

THE OLD PIANO.

If silent things remember—and none can surely know—
That only such as still can sing may cry
A requiem yesterday.

the frothing bar. Miss Strathmore and the captain and a good many others were watching it.

GARDEN, FARM and CROPS

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

Spraying Potatoes. Experiments have shown that while it costs from \$4 to \$5 an acre to spray potatoes, in some cases where it has been practiced there has been an average gain of \$25 an acre over fields that were unsprayed.

Ensilage for Sheep. A veteran sheep authority tells the New York Tribune-Farmer that for winter feeding there should be a well filled silo on every sheep farm.

In Her Hands. The future of poultry keeping will be chiefly in the hands of "the intelligent farmer's intelligent daughter," according to the author of a recent English book on "Poultry Farming."

Break Ground Early for Wheat. One of the most important factors in increasing the wheat yield is early plowing. If you don't believe it, plow a portion of the field early in August and the balance at the end of September.

Saving Petunia Seeds. In saving seed from petunias for next year's garden, not everyone knows that it is better to save from the weaker seedlings, instead of the most luxuriant.

Strawberry Culture. The following points will be of value: Buy only from a reliable nursery. Buy potted plants. These will bear next spring.

Best Stock Profitable. Successful dairying has proved that the greater profit comes from the best cows, whatever the kind. This is true of pure bred or registered stock as of common cows.

Care of the Orchard. The University of Illinois experiment station has issued a bulletin relative to orchard management, in which the western section of the country but equally applicable in many parts of the United States.

Transplanting Trees. The popular impression is that the time to transplant trees is in the spring and fall, says "Farming." This does not apply to the evergreens, pines, cedars and so on, and the usual fall and winter is the best time.

Propagating Currants. The usual plan, when it is desired to extend the current rows or to renew them for any reason, is to make cuttings in the fall, put them away in sand in a cool place, like the cellar, and plant them in the spring.

The Story of Timothy. The grass known as Timothy seems to have been first extensively cultivated in Maryland by a farmer, Timothy Hanson, whose name was applied to the grass.

SHAVING, THE WORLD OVER.

BARBERING YOU CAN FEEL IN VILLAGES OF SPAIN.

Ancient Egyptian Beard Cases and Curled Assyrian Locks—Shells, Minerals and Grasses Used in Shaving—Delicate Singing in Africa—Lather Substitutes.

Any traveler in Spain who steps off the beaten path may, like Don Quixote, find a Mambrino helmet for himself, for it swings from a staff over the door of every wayside barber.

These barber bastions of the peninsula are always made of brass. Some of the old ones are very fairly hammered, but in all the shape is the same, a product of public utility answering to unvarying demand.

A half circle is cut out from one rim large enough to accommodate the patron's gullet and Adam's apple. Seen in profile the effect of a man being shaved is as a St. John the Baptist whose head has partly slid off the charger.

There are no joke weeklies to while away the time of waiting; there are no chairs with complicated gear to raise and lower the patient, to swing him around into the light at his most artistic angle, to tilt him back to a monotonous view of the ceiling.

The soap is dragged off with little regard to the feelings of the sufferer; the question is never put: "Does this razor pull?" When the barber has gone his hand from ear to ear the patient takes his bowl and washes up for himself.

Being Mongolian, a Chinese razor is naturally like no other razor in the world. It looks like a split half dime mounted on a stick; but the Chinese find it extremely effective, and that must serve as a complete test of its efficiency.

The Paro and their captives seem to have grown a few straggling hairs on the chin. At long range, they are richly ornamented boxes to cover the beard which they may or may not have been able to grow.

There have been numerous proposals to erect electric power stations near the coal mines in Yorkshire and send enormous quantities of current by wire to London, several hundred miles away.

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has developed no little skill as workers in metal and produce knives of good temper, they seem not to have hit upon the idea of true shaving by the use of a cutting edge.

A plate of iron an inch in width, three inches long and a quarter of an inch thick is mounted in a handle of horn. This is brought to a white heat in the charcoal furnace and is passed evenly over the face very close to the skin.

For shore dwellers the opportunities which several mollusks afford have not been lost upon the barbers. One such shell has been commonly designated the razor clam, and while not much of a clam for fritter purposes, it will serve excellently well on a pinch for a razor.

It abounds on the beaches of the northern Atlantic coast, but it is not altogether easy to dig up, even when the little spout of water in the sand betrays its presence, for it takes the promptest alarm and can dig itself out of sight far more quickly than any man can dig it into view.

To prepare it for use all that is needed is to press the edge of the shell from the inside steadily and evenly with a chip; this splits off a sheet of the tough purplish green outer rind and leaves a clean edge of shell that is sharp enough for a comfortable shaving and firm enough to keep the edge at least during the operation.

Another pelagic razor widely employed is the tooth of the shark. While this also has a sharp edge, it differs from the keenness of the shells. They present a true cutting edge so long as it lasts. The small tooth of the shark keeps its heavily enamelled edge much longer, but it is of the saw type and therefore by no means of smooth action.

In inland regions, where sea razors are not easily come, there may be found mineral substitutes. The most most widely found of these mineral razors is the flint.

Another mineral of great value to the primitive folk who have themselves is the obsidian or volcanic glass. By careful treatment this may be split into almost any desired shape and its edges of fracture are found very keen edge, though quick to dull, its cutting edge.

