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NICHOLS.

TTERN AGENCY

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ght, aged 86 years. hicage, Ill., on Nov. of his age, Robert ir Island, Scotland, ford, St. John Co., seven years. residence, 48 King ov. 26th, Lizzie, be-MacFarlane, M. D.,

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NEW YORK.

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PACES. ST. JOHN WERKIN SUN. PACES.

VOL. 17.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEE'NESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1894.

THE BUILDING OF THE BARN.

You're going to build a new barn, And tear the old one down; And you have now the plans, John, Made by a man in town. The old log barn has got too small To hold the crops you grow, But, John, I love each mossy wall We built so long ago.

It takes me back again, John, To when you first wed me, we moved on our farm, John, Way back in sixty-three Way back in sixty-three;
When all you had to start in life
Was your good axe of steel,
Your team of horses and your wife,
Some wheat and corn and meal.

Twas then the trees fell fast, John. And soon a place was clear'd And soon a place was clear'd,
Ere many days were passed, John,
A home we soon had rear'd;
How proud was I when first we ate
Our humble meal at home, I envied not a queen in state, Or lofty palace dome.

We planned the old log barn, John How fast your axe did fly, As one by one the pine trees fell, While gay and blithe was I.

And when you needed help, John, To roll the logs in place,
I lent my strength, and then, John,
You kiss'd my happy face; You kiss'd my nappy face;

How proudly did we raise those walls,

With roof, and door, and mow—

"Twas soon our horses had their stalls,

With one for "Bess," the cow.

And when our Bill was born, John, To comfort you and me, How often in the old barn I've heard his laugh of glee As high upon a load of wheat I'd toss him to your side—
'Twas then my life was all complete,
My heart was satisfied.

Our fields have grown broad, John, Our children now are four;
The Lord has prospered you and me,
With plenty in our store;
Your raven hair is streaked with snow,
While tell has marked your brow. While toil has marked your brow, The old log barn, built long ago, We must not part with now.

You'll let it stand for me, John, Your wife now pleads today, And tho' we build the new barn, You'll let the old one stay; Tis homely, and 'tis rough, beside, And storms have turned it prown, We built it when I was your bride—
Don't tear the log barn down,
CHARLES D. BINGHAM.

THE HOME.

A Very Simple Plan for Renovating Black Silk.

Several Useful Hints for Housekeeping-Three Kinds of Taffy-Rules on Color Effects.

The fellowing general rules on color effects are good: Red and violet do not accord well.

Orange and yellow accord compara-Orange and green do not accord well. Orange and violet accord passably. Yellow and green form an agreeable Greenish yellow and violet blend

The arrangement of yellow and blues is more agreeable than that of yellow and green, but it is less lively. Green and blue produce an indifferent effect, but better when the colors are deep.

Green and violet, specially when light, form a combination preferable to green and blue. Red and green intensify each other. Orange yellow when placed by the

side of indigo increases its intensity, and vice versa. Yellow and indigo combine perfect-

Red and yellow accord pretty well, especially if the red is purple red rather than scarlet, and the yellow rather greenish than orange. Red and blue accord passably, especially if the red inclines rather to scarlet than crimson.

Blue and violet accord badly. Black never produces a bad effect when it is associated with two lumin-

While gray never exactly produces a bad effect in its associations with two luminous colors, yet in most cases its assortments are dull. Blue when placed by the side of orange increases the latter's intensity,

THREE KINDS OF TAFFY. To make coceanut taffy, take two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two-thirds cupful of water; cook to the hard crack; add one fresh grated cocoanut; stir until the batch reaches the soft crack: pour out into a greased pan, and when nearly cold pull white on hook, writes Nellie Willey in an article on Making Candy at Home in the December Ladies Home Journal.

Molasses taffy may be made by boiling one pound of sugar, one pound of glucose, one-third quart New Orleans to soft crack; set off the fire and stir and lighting his pipe? in one-third teaspoonful saleratus; Why does he never put pour into a buttered pan, and when fold up a newspaper? nearly cold pull on the hook and flavor with peppermint.

Another good receipt for molasses he say the girl is soft ? taffy is the following: One quart of New Orleans molasses, one and onefourth pounds of sugar; set on fire and stir and cook until when drepped in water it will form rather a hard ball if gathered up between the ever was? fingers; this is called hard ball; then add one-quarter pound of butter and cook to soft crack; pour into a greased pan, let it remain until nearly cold and then pull on hook.

