

MONEY NOT NEEDED.

Trade Transactions in Which There Is No Cash.

Foreigners and Farmers in Chicago Do Not Supply and Accommodate in Exchange for Produce.

When, the other day, a woman passenger on an Elston avenue car, finding herself without change, paid her fare to the conductor by giving him a can of tomatoes...

Yet thousands of dollars' worth of business is done in Chicago every year upon the same terms, and many a transaction which would swamp some cash stores is carried out without the expenditure of a nickel.

At the office of City Sealer Quinn, where weights and measures are known like books, it is said that the habit of barter comes to Chicago from New England.

It is out in Milwaukee avenue, toward Dunning, down in Blue Island, and westward near Hawthorne and Clyde, that much of this moneyless commerce is carried out.

Money among some parts of Chicago's cosmopolitan population is used solely as a medium of saving. In some parts of the Italian and Chinese quarters a dollar spent means that \$10 or \$20 have been laid away.

They cut their living expenses down to a minimum. Those industrious statisticians who calculate to the penny on how a family can live on \$3.50 a week and who indulge in similar mathematical feats, would be surprised to see how many thrifty Greeks or economical Italians can live healthfully and happily through a day which has seen only a bit of dry bread and a piece of bacon as its luxuries.

These people, who but tarry within our gates, always live in neighborhoods which are populated mostly by their fellow countrymen. When they need clothes they get them from the man whose relatives they knew in Naples or Athens. With shoes, drinks, cigars, medicines it is the same.

They deal, many of them, with their own people, and not always for cash. They have something, some part of their small stock, or some share of their labor, which they willingly exchange for what the other man has.

This trading among some strata of the aliens is done for the most part without the use of money. Most of the money that comes in is put into the chamotte skin bag, which is kept, back of the loose panel in the walls under the board, under the bed or in the safety deposit vault, which is sometimes the only thing for which money is actually paid.

But Americans who have lived here all their lives, and who expect to die here, do not always pay money for what they get. In a larger way they are like the woman in the Elston avenue car who paid a can of tomatoes for her fare. Many of them are farmers. They drive into town in the morning with a load of produce. Their first stop is at the hotel. Never at a downtown hotel, but at one of those countless "farmers' homes" or "farmers' rests" that dot many of the outskirts.

The hotel keeper often does not make out his bill in dollars and cents. He lets the farmer put his wagon and his horses in the hotel shed and he charges him so many pecks of apples or so many bushels of corn.

While the farmer is out selling his produce his wife, or perhaps his daughter, may be trading needlework or butter for some article which is needed out on the farm. Most of the money that is used comes into the farmer's family. It does not go out of it.

It is useless to deny that hundreds of prosperous farmers who come into town each day spend money and spend it freely. But the percentage of those who cannot afford money and who exchange rather than sell or buy is high. Even many of those who have bank accounts prefer to do business in the old way and keep their money for themselves.

That the custom is neither the result entirely of foreign nor of rural environment it is only necessary to turn to this paper to see for sale or exchange column. There will be found the advertisements of many city bred men and women who have some possession for which they want another. Money is not the hub of these transactions. They are cases of genuine barter and exchange.

They were hunting chestnuts. "Dear me," said the pretty girl, "it is chilly. I wish I had something around me."

MUST NOT RIPEN ON PLANT

Bananas Are Unfit for Food When Allowed to Fully Mature on the Stem.

There is a vast amount of ignorance prevailing among intelligent people of the north concerning the growth, production and marketing of bananas, says a southern exchange. Many people imagine that the natives in tropical climates step out of their huts in the early morning and pluck and eat bananas fresh from the plant the same as they would oranges and other fruits.

Bananas ripened on the plant are not suitable for food and would be much the same as the pith which is found in the northern cornstalk or elder. Bananas sold in the United States, even after traveling 3,000 miles in a green state, are every bit as good as bananas ripened under a tropical sun. This is probably true of no other export fruit.

The plant of which bananas are the fruit is not a tree nor is it a bush or vine. It is simply a gigantic plant, growing to a height of from 15 to 20 feet. About 18 feet from the ground the leaves, sometimes eight feet long, come out in a sort of cluster from the center of which springs a bunch of bananas.

