

LEAVE THEIR FARMS

City Jobs and Pleasures Lure Farmers from Country.

Idle Land in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Can Be Made Productive if Modern Methods Are Carefully Followed.

Washington—Of interest to the farmers of northern Pennsylvania will be a report on soil conditions in that section which has just been issued by the department of agriculture.

The district covered by this report comprises the section through which for 25 years there has been a steady decrease in the farm population and a marked decrease in the value of farm lands and improvements.

It contrasts sharply the deserted, abandoned farms of each community with other farms, frequently within sight, which are well tilled, well cared for and are furnishing their owners not only good rate of interest on the capital invested, but also a good living and good wages for the time expended in the cultivation of the land.

The report analyzes the agricultural conditions of the section and makes suggestions from the experience of practical, successful farmers in meeting the conditions which have been thrust upon the agricultural hill country of western New York, northern Pennsylvania and northeastern Ohio.

The soils of the Volusia series are not "worn out" in any proper sense of the word, but so far as the mineral matter of the soil is concerned, are abundantly supplied with the plant food elements for the production of good crops.

The proper management and tillage of these soils require areas of the more clayey soil types, plowing to depths varying with the character of crop to be planted and the existence or non-existence of hard pan, plowing only when both surface soil and subsoil are sufficiently dry to prevent puddling.

The soils of the Volusia series are well suited to dairying, stock raising and sheep raising, which should be undertaken both for the sake of profit and for the sake of the soil.

The so-called "clover sickness" through the region occupied by the Volusia soils is a soil problem and not a plant problem. To secure good stands of red clover on the soils of this series thorough drainage, good mechanical preparation of the land, the application of stable manure and the application of lime at the rate of about 2,000 pounds to the acre are required.

While corn cannot be grown for grain production at the highest elevations, silage corn can be produced at all elevations on all types of the series. Where corn for grain cannot be produced to advantage, Canada field peas and oats can be sown as a substitute.

Apple orcharding on a commercial scale is practicable on well drained areas of the Volusia loam and Volusia stony loam and over a considerable portion of the Volusia silt loam in situations with favorable climatic conditions.

Farmers Like School. Austin, Tex.—Farmers of Texas in all sections are still clamoring for farmers' institutes, and Commissioner of Agriculture Kone and his corps of assistants are unable to keep up with the demand for the organization of these institutes.

HARDWARE IN HIS STOMACH

Autopsy on Philadelphia Man Reveals Pins, Wire Nails, Glass, Opener and Other Lumps.

Philadelphia—An autopsy performed on a patient who died at the Philadelphia hospital after suffering for a long time with a malady the physicians could not define disclosed one of the most remarkable cases on record.

In his stomach was found a collection of hardware that ranged from a pin to a can opener. The case was the subject of a report made to the Pathological Society of Philadelphia at its meeting in the College of Physicians hall.

According to their report, the man with the aching stomach was an electrician, and was committed to their care because of erratic behavior. While in the insane ward he suffered from a distended abdomen, and he was taken to the surgical ward, where an operation was performed.

At the autopsy these articles were found in the stomach and intestines. One large safety pin, one hairpin, drinking needle, small pencil stub, ten wire nails, six small saw pins, one can opener, one trunk key, pins of an iron chain, some small wire pins and a collection of small pebbles and buttons.

DYE LEATHER CLEAR THROUGH

Antelope Hide Best for Manufacturing It, But Animals Are Said to Be Growing Scarce.

London—Among the novelties of the shoe and leather fair at the Agricultural hall are several new types of leather.

A Leicester firm has patented a method of dyeing leather right through. The result is a supple, velvet-like material which is the same color and texture on both sides. The colors, which range through every shade from white to black, are guaranteed neither to fade nor wash out.

"France and Germany are sending us orders which we cannot cope with," said a member of the firm "which makes the leather, and we are scouring the world for antelope skins. The inventor of the process is an Englishman who has been in our employ for many years, and a new two-acre factory is solely engaged in turning out the material."

Another firm is exhibiting a golden leather in which the kid is covered with pure gold leaf. By a process known only to this firm leather can be dyed in variegated colors, resembling the pattern of brocade stuffs.

A new white kid for athletic shoes which can be washed with warm water and soap also makes its first appearance at the exhibition this year.

WAKES DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Tarantula Escapes from Mail and Throws Clerks into Frenzy.

Washington—The dead letter office department belled its name when a tarantula threw the clerks into a frenzy that for a moment threatened to become a stampede.

