortunate inmates, and there develop heads. But many other things must happen if they are to get the chance of growing into adult worms. One of the hereditary foes of pearl oysters is the rough-skinned trigger fish (ballistes), which crushes their hard shells with its powerful chisel-ended teeth. If one of these fishes happens to devour an infested oyster the little parasites bore through the walls of its stomach and limbed themselves in its flesh, making it "measly." But the parasite has yet to reach the interior of a stingray before it can become adult, and the transfer is often effected, for the trigger fish is a favorite item in the bill of fare of the stranger ray.

But what has all this to do with pearls? Here is the answer. Many of the juvenile tape worms that infest the oyster die, and then become a source of irritation. To allay the tickling, layer after layer of pearly substance is formed around them, and in due course we have pearls. Long-infested oysters, of course, yield the finest. The economic bearing of these facts is clear. Stingrays and trigger fishes alike must be carefully "preserved," otherwise the tape worm will become extinct, and then no pearls, or, at least, none of the best sort. Some varieties are very possibly caused by parasites of other kinds. And small, inferior pearls may be formed round sand grains or minute, hard particles due to inflammatory disease. In ignorance of the facts related, it was proposed not long ago to wage war a "loutage" against the trigger fishes because they devour pearl oysters. If the step had been taken the government pocket would have been sorely depleted. So, after all, natural history has its uses for "practical men," and it is a pity that our government does not generously endow scientific research in this important subject.

The secret of the Orient pearl, as now revealed, will suggest some curious reflections to society beauties, for, as we have seen, some of their prized adornments are no other than the gorgeous sepulchres of prematurely deceased parasites, the tombs of baby tape worms. It is really enough to make Cleopatra turn in her grave, for she swallowed a dissolved pearl, dead tape worm and all. Antony would surely have shuddered had he known the facts as we now know them.

**Two Successes.**  
"Yes," said the first man, "I believe I may rightfully claim that I have been successful all my life. My rule has been to spend less than I earned and to save more than I spent."

"I've been successful, too," said the other man, "although I went about it differently. I have made it a rule to spend more than I made and to owe more than I spent."

"But I have had everything I wanted and still can get anything I want, because the people know I will pay."

"Same here. I got anything I want, because they are afraid I won't pay for what I have had."—Life.

## COULDN'T STOP HER.

"In heaven," quoted the man who was trying to hold the lid on, "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

"No, nor in the other place, either," replied the leap-year maid, firmly. "That's something we must attend to while here on earth. Will you—name the day, Mr. Nix, or shall I?"

Both at Bonn and at Breslau new colleges for girls has been opened, offering a six-year course after graduation from the high school.

**A TRANSLATION.**  
First Baby—What are your parents like?

Second Baby—Oh, they do pretty well for amateurs?

Both at Bonn and at Breslau new colleges for girls has been opened, offering a six-year course after graduation from the high school.

## WAS IT ARSON OR ASSAULT?

What Happened When Some Whiskers Went Up in Smoke.

He was not a large man, but he had the most elaborate and ambitious set of whiskers that had been seen on Broadway in many a day. They were thick and curly, and afforded a complete ambush behind which the proud proprietor remained in hiding, and thus absolutely concealed his real appearance and his hopes.

The wind was blowing almost a gale, and the man in front of him stopped to light a cigar. He drew from his pocket a small box containing matches of the sort that defy wind, rain hail and lightning once they are ignited. Nothing can extinguish them after they start to burn until the fire consumes all of the chemicals on the end of the tiny stick. And these chemicals are so liberally applied by the manufacturers that each match resembles a tiny gong-beater.

The man lighted his cigar and then threw the fuse away. As he threw it the other man, who of the luxuriant whiskers, passed. The flaming torch, resembling a young comet and prepared to deal destruction as it traveled, landed in the wilderness of hair behind which the other man was concealed.

The whiskers caught fire and began burning fiercely. Fanned by the strong wind, the conflagration spread rapidly in spite of the fact that the owner of the beard was pawing at his face with both hands, and was yelling as only a man can yell whose property is on fire when he knows that he is carrying no insurance.