BLACK SILK. A good many housekeepers keep what they call "a black box," and into that goes every bit of black velvet, lace, ribbon or jet which is not in use. Such odds and ends are sure to come into use because black combines with everything. The following advice is good regarding black pieces: Never throw away a scrap of black silk. An

strain through a cloth, and put in the liquid a quart or more of hot water and a tablespoonful of hot borax. Lay your silk flat on a perfectly clean table that has no seams or cracks in The Barn of Mrs. Robert Lawton, on the mixture till it is thoroughly satu-

rated and all spots are removed. Then fix a tub of warm water, in which put a liberal quantity of borax, and pick the silk up by the corners and dip it up and down in the tub of water. Dip and dip till it is well rinsed, then take out to the line, where you have pinned a long strip of cloth about a foot wide. To the edge of this cloth pin the silk by the extreme edge, stretching it so that it is not rinkled and does not droop. Let it drip dry, and it will need no ironing. Do this on a bright day when there is no wind. Black ribbons may be cleaned

the same way.-N. E. Farmer. HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS. Common alum melted in an iron spoon over hot coals forms a very strong cement for joining glass and netal together. It is the best thing or holding glass lamps to their stands or for stopping cracks about their

bases, as kerosene does not penetrate A correspondent of the Scientific American says: Before being allowed to get dirty or greasy tie all the broken pieces in the places nicely with any kind of a string that suits, then put in an iron or tin dish that can be put on the fire, pour in as much milk as will cover the fractures well, put on the fire and boil for ten minutes, and the whole operation is complete. Don't undo the wrapping until the

dish is completely cold. An excellent mixture for removing grease spots and stains from carpets and clothing is mades of two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether. Cut the soap in cmall pieces and dissolve it in one pint of water over the fire; then add two quarts of water. This should then be mixed with more water, in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary sized pail of water. The soiled artices are then washed thoroughy in this. If grease or oil is spilled on a carpet, sprinkle flour or fine meal over the spot as soon as possible; let it remain for several hours, and it will absorb the grease. Silken fabrics should never be kept folded in white paper. The chloride of lime which is used to bleach the

paper causes a chemical change in the silk and injures the color. To prepare an egg for a sick person beat the egg until very light; add seasoning to taste, and then steam until thoroughly warmed through. This will not take more than two minutes. The most delicate stomach will be able to digest it.

CHURCH REUNION.

A Papal Decree Issued Regarding the Reunion of the Roman and Greek Churches.

Rome, Dec. 6.-A papal decree, which is the outcome of the recent conference held here looking to the reunion of the Roman and Greek churches, appears today. It provides that ecclesiastical colleges founded in the east by the papacy shall be developed in favor of the Eastern churches. The rites of the latter church shall be maintained intact. Any Latin priest trying to proselyte among Greek Christians shall be suspended. Roman Catholics in places where there are no priests of that church may attend the services held by priests of horse and two cows. the Eastern rite without prejudice to their own religion. No more Roman enced in saving the house, which was Cathollic colleges can be established only twenty feet away, but the neigh-Yellow shrdl shrdlu shrdlu cmfcm All members will receive instructions according to the rite of their own church, and those who have embraced the Roman Catholic faith can return to the Eastern rites.

Finally, the decree announces that the Pope, with the monetary assistance of Catholics of all countries, will found colleges and churches in the

CAN YOU TELL WHY?

Certain Queries for Male Critics of the Gentler Sex to Answer.

The little pecularities of women are a fruitful topic with some masculine writers. They continually rush into print with such questions as: Why does a woman always want to know if her hat is on straight? Why does she keep you waiting ten minutes after she's declared she's all ready? Why does she do this, that, and the other ?

Here's a counterblast from a woman writer: Why does a man rush through his dressing and throw everything all over the room, because he's in such a hurry-he "knows he'll be late," and molasses; stir all the time and cook then spend a good five minutes filling

Why does he never put together and Why, when a pretty girl praises another man's "charming manner," does

Why can he never, by any possibility, find anything he is sent to look for in the closet or drawer ? Why is his headache or toothache so much worse than anybody else's

Why is it always his liver that does not work, instead of the welsh rarebit and mince pie that have disagreed with him? Why does it rain too hard to go to

church, but not too hard to go to a dinner, or a theatre, or club on any succeeding stormy day? Why does he suppose when he notes women's "funny ways," that women are not at the same time noticing his

own funny ways?

