BEE THE FARMER'S FRIEND

In Cultivation of Fruit and Seed Crops, Busy Insect Is an Invaluable Aid.

Beekeeping is a valuable aid in the cultivation of fruit and seed crops. Insects which feed on nectar play an important part in the fertilization of flowers. Fertilization is effected in other ways, but the agency of insects is the more certain and efficacious, and no other insect is comparable with the honey bee in this respect.

A strong hive contains 10,000 bees in February, 15,000 in March, 40,000 in April, and from 60,000 to 80,000 in May. It has been discovered by skilful observers that the average load of nectar carried to the hive by a bee is about three-tenths of a grain, so that the collection of one pound of nectar requires nearly 23,000 foraging excursions.

By means of hives set on balances it has been found that the daily increase in weight in May averages 3.3 pounds. Occasionally, more than 11 pounds is gained in one day; and when the amount consumed by the bees and the loss of weight by evaporation are considered, it appears probable that the average daily quantity of nectar collected is not less than 11 pounds, which would load 250,000 bees.

As a bee visits ten flowers on the average in collecting a single load, some 2,500,000 flowers are visited in one day by the bees of a single hive. An additional large number of visits is required for the collection of pollen.

These figures explain why many trees and plants bear small crops in the absence of bees.

The bee is charged with various imaginary crimes. Its sting is formidable, but chiefly to the imprudent. It is accused of ravaging fruit, but its tongue is formed exclusively for the extraction of sweet juices, and its mandibles are unable to pierce the skin of a fruit.—Cosmos.

HAD THE VISITOR GUESSING

Use of Plow in City Streets Was Something that He Could Not Understand.

The other day an agricultural person from south Jersey, characteristically arrayed in elongated boots, trailing whiskers and a 1908 crop of hair, broke into the gladsome zone at the foot of Market street and after taking several hard ciders to satisfy himself that he was no longer in local-option territory, he started to climb the Market street hill.

He had not proceeded far before he came upon Contractor Vare's men, who were tearing up the street preparatory to laying the wooden block pavement, and, seeing a team of horses hooked to a plow, he stopped in apparent astonishment. First he looked, and then he looked again, and, scratching that part of his head where the hard cider was beginning to buzz, wabbled over to a policeman with a perplexed expression.

"Mr. Constable," said he, addressing the officer, "is that a man plowing over yander?"

"It sure is," replied the policeman, with an indulgent smile. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you folks down here has kind o' got me ter guessin'," answered Uncle Josh. "It is too gosh darned late ter plant wheat, an' it's too early ter plow fer corn, and I was wonderin' what in ther thunderation ye was goin' ter plant at this time o' year."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Initials Carry Weight.

"I didn't know you had so many initials,' said one man to another who had been lucky enough to secure an interview with the capitalist. "I nearly dropped over when you told the boy J. K. H. Allen wished to see the boss. What do they all stand for?"

"Nothing," said the man of many initials. "J for John is the only one I have a right to. The rest are added just for effect. It was on the strength of those extra initials that I got to see my man. A string of letters will secure you an interview most anywhere; not printed on a card—never send in your card if you are unknown and not properly introduced—but spoken, and with emphasis. Be sure of the emphasis, J. K. H., just like that, so the boy will think you are somebody and will take care to repeat those blessed initials with the same force. Not one man in a million will turn you down if you can get yourself announced that way."

Giants Feared Dwarfs.

In the seventeenth century all the abnormally large and small folks of Austria were assembled in Vienna in response to a whim of the empress. As circumstances required that all should be housed in one building there was a fear that the imposing proportions of the giants would terrify the dwarfs. But the dwarfs teased and tormented the giants so that these overgrown mortals complained with tears in their eyes and as a consequence sentinels had to be placed to protect the giants from their pygmy prosecutors. For the smallest men had the biggest brains and the longest tongues.

The Flattering Tongue.

"I say, waiter, this isn't beefsteak; it's leather!"

"Oh, we thought we could offer that to monsieur without causing monsieur any inconvenience."

"Why select me?"

"Well, monsieur has such superb teeth."—Leslie's.

BRAVE FIGHT WITH BRIGANDS

Roumanian Woman, Scorning Fear, Saved the Life of Husband and Put Robbers to Rout.

A few nights ago a band of brigands attacked the railway station of Rosetti on this line, writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle. Choosing the hour of midnight, they approached the station, which is desolately situated, and commenced their attack on the dwelling of the telegraph clerk, which stands some 200 yards from the station itself.