The trouble started when J. E. Davis tore the cover from a mysterious looking package addressed to "Dott Huggero Verly, via Leon V. Firenze, Florence, Italy." He found a box pierced with small holes. Placing it to his ear he shook it in an effort to ascertain whether or not it contained an infernal machine. The lid came off.

"Jumping Jehosephat!" exclaimed Davis, when he found a gigantic tarantula roosting on his shoulder. He knocked it to the floor, where it promptly began a masterly retreat. Women clerks climbed on desks and fell over one another to escape the fuzzy peril. Never, said a veteran employe of the dead letter office, were so many silk stockings seen in the office before.

After a brief but determined search the tarantula was discovered in a pile of mail sacks, where it was killed.

ATE SNAKES IN DESERT.

Los Angeles, Cal.—According to a letter received in this city from Lee Nev., C. A. Balha, former Los Angeles druggist, has been rescued from death on the Nevada desert after wandering five days demented and subsisting on the flesh of snakes and lizards and water obtained from the cactus plant.

Balha left Leeland, Nev., on the trail to the Lee district. He was accompanied by Jack Lampalade. They drank out of water and Balha, being unable to go further, Lampalade pushed ahead and reached Lee.

He returned with a searching party and Balha was found after several days' search.

FISH WITH TWO MOUTHS.

Brazil, Ind.—Rev. T. T. Smith, a minister from Lexington, Ky., while visiting friends here, caught a sunfish that had two mouths.

The fish was caught in Eel river, near Reelsville, east of here. It was normal in every manner except that it had a second mouth, perfectly formed, immediately below its regular mouth.

PRETTIEST FOOT AND ANKLE

New Means of Diversion Found for the Frivolous in London's Smart Society.

Dainty foot and ankle competitions are likely to become a feature in smart society entertainments, a London letter says. The pink-toe soirees of a few years ago, which enterprising American dames promoted, bear some sort of relation to this novelty.

Piquant amusement is always being sought after by some of the more advanced society women. The new idea was first introduced to one of them at a recent country fair held in aid of the funds of the Actors' association, when quite the most attractive event among actresses was the competition for the prettiest foot and ankle.

Hostesses on the lookout for novel frivolities saw their chance. Pillow fights in country houses have become taboo—not because of the grumbling of the moralists, but because such midnight gambols are no longer a novelty. In more than one quarter it was at once seen that foot and ankle competitions would be just the thing to keep the men awake after a day's hunt.

Wires and cables began to find their way into the offices of the best British and Parisian dealers, who provide equipment for such a game. Some of the most beautiful shoes and hosiery imaginable went to the north of England for use at two or three of the smartest house parties.

Across the drawing room a curtain was hung to within a few inches of the floor, and behind it sat some of the prettiest figures in Anglo-American society. Bankers, lords, real-estate magnates, officers of the British navy, and junior representatives of the embassies set themselves to the distracting task—for a man—of deciding upon the prettiest foot and ankle to be seen.

DISTINCTION OF RED HAIR

Wearer of Flaming Mane Sure to Be a Person Out of the Ordinary.

Red hair is no disgrace—no, indeed, it's a distinction. Anybody can have black hair, and some people manage to get along with a little sprinkling of flaxen mane. But it takes a boy or girl out of the ordinary to wear a deep red shade and live up to it. There is not a great variety of shades in red hair. It does not run from pink to crimson, and contains no greens nor mauves. Red is red, unless the girl has a lot of money, and then of course, it is Auburn.

But red hair has come into its own. Henner has made it famous in his pictures. Titian appreciated it hundreds of years ago, and to-day the world takes notice of the red-headed people, from Mrs. Leslie Carter to the new sultan of Turkey. Judge Kyle of Kansas City, dismissed a red-headed prisoner, telling him: "Your red hair is your salvation." In three years he has had only six red-headed men before him, and not one was found guilty.

Red hair usually goes with a bright mind and a vivacious temperament. They used to tell us that it also indicated a fiery temper, but we leave that for the men with red-headed wives to determine. Wasn't Helen of Troy red-headed?

You can trust red-headed persons—you can trust them to do as they please. They are rather warm to have around in the summer, and there are those who do not appreciate their peculiar style of beauty. But the red-headed girl is a winner—and the man who gets one will not be lonesome. He will soon find out whether he has drawn a Titian haired angel or a combination of a cyclone and a sunset.

STARVATION OF DISARMAMENT.

