wake heart of grace—begin anew! To-day's to-day, not yeaterday; And on its budding bloom the dew Of early morning still doth play.

Take heart of grace, and gather up This dewy sweetness of the morn; Fill up with this your emptled cup And pledge the fair hours newly i

Take heart of grace, and look before, Instead of backward on the way; Wash out the old regretful score, The sorrowing sins of yesterday;

And let the old mistakes and pain Be cleaned with this refreshing dew; And make begir ing once again, With hope and courage bright and nev

For what's the world and all its days, But ours to try and try again? Not ours to fairer on its ways. Not ours to fling aside for pain.

## By LIZZIE HUNT.

Today he passed, stoop-shouldered, a | timber caught fire from a passing lokindly, weather-beaten face, and eyes, that looked at you as if the world had Thousands of dollars gone to ashes! dealt-harshly or unjustly with him. The drawn corners of his sensitive shoulders took on an added curve. His mouth gave to his face an expression brow became more wrinkled and careof disgust, whether with himself or the worn. But he worked steadily on for world we will leave our readers to a home, only an earthly dwelling place, If he had tolled half as hard for that

His clothes bespoke neither extreme other home, what a lovely mansion in

even older. Had he a home? Yes; is aroused. the little cottage jpust across the way is his, or one he rents. Fifteen cars ago he owned the beautiful residence the flickering gaslight is a fireman, on the corner of College avenue and with the icicles hanging from cape, Third street, he was then the proud, cap and hair. and happy father of five rollicking, fun-loving boys. In one week four of them were carried to their graves, victims of one of the mest fatal diseases for children-scarlet fever.

Carl, the most delicate of the five, three. Since that time there have Are you insured?" been two little daughters given him. They are the pride of this ever-induigent father.

His wife is one of the very best of women. Always ready in case of illness, and seems to know just what to do for the relief of the sufferer.

Oh, how many fever-tossed, weary and languid ones still live to bless her for her deeds of charity and nobleness for this bitter, bitter blow. of heart! She is one of those women Solomon speaks of-a "crown of glory to her husband," How she totls, doing all the household work, the sewing, and having the entire care her children.

Often weary, but never complaining her good, wholesome, motherly face brings sunshine with it always. With all this economy, if it be called conucmy to so overtax the mother, why do they live so humbly? Who has their former home? Was it sold for debt; or was the poor man unfortunate in business? Neither. He drank it up. Just a giass now and then, he was so exposed to the cold, something to keep | these, I could wish I were dead." him warm. The wife saw, but never tenement to another. The furniture asked: grew less. Clothing became old and worn. At last the husband rambled

home with reeling, unsteady steps, The last baby that came had no dain ty baby garments, only a little night slip, and coarse flannel to wrap it in The son came in and stood by himother's bedside-a thin, pale-faced youth of fourteen.

"Mother," said he, with a happy light in his boyish eyes: "I have a place in a store. I cau't earn much at first, but, oh, I am so glad! Now you shall soon be well and strong again. See, Mr. Morse has advanceme half a month's wages, and I bough a chicken for you, some good wine and

crackers." "And what is in that bundle, m son?" asked the feeble mother. He blushed and threw the packag

on the bed "It is a little soft flannel for baby "Oh, my noble son!" and the tears rained down her pale cheeks. Here was one patch of sunshine it

this otherwise dark and cloudy time. That evening, as the children so eating some cold baked beans, all the came in. They looked up, startled, a

food there was in the house, the father first, because, so rare now, he was sober. He asked: 'Where is supper?"

"Father, this is all there is," was the answer, "only what Carl brough

The man sat down in a chair, bowed his head in his hands, and wept like a child. It is painful to see a big man so weep. The children were frightened. The wife called softly:

William, come here."

He arose and with feeble steps, en tered the little bedroom. "Oh, Sarah, has it come to this? Why haven't you reproached me, turned me him?" Not one. Still he lived under out-anything to have aroused with-

in me a sense of shame?" Dear William, I knew that your manhood would reassert itself. I have never for an hour ceased to pray for your reform."