This official possesses a savage watch dog, but the brigands silenced it by throwing to it dead fowls stolen from the adjacent shed. Then they proceeded to force an entrance by a back window, thinking they had an easy task, the only inhabitants being the clerk and his wife.

They reckoned, however, without their host, for hardly had they begun to force the window when a door was thrown open and a shot from a Martini rifle stretched one bandit dead. This threw the others into disorder.

They rushed from the yard, the clerk following, but seeing he did not fire again (having recklessly advanced without loading) they turned on him with the knives and axes with which they were armed and for a moment his death seemed certain, when his courageous young wife ran forward and fired with a shotgun with which she had armed herself, and another brigand fell wounded. Picking up their companion they, fairly cowed, took to their heels. The clerk and his wife, loading, followed them, but unfortunately both fell in the dark, the band making their escape.

The gendarmerie have already arrested some members of the band, known criminals, lately come into the district. They have confessed their complicity and say that being burdened with the wounded man and afraid if they left him of his denouncing them, they threw him, still living, into a deep well, where his body has been since discovered.

SOME JOYS OF MODERN LIFE

Short Conversation Wherein the Rooster Explains a Few Things to the Patient Hen.

The Hen first looked at the premium notice on the insurance policy.

"It is about twice as large as it ought to be," explained the Rooster, "this being due to the fine offices the company maintains, the exorbitant salaries paid to the officers, and to other things besides."

"I see," said the Hen. "How about that gas bill?"

"Same principle," replied the Rooster. "In this case, we are charged correctly on the face of it, according to the reading of the meter, but in reality we are paying double, because the gas company fixed the thing up with the legislature. Besides, we are paying for a poor quality of gas. We are obliged to do this because there is only one gas company allowed."

"I see," said the Hen. "How about this carpenter's bill?"

"That's about one-third more than it ought to be. The lumber was bought from a syndicate, who allowed the carpenter a commission. Then his men, who belong to a labor union, shirked their work because, if one of them set too high a standard, all the rest would have to live up to it."

"I see," said the Hen. "How about this feed bill?"

"The feed, as you know, was half husks. The Corn Thresher's trust is responsible for this. They got a bill through the last legislature enabling them to control the output. Of course — But what on earth are you doing? I never saw you act that way before."

"Nothing much," replied the Hen. 'It makes me laugh; that's all."—New York Times.

Gambling and Betting.

Does the man who gambles bet his own money? Many a man who would be greatly indignant and insulted if he were told that he was gambling with what did not belong to him would have to admit the truth of the charge if he gave it a few minutes' thought. He would not think of taking money from the cash drawer of his employer, and yet he sometimes borrows money from a friend with which to gamble. If he uses money which he owes to others for the necessities of life to bet on horse races he is using that which does not belong to him. If his family needs the money which he wastes in this way he is using money which he has no right to lose. There are very few men who can conscientiously gamble, for there are others dependent upon them who have rights to be considered, and it is their money which is lost. Think it over and see if you have a right to bet on races or gamble in any way.—Rome Sentinel.

Dumas' "Monte Cristo."

Alexander Dumas, the great French novelist, never set foot on the island of Monte Cristo to some book which been purchased by the king of Italy. When visiting Elba in 1842 the novelist sailed across to Monte Cristo in the hope of shooting some wild goats. On the point of landing, however, he learned from one of the sailors that as the island was uninhabited no boat was allowed to touch there under penalty of six days' quarantine at the next port of call. It was therefore decided not to disembark; but Dumas insisted on rowing all round the island, because, he told his companion, Prince Napoleon, "I intend in memory of this trip with you to give the name of Monte Christo to some book which I shall write later on."

BLACKSMITH SHOP A PALACE

Promoter's Idea Is to Have Building of Marble, Containing a Silver-Plated Anvil.

To have a blacksmith shop that will rival in beauty and luxuriousness any that the world now possesses is a probability of the near future for this resort. Provided, of course, the promoter of it does not change his mind in the meantime.

According to Mr. Genoe's proposition, he is looking for a site on Atlantic avenue upon which he will erect a marble blacksmith shop, which in the matter of ornate beauty and convenience will outrival many of the other buildings along the big thoroughfare.

