

PIP IS A PARASITE.

Valuable Discovery of a Young Woman Student.

Resistive Chicken Disease is Found to be a Worm That Attacks the Trachea of the Fowl with Fatal Result.

Women who have gone into the chicken raising business and women who want to go into it, the latter forming decidedly the larger class, will be proud of one of their sex who has made a discovery which proves invaluable to poultry growers. Women have always had a liking for this industry, but have been discouraged from entering it on account of its many stumbling blocks on the road to success. One of the most impassable of these was the pipe, a disease which every year destroys fully half the young chickens. No matter how well they may be cared for or how thrifty the stock may appear, the pipe will appear among them and in less than a week thousands of them will be dead. Any remedy so far tried has proved unsuccessful because it has never been known what the exact nature of the disease is.

Miss Grace M. Norris, a student at the Syracuse medical college, recently made the discovery that the pipe is caused by a worm which lodges in the throat of the animal, choking it. The worm is about half an inch long as she found it and fastens itself to the mucous membrane of the chicken's trachea, where it grows until it has reached maturity, when it emerges from the mouth or nostrils of the fowl and falls to the ground, there depositing its eggs and larva. A group of these parasites lodged in the throat will soon fill up the air passage, when the chicken will open its mouth to pant and finally, unable to breathe, will die. It is from the egg deposit on the ground that disease spreads. The chickens scratching up the soil and these eggs in motion and they are hatched into the trachea, where they soon mature. So rapid is the spread of the disease that almost before it is discovered all the fowls in the yard will be afflicted. It is almost impossible to check and in nine cases out of ten will kill the fowl. The only preventive is to change the chickens from one yard to another, thus giving time for the purification of the soil. If well plowed the yard will soon become clean again.

In talking of her discovery Miss Norris recently said: "I have always loved animals and that is probably the reason why I investigated this disease. I spotted last spring during my vacation at a farm near Richfield Springs, where a great number of fowls were raised. I noticed that many of the young chickens and turkeys were suffering from a peculiar affection, which caused them to open their mouths and suddenly, when they were apparently perfectly strong, die. The farmers said they had pipe, but said from what I had observed they knew little of the disease and had been unsuccessful in their attempts to overcome it. For four months I did nothing. But study and experiment with the disease. As a result I found that the gaping was caused by the presence of a parasite in the trachea. It is a bright pink color and about half an inch long and twisted in shape. Near one end it has a long appendage, which gives it a forked appearance like the letter Y. This appendage fastens itself firmly to the mucous membrane of the trachea, forming in masses, which close the air passage and cause death.

The worm is pointed at one end, where the mouth is located. I have named the parasite the habita tracheana. There were an average of 100 parasites in every fowl I examined. The only effective treatment I have found is to keep the fowls on fresh soil, where there are no eggs to be hatched. Authorities have never agreed as to the cause of the disease and for this reason no effective remedy has been found. A hooded wire apparatus has been used, but without success. The wire is run down the trachea and in nearly every case the fowl dies as a result of the remedy. An old treatment was to cut off the end of the tongue, which naturally appears to be diseased, showing dry and swollen and covered with scales. Anyone can see how cruel and at the same time how harmful this remedy would be.

Miss Norris is a student of medicine in her second year at the Syracuse college and has distinguished herself by her work in biology and analytical chemistry.

Cuba to Be Reinspected. In response to the frequent appeals from navigators and captains of ports and a special request of Gen. Wood, the United States navy department will soon commence a complete geographical survey of the Cuban coast and of the waters for a radius of several miles. As an example of the utter unreliability of the Spanish chart, the Gulf of Pines is seven miles out of the course represented by it. There are other errors equally surprising and navigation near the coast is foolhardy without a competent pilot. It is thought that it will require three years to thoroughly reinspect the Cuban coast and waters.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Cabbage. Old Lover—I know I am old enough to be your grandfather, but my darling, I have an immense fortune to bestow upon you. Young Heart—I hesitate to answer. Do not keep me in suspense. I have heart disease, and under such excitement I am likely to die at any moment. Then I will be yours.—N. Y. World.

SIENKIEWICZ'S ADMIRERS.

A Splendid Testimonial of the Appreciation of the Famous Poland's Countrymen.