"Well," said the now humbled husband and father, "from this night I will leave the cup. My children shall never again blush for their father. We will have a home once more, my poor,

long-suffering, patient wife." In the morning he started for his long-neglected shop. There was a oridge to be built across the river. He bid with the rest, and secured the job. He rallied his men, and once more William Hatch was an energetic

As the beautiful structure progressed non who had looked at him with pitying scorn a few weeks before, but never offered a hand to turn him from the

awful chasm, said: "Ab. Hatch is a man again, Wonder

what has come over him?" Five years have rolled around. He has entirely relied upon his own strength, and, with a few exceptions, children were dressed better. They were sent to the best schools in the per again. He had erected a

Take heart of grace, then, day by day-"To-day's to-day, not yesterday, And all the world is newly born!" -Nora Perry.

\* comotive and was entirely destroyed. Was this man discouraged? 544s

poverty, nor a superabundance of this our Father's kingdom could have been his His luck, as some call it, had He was only master builder, boss changed. Again the fire bells clang,

carpenter, or anything else that the engines go rushing by, men shrick community in which he lived might "Fire! Fire!" Little boys, who should call the person who superintended the be in hea, pipe "Fire! Fire!" but the erection of buildings, either public or man who should be the most interestprivate. Was he young? Oh, no! For- ed in this conflagration slumbers on. ty-five or sixty, perhaps, but appearing | Some one is pounding at his door. He Who is there?" He opens the door, and standing in

> "What's the matter? What's the satter, sir?"

"Arouse yourself, man; your shop, tools and all are burned. We worked he never attend to those things again? hard to save them, but could only get a stream to play half an hour ago, It's rallied, and is now twenty-two or so cold, everything seems frozen up.

"Oh, Heaven! my insurance policy expired yesterday!

He dressed and hurried down. Alas! it was too true! Everything had been swept away. At sixty, a comparatively old man, he must commence again. The tears rained down his cheeks.

He felt as if he could curse his Maker In the gray dawn he crept back to

They were all up and dressed, and the breakfast waiting for him. Mother grected him with a sympathetic, cheerful face. The little girls ran and threw their arms around this worldweary, storm-tossed father. The eldchocl And the little six-year-old Eva said she would make tidies, and sell them, and pretty soon papa should have another and a better shop. He clasped them to his heart and

sa.d: "ileaven bless you! If it were not for They sat down to a silent breakfast.

lost?"

"About five thousand, It would not have seemed much in the past. I am zetting old now. I am completely disouraged. Then, all of my men lost their tools, and, if anything, there are many of them worse off than I

Time, that wonderful healing salve for all wounds, glided by. Our neighbor came and went as usual. Some thought he was secretly indulging again. His step was not as firm, nor his eye as clear. The wife's face wore a shade of sadness. Still he kept at his work. Beautiful structures went towering up toward heaven, and he was their builder; still there was less of comfort in the little home. At last the overtired wife remonstrated with him. He would not admit the fact. He

"Did you ever know me to break my word!"

nsked:

"Ah, William, you rely too much up on your own strength. Think of the children growing to manhood and womanhood. Oh think of the hereafter!" In a gruff voice, he assumed at times he replied:

"Let the hereafter take care of itself; the perplexities of one world at a time are all a man can be expected to meet. I hope in the next, I, for one, may have a little easier time." The good wife sighed deeply, and said no more.

At last the winter of 1901 was upon them. There had been little change in the family or the father. True, the world said: "Hatch is drinking again, what a pity?" Is there a minister of layman in the city of his adoption who can say, "I endeavored to save the sound of a minister's voice, and could, from his own door, hear him. from Sabbath to Sabbath, expound the Word of God to his hearers, and without adding dessert or side dishes in the form of pastoral visitation, or kindly interest through the week, gave them until the next Sabbath to digest his thoughts, or lay them on their souls

until they created moral dyspepsia. One week ago today we saw neighbor as he passed our window, with a plane and rule under his arm as he went home to dinner. The wind blew and howled; snow fell as though emptied by the basketful, instead of the sleepy, lazy way it usually comes

down The children were all at home. There was no pleasant converse at the table, for these days the father was surly and ill natured. Those little serpents he drank into his stomach had ascended to the brain and their writhing made him irritable. Today, as he arose from the table, some strange tenderness stole into his breast, for as he passed the chair of his youngest child he stooped and kissed her. This unusual tenderness on his part emboldened her to say:

"Father, I want a geography." The strong coffee was again. He had erected a make a shoring onect; he was sobering is shop, bought timber lands, go out in the raging elements:

"Where the was sobering onect; he was sobering to so out in the raging elements: part of town, to look after some men

have on a job up there." Mrs. Hatch, so pleased to see him once more himself, brought his big fur mittens, then the scarf the girls had made for his New Year's gift, She wrapped this with tender hands around his neck, and said:

"Please remember tea and when you come home tonight." 'Yes, tea, sugar and a geography." At one o'clock he went from home

leaving the inmates with a glad new

tope in their hearts, . At three o'clock we looked from cur window and saw a crowd of men bearing a heavy burden slowly and solemnly along. They stopped at our neighbor's door. Clang went the door bell. We could plainly see our neighbor's wife at a side window busily engaged running her sewing machine,

Again the door bell is pulled vigorously. This time she hears, steps to the he glass, smoothes her hair, takes off her house-apron, and hastens to the door. She steps back when she sees the crowd-steps farther back and grasps the doorknob, when they push forward with their burden. As length she gasps:

"Gentlemen, you have made a mistake. This is the wrong house,' "Doesn't William Hatch live here?" "Yes. Who is it? What is it?" They slowly raised the cover that

concealed the form, and there was her husband-dead! Did she faint? No; she grew strangely white from lip to brow: not a tear or sob. Passing her hand across her

eyes, she asked: "Where am 17 Who killed him?" Has the romance of life faded out at No; here was the man she had loved and wedded when a young maiden, loved through all these bitter years of trial, dead!-he who had left her only a few hours before in seeming

good health. She remembered even

then the little commonplace errands

he was to do for the household. Could They laid him down. The children came in from school, and were wild in their fright and grief. Then amid this great sorrow the mother's love asserted itself. She tried to comfort

How did it happen? Some little children, sliding their way down from school, discovered near the abutment of the old canal bridge, the dead body of a man almost covered with snow. The alarm was given. People seem to spring from the very ground at such times, and in a few moments a wondering, gaping crowd was looking on. At last some one identified him. He had walked off the old bridge, going head foremost down upon the ice. From appearances, he had strugg'ed away from the place where he first fell, and then, exhausted, had laid down and died. Did the fall kill him? He died est said he would give up his dancing from an occasional glass, and relying upon self to overcome the temptation, and, at last, without leaving a home for his loved ones, and no prospects of a home for himself in the hereafter, he has gone hence-one more victim of

drink and self-reliance. How we shall miss our neighbor! At the accustomed hours we shall often fancy we hear that slow, shuffling silage were making a serious mistake, a bitter word. They moved from one No one could cat. At last Mrz, Hatch step, see the seamed and weather- and that they should also use more beaten face. But, alas, he has stepped clover and alfalfa hay, which would out gone away suddenly

Verily, we know not what an hour or a day may bring forth.-New York

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Roman widows had to wear weeds for ten months, and might not marry for a year.

Book muslin gets its name from Buke, the district in India where it was first manufactured.

Though white pearls are preferred in Europe, in China bright you ow pearls are most valuable.

Northern Culifornia has lost its principle antique. The oldest house in that part of the state, built by Mayor T. B. Reading in the remote period of 1844, and known therefore as a "historical structure." has been destroyed

by wind and flood. Most of the world's chocolate is made in Switzerland, though Germany is a good second. The man whose goods fill the slot machines in New York has his factory in Cologne. There are acres of it, and his mansion is one

of the palaces of the town. There are no walking-beam engines on European river or lake steamers. Most of them use a horizontal engine made in burich, and all of them are long, low, rakish craft, must faster than American boats, in addition to

being safer if less comfortable. Laborers in Germany go to work at 6 o'clock in the morning and work until 6 at night. This strikes the observ er as having something to do with German prosperity when contrasted with the slow, idling Englishmen, with their limitations on output and lack of German mechanical skill. It may have more to do with beating Britain in the world's markets than the tariff.

While Geo. W. Stevens, many years ago, was repairing the road in front of his house in Bolton, Vt., he hung a hoe in a tree and forgot it. A few days ago the tree was cut down and when sawed up, the blade of the hoe with the exception of a part of the crook and the handle, was found embedded in the body of the tree, having been covered by the wood and bark

A curious survival of an old law ap peared in France recently when a wo man who had taken a couple of buckets of water out of the sea at Box logne was threatened with a fine by the customs officials for having vio lated an enactment of Louis XIV. The old law forbade the taking of sea ter less those taking it should extract the salt and so defraud the revenues of the sait tax, and the woman was compelled to show that she merely in



Hard-Mouthed Horses.

