

MUST'N'T MISS VISITING TOM.

Cheerful Prospect Ahead for Traveler, No Matter Which Course He Elected to Follow.

A New Englander, traveling on foot through the southern mountains, studying the people, asked a man whom he met to direct him to a certain cabin at which he had been advised to stay overnight.

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler. "Well, it's like this," and the man looked at the stranger in a calm, impersonal way.

"If he don't, and you get to talking with him, and say anything he don't just like, he throw you down and tromp on you. But if you're too fearful in your talk, on the other hand, he's liable to take you for a spy and use his gun fust and listen to explanations afterward.

"But it's no use trying to get by without stopping," concluded the man, with evident relish of the prospect he was opening up to the stranger.

"If you want to come out of the mountain whole, don't go past Tom's cabin without stopping, whatever you do!"—Youth's Companion.

WOMAN HAS SPIDER FOR PET.

Somewhat Remarkable Taste Displayed by Wife of Prominent English Churchman.

The dean of Carlisle's pet spider, which he mentioned in a recent speech at Carlisle, is in an ante-room at the deanery.

"Mrs. Barker discovered it," said the dean in an interview. "I have been asked to photograph it, but it is in such a position that this cannot well be done. At present it is in a dormant state. Mrs. Barker comes and tells me about it every day, and she is waiting for the time when it will spin its little web."

Asked what would be done with it then, the dean replied: "Oh, she will continue to take care of it." Although most ladies have a horror of spiders, Mrs. Barker is specially fond of them.

"But all animals," added Dr. Barker, "are a source of delight to us. Flocks of birds come to our gardens, including sparrows, tom-tits, robins and ravens. Mrs. Barker goes into the garden in the morning, whistles, and at once the birds will collect round her. She feeds them with suet, meat and bread. We have rings suspended from the trees for the tom-tits, and we have placed artificial nests in the trees for them."

Dr. Barker quoted Bishop Butler in support of his belief that animals have a future life. "Why should they not?" he asked. "A dog thinks and reflects. Look at the flight of birds. Who knows what is passing in the intelligence of these animals?"

Woman Out of a Job.

The New York Times has an interesting editorial on the "Woman Out of a Job." This is not the business woman seeking a position, but the so-called home woman. There was a time when the girl made her wedding clothes and the expectant mother fashioned dainty garments for her first born. Now trousseaux and layettes can be bought ready made much better and cheaper than they can be manufactured at home.

Had Unusual Opportunities.

The elaborate realism of Thomas Hardy is one of the points of the novelist's genius which causes much amusement among his admirers. On one occasion a friend was expressing his wonder to him at the manner in which he was able to enter into the intimacies of a country girl's life.

"How on earth do you do it?" said the friend. "You might almost be a country girl yourself."

"When I was a young man," explained Mr. Hardy, "I used to write love letters for the village girls to their sweethearts in India. That, naturally, gave me an insight into their characteristics."

The Reason.

The New Tenant—And the last owner, Donald, you say tried to introduce nightingales on the estate?

Donald—Aye, sir, he did, indeed; but they wouldn't stay. Yell no ken, maybe, the nightingale wina stay in Scotland.

The New Tenant—Is that so? Can't acquire the accent, I suppose.—London Opinion.

In the Barber Shop.

Mr. Loosum—Does a man with as little hair as I've got have to pay full price to have it cut?

Mr. Cutem—Yes, and sometimes more. We usually charge a double when we have to hunt for the hair.

HARD LOT OF MOUNTAINEER.

On Land So Poor That the Easiest Kind of Crop to Raise Was Beyond Him.

It was on a lonely road in the mountains. A weary rider was slowly making his way up the steep mountainside, pausing now and then to rise in his stirrups and look about in search of some sign of civilization. Suddenly a turn in the road brought him face to face with a lank, sallow-faced mountaineer, seated upon the top rail of the snake fence which bounded a poor little farm which had found lodgment on the mountainside.