A lady who has just returned from her old home in Poland tells of the great pleasure all the people of that country are deriving from the success of their efforts to testify in a suitable manner their love and admiration for the genius and achievements of their famous compatriot, Henryk Sienkiewicz, the novelist. All Polanders know that Sienkiewicz lives in near nature, and delights to spend a considerable part of every year in the country. About a year ago the project was started of raising money by popular subscription throughout the country, to buy a fine country home for the great writer. The purpose was to have the place completely fitted for occupancy, even to the horses in the stables and the crops in the fields.

The idea struck the people most favorably, says the New York Sun, and many thousands of subscriptions, mostly for small sums, began to pour in. The newspapers promoted the enterprise by reporting all details of the progress of the subscription which grew steadily until a few months ago, when the committee decided that the funds received were sufficient for the purpose. The amount raised was 106,000 roubles or about \$50,000. This money was invested in a fine country seat, and after everything was in readiness the novelist was installed, amid great rejoicings, in his new country home.

The estate is situated in Kielce, one of the most southern governments of Poland, about 140 miles, a little west of south of Warsaw. It is in the very broken and somewhat mountainous region bordering upon Austrian Galicia. The name of the place is Oblęgorek (a besieged mountain), and the significance of the name shows that the district has associations connected with the past stormy history of Poland. When Sienkiewicz was placed in possession of the estate a few months ago, the country was at its loveliest. The property had everything requisite for the home of a wealthy country gentleman. The house is large and convenient, a beautiful park spreads away from it, and the orchard abounds with the finest fruit trees that grow in south Poland. The novelist found the best of cattle and sheep grazing in the pastures, 350 acres of plowed lands in wheat and other cereals, and the stables well stocked with horses, carriages and agricultural machinery.

Poland is today a comparatively poor country, but few lands have been richer in men of genius, and the breed has not died out yet. The beautiful estate which his fellow citizens have presented to Sienkiewicz is merely the latest illustration of the profound admiration and love which Polanders have for all their great men.

THE BEAUTY OF KINDNESS.

Cultivation of the Good Within Will Make One Fair Without.

There is so much beauty in the soul awaiting exit and so much beauty outside pressing for entrance, and the two so do invite each other, that if the face be but let free and open by the negative kind of a fairness will begin to overexpress it like a thin verdure. For beauty can be prevented altogether in no wise but by the preoccupation of ugliness, says a writer in Home Magazine. But when to the negative of kindness is added the positive that we consider how to make joys and benefits for persons around us, then springs beauty wonderfully in the face, and in the form, too, in posture, motion, in the outline that come of exercise. For power in the face is but life in the face, and had life gives power, being life though bad, but good life also gives the strength which is beauty also. Beauty of body is a moral fact. I mean it lies truly in the soul, which the face expresses or suppresses to us. I deny not that there may be a lovely soul in an unsmooth body; like a fine thought in a clumsy sentence; but not for long, because the soul never ceases working at the body by the continual exercise of the features and motions which express the goodness; and never all nor infinitely ugly, for under the sweet impulses combined motions of features and of members continually will occur which will shed grace and beauty. We are surprised by them as if some fair portions or shapes of the body had escaped us in shadow and suddenly a light is thrown on them. And sooth it is light—light that breaketh out from within.

Whole Wheat Bread. Scald one cupful of milk, add one cupful of water, one teaspoonful of sugar, and the same quantity of salt and butter. When this is lukewarm add one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one-half cupful of warm water and enough whole wheat flour to make a thin batter. Have this done by six o'clock and set in a warm place until ten. Add enough flour to make a soft dough, kneading well. Let it rise until morning, then stir down, pour into well greased pans and let it rise half an hour. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.—Home Magazine.

White Frost Cake. Cream together one pound of white sugar and one pound of butter. Add by degrees one pound of warmed and sifted flour, and the beaten whites of 18 eggs. Blanch one pound of almonds and beat them to a paste with a little rosewater, grate one cocoanut and cut into strips one pound of candied citron. Mix them well together and stir into the batter. Bake in a moderate oven till done. When cold cover sides and top thickly with cocoanut icing flavored with lemon juice, and sprinkle cocoanut over all.—Good Housekeeping.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Billionaire—"The Bible tells us to love our enemies." Cynicus—"We do. Most of us are our own worst enemies."—Philadelphia Record.