The burning man danced and howled while the cause of the trouble looked on in amazement. The air was filled with the odor of singed hair, and a crowd collected under the belief that there was a mattress factory in the vicinity. A policeman ran up and snatched his way through the crowd.

In the meantime the fire had been extinguished. But the beautiful whiskers had become history, and only smoking ruins marked their former site.

The disfigured man, certain that he was out of danger of death, attacked the man who had thrown the match. The other prepared to defend himself, the policeman interfered, and both men were dragged to the police station.

There the matter was explained to the sergeant.

"I demand that you look that man up," said the man whose whiskers had been burned.

"On what charge?" asked the sergeant. "He has apparently set your face on fire. Do you want to accuse him of assault or arson?"

"I refuse to be arrested," said the other man. "Whiskers are not property. This guy will look better without hair on his face. His whiskers were foolish, anyway. He ought to give me a reward for burning 'em."

"No property?" yelled the other. "Why aren't they property? Didn't I grow 'em? Why, I have spent 18 years raising that beard and now this man sets me on fire and I look like a singed cat. I will sue him for damages."

"See here," said the sergeant, "you better compromise this affair. If you sue for damages you will have to appear in court with the ruins of a better get a smooth shave and let your wife see what you really look like."

"But who will pay for the shave?" asked the man as he rubbed his fingers over his face.

"I will," said the firebug. "I guess I am responsible to that extent. Anyway I will hire a barber to run a lawnmower over your face in order to satisfy my curiosity as to the personal appearance of a man who wants to hide himself from the view of his neighbors."

As they departed in search of a barber shop the sergeant remarked to himself:

"I don't think the man was guilty of either assault or arson. I think the proper charge was mayhem."—Collier's Weekly.

## Thibet and the British.

What trade exists between India and Tibet is carried on exclusively by natives of the latter country for no foreigner is allowed to cross the Tibetan frontier, and all passes are jealously guarded. The exports consist mainly of gold, silver, wool, salt, and yak's tails. Gold is only mined in one place, the limitation being due to the government policy directed by China, of restricting the output. The gold deposits are extremely rich; indeed, there is good ground for the belief, expressed by experts, that upon development the Tibetan mines would prove to be the richest in the world.

Wool is the staple product of the country. It is of very superior quality, and with encouragement the quantity produced might easily be trebled. India needs the wool of Tibet, and would like to give tea in exchange. The Tibetans consume large quantities of tea, and the principal tea districts of India are at their doors, but at present China supplies the demand with bricks composed of compressed dust and broken leaves.

The prospective opening up of Tibet to the commerce of the world (for such will in effect be the result of the British plan if carried to completion) should not be entirely without interest for Americans. It is not likely that the manufacturers of the United States will find a market in Tibet to any considerable extent, but the development of the vast mineral resources of the country may afford a profitable field for American capital and enterprise.—C. H. Forbes-Lindsay, in Harper's Weekly.

**The Pullman in Bavaria.**  
The Bavarian railway has just completed an American palace railway carriage from material imported for the purpose two years ago from the Pullman factories in Pullman, Ill. This is the first railway car of the kind to be introduced into Germany.

The chances of preventing the ultimate collapse of the Doge's palace in Venice have been greatly increased by removing from it the library 250,000 volumes.

The much maligned crow has found a champion in Germany, who declares that the good he does in destroying insect life more than compensates for his occasional depredations on the farmers' cereals. Nearly 500 crow stomachs were examined, of which ninety-four per cent. contained animal food, while less than twenty per cent. contained any plant food. The animal food consisted of portions of mammals, birds, fish and other vertebrates, together with snails, insects, etc.

## HIS WAY.

I would not like to say that he has never told the truth to me.

If not by actual intent, He has, at least, by accident.

His vivid imagination And somewhat loose in allegation.

His statements are sometimes fallacious And thus fall short of the veracious.

I would quite willingly believe He has no purpose to deceive;

And yet it is unfortunate That he will so exaggerate.

A thousand pities he will tarnish The truth with such a coat of varnish.

And make one feel a sort of bias In favor of old Ananias.

Still we, of course, who know his fault, Can always use a grain of salt.

And ninety-nine per cent. subtract From anything he states as fact.

You understand, of course, that I Don't mean to say the man would lie.

—Chicago News.

## Jingles and Jests.