Even the herb of the soil as well as the sea and the rock yields its razor, than which there could be none better. This is the bamboo, which grows in the tropics and is used to carry a thin flint casing, a sheet of which its edge will still appear sharp under a high power of microscope.

It is sharper than any razor of steel can be whetted, so sharp that it must be used with great care to avoid cutting deep into the skin. It will hold its edge for any operation of shaving and there is no need to save it for a second time, since the bamboo grows wild all over the tropics and a new razor may be had without cost of labor whenever wanted.

In his primitive estate savages man seems to possess all the necessities of the barber shop except the lather brush and the soap, neither of which he has learned to use, and therefore does not miss them.—New York Sun.

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"IN THIRTY DAYS."

They assure me they can teach me how to draw. In thirty days; And they say that I can master Blackstone's Law. In thirty days.

They declare that they can make me write a book. In thirty days; And they'll stake their honor on it, I can cook. In thirty days.

They will give me a diploma or degree in thirty days; I can place it where the public all can see. In thirty days.

All the trades from A to Issard are in their curriculum. And the highest professions they will in the range of their instruction and will pay a tidy sum. In thirty days.

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A PACIFIC ROMANCE.

By all the laws of the true romance she should have felt upon opening her eyes a day of destiny. But she merely felt that the engines had stopped, that the ship was at anchor, and that, therefore, she was moistly, insufferably warm.

There has been rain in the night, a trifle shower. The clouds were lifting away. They were massed in white and gold behind the two volcano peaks that had sent forth the one fire, the other water, in their time.

Which—the advice and the strategy—had the natural effect of rendering Miss Strathmore more barely civil to Merida when she stopped to speak to her. He had changed the suit in which he had come on board, and was in white flannels now.

Apparently the word suggested something to Merida. He put his hand to his watch pocket—and then his face changed. There were three Mexicans in the boat, but only two of them had rowed; the other had been sitting near him in the stern, steering occasionally with an oar. Merida, who looked too innocent and shook his head.

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FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

"Darling, do you love me still?" "How can I, dear? I have never seen you that way."—Baltimore American.

She—Did you notice the beautiful palms in the new restaurant? He—The only palms I saw were the waiters.—Boston Transcript.

"Is there any redeeming trait in an anarchist?" "Yes," answered the European monarch. "Had marksmanship."—Washington Star.

Church—I see they are crying for more missionaries over in Africa. Gotham Why, those cannibals must be regular gluttons!—Yonkers Statesman.

Sergeant—Well, what is it? Newly enlisted yeoman (whose mount is a bit off his oats)—Please, Sergeant, my horse won't pick up his seed!—Punch.

"Would you call Offenbergl a neglected man?" "Conceded." "When Offenbergl has a headache, he thinks his throats are registered on the seismographs in Japan!"—Life.

Poor Man's Son—Yes, sir! I began at the bottom of the ladder and climbed up. Rich Man's Son—Huh! I began at the top of the ladder and slid down.—Detroit Free Press.

Teacher—How long had Washington been dead when Roosevelt was inaugurated? Scholar—I don't know, but it hasn't been very dead since Teddy has been there.—Brooklyn Life.

Comparative Stranger—What's all the excitement about? Summer Boarder—Nothing; just a lynching. The man who wrote the folders describing this place is coming down on the train.—Puck.

"You say you haven't been able to find work in forty-six years?" asked the kind lady of Frayed Franklin. "Dat's right, mum." "Goodness! How old are you?" "Forty-six, mum."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Towne—The weather seems to be clearing up. I'm sorry that I took this umbrella today. Brown—Yes, the sun is all the greater when you steal something you don't really need.—Philadelphia Press.

"What reason have you for thinking that the thief who entered your house was a locksmith by trade?" asked the detective. "Why, I saw him make a bolt for the door," said the victim of the robbery.—Judge.

Appropriate—"De Ritter hasn't been very successful with his new paper, has he?" "No, I think he ought to change the name of it; ought to call it 'Advice.' " "Advice? Why?" "Well, nobody takes it."—Philadelphia Press.

"Don you think," queried the anxious candidate, "that my opponent will take the initiative?" "Sure," answered the political boss. "He has a reputation for taking any old thing that isn't nailed down."—Chicago Daily.

"Why," exclaimed the visitor who was being shown over the house, "this picture is by one of the old masters." "Well, maybe it is," replied Mrs. Neurich, apologetically, "but I'm sure the frame is quite new."—Chicago Daily News.

"My son," said the good old man, "if you only work hard enough when you undertake a thing you're morally sure to be at the top of the heap when you're through." "Oh, I don't know, pa. Suppose I undertook to dig a well?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Inquiring Female—And what do you do, captain, when it's too rough to go out in the boat? Captain—Well, ma'am, I generally try to rig a line to her, an' then we send out the breeches buoy. Inquiring Female—Oh, the poor little fellow! But don't his parents object?—Judge.

The Statues of London. Some day we shall break up all these stiff, ugly, ungainly figures which bear witness to the evil fortunes upon which the art of sculpture once fell in our country. We have begun to see what message sculpture should bring up—a message of pleasure, of emotion, of joy. We have begun to understand that it ought to show us, not how hideous the human form can be made by modern clothing, but how beautiful are its lines, how exquisite its proportions, when it is unsculptured.—Nineteenth Century.

Gawd. He—So your father thought I wanted to marry you for your money. What did you say? She—I persuaded him that you didn't, and then he said if that was the case you didn't have any sense.—Tit-Bits.