The rider paused. "Can you tell me how far it is to Big Stone gap?" he inquired.

The mountaineer's lips moved in answer, but no sound reached the rider's ears. He moved over nearer to the fence and repeated the question. This time he could barely distinguish a whispered word or two in the farmer's answer.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired, dismounting and walking over to the fence where the old man sat. "Can't you talk?"

The old man looked pityingly at his questioner for a moment, and then, climbing down from his seat on the rail, he walked up to the traveler, and putting his grizzled face close to his ear, whispered hoarsely:

"Yis, I kin talk, but the fact is, stranger, land is so poor in these parts that I kin't even raise my voice."

GREAT PRODUCTION OF SALT.

Twenty-Five Million Barrels of This Indispensable Condiment Made in America Last Year.

There has been a big increase in the production of salt in the United States in the last ten years. Close to 25,000,000 barrels were produced in this country last year, which was in excess of any such period previous. Possibly the largest domestic source is in New York state, in the vicinity of Syracuse. Michigan probably comes next.

Salt originally is in the rock form or in a solution in sea water or brine springs. The former is obtained by quarrying or mining and by solution. With the latter water is poured over the salt until the mineral is saturated and is then brought to the surface by pumping. The brine is boiled down in large pans.

The finest salt is boiled at a temperature of about 107 degrees centigrade. Commercial salt, fishing and bag salt are produced in successively larger pans and at increasingly low temperatures. Finer salt is raked out of the pans at much shorter intervals; in the case of the finest, two or three times a day.

Stamping Out Opium Smoking.

From Honan, China, a correspondent writes: "Most of the opium planted in the autumn was destroyed and the land was put under wheat. The officials say that when the plant has bloomed out they will make another search and if any poppy is found the land that grows it will become official land. The shops for selling the drug are now limited. No one is allowed to smoke except at home. While I was staying at an inn the official of the place, in making his round of the inns to see if any lawless fellows were lodged there, saw a man smoking in the room where I was and at once forced him to blow out his lamp. But almost as soon as the official was gone the smoker began again. At one of these towns the official is an opium smoker. He has signed the pledge that he has given up the practice, but at the same time the report is abroad that he has many kerosene oil cans full of the stuff stored away for his own use. While this is true, he is pressing the work of making others stop and not many days ago he put the wooden collar on six men for ten days because they had been found smoking."

Effective Hint.

Many amusing stories have been told of the famous pianist, Prof. Leschetzky's way of dealing with pupils who did not please him, and the following is one of the most characteristic. A certain player who was studying under him had such a vigorous style, and thumped the piano so hard, that the professor lost all patience. After repeated reproofs, which failed to be effective, Leschetzky rang the bell. To the servant who answered he said, with a dangerous quietness: "Bring some bandages immediately, please; we require them for the piano." After that the pupil played less noisily.

Satisfied with the Sample.

Robert has lately acquired a step mother. Hoping to win his affection this new parent has been very lenient with him, while his father, feeling his responsibility, has been unusually strict. The boys of the neighborhood, who had taken pains to warn Robert of the terrible character of step-mothers in general, recently waited on him in a body, and the following conversation was overheard: "How do you like your stepmother, Bob?" "Like her! Why, fellows, I just love her. All I wish is I had a stepfather, too."

Eggactly.

Rooster—How came this orange here?

Chicken—Why, that's the orange marmalad.

Rooster (severely)—Chickens that joke on serious subjects become spring broilers at any season of the year.

MR. CASEY HAD SUGGESTION.

Was Ready with Inscription He Would Like to Place on New Stained Glass Window.

The women of the church in a suburb of Chicago were soliciting money to pay for decorating their house of worship. They were told, diplomatically, that if they would call on Casey, who kept the leading saloon in the village, they might get a good donation. They called. Casey met them generally, listened to what they had to say and promptly subscribed \$500. This was so much more than the solicitors had hoped for that they were much flustered, and could do nothing but stammer their thanks. Finally one of them rounded to and said: "Why, Mr. Casey, this is most generous of you. It will allow us to get what we want very much—a fine stained glass window."