Since 1907 the price of bread has advanced 500 per cent. in Austria. So startling has been the increase in the cost of living in that country that the government may take steps to check the advance in prices. If Austria could send a good part of her great standing army out to till the fields it would help some, but the government, probably, will take no such radical step as that, as with an unprotected border they might not have any fields to till. The deplorable economic conditions in that country, however, are undoubtedly due in large part to militarism. Disarmament does not seem near, but threatened starvation is a mighty argument for its accomplishment.

AN OLD TITLE.

Two young men who had been chums at college went abroad together. One conscientiously wanted to visit every spot mentioned in the guide books; the other was equally conscientious about having an hilarious time. This naturally led to disagreements. In the course of one of these, the lover of pleasure said, tauntingly: "Perhaps you are doing these places so thoroughly because you are going to write a book about your trip."

"I should," replied the other, promptly, "if Robert Louis Stevenson hadn't pre-empted the title I wanted to use."

"What's that?" "Travels with a Donkey."

NO DIFFERENCE.

"Which women have the worst tempers, blondes or brunettes?" "Rinks—My wife has been both, and I could not see any difference."

CHILDISH SIDE OF CRIMINALS

Theories of Dr. Lombroso Illustrated by the Case of His Strangest Son.

"I visited the famous Dr. Lombroso in Italy," said a magazine editor of New York, "in order to secure from him a series of articles about criminals." Dr. Lombroso showed me through the Turin jail.

"The criminals in the jail he compared to children. They were not insane, but they had a childish way of gratifying their own desires without regard to others' sufferings."

"He illustrated this childish selfishness with a case in point. He said he had at one time a guest with a deformed foot. His little son was about seven, and he debated whether or no he should caution the lad against mentioning his deformity to the guest, deciding finally that the child was old enough to know better than advert to a subject so delicate."

"Well, it seemed that he was right. The guest stayed two days, and the little boy was silent as the grave, apparently, about his affection. Dr. Lombroso congratulated himself that he had judged his offspring's intelligence so well.

"The little boy, however, uttered a cry of rage when he came down to breakfast one morning and found the lame guest gone."

"Gone!" he shouted. "He had no right to sneak off like that. He'd promised to show me his foot."

WEDDING RINGS IN HISTORY.

Many Superstitions Connected with This Emblem of Marriage Ceremony.

The west coast of Ireland has been singled out as the place of the wedding ring. In no other part of the British Isles is this ceremonial ring so highly esteemed. The Irish folk prize it as an heirloom and pass it on from one generation to another, the oldest daughter receiving it on the death of her mother. Some of the quaintest marriage rings of Elizabethan days have descended to the fisher folk of Ireland, who know their value and will not part with them on any condition.

In the sixteenth century a "poesie" was inscribed on both the betrothal and wedding rings, but the pretty custom has been allowed to drop. The greatest elaboration is seen on the Jewish ceremonial ring. It is frequently large, and in many countries the Jewish bridegroom is compelled to provide the ring out of his own personal money, and to put into it a stipulated value.

In some remote parts of England wounds stroked persistently with the ring finger, or even the ring itself, are supposed to heal quickly. This is an early Roman superstition. Both the Romans and Greeks called the fourth finger on the left hand the healing finger. They used to stir medicinal potions with it in preference to using a spoon, because it was believed that anything of a poisonous nature in the medicine would at once convey a warning to the heart.

The finger became sacred in those early times, and the ring, which was an emblem of eternity, was placed on it to signify the continuance of love.

THE BATHLESS NATIVES.

I believe the Mexican Indians never bathe at all. In fact, there is a belief among them that to bathe is to court sickness and death. There was a sick boy in a hut where a friend of mine stopped on day, and my friend suggested to the father that a bath might cure him. The father held up his hands in horror.

"A bath? That would kill him!" he exclaimed. "I never bathed in my life, and my children never bathed and never will."

Down in the low countries they do bathe once a year. At midnight on the 29th of June—St. Peter's and St. Paul's day—the two good saints calm the ocean and make the waters harmless, and those within reach of the sea, who have sufficient faith in the protecting powers of the saints, gather there on that day and recklessly wash their bodies. At points removed from the coast the 24th of June is the annual bathing day. This is St. John's day, and that good saint has a concession to mollify the rigors of the rivers for the benefit of the would-be clean ones.—Dillon Wallace, in Outlook.

FIRST FLEET OF CANAL BARGES.