Here is something of real practical value to any one driving a horse that pulls on the bit: Fasten a small ring to each side of the bridle and as near the browband as possible. Pass lines through bit-rings and snap them into rings at browband. This, with a common jointed bit, will enable a child to hold a "puller" or hard-mouthed horse with ease under almost all circumstances. It can be used on a fast horse in double team, or on both, as desired. It is cheap and easily ap plied, and it won't make the mouth sore. It is better than any patent bit .- The Epitomist.

Corn and Cob Meal for Cows. A dairyman who has long fed corn and cob meal to his cows says that he has found it one of his best feeds. but it is better for them to add ground oats also. This feed, he says, with corn silage and some clover bay, keeps the flow of milk and its fat to the standar dof summer blue grass pasture. He urges his neighbors to try his plan, and says his feed mill is one of his best investments, thinking that grinding the ear corn, cob and all adds much to its value in feeding. both to cows and pigs. He keeps as many pigs as possible to feed his skim milk to, fresh from his separator. -Indiana Farmer.

Sifting a Dairy Herd.

The dairy herds of Illinois have been quite thoroughly looked over by the experiment station workers of that state. Interesting results were obtained from eighteen average berds located in the southern part of the

state. Of the 221 cows included, the aver age production per cow was 5,617 pounds of milk and 227 pounds of butter fat, with an average milk test of 4.03 percent. The best herd averaged 350 pounds, the poorest 142 pounds butter fat per cow. The butter fat produced by the best cow was worth \$119, while that of the poorest was worth only \$19.58, showing an excel lent profit for the good cow and much less than nothing to pay pay her board for the poor cow. It was found that at least one-third of the cows were unprofitable reckoning the food they consumed in market price.

An interesting example cess of weeding out a herd by of the Babcock test. Five cows were taken out, and the average profit of the herd was increased by \$7.62 per head. A study of the feeding system used in that section led to the conclu sion that those who fail to provide foods to an extent and reduce the cost of milk production.

Buttermilk may be built up along a vegetable route, a feature which is generally neglected by truck men. These products sell at about half the price of fresh milk. A great deal of poultry may also be sold if the pedler knows how to dress fowls neatly and thoroughly, so as to make a good appearance and save further work on the part of the cook.

Whatever is grown should be the best of its kind. 'If obliged to sell second quality stuff, sell it as such and charge a corresponding price. Study your customers and learn their likes and dislikes, then build up a trade that cannot be taken away. Boston Cultivator.

Clover Silage.

The filling of silos with clover is still an unsolved problem. In the latest bulletin of the Michigan Agricultural Station the summary of this question, which for some time there, has been in the experimental stage, was about this: Make the clover into hay, and feed with corn silage as part of the protein ration. The facts as they presented themselves to Director Smith were that making clover silage was slow and expensive work and involved drawing too much water to the silo. Clover is hard to rake up, to load, and to get into the silo, and it is uncertain in the siloing part; so it seems the better way to cure it into hay and feed as the dry part of the ration, except in years where there is a great amount of rain and curing is about impossible.

So far as I know, cattle eat good clover silage with much relish, but the question is this, "Does it pay to draw a grop to the sile that will dry out in the field 65 pounds of water to the 100 pounds?" The director thought not, when he needed some dry hay to go with his corn silage. The real trouble with clover seems to be in its high protein content, causing it to take on a greater heat in the silo than corn and so it throws off too much mois ture and is liable to burn. Some experiments were made where clover was closely pressed into huge casks and headed up air tight, so that no moisture could escape, and excessive heating could not take place, owing to the exclusion of further supplies of ox ygen, and the keeping was about per This is a point in which the hen men might find profit by filling smal barrels with clover and heading it in, for hen silage in the winter.

Some have succeeded well with a loing clover by cutting it, as they corn, and wetting down with fair additions of water, making the mass de sidedly wet, and adding weight to the cover to promote more absolute set tling and excinsion of air. All agree cut when coming into blossom and be got into the silo without willing, and here be spread uniformly, and the have not answered Mr. D. to do or not to do. It's a matter he must decide

out new ways and methods are said to be favored by the gods.-Tribune Far

Rotation In Crops.