The building will be constructed, according to his plans, of the most expensive marble used for such purposes and will be equipped with every modern appliance. There will be an armor-proof vault in the basement wherein expensive horseshoes will be stored. A colored boy will act as valet to the "classy" horses who will be patrons of the shop, and the anvils will be silver-plated and kept bright and clean at all times. They will be polished each morning and kept wholly sanitary, while a smoke condenser will afford relief to the nostrils of the equines who need their feet treated.

Mr. Genoe owns an automobile and has the contract for supplying footgear to the horses belonging to the city. He is of the opinion that if a local bank can erect a marble palace, and if a garage can afford a marble front, there is no logical reason why he shouldn't have a smithy shop that will be the talk of the country. It is understood that he has consulted an architect and that the plans for the unique structure will shortly be made public.—Atlantic City correspondence in Philadelphia Inquirer.

HAD DIVULGED THE SECRET

Few Words Spoken by Young Man Told Discerning Woman That He Was Engaged.

A young man from Kansas City was talking to a young woman from the same town whom he met by accident at a matinee in New York. The woman was married. The man was not.

"You've heard that we're to have a new union station back home?" the woman asked, to make conversation.

"Oh, of course," the young man answered. "I get all the news. I get a letter from Kansas City every day."

The woman began to laugh.

"So when you go back home for that vacation you're going to be married?" she mused.

"How did you know that?" the man cried. "We both said we wouldn't tell, and now she's—"

"You told me yourself a few seconds ago, everything but the date," she answered. "You see, no matter how fond your brother may be of you, or your uncles or aunts or your mother or father, none of these would send you a letter every day. There's only one person who writes a letter every day, and that's a girl who's engaged to be married. For the rest of my sentence I added two and two."

"You're right," the man mused. "Say, a married man must have to play close to the bases. It must be like living with a mind reader."

Frederic Harrison's Rules of Life.

"Touch not tobacco, spirits, nor any unclean thing. Rise from every meal with an appetite. Walk daily for two hours. Sleep nightly for seven. Reverence all to whom reverence is due. Be content with what you have." Such are the rules of life laid down by Mr. Frederic Harrison, the veteran positivist and man of letters, who celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday recently. Mr. Harrison lives up to his rules, and is as active and as well today as many men half his age. Indeed, he claims to feel younger than ever. He is not sparing in his denunciation of bad habits. Smoking he describes as a "beastly habit;" playing cards as "wearisome and inane." With regard to literary work, he claims never to have written for the sake of writing or for money, but only when he had something to say.

Ornamental Buttons.

The arrival of the "button beautiful" (we stir our poetic feetings in our headlines) is, after all, only a return to former fashions, for the first buttons were entirely ornamental, and left the fastening of the clothes to the simpler brooches or strings. Buttons, as we know them, first came in in the days of Edward I., but they continued comparative rarities until Elizabeth's reign. First made of wood and bone, they were later of gold and silver, and in the eighteenth century some Birmingham steel buttons sold for as much as 140 guineas a gross. Even buttons have not been exempt from legislation, for an act of George I. prohibited the manufacture of cloth-covered buttons, in order to encourage the metal industry.

Lives for Humanity.

In a little cottage of the simplest kind at Bromley, Kent, lives Prince Kropotkin, the famous Russian exile, whose revolutionary teachings led to several terms of imprisonment, while serving one of which he escaped to England. The prince rarely leaves his Bromley home, where he writes his books and indulges in his favorite hobbies of book binding and carpentry. He is a man who has suffered even more than Tolstoi for his ideas, and still seeks by his writings to ameliorate the conditions under which the Russian peasant lives.

HAD BOUGHT A GOLD BRICK

City Man Found Himself All to the Bad in His Purchase of a Country Home.

William Raymond Sill's regular vocation, in addition to decorating the lobby of the Broadway theater, is to put pieces in the paper about Lew Fields. For this he receives a salary said to be larger than—but what's the use.

Sill's most notable achievement to date is a bouncing baby from whom knowledge of his father's caling has been withheld thus far. The need of country air for any reputable offspring was impressed upon Sill by Mrs. Sill last summer, and one evening the head of the household triumphantly laid a formidable document in the lap of his fireside companion.

"What's this?" she demanded.

"Deed of the farm," replied Sill.

"Whose farm?" she asked.

"Yours, mine, the kid's," answered her husband.

Examination of the document proved that it called for 11 acres of land. Subsequent inspection of the property revealed 6,000 barrels of the choicest Long Island swamp; 2,000 gallons of malaria and an unlimited supply of eau de board of health. Sill promptly christened the estate Marshmellow Arms and began to cultivate.