Casey thought that would be the right thing to do. "And, Mr. Casey," said the spokeswoman, "in view of this magnificent donation, isn't there something you would like to put on the window, sentiment or some remembrance, or something of the kind?"

"Well," said Casey, "I think it would luk foine to have on th' glass, bechune th' two parts av it, in nate letters, sqmethin' like this: 'Ather Mass Visit Casey's.'"

SURE TEACHER WAS HUNGRY.

That Was the Only Meaning Little New Yorker Could Connect with Sickness.

A young woman teacher in a school in one of the poorer parts of New York was overcome by a sudden attack of illness the other day. She dismissed the class, telling the boys she felt too ill to continue, but hoped to be quite well by the next day. The teacher rested her head on her arms and sat at her desk a few minutes waiting for strength to start for the journey homeward. She was only dully conscious of what was going on about her, and did not notice a group of the ragged youngsters gathered by the door in deep consultation.

In a little while she heard some one softly say: "Teacher," and looked up. It was the raggedest boy of the lot, and he was holding a paper bag full of something.

"What is it, Jimmie?" she asked. "Somethin' t' eat," replied Jimmie. "But I'm not hungry."

"Yes, you are," insisted the ragged philanthropist, winking at her gravely. "Nobody's sick except when they're hungry. We took up a c'lection an' got these cream puffs fur yuse. Eat 'em quick, ma'am, an' you'll feel better."

Left Legacy of Vengeance.

"Dispatches from Pekin," said the North China News, "state that the fateful edict left by the late Emperor Kuang Hsu to insure Yuan Shih-kai's punishment was written in his dying moments, and on this account, though it was several hundred characters in length, only a small portion was legible. Its general import dealt with affairs since the coup d'etat in 1898, and in it the late emperor said: 'My ten years misery has been caused by the one man Yuan Shih-kai.' It was handed to the present empress dowager and the secondary imperial consort with the behest that they should not fail to carry out the charge intrusted to them. The empress dowager therefore handed every single scrap of this edict to the prince regent and desired him to act without delay in the matter. The prince regent is very studious in his habits and the other day asked the hanlin on duty in the imperial library whether he might read the books stored there, which shows his carefulness as to etiquette."

The Woodpile for Him.

"Back from college, pop!" exclaimed the tall, rakish young man, as he removed his glasses and tossed his ingrown hat across the table.

"So!" grunted the old farmer, laconically. "What did yeou tarn, boy?"

"Lots, pop. Why, I am so far advanced I can split a hair and tell how much each half weighs."

The old farmer got out the big red ax.

"That so? Wal, take this ax and split a cord of wood and tell how much each half weighs and then, by heck, I'll say that your eddication hasn't been in vain."

Difficult Writing.

"Can you write backwards and up side down?" said a deaf mute. "I can write you."

He laid a book on the table between the reporter and himself—he sat facing the reporter—and wrote simply backwards and upside down.

"You read me easily. All deaf mutes who communicate by writing should write like this—it is so much easier for the person they are conversing with—but most of them are too lazy to learn. I can write in this way 40 words a minute."

Power in Silence.

Here is a hint for the women who fidget and fret and fuss. Go into the silence at certain times of the day. One need not necessarily retire for formal prayer. "He who is in the path of duty needs no prayer," said a wise Oriental. But in the silence you will find peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with the great sources of power, you will absorb power.—Edwin Markham, in the Red Book.

MUCH FOOD GOES TO WASTE.

By Pests, Such as Hostile Insects and Plants, Farmers Annually Lose \$700,000,000.