This much-discussed subject cannot be worn out so long as it is quite ignored by so many farmers year after year. More than one-half the farmers of the west and south, where the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the production of certain crops called "staple," such as cotton. wheat and corn, continue to plant the same crops on the same land year after year, with constantly diminishing yield, entirely oblivious to the fact that the productiveness of the soil is thus being exhausted. This is not altogether on account of the drain upon the fertility of the soil, for that is usually kept up by the application of fertilizers, but it is produced by the mechanical condition of the soil caused by the certain methods of cultivation required by the crops thus continuously planted. The soil becomes cloved or glutted with certain elements of plant food left in it by the plants that have been grown therein year after year, and a change in crops is absolutely necessary to restore it to its full productiveness.

Rotation in crops has been demonstrated as being excellent for the recuperation of the soil, as the continual growing and gathering from the same field of a harvest of the same kindred product will, in time, deprive the soil in that field of the ability to produce that identical article, as it has taken from the soil all that is essential for the production of such crop. crops fail of themselves, the failure can, as a rule, be traced to teh neglect of the farmer and not to natural conditions. The soil is provided in a general state of richness. If continua demands are made upon it to produce a certain kind of crop and no return offered in the way of remedies for its degenerating tendency, the outcome will be a thin crop from a fertile soil exhausted for the Loduction of that

particular crop. It will not do to depend wholly upon fertilizing, stirring the soil and keeping down the weeds for success farming. Plants exercise a potent influence upon each other in the promotion of growth and yield and the effect

of changing crops upon land is the story by selection in breeding. Any breed of stock will run out if continuously in-bred from the same family, and so land will become barren unless "bred" in the right way and frequently, to a new kind of crop. There aremany plants, the roots and stalks of which, remaining strong and succulent after the production of their fruits, restore to the soil a portion of the plant foods they receive from it. Of this kind are the leguminous plants, such as clover, peas, beans, etc. Many plants that are not allowed to produce seed exhaust teh soil but very little. These are very valuable in forming a system of successive crops, as by introducing them into the rotation the land may be made to yield for many years without the application of more manure, but they perform the

best service when the land itself is in good condition. It has been demonstrated that a good many factors exist in the soil for promoting the growth of plants, but the farmer must regulate and manage them. True, nature does not depend entirely upon the farmer, nor does she submit to being plundered, but follow ing each demand made upon it in the way of a crop, the land will not again attain its former merit until there is restored to it, equally and in proportion, the essential elements of which it has been deprived.--Agricultural

Farm Notes. If there are ticks on the sheep, dip them and the lamps when the shearing is done.

Teach the little pigs to eat as soon as possible and feed them skim-milk, all they will eat. Besides the profitableness of grow-

ing the better animals, there is the advantage in that there is always a demand for such stock. Regulate the amount of grain according to the amount of work done. Do

Serious results sometimes follow.

In selecting a setting hen, where there is a choice in the matter, only the tame, less nervous and fidgety ones should be used as brooders and nurses. For farm work the farmer wants good sized horses, yet there are some small horses which will stay with any

ference in the way horses are built. If you want the horses to do the most work feed them on the proper feed, so that they may develop strength and be able to do the required work. Try some oats instead of so much corn,

of them. There is a great deal of dif-

Good healthy fowls, properly killed and cooled, ought to keep in any ordinarily cool place at a temperature of least and be all the better for being Fifty breeding ducks, if property cared for, should keep three 220-egg

incubators going and turn out between

2000 and 3000 ducklings during the

season. This would keep one man quite busy. In feeding fowls, always keep in view the fact that the excess of food over and above that required for warmth of body and egg production will be conbody and egg production will be con-verted into fat which will decrease the

or body when buying a horse. As animal that is sound in every member but has not a level head is never a pleasant horse and seldom a valuable one.—Horse Breeder.

## TO ECATTER PATENT MODELS.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG COLLECTION TO GO TO THE ASH HEAP.

It Costs \$19,500 a Year to House These Curiosities and These Are the Days of Economy-Curator Gill's System of Exhibiting Them-Notable Ones.