The last time he struck a balance sheet he rejoiced to learn that by his ardous toil he had raised a half-acre of pond lilies (yellow), six families of muskrats, and a "scab" bullfrog that croaks only in the afternoon.

"That farm would be a great proposition," sighed Sill, "if I only could get Annette Kellermann to work it for me."—From an article in The Green Book Album.

RING IS 3,200 YEARS OLD

Ornament Once Worn by Court Beauty of Egypt—Is Fine Example of Ancient Carving.

The Musee Guimet of Paris has just acquired a priceless treasure, provided that it will bear investigation better than did the notorious tiara of the Louvre a few years ago. M. Guimet, whose name the museum bears, is an antiquarian and a voluminous writer on antiquities. He seems quite satisfied that he has added to his collection a ring of the time of Rameses II., who flourished about 1,300 years before our era.

The ring was acquired from a family of Grenoble in whose possession it had been for long years, and the former owners produced documents which satisfied M. Guimet as to the authenticity of his acquisition. The ring bears heiroglyphic inscriptions showing that it graced the hand of Nefritarimeri Mout, one of the wives of the once powerful monarch of Egypt.

The ring is of thick gold carrying a cornelian stone rectangular, large and flat. The stone is inclosed in gold and the ring itself is ornamented with a fillet of gold. The stone tells the story in hieroglyphics said to represent the king and Nefritarimeri. The perfection of the entaillure is considered a proof of the genuineness of the ring, for the modern engraver seldom succeeds with that sureness of cut which is the wonder and admiration of all who are familiar with the engraving of the ancients.

The ring, we are further told, although gracing the hand of a court beauty of Egypt in the depths of the past ages, would not be much sought after by a fashionable lady to-day.

City Visitor Makes Protest.

"On a modest estimate," said the irritable man, "there are 11,000,000 things about New York that anger me, but the thing that does it most effectively is the waiter at the high-priced table d'hote. To begin with, it is somewhat maddening to find facing you on the bill of fare the message: 'An extra charge of 25 cents will be made for dinners ordered without wine.' However, you always order wine, so that that irritation soon subsides. But your anger grows when the solemn head waiter approaches and without being asked extends to you a wine list carefully opened at the page devoted to champagne. If you fail to order that particular drink, no matter if you order a burgundy that is far more expensive, his nose turns up and he departs half angry, half grieved that man of so low a caste still lives."

Walked to Parliament.

All members of parliament did not ride to London from their constituencies in the old days. Mr. Barclay of Ury, who represented Kincardineshire in the eighteenth century, always walked the whole way, doing his 50 miles a day with ease. Marathon runners may note that his refreshment on the journey was a bottle of port, poured into a bowl and drunk off at a draught. George III. took much interest in Mr. Barclay's achievements and said: "I ought to be proud of my Scotch subjects, when my judges ride and my members of parliament walk to the metropolis." The former allusion was to Lord Monboddo, who always rode to town instead of driving, considering it unmanly "to sit on a box drawn by brutes."—London Gazette.

No Desire to Be Fat.

"The reason you are so long and lean is because you eat rich food that doesn't agree with you. Now, I'll tell you how to live long and be well—"

"Never mind. I'd rather live and be long."

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS

Friend Lost Voters' Good Opinion, But All of Them Were in Line for the Captain.

Captain Alf Gibson, land commissioner in the state auditor's office, used to take a very prominent part in politics down on the Neosho. Once the captain was a candidate for a minor office in his home county. His best friend, politically, was also a candidate, but for a different office. They campaigned the district thoroughly, but the captain's friend did not seem to be getting anywhere. He complained to the captain, and the future land commissioner decided to go on a little private tour of investigation. He went all over the district inquiring of the farmers their objection to his friend. They were suspicious and hesitated long before giving any reason, but it finally began to leak out.

"This friend of mine," said the captain, "was a particular kind of cuss. He washed his face and combed his hair in the morning, washed and combed again when he came in from the field for dinner and performed the same stunt in the evening. He used soap. I had never thought much about it, but when I investigated I began to find that therein lay the objection to my friend. The voters thought he was too fussy. I talked and reasoned with them, but it was no use. When the election came on the poor fellow was swamped. He hardly got a vote. His washing and combing defeated him."

The captain folded his hands complacently across his vest front and concluded:

"But all of those people voted for me."—Kansas City Journal.