These do not grow with the bananas pointing upward, naturally, and if the stem grows straight they would hang exactly as seen in the fruit stores and grocers' windows. This, however, is not the case; the stem bends under the weight of the fruit and this brings it into directly the opposite position, with the large end of the stalk up and the fringes pointing toward the sun.

A word of explanation concerning some banana terms. Each banana is called a "finger" and each of these little clusters of fingers surrounding a stalk is called a "hand." The quality and value of each bunch depend on the number of hands it has. Some may wonder how the fruit is cut from the top of a plant 15 feet from the ground. The native laborers cut the stalk part way up its height, the weight of the fruit causes the stalk to slowly bend over until the bunch of bananas first nicely reaches the ground, then the bunch is cut off with the ever-ready machete and carried to the river or railroad for shipment.

The plant at the same time is cut close to the ground. The banana is a very prolific producer of itself, and at every clearing of the land it is necessary to cut down many of the young plants, or "suckers," as they are termed, in order that they may not become overworked up to a certain limit; the fewer suckers on a given area the larger the fruit they will produce.

MONEY IN CATALPA TREES.

The Financial Side of Their Culture Should Be of Interest to Farmers.

There is probably no other tree which promises such big returns to those who engage in forest culture as does the catalpa species, or hardy catalpa, with which the government forestry experts have been making experiments in various parts of the west. Not only is the catalpa a rapid grower, but it produces lumber of good quality for a variety of purposes, says the Cleveland Leader.

The younger growths make excellent fence posts, railroad ties, and stakes, and constitute the first crop that is cut from a catalpa reservation. The larger trees can be cut into lumber for furniture, interior woodwork, decks and a variety of uses. The wood is light in weight, nicely grained, works easily and when properly cured lasts for a century.

The hardy catalpa is a native of Louisiana, and it formerly flourished along the Wahash river, but it can be transplanted successfully into the soil of nearly all the states. It grows as well in New Orleans as it does in Portland, Me. Its growth is, moreover, very rapid. It adds about nine feet to its height each year, and takes on about an inch in diameter in the same time. It will be seen, therefore, that the forest farmer who plants catalpa does not have to wait very long for a return upon his investment.

But the financial side of catalpa culture is interesting. From bulletins issued by the division of forestry of the department of agriculture it is learned that in Kansas and Nebraska, where catalpa plantations have been established, the value of the trees at the end of 12 years after planting ranges from \$252 to \$776 an acre, and in some cases the net return upon the investment has amounted to a comfortable fortune for the farmer who devotes land to forest culture.

All efforts calculated to direct the attention of farmers to the subject of forestry should be encouraged, because from year to year this branch of agriculture is certain to grow more profitable as the supply of lumber diminishes, and the forests are cut down to supply material for the wood pulp mills. There are few crops which will pay as well as trees.

Plump White Oysters. Many people seem to regard the plump, white oysters, so often served now in restaurants, as preferable to the grayish rather thin oysters that the gourmet is accustomed to consider the luscious delicacy best suited to his taste. Because of this false taste, oysters are bleached and rendered plump by dealers on the way to local markets. Normally, oysters are accustomed to sea water. If they are removed therefrom and placed in fresh water for a time they become much whiter than before, and apparently grow fat because they absorb the fresh water.

With the Goods. "What! Yer city nephew in jail? Why, I allus understood he was coinin' money!" "Yep. That's jest it. They ketcht him!"—Chicago American.

INDIAN AS FOOTBALL PLAYER.

Is Fond of the Game and is Incorporated in Running and Tackling.

As a matter of prosaic fact, these hard-working and well-behaved wards of the nation at Carlisle have been from the start models of disciplined and educated conduct on the football field as well as off, and only their shocks of black hair and their swarthy faces mark them as unusual or odd when they line up against the "pal-faces," says a writer in the Illustrated Sporting News.

These lads are intensely fond of football and they have left in them an inherited indifference to ruts and a toughness of fiber that are their strongest qualities when added to swiftness and agility of movement. I have seen them play through a hard game, without one call for "time out," because of injury, and nearly every one who has seen them play must have noticed the fierceness of their tackling and their fashion of breaking out of a scrimmage on the rebound like so many rubber balls. In running, tackling and aggressive line-breaking the Indians are unsurpassed.