A sad man is R. C. Gill, for nearly forty years keeper of the models of the United States patent office, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun. He wanders aimiessly through the long corridors on three floors of the big Union building on G street between Sixth and Seventh streets, Northwest, taking a last farewell of his wards. He seems a part of the mustiness and quaintness of the place, his tall form bent, his eyes piercing the dusk, his bald head and white beard contrasting sharply with his surroundings Only a few days more and then, by act of congress, his 'treasures, the accumulation of all the years since the patent system was established in 1790, will be distributed he knows

not where. No one knows the great value and singular interest attached to the 157. 000 models better than the old curator. The arrangement in the cases is his; the labeling is his; everything but the right to say what shall be lone with the models is his. They are his pride and he has never been to happy as when showing some vislter through the labyrinth of curiosi-

The keeping of these models is costing Uncle Sam too much money. Congress has said so and the Commissioner of patents agrees-or rather he agreed before congress said anything about the matter. A rental of \$19,500 a year is being paid for a place to store them and keep the most interesting on exhibition. The great movement for economy started at the beginning of the last session has reached to this detail and all is A special committee is looking over the lot with a view to finding which models will have to be re tained under the United States stat utes as being a part of the record of the inventions in connection with which they were made. The records of patents, if they are essential, must not be destroyed, in order that the patentee may be amply protected against infringement; and in some cases, although only a very few, the inventor's specifications refer to models and may not be understood with

out the models. This is only a drop in the bucket, however, for the authorities of the office declare that 90 percent and perhaps more will be scattered. Those to which special historic 'alterest is attached, such as the original Howe sewing machine model, the original model of the electromagnetic telegraph instruments patented by S. F. B. Morse in 1846, and the first model of a patented gasolene automobile will doubtless go the national museum in this city. Some of the others will be sold or given away to any colleges or technical institutions that want them. It is possible that large patent soliciting firms which maintain small exhibits may desire to have some and if they do they can get them for a song. As for the rest-the ash heap.

Mr. Gill has expended years thought and labor in making the models tell the complete story of American invention. When a visitor enters the model room on a tour of inspection he takes him first to a far cor ner on the uppermost floor, and there in a flood of light, next a big window, he points to Case No. 1. In it are the beginnings of things. A model of Eli Whitney's cotton gin is there. but this is not the one made under that inventor's direction. The fa mous patent office fire of September 24, 1877, destroyed that and Mr. Gill had another made from the original drawings, which are, of course, on record in the office. Another model that is in Case No. 1 is that of the first patented steam railway engine. It is crudely constructed of brass, but serves to show what in the dawn of steam invention was a new principle in mehanics-the piston and cylinder applied to the operation of a car-

While these historic inventions hold the attention of the visitor, there is another which is not so well known, but which deserves notice. It is the oldest model in the collection, a curious circular affair like a table. with big brushes arranged to operate "Cloth shearing machine, Samuel S. Dorr. October 20, 1792." Further not feed too much grain on idle days. along is another cloth-shearing ma-

chine, the work of this same Dorr and patented in 1807. Pains are always taken by the aged curator to say that those models are not of the very first patents. The man who had the distinction of first securing patent rights from the United States government was Samuel Hopkins. There is nothing on the scheme was for making "potash and pearl ashes" by a new and improved method. His claim was allowed by board consisting of the secretary of state, the secretary of war and the attorney-general in 1790, the year of the creation of the patent. That same year two other patents were issued, one on a machine for for a flour and meal-making machine, Six cases are filled with sewing

machine models. From the cessful machine, invented Ellas Howe, Jr., the claims on which were allowed September 19, 1846, in he same year with the telegraph, the nodels show the development down the years until the complicated but perfectly smooth running delight of Then there are the freaks. Mr. Gill has humor stored up for the occasion when any of these are under inspec

lagged it might be prouved and ittle work accomplished."

Then he waits a moment to give his hearers time to absorb his mean ing before he concludes with a sly, sidelong glance, as if to judge the wit of the stranger.

"But there was never much use for these, and the inventress didn't get

rich. Women, always jealous of the accomplishments of their sex, have been accustomed in the past and present to inquire of the curator what other "things" have been patented by women. So frequent has this ques tion been propounded that Mr. Gill some time ago had nearly all of the models of women's inventions collected in cases in one part of the building. Here he leads the feminine visitor the moment she shows signs of veering around toward that quarter in her endless interrogations.