One way to provide new food is to save what we have. An apple or a grain of corn saved is an apple or a grain of corn gained. Upon all the growing products of the earth an insidious war is waged by hostile insects and plants. Some of these pests are beetles—rips, mites, caterpillars, etc.—others, like rusts, mildew, blight, smut and mold are low forms of plant life. But whatever their nature, origin or method of work, the total destruction wrought by these pests amounts in the United States to no less than \$700,000,000 annually, says Success.

Now, \$700,000,000 may not be a large sum, though it compares measurably with our total annual expenditures and is more than six times all the interest annually paid on all mortgages on all the \$20,000,000,000 worth of farms in the United States. But, if we could save these \$700,000,000, we should increase our total income from farms by almost a fifth, and we could easily increase the population fed by some 10,000,000 or 20,000,000.

We have already begun in this way to save a good many millions. We have drawn upon chemistry, we have invented sprays and washes, fumigants and insecticides and have used them with varying success. Sometimes we fail. There was once a contest between the people of Massachusetts and a caterpillar, and after expending \$8,000,000 and infinite patience, the people gave in and the caterpillar won out.

IN "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK."

Incident That is Typical of Life in the Great Metropolis of the Country.

An old woman, rusty of gown and white of hair, got on a crowded Fifth avenue elevated railroad train in Brooklyn. As far as the eye could reach male persons were hidden by outspread newspapers.

Half way down the car a young woman arose and came down the aisle. There was no mistaking what she was. She belonged to that class of women which is styled "the unfortunate class" by the charitably disposed, and got a harsher name from those who still stand for the use of the Scarlet Letter. She edged her way through the crowd, with a backward look which prevented any male person from claiming her empty seat.

"Won't you take my seat?" she said, with a charming smile, and the poor old woman in the rusty gown looked up at her and thanked her with a smile that transfigured the meager old face, and hobbled to the seat.

The newspaper-hidden male persons covered closer than ever behind their hiding places. A young man on the other side of the car got up with a slight flush and somewhat of a shamefaced look.

"I've got tired of giving up my seat to women who don't thank you, because I don't think they're ladies," he said, tipping his hat, "and I don't do it any more, but I think you deserve it."

Typical, all of it. Very New Yorkish.—New York Times.

Straw Hat Sent by Parcel Post.

It rained one day when Prof. George Weston, instructor in the romance languages in Harvard, was touring Switzerland on foot. At the little village of Maloja on the edge of the Engadine, just before entering Italy, he went to the little postoffice to mail a letter home. Outside was the diligence ready to start over the same road. He asked the driver to carry his straw hat, as he did not wish to get it wet. "No," said the man. "I am not permitted to carry anything besides the mail. You must put a stamp on your hat and mail it if you want it to go." Weston offered his hat to the postmistress, who weighed it and attached a tag with a stamp and addressed to him in Castagna, Italy. "It was shoved in the mail bag, and when he arrived there Weston called for it and found that it had not been damaged any more than it would have been in the rain."

Long Strands.

The man with the grouch and the incorrigible joker sat at opposite tables in the lunch room.

"Confound this service!" blurted the man with the grouch. "I wonder why, my order is so long. I have been waiting an hour."

"What did you order?" asked the incorrigible joker, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Cruellers."

"Oh, cheer up, man! My order will be longer than yours."

"Think so?"

"Sure, I ordered noodles. They are longer than cruellers, aren't they?"

Another Suggestion.

"What's the reason your boy doesn't like to work on a farm? He's fond of outdoor exercises."

"I'm workin' on that problem now," answered Farmer Cornsweel. "If these uplift experts could make arrangements to have plowin' records printed in the sportin' news I think Josh could be persuaded to take an interest."—Washington Star.

Result of Rehearsal.

"Out of a job, are you?" asked the first girl. "Dose catch you stirrin'?"

"No, I caught the boss. Say, what sort of a wedding dress do you think is real swell?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

SATISFIED WITH THE RULING.