A FATAL FIRE

the Black River Road. Destroyed.

Oliver Lawton Loses His Life - A Herse and Two Cows also Lost.

A large and admirably equipped barn on Mrs. Robert Lawton's farm on the Black River road, about five miles from the city, was destroyed by fire early on Wednesday evening, and Mrs. Lawton's eldest son, Oliver, lost his life while attempting to rescue some of the stock.

Oliver Lawton and his brother Fred were engaged stowing a load of straw in the barn, and as it was quite dark, had a lantern hung close by the place where the straw was. The lantern was knocked down some way and the

straw was set on fire. The flames spread with such repidity that the brothers saw it would be useless to attempt to put them out. There being no hope of saving the barn, the two set to work to get the stock out. Two horses and some twenty head of cattle were rescued by them. Neighbors were arriving on the scene in large numbers all the time, and of course they lent a great deal of assistance.

But now the barn was a mass of flames and the smoke so thick that the crowd had to stand back from it. There were still in the barn a horse and two cows. Oliver Lawton started in after the horse, but he was stopped by a neighbor named Culley, who said it was madness to think of such a thing. Young Lawton would not listen to this gentleman or anybody else that remonstrated with him.

Into the barn he dashed, determined upon the rescue of the remaining horse. As he did not come out at once, some of the people standing by, and there must have been seventyfive of them, tore several boards off the barn where the horse stood. Nothing could be seen of either man or horse. A couple of men poked their hands in and they came in contact with the horse's body. The animal was dead, having been smothered by the smoke. Just behind the horse lay young Lawton. He was pulled out as good as dead from suffocation. He was carried into the house, where he died fifteen minutes later.

As soon as Lawton was got out a lad named Cavanagh was given a horse and told to ride in to the city for a doctor. Cavanagh came in as quickly as possible and Dr. Simon went out to Mrs. Lawton's. The young man had been dead a good while. Cavanagh's horse was so played out that it had to be stabled in the city. Fred Lawton almost lost his life while assisting in the rescue of the cattle. He got out just in time, as he

was almost suffocated. Oliver Lawton, who was about 22 years of age, was one of the finest roung men in the county. He was liked by everybody and was of great assistance to his widowed mother. She takes his death very hard, and that is not to be wondered at, for he was a son of whom any mother might

well feel proud: Mrs. Lawton's loss will be a heavy one. The barn contained some forty or fifty tons of hay, which was, of course, consumed. Then there were the agricultural implements and the

Considerable difficulty was experiin the east without papal permission. bors worked like beavers and were at last successful.

MAX O'RELL.

On French Versus Anglo-Saxon Immorality-Clever Summary of

Max O'Rell in the North American Review, has an interesting article, which is very pertinent, upon French versus Anglo-Saxon immorality. He one that deepens every year as I different in its ways, in its tastes, in its virtues and in its vices. Would that, over all the world, this were the teaching to be heard from every platform and every pulpit! One nation is not more virtuous or more immoral than another; it is merely different in its ways of showing its virtues and hiding its vices. Nations are like individuals; in their morality they are hypocritical or sincere; in their immorality they are sly, ugly, unclean, above board, honest, picturesque, coarse, refined, as the case may be. So much for the world in general. Now to particularize. Let us take the French nation as representing the Latin race, and compare it with the Anglo-Saxon one as found in America, in England, and the British colonies.

I have no intention of holding up my countrymen as models of virtue, having already affirmed my belief in the universal frailty of man, in which I believe as firmly as in the universal goodness of woman; but just as a sin concealed is half atoned for, I claim that such vice as may exist—as does unfortunately exist—in France loses some of its ugliness by its refusal to masquerade as virtue. To take the question of drink, for instance. France is a country where temperance is properly understood, where man uses and enjoys the divine gift of wine with which a fertile soil has supplied him, and he is not ashamed to own it. He moderately. Temperance means moderation, and has never meant total abstinence. When a Frenchman takes his glass of wine, he does so coram populo. When the Parisian throw away a scrap of black silk. An inch strip of black silk is a boon sometimes. After ripping up an old gown take three or four old kid gloves and put them to boil in a pint of water. Let them boil for an hour,

of this beverage, I have never seen a Frenchman take it until he getstipsy. In the British colonies, at the hotels, ou will see men take tea or water with their meals. That is what they do in the presence of their fellowcreatures; but they spend the evening at the bar quietly, sadly imbibing whiskey until they are unable to get to their L'edrooms unaided. In the prohibition states of America