Considerate—"Is Miss Triller an obliging singer?" "Oh, yes; half the time she refuses to sing."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Mrs. Soothing—"I'm afraid you're going to buy a drink with that two pence I gave you." Bill Bumpers—"Ye didn't see me gauge, lady. Two pence don't buy me no drink. It jist gits me a taste."—Modern Society.

"Going to learn to play the cornet, eh? Do you think your wind is good enough?" "Oh! I can blow the instrument all right." "Yes; but I mean do you think you could outrun any pursuer?"—Philadelphia Press.

Judge—"Prisoner, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced?" Prisoner—"If it ain't asking too much, I'd like the pen with which you sign the decrees for a souvenir."—Magdalenorifer Blast-ter.

Childhood Recollections—"Admiral Son—"Were you the smartest boy in school, when you were as old as I am?" Reminiscence. Father—"If I wasn't it wasn't the teacher's fault. He did his best to make me smart."—Louisville Journal.

Mrs. Gadder—"I saw Mrs. Waterbury today, and she told me she was going to have mahogany parlor furniture transported." Mrs. Bum—"Aha! Goin' to have it threw out because she couldn't pay the installments, eh?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Point of View—"The Quirky (sympathetically)—"I'm very sorry to hear that your husband is at the point of death, Mrs. Hodge, but you must try and be cheerful as you know it will be all for the best." Mrs. Hodge—"Ah, yes, indeed, sir; it'll be a blessing when he's gone. I'll be able to live in comfort then, as I've 'em in four different clubs."—Judy.

DIVERTED FROM THE FARM.

English Energy Is Being Transferred from the Country to the Large Cities.

England in the seventeenth century was an agricultural country, and, broadly speaking, that condition continued throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century. As between the two centuries, however, there was one great difference, that while in the seventeenth century agriculture prospered very slowly in the eighteenth century it made immense strides. Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century agriculture was fashionable. Noblemen vied with one another in making agricultural experiments and in improving their estates. They thought more about introducing new root crops and new grasses or improving the breed of some sheep and cattle than they did about the amusements of the London season. At the same time large areas of land that had been previously cultivated on the semi-communistic and wasteful "open field" system were inclosed and divided into separate farms. The other important developments of the eighteenth century may most fairly be regarded as a preparation for the century to come, says the London Graphic.

Toward the latter end of the century several of the machines which were to revolutionize the textile industries of the world were invented in rapid succession, but it was only gradually that they were brought into use. Toward the end of the same century began the great improvement of highways and the construction of canals. But in the case of each of these brilliant developments the greater part of the profit accrued to the century that succeeded.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century England was still an agricultural country, still a frequent seller and a rare buyer of wheat—and she was only just beginning to utilize the marvelous inventions of Arkwright and Watt, the engineering triumphs of Telford and the immense stores of mineral wealth buried beneath her soil. It was not until the nineteenth century was well advanced that the first part of the century was the rent of the agricultural land. Today it would be one of the last.

Municipal Farms in Britain. A number of British cities lease for a long term or purchase outright hundreds of acres of bogland or other waste land for the use of the city. Glasgow has about 800 acres so employed. The city garbage is used for filling in and for fertilizing purposes. In the course of a few years many acres of land are redeemed and made to blossom as the rose. Hay, oats, potatoes and other grains and vegetables are raised and turned toward the support of the department. These municipal farms are located from two to fifteen miles from the city. The transfer of the refuse to the farms is made by railway.—N. Y. World.

Curious Clock Movement. One of the novelties of the horological section of the Paris exposition is a clock, represented to be a perpetual motion clock, but which is actually operated by means of small steel balls which were allowed to fall on a wheel. There are a large number of these balls, and the "winding up" is accomplished by simply taking the balls once a week from the bottom of the clock, where they have accumulated, and placing them in a receptacle at the top of the clock.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Hot Day in London. The hottest day experienced in London in recent years was August 18, 1898, when the thermometer reached 94 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.—N. Y. Journal.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

In Which a Brave Knight Figures as the Man with the Ho.

The Knight, on his prancing steed, rode up to the castle gate, and striking his halberd upon his brazen shield the clanging sound rang out upon the morning air and echoed through the moated grange, says the Washington Star.