An interesting lot thy are and one of which women in general may well be proud, Most of them are for household use, although the broader field has repeatedly been entered with more or less success. The ficklenes of fortune is illustrated here and there. On one shelf is an elaborate model of a submarine telescope, the product of some fertile feminine brain or to be more exact of the brain of Sarah P. Mather, who secured her patent in 1845. Just beside it is a package of rectangular pieces of tissue paper, fringed at the edges, for use in wrapping bon bons. Sarah P. Mather is said to have died poor while her sister inventress of the simpler mind, who was Miss I. J. Van Skelline, got rich from the returns of the candy wrapper. But the tissue paper rectangles were not invent ed until 1877 and by that time people doubtless knew more about making money by their patents. Mr. Gill says people have always been fonder of eating bon bons than of gazing

through the watery vistas of the oceans. According to Mr. Gill a woman grew tired of having cinders catch in her hair while she was riding on a railroad train is responsible for the invention of a cap to fit over the smokestack of a locomotive, with flumes running downward and backward to conduct the troublesome cinders to a fearful death beneath the wheels of the train. She must have forgotten all about the draught for the fige, or else she considered that of no importance as compared with the trouble caused by the cinders. The invention never saw light outside of the patent office.

Histories of Abraham Lincoln all agree that he was a man of versatile genius but none of them says that he was an inventor. Still he was, and the evidence of it is in the old patent office model room. The great war president set about inventing an appliance for lifting Ohio and Mississippi river steamboats over shoals, Judge. and in 1849 he secured a patent upon the results of his thought. It is a good thing for the country that he was a better statesman than he inventor, however, for bot wonderful lifting bellows, to be attached to the sides the yessel beneath the water-line. In the plan was to have a training the plan was to have an was to inflate them with alr

by simply exerting force downward upon upright poles fastened to the bottom of the bellows. When this was done, according to the most accurate figuring, the boat would be floated over shallow places upon which she would otherwise go aground.

But President Lincoln did not allow for the wear and tear. He provided no protection for the immense bellows against the driftwood and snags of the river. Therefore, no one, so story goes, could be persuaded to give

Doubtless living inventors would like to have their models back. In ply writing to Commissioner Allen and making the request. Thomas A. Edison, if he gets all of his, will have little patent office exhibit of his own: for since he invented his vote register in 1869 he has taken out 784 patents up to February, 1904.

Lost Jis Job.

Patrick Gleason, the well-known shoe manufacturer of Brockton, Mass., one day hired a laster who was a very poor workman. The first shoe the man took off his last was so badly lasted he did not dare put it on his rack for inspection, but hid it under his bench, intending to make a bette job of it during the noon hour. The second shoe was not much better, but he thought it would pass, and started on the third. Mr. Gleason, coming along just then, picked up the shoe that lay on the rack, and examined it. Then turning to the laster, he said, angrily: "I'll bet you ten dollars you can't show me a shoe in this factory as badly lasted as this." take you on that bet," said the laster and, reaching down, he took the first shoe from under his bench and handed it to Mr. Gleason. Mr. Gleason paid but the laster lost his job.

Habit Of Observation.

Willie was admonished by his father to develop the habit of observation "Cultivate the faculty of seeing and you will be a successful man," said. The boy's uncle added to the admonition, and his aunt also dilated upon the necessity of observing everything that went on. The triple lecture made a deep impression upor Willie. That evening he told his father that he had been using his eves "Tell us what you have learned," said his aunt. "Uncle Jim's got a bottle of whisky hid behind his trunk," said Willie: "Aunt Jennie's got an extra set of teeth in her dresser, and pa's got a deck of cards and a box of chips behind the books in the secretary, And the family united in voting him a little sneak.

Competition Useless. The manager of the "East Lynne' threw up his hands in despair. "What's the matter?" asked the lead

There's no use of our expective draw a crowd here to-night. I've learned that the rival house is to have a show with a chorus com tirely of girls who have been

A BALLAD OF BALLOONACY.

We have had our cycle mania,
And our golfers clad in plaid;
The baseball crank's still with us
And the man who's auto mad,
But now there comes a new one,
Who turns the strangest trick;
The man who scorns to ride or walk-

He laughs at horse and burgy.
And will take no auto ride And will take no auto rids
He talks like Santos Dum
And a gasbag is his pride.
He hits the blue empirean
Till he makes the lark look sick;
He sets us all a-rubbering—
This gay balloonatic.