Yesterday there arrived at this port the first fleet of canal barges designed for operation on the barge canal. It consisted of a steam-power boat and five barges. The fleet carried a cargo of 83,000 bushels of oats. On its passage from Buffalo this fleet passed no less than 96 horse-power boats.

It is an event full of significance. It is a demonstration of the possibilities of the barge canal. It has been shown that the trip of a steam-propelled fleet can be made in less than four days from Buffalo. The carrying capacity of 30,000,000 tons of the barge canal as against 7,000,000 tons of the old Erie canal is shown. The canal enters again as a regulator of freight rates and as a director of the stream of field products of the west to the port of New York as a point of shipment.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ON ANDEAN MOUNTAIN ROADS

Journey That Would Hardly Be Enjoyable for People with Nervous Trouble.

In going over one of the mountain roads on the way to the crest of the Andes the traveler has need of steady nerves. A passage in "The Andean Land," by C. S. Osborn, describes the journey.

The road is narrow and rocky and rutty and steep, with no walls to speak of except tumbledown ones that increase the danger by their false suggestion of safety, and in one place the wagon would fall 2,000 feet if it should roll off the edge of the mountain.

The road has no graceful sweeps or round, easy curves as it takes its way up the Titanic heights, but rather it zigzags like the teeth of a saw, ascending in short stretches and doubling back at sharply acute angles, leaving very little room for a team and wagon to turn in when driven slowly and carefully and two abreast.

Now imagine, if you can, the horses driven madly in a gallop, no trot; that would be slow; but in quick, short, jerky jumps, such as the mustang-like animals would make under the saddle when pressed.

The short, high coach follows the cavorting horses, jerking, careening and springing like a small boat sailing into a wildly choppy sea. You perceive that the wheels are strong, and the springs, too, and the whole rig evidently intended for chariot racing.

The driver groans, yells, whistles shrilly, cracks his thick rawhide whip, lashes his horses and does everything he knows that will inspire fear and induce speed. All this you become accustomed to in a measure on your dash up the narrow road, dug into and blown out of the giant ribs of the towering mountains.

GOT RID OF LITTLE FIDO

Simple Explanation That Clears Up Mystery of Disappearance of Pet.

When one of the families in a snug little apartment building in the East end recently installed in their flat a half-grown pup, there was no sign of disapproval on the part of the other tenants. The dwellers on the three floors are all good friends, and no such trifles as a bit of barking in the silent watches of the night or a casual nip on the leg while passing through the corridor could be permitted to interfere with the prevailing cordiality. So the puppy was fondled and patted with apparent impartiality, and its owners were proud of the possession of such a popular favorite.

It is the custom on pleasant evenings for the occupants of the three floors to congregate on the front veranda in sociable discourse, while Fido would take his airing by frolicking about the yard. On a recent evening the company was startled by a sudden inquiry for Fido. Could it be possible the back gate had been left open? Mr. Dash, who occupies the top floor, would be delighted to go to search of the dear little fellow. Out through the gloom of the back yard he hastened. Yes, the gate had been left open. Far up the alley he could discern the snowy outlines of dear little Fido. Carefully selecting a good-sized brickbat, Mr. Dash took deliberate aim, and the next minute Fido was scurrying madly up the alley amid a perfect fusillade of cobblestones. When he had vanished around a distant corner, Mr. Dash locked the gate and returned to the veranda.

"No," he declared truthfully, "he is not back there and the gate is closed." And the mystery remains insoluble as on the night of Fido's strange disappearance.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

THE MAN OF LEISURE.

Sage counsel this, from Richard Olney, in speaking about the proper kind of man for mayor of Boston: "But my experience, gentlemen, is that when you find a man of leisure, a real man of leisure, as a rule you will find a man who is good for nothing out of leisure. It is the hard-worked man, the man already seemingly full of an absorbing occupation, who always manages to assume an additional load and carry it successfully. It is that sort of man who will make the best mayor of Boston. His inducements will be not the political rewards, but the ambition and hope of successfully committing himself to a great work."

True, every word! If you want a thing well done, never seek the man who has time hanging heavy on his hands, but seek rather the man who seems to be too busy to take on anything more. That is almost the invariable experience.—Lowell Courier-Citizen.

GERMAN WOMEN IN AFRICA.

The kindergarten has found its way to southwest Africa, and is in itself the sign of higher culture that is working its way into the remotest parts of the world. The German Colonial society has affiliated with it the German Colonial Woman's union, and this organization is sending out women to South Africa in the present capacity of governesses, seamstresses and so on, but with the hope that ultimately they will become home-makers. The German society has announced that it will pay the way of women seeking homes in the colonies, knowing that only by way of the home as the German supremacy in that part of the world assured.