I have seen men dring liquor, like

castor oil, out of a little graduated

glass, in the arug stores. Everybody

in America knows that this is so. Once a day, after lecturing, I take a little stimulant, a glass of hot grog. In the prohibition ates I had to take it behind the couner of a chemist, or down in the cellar of the hotel. It seems to me that the sly obtaining and drinking of spirits in this fashion is likely to do as much harm to the young man's moral character as ever the dram itself could do to his body. But this is always the atitude of Anglo-Saxon pharisaism : "Let us hide certain failings out of sight and pretend to the world that they do not exist while we draw attention to our virtues and pray for the conversion of the French." In this spirit London vaunts itself that it possesses no state-visited houses of ill-fame, while, all the while, its great west end thoroughfares are literally swarming with peor, wretched catures from sunset to early morn—a sight unparalleled in the world. Whence this everpowering impulse to wrap the pharisee's cloak around one and cry, Stand aside, for I am holier than thou?" It is an ættitude agly and un-Christian enough in the most vir-

tuous person, but despicable and disgusting in those who use the cloak as a cover for a multitude of sins. I have often had Anglo-Savons hurl at my head the number of French unfortunates who are to be seen in the west end of London My answer has always been that if they were not less appreciated in

France than in England, in France would undoubtedly remain. Surely it is not the climate and atmesphere of London that tempt them to cross the English channel. French mmorality is often refined, artistic, Attic. Anglo-Saxon immorality is gross, brutal, and debasing, and perhaps, on that account, less attractive and therefore, less dangerous.

HIS CHURCH AFFILIATIONS.

This story is told by a minister of the Episcopa l church. travelling south, who met a citizen who claimed that he also was an Episcopalian. "To what parish do you belong?"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout any parish," was his answer. "Well, to what diocese do you belong," I inquired. "There ain't nothin' of that sort in

this part of the country that I ever bard of," he replied. "But who confirmed you?" said I. "Nobody,'- he said." "But didn't you tell me you were

an Episcopalian?" I asked in astonishment. "Oh, yes," said the old man; "I'll tell ye how it is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin', and while I was there I went ter church. and it happened to be an Episcopaian one, and among other things I heard 'em say that they'd left undone them things they hadn't oughter done and done them things they hadn't oughter done; and I said to myself, 'That's just my fix. too,' and since then I've always considered myself an

Episcopalian." "Well," said I, as I shook the old man's hand, "if your ideas of an Episcopalian are correct, we are the largest denomination in the world."

CREOSOITNG THE BLOCKS.

An interesting process is now going on at D. McGillivray's yard, corner of Carrall and Hastings street. World reporter dropped in there this morning and saw a man drawing a big patch of blocks from the oven, like a baker taking out a batch of tread. When asked why the blocks were being baked the idea was exsays: Let me state my firm conviction | plained to him. The oven or kettle is double. The blocks are first put see more of the world-that one na- in and cooked for about a day in tion is neither better, nor worse than steam. Then the steam is withdrawn arother, but only different, that is all; from the kettle, where the blocks are turned into the outer kettle and intense heat developed in the inner kettle, which is kept up till the blocks are thoroughly dry. This leaves the veins and pores of the wood open, and creosote is then pumped in and kept at a pressure of 80 lbs till the wood has taken up all it will hold. The blocks when taken out are thoroughly saturated with the creosote. This will preserve the wood for an indefinite period. The process takes two days. The wood seen this morning was British Columbia, fir. A block split open was found to have the creosote all the way through it. The blocks are 5x3x9 in.—Vancouver World

UMBRELLAS.

(New York Herald.) only knew such a simple thing as how to roll up an umbrella, I would probably have to close up my repairing department," said an up town umbrella dealer. "Most of the umbrellas brought here to be mended," he went on, "would never have needed repairs if they had been kept properly rolled. "The right way to roll your umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twirled around with the other hand. Then your umuses and enjoys it, as becomes a man, brella will be as nicely closed as when you bought it, and the only wear and tear will be on the cloth.

"It is twisting the ribs out of shape arcund the stick and fastening them there that spoils most of the umbrellas that are brought to me to be fixed up. Never hold the umbrella not hide himself. He takes it on a by the handle alone when you roll it table outside the cafe, and much as up, and you will find it will last longARCHBISHOP AND PRIEST.