Their weakness is an argument in favor of the claim that football is a question of the trained mind as much as the powerful body. It is mental alertness and adaptability that the Carlisle players find themselves lacking when they meet the first-class teams. To analyze and meet the unexpected, and to solve the problems of a scientific attack and defense of a style to which they are not accustomed puzzles the slower and less effectively trained mind of the Indian, and he cannot make as quick a change of mental base as the white youth. This is to be expected, and the astonishing feature of it is that the Indian player is able to make the showing he does. He comes to Carlisle from the reservation a little savage and in perhaps a half dozen years he is fashioned into the clean, alert, self-respecting young man who delights those who know good football, played with ardor, yet with self-control and intelligence of a high order.

While his opponents shout and rave in moments of great stress, he plays the game in silence, without a show of emotion, whether he wins or loses—the type of the true sportsman. He is a vindication both of the wholesome training of football in the development of young manhood and of the magnificent work accomplished by the policy and life work of Col. Pratt at Carlisle.

REGRETTED HIS ADVICE.

Employer Told Clerk to Elope, Which the Young Man Did Without Delay.

The proprietor of one of the principal firms in Birmingham had remarked that his head clerk, for whom he had a real liking, had for some reason fallen into a melancholy state, and, though he tried his best, he could not find out what was the matter with the young man, says the Birmingham Age-Herald. One day, at last, the sufferer owned that he was in love.

"Well, marry her," said the chief. "Oh, but," here the young man nearly broke down, "she belongs to one of the best families in the town—the parents will never consent."

"Pooh! Your position is good, your name honorable; they won't refuse. I will demand the girl for you. Does she love you?"

"Yes, but it's no use; her parents won't listen."

"Well, then, elope with her. Do I know the girl?"

"Yes; she will be at your ball next Tuesday."

"Now listen to me," said the employer. "Leave the ball quietly with her. Joseph, my coachman, will wait for you at the door and drive you to the station. He will ask you no questions. When you are out of the way I will see the father and settle everything for you."

"Is that really your advice?" gleefully exclaimed the youth. "Do you want me to do it?"

"Yes, I command you to do it. Now, cheer up."

The next day the clerk proposed the plan to his sweetheart, who made some objections at first, but overcame by his reasons, she said at last:

"Well, if he really means it, I must obey."

What was the general stupefaction when, after the ball, the daughter was missing.

"Mad fool that I was!" exclaimed the enraged parent; "it was my own daughter."

The next day he wrote: "Come back; all will be forgiven."

Gambling on Liners. It is quite true, as stated in the New York papers, that hardly a week, and certainly not a month, passes that some gambling scandal on a liner does not find its way into the newspapers. That card sharpers are constantly voyaging back and forth in search of the unwary has long been beyond dispute. On many ships, as on the Kaiser Wilhelm II, there are warning signs in the smoking rooms. Occasionally, and quite exceptionally, the officers of a ship have felt called upon to interfere. But they do not often enough, and as the Evening Post says, the question why open gambling should be allowed at all has never been properly answered. Pool selling on the day's run has become a regular pastime without a protest. But ought the smoking room of a steamer always to be the scene of open gambling any more than the smoking car of a Chicago or California train?

Something Doing. "Yes," said the railway manager, "where there is smoke there must be fire."

Then he got busy and fired half a dozen employees who had gone wrong according to the rule. "No smoking allowed while on duty."—Chicago Daily News.

DISCOVERY OF DYNAMITE.

Terrible Explosive First Prepared by an Italian Chemist in the Year 1845.

Few people know what dynamite is, though the word is in common use, says the American Syren and Shipping Journal. It is a giant gunpowder, that is, an explosive material, varying in strength and safety of handling according to the percentage of nitroglycerin it contains. Nitroglycerin, whence it derives its strength, is composed of ordinary glycerin and nitric acid, compounded together in certain proportions and at a certain temperature. Nitroglycerin, though not the strongest explosive known, being exceeded in power by nitrogen and other products of chemistry, is thus far the most terrible explosive manufactured to any extent. Nitroglycerin by itself is not safe to handle, hence dynamite is preferred.

It is extensively made and consumed in the United States under the various names of Giant, Hercules, Jupiter and Atlas powders, all of which contain anywhere from 30 to 80 per cent of nitroglycerin, the residue of the compound being made up of rotten stone, nonexplosive earth, sawdust, charcoal, plaster of paris, black powder, or some other substance that takes up the glycerin and makes a porous, spongy mass.