The ever watchful Senechal upon the outer wall heard the summons of the visiting Knight and responded. "Ho, there," called the Knight in stentorian tones, "Ho."

"What wouldst, Sir Knight?" inquired the Senechal, removing his helmet.

"Let fall the portcullis," said the Knight. "I would enter the castle and see the fair lady who is its mistress."

"Wait but a little," replied the Senechal, "and I will come again."

The Knight bowed, and the Senechal, descending into the castle, went into the grand hall where the fair lady sat upon a raised dais beneath a canopy of crimson and gold and purple.

The Senechal, bowing thrice, approached the hem of the fair lady's garment.

"What means your presence here, varlet?" inquired the lady.

"A Knight is at the gate of the castle, fair lady," said the Senechal.

"What would he?"

"To see the mistress of the castle," "Is it the Knight of Campsey?"

"No, fair lady."

"Then it must be the Knight of Aberdeen," she said, half to herself, and blushing softly.

"No, fair lady, it is not," said the Senechal.

"Not he, varlet?" she exclaimed, angrily. "Then who is it?"

"I know not, fair lady," answered the trembling Senechal; "but, judging from his language, I should say it was the Man with the Ho."

A LUNCHEON HINT.

An Easily Prepared Dish That Will Appeal to the Taste of All.

Nothing is more delicious for luncheons and "high teas" than a properly baked ham, says a writer in What to Eat. Take a ham weighing from seven to nine pounds, scrape and scrub the outside and rinse well, place it in a greased water kettle and cover it with cold water. Put the kettle over the fire, and when the water reaches the boiling point place it over the cooler part of the fire where the ham will just simmer for two hours. Then take it from the fire and let the meat remain in the kettle until the liquid is just lukewarm. Take out the ham and peel off the skin. Place the meat in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven over two hours, using a cupful of wine, hard cider, or vinegar sweetened with brown sugar, to baste it with, pour on two tablespoonfuls at a time until the amount is used, then baste frequently with the drippings from the pan. When the ham is baked, before it is removed from the oven, take a cup of finely rolled stale bread crumbs and two teaspoonfuls of brown sugar and one level teaspoonful of dry mustard, and moisten with a little cider or wine to make a paste; spread this over the ham and return it to the oven long enough to have it nice and brown. A sauce to serve with baked ham is made thus: Put into a saucepan over the fire a heaping teaspoonful of butter and an equal amount of flour; stir them together until they are browned, then gradually add a cup of highly seasoned stock and cook ten minutes; add one cup of wine or cider, stir until it is hot, then strain and serve.

FEMINE FINERY.

Little Bits of Information as to the Proper Things to Wear This Season.

This season's skirts are much like those worn in the summer—narrow about the hips and astonishingly full at the bottom, says a fashion authority. Canvas has been worn to suit the needs of cold weather, unlikely as it seems.

Hats and toques are alike flat, somewhat broad and in general tone inclined to be picturesque. Entire waists of chiffon, accordion-plaited and drawn at the waist with a velvet girdle, are applied with lace in variously tasteful designs.

White waists will be much worn, not only for evening, but with tailor gowns. A thick-creped cream silk is being much used for odd waists just now for wearing with a coat.

The rough, shaggy felt is one of the most fashionable items in millinery, and some pretty models are made of this in cream, puce, or black, with huge bows in front mingled with roses.

Sleep and Ventilation. Many people, even those accustomed to being out of doors all day, think it necessary when night comes to shut every window. This is a very erroneous idea. During the long hours of the night, when all doors are necessarily closed, surely fresh air is needed through the window. Some people say that they sleep more soundly if the window is shut. There is no doubt that their sleep is heavier, but at the same time it is not so refreshing as if they slept in purer air. So much carbonic acid gas being evolved from the lungs acts like a narcotic in a closed room. We all know how sleepy and heavy we feel in a crowded church, theater or concert room. Open the window at the top. Once the habit is acquired, it will certainly be continued. Accustomed to sleeping in a fresh room, one feels suffocated if the window is closed.—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"There is one sure way of telling a bad egg." "Well, if you are determined to tell it, break it gently."—St. Louis Republic.