WOMAN EASILY THE VICTOR

Amusing Comedy in a London Court—Prisoner More Than Met His Match.

There was a rather amusing episode at London sessions recently. In the dock stood a short, young man, who skilfully questioned the witnesses against him. Eventually a little woman, looking very meek, but shaking with excitement, entered the box. In quiet tones she answered the queries of counsel, but when the prisoner's turn came the witness became increasingly emphatic in her responses, and louder and louder grew her answers, until she was positively shouting.

The prisoner turned his voice to accord with hers, and both were engaged in trying to drown each other's noisy sentences. Suddenly the man ceased, exclaimed "Phew!" stuck his hands deep into his pockets, and promanaged with long, stilted strides around the dock.

"Phew!" he said, coming to a dead stop and glancing at the woman whose vehemence and volubility had gained for her a victory. "Phew! A woman can always speak longer than a man. Why, you're as bad as the suffragettes—and worse." With a hopeless shrug of the shoulders he lapsed into silence, while the court laughed loudly.—London Express.

COULDN'T HELP BUT BELIEVE

Suburbanite Had Ample Evidence of Truth Contained in the Occult.

"Do I believe in the occult? Sure, I do," said the suburbanite as he settled down into his seat in the smoking car and filled his pipe. "I was just as great a skeptic as you are until a week ago. I was firmly convinced that table manipulation was a fake, that mind reading was pure guesswork, and that all alleged psychic phenomena could be attributed to natural causes. But now I'm willing to accept the entire propaganda. Nothing is too obscure for me to accept on blind faith. I've experienced a complete change of heart as they used to say in the old Methodist camp meetings."

"You see it was this way. My friend Higgins, who is really a bug on the occult, induced me to go to a seance with him the other afternoon, and prevailed upon me to have a sitting. In spite of my non-belief he said I was a good subject, and I guess I was. The lady who was delivering the soul fluid told me I should have trouble with a stout dark woman. All the way out on the train that evening the idea haunted me. I couldn't get it out of my head.

"And, say, she was right. What happened? Why, when I got home, I found myself up against the proposition of firing the colored cook. Sure, I believe in the occult. oGt a light!"

ACTOR'S HARD TASK.

"About the hardest thing I ever did," said little James E. Rosen, the "Shookums" of the Newywoods playing at the Lyceum, "was to face the little tots at the Jewish orphan asylum when I set out to entertain them. Cared-for and sheltered as they are, their condition so appealed to me that I don't know how I ever got through without breaking down."

Rosen had gone out to the asylum according to promise, the other afternoon in the midst of a storm, and the children went wild over him. Afterward he spent an hour looking the place over and chumming with the little ones which in his case wasn't so difficult, on account of his own sex, or the lack of it.

"I asked one little girl, a newcomer, how she liked the institution," he said, "and her answer was both funny and pathetic. 'We gets meals for breakfast,' she said. 'Sounds funny, doesn't it? Well, think it over and see if you can't appreciate the little girl's gratitude for a new view of life. It just about got me going, I can tell you.'—Cleveland Leader.

DECAYED FAMILIES.

We have known Morlies, who were entirely ignorant of the race from which they came. Sometimes it is far otherwise. The family of Conyers is a remarkable example. It ended in the last baronet, Sir Thomas, who died in 1810 without male issue. He would have passed away in the parish workhouse of Chester street had not Robert Curtees of Mainsforth, the historian of the County Palatine of Durham, and other generous neighbors, intervened. To the last he showed that he was well aware of the dignity of the house he represented, and for some time declined to receive assistance from his friends. Another remarkable case is that of Grenville. This family was noteworthy in the wars of the Caroline period, yet as time passed sank so low that two of the members were at one time receiving parish relief, and one of them, evidently by some mistake which it is difficult to account for, was twice pricked for high sheriff at the very time he was a pauper.—Athenaeum.

BRITAIN'S UPPER HOUSE.

Britain's house of lords has now and has had in times past many nicknames. Some modern Englishmen call it the "chamber of horrors" and the "lethal chamber." When William Pitt "fell upstairs," as Lord Chesterfield put it, and became earl of Chatham, Chesterfield spoke of it as that "hospital of incurables." Chatham himself used to call it "the tapestry," in allusion to its usual splendid lifelessness.