Nitroglycerin was discovered by Salvemio, an Italian chemist, in 1845. Dynamite is prepared by simply kneading with the naked hands 25 per cent of infusorial earth and 75 per cent of nitroglycerin until the mixture assumes a putty condition not unlike moist brown sugar. Before mixing the infusorial earth is calcined in a furnace in order to burn out all organic matter and it is also sifted to free it of large grains. While still moist it is squeezed into cartridges, which are prepared of parchment paper, and the fringing is done by fulminate of silver in copper capsules provided with patent coppers.

Nitroglycerin is made of nitric acid one part and sulphuric acid two parts, to which is added ordinary glycerin, and the mixture is well washed with pure water. The infusion is composed of small microscopic silicious shells which have lost their living creatures. The cellular parts receive the nitroglycerin and hold it by capillary attraction, both inside and out. The earth is very light. Water is expelled from it by means of a furnace and then in the form of a powder it is mixed with nitroglycerin. Nitroglycerin has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste, and the peculiar property of causing a violent headache when placed in a small quantity on the tongue or wrist. It freezes at 40 degrees Fahrenheit, becoming a white, half-crystallized mass, which must be melted by the application of water at a temperature of 160 degrees Fahrenheit.

Not alone in battle have young officers of the navy shown the stuff that is in them, writes John Callan O'Laughlin in Success. In contests with the elements, they have displayed nerve which is impossible to overmatch. For instance, take the case of Ensign Henry C. Mustin, commanding the little gunboat Samar, which was assigned by the commander in chief of the Asiatic station to cooperate with Maj. Gen. Young in an advance against the insurgents. While lying off San Fernando, a typhoon began to rage. Gen. Young wiggawaged to Mustin to go ashore for orders. The naval officer lowered a boat, and, with great difficulty, got through the surf, which broke in 35 fathoms of water. "I couldn't tell the general it was impossible to go," he said, apologetically, to an army officer who remonstrated with him for risking his life in attempting the landing. Mustin had intended to remain ashore until the weather should moderate, but, observing that the wind was veering to the northwest, and anticipating that, blowing from that direction, it would drive the Samar to the beach, he decided to return immediately to his ship. The boat was shoved into the breakers, but was tossed back upon the shore as it were a chip. Again Mustin tried, with the same result. A third time he tried, but the boat was stove in. Apparently it was impossible to get by the breakers. Anxious about his ship, Mustin brushed aside all thought of personal risk and announced that he proposed to swim through the surf. He signaled to the Samar to send a boat to point just outside of where the waves were breaking. He removed his clothes and plunged into the sea. Huge waves pitted their strength against his, but, straining every muscle, Mustin labored on and finally reached his boat. Though almost exhausted, he immediately took charge of the Samar, when taken aboard, and carried her safely to sea.

Some Queer Customs of the Natives of Bocas del Toro, on the Isthmus. Among the passengers who arrived on the United States Fruit company's steamship Barnstable, in port from Bocas del Toro, Capt. Henshaw, was the company's superintendent shore engineer, Thomas Peck. He is here on his annual vacation, says the Philadelphia Telegraph of recent date. "We have a strange people down there, and they have queer customs," said Mr. Peck. "Still, the natives are very friendly, but they are intensely jealous of their women. You must keep away from them or the consequences will be serious. Just think of this: When a native and his wife come to Bocas from some point on the coast in a boat on a shopping expedition it is the husband who does all the buying. More curious than all, as soon as they land hubby ties a long rope around his wife's waist and casts her about 20 or 30 feet into the sea, where she must remain until he returns. It is certainly an odd thing to see a dozen or more obedient women, all with ropes about them, gossiping in the sea as the incoming waves break over them. It is a rare way of enforcing discipline and keeping them out of temptation and preventing them from flirting.

"Another curious custom is the buying of wives. The ruling price is about \$15. All negotiations are conducted by the prospective husband and the parents of the girl. Even then the woman is only taken on trial. If at the end of any period she proves intractable, or should be detected making 'goo-goo' eyes at another man, the husband simply returns her to her parents. Sounds funny, but it is all true. Yes, the customs of the natives of the Isthmus are passing strange."

MUST FIGHT THE ELEMENTS.

Officers of Uncle Sam's Navy Fled the Weather a Formidable Enemy.