Father Ducey's Latest Reply to Archbishop Corrigan of New York.

The Priest Continues to be a Consp cuous Figure at the Lexow Committee Meetings.

New York, Dec. 6 .- The controversy between Archbishop Corrigan and Father Ducey has reached that stage when another statement has been deemed expedient by the latter. Notwithstanding the archbishop's injunction Father Ducey continues to be a conspicuous figure at the Lexow committee investigation. This evening he gave out the following statement: When one is kept like a cathedral window, constantly on a gridiron, selfpreservation forces one to cry out: We are very rotten in New York."

Archbishop Corrigan has placed himself in a position of persistent perseeution of me for the past ten years. Why his grace should have been so misguided I cannot fathom. I owe nothing to the archbishop of New Yerk and he knows that he owes much to me. From his coming to this diccese I was kind to him in the extreme, when he was a suppliant and a stranger in New York, and he knows it. As C adjutor archbishop, with the right of succession, he was unknown and humble in New York. He came to my house almost every week, he rode with me in my carriages and sleighs before my devotion to humanity forced me to rid myself of these vanities. I was not in all particulars like the young man in the Gospel. I could not say that I kept in perfection the commandments from my youth without spot and blemish, but I can say, however, that I have been most faithful and sacrificing as a priest, and have never been a frequenter of

disreputable places. The Lexow committee is seeking to know something of the character of little is worn, and they are as jolly Rosa Bell's and her successor, Evelyn Bell's, house on Thirth-sixth street. Inspector Williams and Capt. Westervelt might give some ecclesiastical information as to that house to the com-

HUNGRY AND COLD.

Pitiful Condition of the Hundreds of the Pullman Strikers.

Chicago, Dec. 4.—Two hundred and fifty families in Kensington, which generally known dioins Pullman, are destitute. are the remnant of the great strike of last summer and they are suffering from hunger and want. . They :epresent all classes of labor that were employed at the great car shops be-fore they were shut down. They are brick makers and cabinet makers, men skilled in the arts and trades, who have been unable to obtain enough employmen since the strike was declared off to keep the wolf from the

These families have been the subjects of charity for many months. Their friendly neighbors, however, at this time have all they can do to care for their own, and willingly as they would aid, they are powerless to do so. The distressing condition of things was brought to light by a petition from the heads of families directed to the board of county commissioners, and asking for transportation for themselves and families to Lutherville, Ala., where, although they have no assurance of steady work at good wages, yet they are comforted by the thought that if they can get there they will have avoided a rigorous climate and may, perhaps, join together and engage in brick making on the co-operative plan, yielding at

least living wages. The county board could do nothing, having no funds available which they could legally use for such a purpose. Since the strike failed the different labor unions have let the men who did not get back to work at Pullman, shift for themselves. Work has been very scarce and many of the men were not fit to do it if they had it. Hunger and scant clothing are not conducive to good feeling, and the men have not the heart to battle for place in competition with men better

clothed and fed. Those who are familiar with affairs at Kensington say that the condition of these people is worse now than at any time last summer. The winter had been cold and disagreeable and the men are badly clothed, to say nothing of the women and children. Many of them live in

the poorest class of houses and their

suffering has been intense. No or-

ganized plan of relief has as yet been

developed, but thse families will un-

doubtedly be the wards of the city during the winter, Several of the larger charity organizations have announced that they will do their share, but the strikers do not relish this. They prefer to be helped to a warmer climate, where "If half the citizens of New York | they hope to be able to care for themselves.

FOUND HIS MATCH. A very bright young man in a neighboring town, says the Fort Madison (Iowa) Gem City, received at a hotel a roast which he merited and which very properly subdued him. He was at dinner and, wishing to let everyone know how smart he was, commenced to guy the waiter girls. He succeeded in driving several half crazy, but finally made the error of joking the wrong one. "Drive in the cow," he said, looking around for the milk pitcher. Taking the man by the ear the girl convulsed the guests and at the same time paralyzed the stranger by loudly remarking: "Come along, Aleck; it's easier to trot the calf to the cow than to drive the cow

THE WEEKLY SUN, \$1.00 a Year.

NO. 50.

QUEER THINGS AT JAVA. Millions of a Pigmy Race Who Work for 10 Cents a Day.