Mrs. Dresser—"Do you think this dress is long enough behind, Jack?" Mr. Dresser—"Plenty! Any microbe that can escape that isn't worth catching."—London Modern Society.

"Do you believe a person's fortune can be told by cards?" "Well, I can tell that anybody must be poor if their cards are printed instead of engraved."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mystified—"Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?" "Yes, dear." "And last year it was on Sunday?" "Yes, dear." "Did it come on Saturday year before last?" "Yes, dear!" "Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?"—The King.

A mother was showing her dear little Joe a picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. "Ma," he said, suddenly, "oh, ma, just look at that little lion right behind there; he won't get any."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A group of friends dining at the home of Sir John Pove-Hennessy were gossiping about a certain member of parliament, who had two objectionable curiosities—he was not given to the use of soap and water, and he was always borrowing money. "Yes, poor fellow," remarked Hennessy, "he sponges everybody except himself."—Wave.

Acute Demonstration. "Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Perkins, "you know you were saying the other day that few people realize how profitably time could be spent with one's books?" "Yes," "Well, it's perfectly true. I spent an hour in your library last week, and I got together enough tattered old volumes to buy me a new blouse. The bookseller gave me as much as 50 pieces for some of them."—Modern Society.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

How the Unpronounceable Patronymics of Foreigners Are Sometimes Changed.

Experienced workers in our social settlements are practically unanimous in declaring that in devoting themselves to the service of the poor they receive more than they give—in wider comprehension of life, in deepened sympathies, in the moving daily example of obscure heroic lives and of the marvelous generosity of the very poor to each other. Nevertheless, the life has its difficulties and drawbacks. Of some of her lesser troubles a settlement worker recently made humorous complaint, says Youth's Companion.

One of them was the names. She had in her district many foreigners, chiefly Poles and Russians, and to keep track of them all was, she mourned, as troublesome as counting a hundred active chickens in a barnyard. It was not easy even to learn the names by ear. The most of them were long, and filled with vowels, 's' and 'ch's' in distractingly catarrhal combination.

Then, just as they were mastered, whole families would either translate their surnames, or dropping them altogether, select any American name that took their fancy. Often while they were about it they changed their Christian names at the same time.

Returning after an absence, she once wished to find her little friend, Eudoxia Slombodinsky. She was informed that the family had moved to Blank street, near the avenue, but on going there and making inquiries of the neighbors she was told that no such name was known to them. She mentioned that the people she sought were newcomers; but no, there were no newcomers there, except, indeed, the Joneses, next the corner.

She went away discouraged; but meeting the child shortly afterward by accident she learned that the whole Slombodinsky family had suddenly transformed themselves into Joneses, and that her protégée, Eudoxia, was now plain Maggie Jones.

Their ears being not yet trained to the niceties of our language, such aspirating foreigners often make odd changes of name. Thus a stately Stanislava may reduce herself to Jane, and a melodious Natalia to Minnie; while one poly-syllabic dame proudly christened herself Betsy Budge.

Accident also contributes to change. Some families accept a mispronunciation or corruption in place of their true name. One little girl always known to the settlement as Annie Valenka was addressed in the presence of a worker as Annie Balenka.

"Which is your real name, Annie?" she was asked.

"Oh," was the reply, "our real name was Balenka; but the man who made the doorknobs got it wrong, and he was going to make father pay 50 cents if it was changed, so he wouldn't change it, and we're Valenka now."

Industry of Ants. In the matter of industry, ants can compare, and not unfavorably, with those of the proverbial sort. Indeed, there seems no end to their ability, for in South America some of these curious little creatures were lately discovered to have burrowed a tunnel no less than three miles long. In India there is a red species so small that a dozen of them have to band together in order to carry a grain of wheat. In spite of this, however, they will take grains a thousand yards to their nests.

Another interesting instance of an ant's industry was the result of a recent experiment. An ant was placed in a saucer with some larvae. So anxious was the little creature to carry them to the nest that it worked without pause from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night, and as the result no fewer than 150 of the larvae were so conveyed.—London Express.

TRULY AUTOMOBILE.

Tons of Ice Transported Over a Hill with No Power But Its Own Weight.