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Queer Deeds of Rise Ball. I myself made the most extraordinary shot at an antelope that I ever heard of, which, however, has nothing to do with good shooting, but rather with the erratic course that a rifle ball may take. With several scouts, white men and Indians, I rode over a hill, to see three or four buck antelopes spring to their feet, run a short distance and then stop to look. I made a quick shot at one, which dropped, and on going to him I found him not dead, though desperately wounded. The animal had been standing broadside on, his face toward my left. The ball had struck his left elbow, splintering the olecranon, passed through the brisket, broken the right humerus, turned at right angles, and gone back, cutting several ribs, broken the right femur, then turned again at right angles and came out through the inside of the leg, and struck the left back joint, which it dislocated and twisted off, so that it hung by a very narrow string of hide. I never again expect to see so extraordinary a course for a rifle ball.—Oving.

TOLD BY THE HEAD.

Good Idea of What a Man's Character May Be Gained by Studying Its Shape.

The next time you look at the back of a man's head, just notice it carefully—looking not for bumps, but for shape. Contrast two heads, if you can, and you will be surprised at the difference between them—a difference just as great, probably, as that between their faces, says the New York Daily News.

Heads that are very high in the crown indicate great firmness of character and a strong desire to command. But if with this the head is distinctly small, its possessor will be of a decidedly concited nature; whereas, if the brim is of good size, you may set him down as being a man who will succeed. If the back of the head is well developed it indicates a fondness for society, a man of a very friendly disposition, and one who is very fond of his own country.

Fullness of the head between the ears, just above their lobes, indicates love of the opposite sex. If very much developed, great love is indicated, and also the possession of an attractive personality which readily wins the affection of other persons. On the other hand, if there is a distinct shrinkage of the skull at this point the man is of a not very taking disposition, and is incapable of any depth of affection.

Fullness of the head above the ears on each side denotes secretiveness and caution. The possessor of such a head is a good diplomatist. A head well developed immediately above the neck indicates great energy. When you see a man with a very large and very distinctive development of the top of the head, just below the crown, you may set him down at once as having great belief in his own powers. He never says "Can't," but always: "I can do so-and-so."

A man's abilities and character are very clearly written in the formation of his skull. By studying the development of his child's head a parent may be greatly guided in the often difficult task of deciding to what particular trade or profession his son is best suited. Again an expert reading of a child's head would give its parents a most beneficial insight into its character. They would have ample warning of any bad disposition which might make its appearance in later life, and this they could, by judicious training, effectually check.

Or they could be informed of the lack of certain necessary qualities—the gifts of application and industry, perhaps. These could be cultivated in the youthful mind without any great difficulty.

WIVES ANCHORED FOR SAFETY. Some Queer Customs of the Natives of Bocas del Toro, on the Isthmus. Among the passengers who arrived on the United States Fruit company's steamship Barnstable, in port from Bocas del Toro, Capt. Henshaw, was the company's superintendent shore engineer, Thomas Peck. He is here on his annual vacation, says the Philadelphia Telegraph of recent date. "We have a strange people down there, and they have queer customs," said Mr. Peck. "Still, the natives are very friendly, but they are intensely jealous of their women. You must keep away from them or the consequences will be serious. Just think of this: When a native and his wife come to Bocas from some point on the coast in a boat on a shopping expedition it is the husband who does all the buying. More curious than all, as soon as they land hubby ties a long rope around his wife's waist and casts her about 20 or 30 feet into the sea, where she must remain until he returns. It is certainly an odd thing to see a dozen or more obedient women, all with ropes about them, gossiping in the sea as the incoming waves break over them. It is a rare way of enforcing discipline and keeping them out of temptation and preventing them from flirting.

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Old-Time Hair Roll. In her recently published book on old-time costumes Alice Morse Earle quotes from the diary of a little girl who lived many years ago, an account of how the fashionable roll of that day was fixed on her head: "It makes my head itch and ache and burn like anything, mamma. This famous roll is not made wholly of a red cow tail, but is a mixture of that and horse-hair (very coarse), and a little human hair of a yellow hue that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D. (the barber) made it (our head) all carded together and twisted up."

Tattooed on Prince's Arm. The prince of Wales has a most extraordinary design tattooed on his arm. It takes the form of a fearful looking dragon, with open jaws bristling with rows of gigantic teeth, and a row of spiked horns down the middle of its back.