W. C. Knoofe, a rich coffee and sugar grower of Java, is among the recent arivals at the California. Mr. Knoofe is acompanied by several friends. He has lived in Java ten years, and has large and flourishing plantations. He told an interesting story yesterday about this queer country, for so many years under the control of the Dutch, and said that few persons understood the strange conditions of life there, says the San

Francisco Examiner. "You never saw such happy people anywhere as these little Javanese. They are always talking, laughing, and dancing, and seem never to have any sort of care. They work in the tea, coffee, and sugar plantations for 8 or 9 cents a day, and the best of them never get over 10 or 12 cents. Yet they are entirely contented. The women, who are the best for tea picking, do not get more than 4 or 5 cents a day. The tea is cut every forty days, so there is always work to do. There is a big yield this year, and it is good tea, but it isn't' worth much. We got word from Amsterdam, where much of our tea goes, that it was worth only from 9 to 10 cents a pound. "With coffee and sugar the price is different. There never was as much money in sugar as at the present time. It is worth \$3.20 to \$3.60 for each pickle, or 134 pounds. The growers are getting rich. Both the coffee and sugar crops are very large, and, like tea, they are very fine. Coffee has veered around so much that there is no longer much money in it. All that is grown must be sold to the government. That is a requirement. It is cheap. In Holland it is worth but \$6

for each 134 pounds. "All the labor used is Javanese. It: would not pay us to employ any other people, and though the wages are small the people are probably the hap-piest on the globe Their wants are few, the climate is so mild that but as the day. There are 24,000,000 of them, and the Dutch government has never had the slightest trouble with any of them

Mr. Knoofe is on his way to London and Amsterdam, which cities he has net visited for many years. He will go by the Canadian Pacific road.

·VACCENATING LAND.

Impoverished land is now "viccinated" on the Continent of Europe. It is generally known that land is enriched asionally with a leguminous crop like clover of lucerne, the roots of which absorb more nitrogen than they take from the ground. Where the mitrogen came from was where the introgen came from was the problem. Messrs. Hellriegel and Willfarth have discovered that the ab-sorption is due to minute organism, a sort of disease in the roots, which, when the supply of nitrogen in the soil begins to fail, appear as an excrescence, draw nitrogen from the air, and so enrich the soil again. Experiments have been made in France and Germany to hasten the growth of the disease by sprinkling the fields with soil in which tuberculous crops have been grown or with water in which they have been steeped. In Prussia. a field was sown with lupins, one partof it was then treated in the ordinary way, the other inoculated from an old lupin crop; the yield in the latter part was five and a half times as great as in the other.

PCORLY SHOD.

A business man has in his employ one of those quick-witted sons of Erin who are rarely, if ever, at a loss for a bright rejoinder. One day when the streets were very slippery with ice, a truckman tried to get up to the genleman's' door with a heavy load. The norses, having no corks on their shoes, struggled and slipped abut in a desperate way, without making any real progress. The good-humored Irishman went out and endeavored to assist the truckman; at last, when it seemed as if their united efferts were all in vain, Pat looked up at the man, and said with a grin:

"It's no use; thim haarses av yures: have nary a shoe on them only slippers!"-Youth's Companion

TIT FOR TAT.

A New York girl, who is only sevens years old, one day last week gave tit for tat in a very neat way. She wast trudging to school, carrying her luncheon in a little covered basket, when a schoolmate, a boy of nine, overtook her. He must have been in rather a. bad humor, for his very first remarks was: "Say, I wouldn't carry my lunch" in a fish basket anyway." The little miss turned and looked at him. He had his sandwiches and cake in a ting box under his arm, "Well," she said, "I wouldn't carry mine in a bait box," And the boy had nothing to say.-New

SMART, BUT NOT HONEST.

Hotel keepers in some cities set the valves of the steam radiators lat a point which they think will allow sufficient steam in the rooms let to 'transcient guests, and remove the wheels or handles of the valves. To circumvent the landlord and secure greater warmth, many drummers carry small adjustable wrenches, with which they can turn the valves at will. Some of the drummers also carry an extra lava tip for the gas burner, one which will supply six feet of gas an hour, with which to replace temporarily the landlord's three-foot tip. /

WHY THE BANK CLOSED.

A little financial trouble, which caused the closing of a bank in Arizona, is accounted for by the following notice, posted on the bank doors: "This bank is not busted; it owes the people \$36,000; the people owe it \$55,-000; it is the people who are busted; when they pay we'll pay."-Keystone,