At the houses of a Maine ice company at West Brookville, Me., the blocks of ice are taken from Walker's Pond, pulled up a steep hill and carried a half mile to the edge of Eggemoggin Reach, a branch of Penobscot bay, and the whole work is performed without using any power except gravitation, says the Boston Daily Globe.

The large town of Brookville just escaped being an island. Walker's Pond lies in the southwest corner of the town, nothing but a horseback a half a mile wide parting it from salt water. Bagaduce river flows from the east end of the pond, going east, then north, and finally sweeping to the west and southward, when it empties into Penobscot bay, between Castine and Brookville, having gone more than 20 miles to end within less than a mile from its source. Walker's pond, from which the company gets its ice, is about 300 feet higher than the waters of the bay just over the hill. The icehouses are on a wharf facing the ocean. The company has an endless chain of water running from the pond over a slight hill down to the icehouses, and when the ice is ready to home the heavy belt to transport the cakes is put in motion by loading its ocean end with stones until the wheels turn with the added weight, when the chain moves on, bringing up its load of ice.

As the tops of the houses are some 250 feet lower than the pond, and the ocean side of the run is twice as long as the pond side, as soon as the endless belt is loaded with ice on both sides the downhill side has power enough to pull all the ice out of the pond without stopping, and thousands of tons of latent energy is left over.

This surplus power is controlled by two men, who stand on top of the hill and apply powerful brakes until the proper speed is secured, after which the machinery runs itself.

If some one with the malicious turn of mind should bore through the base of the hill with an artesian drill and strike the bottom of the pond the water pressure would soon force a large hole through the gravel and Walker's pond, which is three miles long by one-half mile wide, would be wiped from the map of Maine.

The historically famous Bagaduce river, the outlet of the pond and the dividing line between Brookville, on the interior, and Sedgwick, Penobscot and Castine, on the outside, would also cease to exist.

No long as Walker's pond yields excellent perch, pickerel and alewives, in addition to ice that can be shipped the year round, and so long as the Bagaduce furnishes tons of smelts and thousands of muskrat pelts every year, this interesting but melancholy experiment will not be tried.

SOME BIRD ACQUAINTANCES.

New Friendship Was Established with a Bluejay and a Partridge.

I have found that one of the surest ways to win the affection and confidence of birds is to put out near my door bits of bread and string and strips of old lace, with which they can build their nests, and then, watching them carry these away, evince great interest in the work, writes Jennie E. T. Howe, in Youth's Companion.

I tried this with a wild bluejay, and after she had got her nest built I fixed near by a box in which I placed food for her.

I attached a string to the limb of the tree on which she nested; thus I could pull the limb down and put food in the box. She became very much attached, not only to me, but to my entire family, and seemed proud and pleased to have us draw down the limb and look at her and talk to her. She used to hop off her nest and show us her eggs, and after they were hatched, I never knew her to manifest the least fear.

I also won the confidence of a quail in a rather curious way. The lane in which she had her nest was grass-grown and, was mowed each year. Shortly before mowing time, I had the turf on which the quail had her beautiful nest of eggs dug about with a spade, and then removed a few feet out of the path of the mowers. The quail, notwithstanding its natural timidity, never objected in the least to this—after her first removal—but seemed thoroughly to understand that the act was done in kindness. Each year, when I removed her, she showed more than a speaking acquaintance with me, my thoughtful act having apparently won her entire love. The strange thing was that she did not learn to build her nest in a safe place, but had to be moved each year.

Meaning of Canard. The word canard does not only mean the water fowl beloved by gourmets; it also signifies a little lump of sugar dipped in brandy and often taken by the fair sex with their after-dinner coffee. Journalistically it implies a bit of pseudo news, which owes more to the imagination than to the sense of veracity of the author. The accounts of the distortion of the original sense of the word into its journalistic meanings are many. One thing is, however, certain. Three centuries and three-quarters ago the news criers of Flanders shouted in the streets: "The canard of the battle of Pavia." Where Franois I, at the head of his Frenchmen were defeated by the Connetable de Bourbon.—N. Y. Times.

Encouraging. Mr. Prancer—"I'm sorry I'm such an awkward dancer, Miss Perkins." Miss Perkins—"Oh, you're doing fairly well, Mr. Prancer. I've seen you jerk around lots worse than this with other girls."—Indianapolis Journal.