Parties to Controversy in Tangiers Courts of Justice Breathe No Ill-Feeling Over Verdict.

"I've been about the court house here for a long time, on one duty or other," remarked Judge Madison W. Beason of Cleveland, O., "but in all my life I've never seen but one court trial—excepting divorce cases—in which the litigants on both sides were satisfied with the decision. And the one case I mention was not in America. No, indeed. We boast of our civilization and of our modern judicial system, but we haven't yet mastered the art of delivering justice and equity to the complete and smiling approval of two sides to a given controversy." The judge paused for breath.

"It was over in Tangiers," he resumed. "Long bearded patriarchs came in on their camels and camp in the streets while they attend court. When you see a court trial looking for all the world like a scene out of the Bible, you naturally expect to see justice meted out more crudely than by our own modern methods. But, as I say, the system over there in Morocco has its advantages. The judge took his seat on the floor over in a corner of the court room and the litigants sat down on the floor facing him.

"When the case was over the court handed down his decision on the spot, and both parties to the suit walked away wreathed in smiles. Have you ever seen a trial end so happily in America?"

SPEAKS OUT WITH COURAGE.

British House of Commons Listens with Respect to Fiery Words of Keir Hardie.

"Yes," shouted Mr. Keir Hardie, "if the work of the department is not its own justification, excuses only accentuate the failure."

"Hear, hear!" cheered the Labor party.

In the closing passages Mr. Keir Hardie's voice rang with emotion as he spoke of the suffering poor.

"If these people are placed outside the law we have no right to expect them to obey the law. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall not content myself with speaking from the safety which a seat in parliament gives. I shall go down among my own people who are suffering from hunger and cold, and take the responsibility of the advice I shall give them. The country must be shocked out of its inertia."

His voice rose almost to a scream. The house was quite silent; his emotion was apparent to all. When he took his seat he had to wipe the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.—London Daily Mail.

Blames Laziness for Much.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton of the Madison Avenue Methodist church said in the course of a brilliant after-dinner speech in Cleveland:

"Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice; but to what heights might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?"

He paused and smiled.

"We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say: 'My lord, the carriage waits.'"

"Look here, super," said the stage manager one night. "I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpose your speech. Make it run hereafter: 'The carriage waits, my lord.'"

"The super pressed his hand to his brow.

"More study! More study!" he groaned.—New York Times.

English Gloom.

Lady Gordon writes: "If you ask any intelligent foreigner what his chief impression of England is, he will invariably reply, the cheerlessness of the English. If any proof were needed of the prevalent gloom, it would surely be found in the astonishment which the few remaining cheerful people cause and the amazing popularity they enjoy. Our sunny friends and acquaintances can be counted on our fingers; our dismal ones are all around us. A really cheerful Englishman is such a phenomenon that everybody asks his wife if he is always like that, and refuses to believe her when she answers in the affirmative."

Pasteurized Milk.

In Berlin the custom of retailing milk in bottles has nearly gone out of fashion, as has also the sale of sterilized milk—by heating it to 90 degrees centigrade. Both of these have been largely superseded by the sale of milk which has been pasteurized by a special process, by which the milk is not heated above 60 degrees centigrade.

One concern markets nearly 20,000 gallons of this milk daily, the bottles being provided with wire-rubber stoppers, which are sealed to afford the public the necessary guarantee.

Pasteurized milk is also sold largely in Dresden, where one concern supplies 6,600 gallons daily.

Varying Impressions.

"The days are growing longer," said the man who keeps a lookout for the first robin.

"I don't notice any difference," said Sirus Barker, "they seem, as usual, to be getting longer if you count from one day to the next, and shorter if you figure the time between rest days."—Washington Star.

ALLOWANCE NOT RIGHT WORD.

Writer Objects to Term Applied to Sum Wife Shall Receive from Her Husband.