He chats of clouds and currents And machines that can be steered.
And of how he'd had the record
If the blamed wind hadn't veered:
He throws down sand upon us.
And he laughs whene'er we kick;
For the upper hand he carries—
This proud balloonatic.

But some day, ah, yes, some day,
Like the man who loops the loop,
He will made a miscalculation
And there'll be a downward swoop
And we'll have to hunt with well dril.
When he hits earth like a brick,
And the clouds no more he'll jostle—
Our late balloonatic.
—Denver Republican.



Sillicus-It's no fool job, I tell you Cynicus-Then why undertake it?-

Philadelphia Record. "We shall be dining out this evening, though," "Oh, Have you inherited money or has your cook left?"-

Chicago Record-Herald. "You look bored to death, old man," 'Bored! I should say so; haven't a blessed thing to do and no money to

do it with."--Brooklyn Life. "I see Mr. Squab is trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo." "Huh! Don't notice the bank complaining much, do you?"-Philadelphia Ledger. He-Did you tell your father that I was a poet? His Fiancee—I did aud he refused to believe it. Said he had read your book .- Chicago Dally News. The Father-Eunice, I don't like the

the only company he's keeping these days!-Chicago Tribune. Mrs. Jinks-So you're going to send our daughter to Bryn Mawr college. Why not to Vassar? Mrs. Woodby-The Vassar colors don't become her

company your young man Spoonamore keeps. The Daughter-Why, papa, I'm

at all.—Philadelphia Ledger. Tit for Tat: Laboring man-I want renew my lease Landlord-Well. the new scale of rent for your flat will be \$18 instead of \$15 for a month of 25 days instead of the old number .-

nsurance company?" "No; what is ?" "Why, it's one that promises to ab, to both parties, in case the marriage proves a faiture."-Detrolt Free Press. "Would a newspaper correspondent companying a track team date his

"Have you heard about the latest

might, although most people who go to a track meet expect to see a squad run."-Harvard Lampoon, "What's the difference between vi-

sion and sight?" "See those two girls across the street?" "Yes." "Well, the pretty cae I would call a vision of loveliness, but the other one-she's a sight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I see the legislature passed that law you were advocating. "Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. "That's a

start anyhow. It's easy enough to

pass a law. The next thing is to get

people to pay any attention to it." Washington Star. The paying teller (in Day and Night bank, at 4 a. m.) -But this doesn't resemble your regular signature, Mr. Klubman? Mr. Klubman—Reg'lar night signacture, ol' boy. Darn lucky I

(hic) didn't have to make my marksh!-Brooklyn Life. "As the proverb says," remarked the demoralizer, "Eat drink and be married." "That isn't right," protested the moralizer. "It's 'eat, drink and be merry," "Oh," exclaimed the demoralizer, in disgust, "that's altogether different."-Chicago Daily

Hostess (to new curate)-We seem

to be talking of nothing but horses, Mr. Soothem. Are you much of a sportsman? Curate-Really, Lady Betty, I don't think I ought to say that I am. I used to collect butterflies; but have to give up even that now!-Punch. Cholly (proudly)-By Jove! I'm quite a professor of swimming, don't you know. I taught Mabel Galey how

to swim in two lessons. Jack-Gad!

That was a quick throwdown, Cholly (indignantly)-What do you mean? essons before she tearned.—Town and Country. The inspector asked the boys of the school he was examining: oan you take your warm overcoats off?" "Yes, was the response, "Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?" "No sir." "Why, not?" There was silence

knows where the buttons are "--St James's Gazette.

for a while, and then a little boy spoke

up: "Please, sir, because God

Sea Trout Fishing. Sea trout fishing is to the angle what woodcock shooting is to men who shoot-viz., the highest form of sport Alas! there is not enough of ithaving-to go around in these degen erate times.-Sporting and Dramatic

Economy of the Foam Born.

The Venus of Melos explained. "Elbow gloves are so scarce and ex ensive it was easier to cut off my Thus we see how the ancient Greeks ose above mere fashion.—New York

pre than half of the whole numi ployed in that region on the bors Germany and France, are using a one lumps in their work