Weights in Refrigerator. A weighing attachment has been invented, intended to be placed in a refrigerator, and which shows at a glance how much the cake of ice weighs, either when first put in or at any subsequent time.

DEVOTED TO HER DEAD.

Texas Woman Cherishes Memory of Departed Husband in Extraordinary Manner.

An Indianapolis young woman whose winters are spent in Texas, where her father has thousands of cattle and acres of grass to feed them on, always brings north with her a fund of interesting stories from the Lone Star state, reports the Indianapolis Journal.

"The greatest case of woman's devotion to the memory of a dead husband I know of," said she, "is to be found on a big ranch in the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains. She is a sweet-faced English woman who is living a life of sacrifice away from her friends because her husband lies buried in that country. Capt. Follett and wife came to Texas from England and settled on a big ranch. The captain was successful and made money. His wife, a refined and cultured woman, endured the early privations because she was with her husband and because he was doing well. After years of hard work, when they had gathered about them great droves of cattle and had built themselves a luxurious home, the husband was taken suddenly ill and died. His wife, instead of having him buried in a cemetery, had him laid in the ground in the yard in front of their home. The little mound that marks his resting place is still there. Friends came to the assistance of the wife and gave her advice and all the assistance that generous Texans can give.

"At length she settled down to living again absolutely alone and unprotected. She keeps no help on the ranch, as none is needed except when it is necessary to brand her cattle or when they are taken to market. On these occasions she calls in the neighbors. But she has no one living in the house with her and prefers to be alone with her dead—lying there in the yard. Her home is furnished luxuriously. She has a piano and her library and magazines. People visiting her home could scarcely believe from the interior that they were in the very heart of the cattle country, far from civilization. She plays the piano exquisitely and all the best class of music finds its way into her ranch house. People passing that way late at night are often astonished to hear the sound of a piano played by expert hands coming from the house. She is intensely loyal to her husband's memory. On the piano at the moment of his death was a white duck helmet which he wore on the plains. It lay where he cast it the last day he wore it. It has never been moved from the piano, and the devoted wife will not let it be moved.

"In the rear of the house is a little gate that hangs about half way open. Capt. Follett, the last trip he made through this gate before his illness left it open, and his wife has never allowed it to be closed. It hangs there to-day just as it did when he passed through it the last time. Mrs. Follett is always glad to have people come and see her for a short call, but she will not hear of anyone staying with her for the sake of keeping her company. She prefers to be alone out there in the great solitude, living out her life within a few feet of his grave and waiting to join him in the great beyond. That's what I call devotion and faithfulness to the memory of a loved one."

CENSUS OF SMALL THINGS. Estimates Upon Numbers of Distinctive Structures in a Certain Locality. Few persons except naturalists ever consider the enormous amount of life other than human which exists in any country civilized or not, densely populated or thinly settled. A recent plague of rats has prompted London Answers to obtain an estimate from a scientist who believes that within the area of Greater London there are 20,000,000 rats—more than three times as many rats as people.

Sparrows probably come next in point of numbers among London's warm-blooded population; but the scientist preferred to make his estimate cover all the birds in the United Kingdom. He believed they would average 600 to the square mile. That would give a total of nearly 97,000,000. Thus the bird population outnumbered the human by more than two to one.

As for the insect population, that is quite beyond any statistician; but admitting that each bird ate only 50 insects a day, British birds would consume more than 1,600,000,000 insects in a year. Yet such an estimate seems absolutely futile when we consider that the insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides was estimated by no less an authority than Miss Ormerod at 12,000,000.

Lord Avebury once calculated that a single ant's nest might contain as many as 400,000 individual insects. Recent researches have shown that these figures were too high; yet the actual facts are astonishing enough.

M. Yung, a French entomologist, has killed the ants in five hills by means of a poisonous gas, and undertaken the prodigious labor of counting the dead. The result showed that in the smallest hill there were nearly 18,000 ants; in the largest, 94,000; and no man would dare to estimate how many ants "got away"—that is, how many were absent from the hills on business or pleasure at the time when the scientist entered upon his tremendous task.

Quite Another Thing. Miles—I was surprised to hear that your friend Miggles gets \$5,000 a year. Gles—Who told you that? "Why, he told me—or, at least, he said he earned that amount."

"Oh, that's an airship of another pattern. He gets \$10 a week."—Chicago Daily News.