"An allowance is a mighty fine thing when a man knows just how much is coming in, but I don't like that word 'allowance.' Who are you to 'allow' your wife to have money? You endowed her with it as soon as you married her. It's just as much hers as yours. In the BAPTISTIAN'S and you are equal—if you married the right sort of woman. 'Allowance.' Just due would be better. Give her her just due the first of every month and relieve her of the humiliating necessity of asking so selfish a creature—perhaps I should say thoughtless—a creature—as you for money."

"I've talked with a good many wives, and they don't like to ask for money. Many of them do not realize that they have a perfect right to it, while some of them have too much spirit to ask for what is their due."

"The trouble in most cases is that so many husbands have the 'lord and master' idea of their position, and they like to feel that it is for them to say what disposition shall be made of the money that they earn."

"But remember that in the great middle class, of which American life—I say American life—is largely composed, the wife works as hard as the man does, and, while he does work for which another pays him, she does her work from love; and so, if he's a decent fellow, he will never force her to ask for money; he will be glad to share it with her."—Charles Battell Loomis, in Smith's.

WRITE LETTERS TO YOURSELF

Advice for Getting a Grip on Feelings, Adapted for the Quick Tempered.

Fuzzy-mindedness is just as likely to attack our feelings as it is our brains. Feelings tend all the time to be vague and irresponsible; they must be subjected to the same clearing process as our thoughts; they must be sifted, judged, criticized. The thing I must try for is the ability to "externalize" my feelings and judge them squarely. The best rule I know for getting a grip on them is this: "Put them on paper." Make a written statement of your feelings—not for the literary benefit of posterity, but for your own profit right here and now. Take the case of sudden anger.

The stimuli toward shutting the jaws tight and closing the hands go out instantly from the lower brain. But remember the formula. Get a sheet of paper, take a pencil, and write down the cause of your anger, whether it be justified or not, and what appears to be the best way of treating it.—From Dr. Luther H. Gulick's "Mind and Work."

Making Cigars.

In the cigar factory the bales are opened as needed. The tobacco required for the day's work is first dampened and then goes to the strippers, who remove the stem and mid-rib of the leaf. The leaves are classified into wrappers and fillers, and turned over to the cigarmaker, who, with no other tool than a knife, cuts out his wrappers, shapes the filler in the hollow of his hand and deftly rolls the material into a finished cigar. There are cigarmaking machines, but these are employed only for making the cheaper grades of cigars from domestic tobacco. It is a peculiar fact that despite the wonderful progress of mechanical contrivances in all lines of manufacture, the better grades of cigars are made to-day exactly as they were a hundred years ago.—Bohemian Magazine.

Wonderful Longevity.

One of the most curious instances of longevity is found in Miss Louisa Courtenay's "Notes on an Octogenarian." A witness in a will case in which Beilenden-Ker, the great English conveyancer, was engaged, was asked if he had any brothers or sisters. He replied that he had had one brother who died 150 years ago. The court expressed incredulity, and documentary evidence was produced in support of the statement. This showed that the witness' father, who married first at the age of 19, had a son who died in infancy. The father married again at the age of 75, and had a son who lived to appear in the witness box at the age of 94, and made the above startling statement.

And All Unrecalled.

Lord Granard, at one of the many dinner parties that preceded his marriage to Miss Ogen Mills, said of the impoverished nobility of the old world:

"What a German friend of mine said of his family is true of too many families."

"My friend was a graf. I was visiting his castle on the Rhine. He showed me there one day many proofs of his race's antiquity.

"Dear me, I said, stifling a yawn, 'I had no idea you went back so far.'"

"He pointed proudly to an old steel-bound chest of black oak.

"Why, my boy," said he, 'I've got bills in there dating back to the twelfth century.'"

Cruel Suspicion.

"Bliggins is a great reader. He invariably buys a newspaper before getting on a street car."

"I have noticed the paper," answered Miss Cayenne. "But I am not so sure he reads it. Maybe he holds it up because he's too polite to see a lady standing."