WANTED TO DRY PENELOPE

Nothing But Electric Fan Could Arrange Darling's Fur as It Should Be.

Several persons marooned in a Broadway drug store during a downpour of rain learned a novel use for an electric fan, says the New York Sun. About four o'clock a woman carrying a diminutive fluffy white dog alighted from a taxicab and entered the store. That store keeps an electric fan ready for business the year round, but that day it was not going. The woman asked if the current could be turned on. Being assured that it could she said:

"Then would you mind turning it on for a few minutes? I want to dry Penelope. I had to carry her for a block in the rain and she got damp and bedraggled."

When it dawned upon the clerk that Penelope was none other than the scrap of a dog he suggested that she might be dried over the radiator.

"That would never do," said the woman. "She would look stringy. When hair of this texture gets damp the very best treatment is to dry it with an electric fan. It gives life and tone. I am going to call on a woman who lives above this store. She has never seen Penelope, but she has heard what a beautiful dog she is, and I want the little thing to look her best. If you will set the fan going I shall be so much obliged."

The clerk turned on the current and for ten minutes Penelope's tousled looks tumbled in the breeze.

The Esthetic Cat.

We do not wish to underestimate the fine qualities of affection, courage and sagacity, which are the dog's, but neither do we like to see the widespread lack of appreciation for the cat's many admirable traits. Patience, endurance, good judgment, self-control, self-reliance, high spirits and industry—many or all of these are possessed by the average cat.

Under favorable conditions she will also develop a strength of affection not devoid of demonstration that is equal to the dog's.

The most esthetic souls of all times have cherished the cat. Baudelaire, Von Scheffel, Poe, De Musset, Henry Irving, and a host of other lovers of the beautiful come to mind in this connection. The silky feline, of padded footfall and mysterious wanderings, has ever appealed to the imagination, just as she has ever appealed to the sense of domestic comfort.

Mary's Farewell Shot.

"There is a woman down in Glenelden," says Secretary Shettsline of the Philadelphia ball club, "who is continually changing servants, but she has one girl that she hires and fires about half a dozen times a year. The other day the woman and the hired girl had another of their many tiffs.

"Mary declared that she would leave and promptly proceeded to pack up her things. Thinking to shame her, the mistress of the house shouted upstairs:

"'Mary, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why, I believe you have worked for everybody in this town.'

"'Is that so?' shouted back Mary. 'Well, we are even up there. You have hired every girl in this town that works out.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Petroleum as a Disinfectant.

Petroleum as a disinfectant, for checking the spread of plague, is advocated by some medical officers in India. It is pointed out that during the pestilence that swept Europe long ago the oil regions of Baku were untouched, although in the surrounding county 50 per cent of the population perished. Lerche, who visited Baku in 1735, wrote: "It is quite likely that the fact that the Black Death did not touch Baku was due to petroleum."

SAW AHEAD WITH CLEARNESS

Pullman Had Faith in His Fellow-Men, and Events Justified His Foresight.

Sound business was back of the introduction of the seemingly extravagant Pullman car about 50 years ago. The first sleeper, the "Pioneer," caused a tremendous sensation, says C. F. Carter in his book, "When Railroads Were New." All agreed that traveling in such cars would be delightful, but the verdict was equally unanimous that they were a commercial impossibility. Why, men would go to bed with their muddy boots on; they would spit on the carpets and upholstery; they would mar the beautifully finished cabinet work, and—oh, well, it could not be done.

Railroad men and personal friends redoubled their efforts to dissuade Mr. Pullman from inviting ruin. To all these objections he made one comprehensive answer, which he had occasion to repeat many times in the course of his life:

"I have always held that people are very greatly influenced by physical surroundings. Take the roughest man, a man whose lines have always brought him into the coarsest and poorest surroundings, and bring him into a room elegantly carpeted and furnished, and the effect on his bearing is pronounced and immediate.

"I am not at all afraid people will go to bed with their boots on. I am convinced that if I devote all my energies to providing handsome cars the financial returns will take care of themselves."

The sequel has shown pretty clearly that he was right.

LAUNDRYMAN KNEW THE GAME

Social Conditions Were Such as to Make Him Scorn a Suggestion of Rebates.

It might have been a classy butcher's wrapping paper, but it wasn't. It might have been an arts and crafts bromide in the laundry line, but the lines of the laundryman did not run that way.

"Well," said the customer, pointing to the chocolate complexion of the paper in which his wash was wrapped, "what's this?"

"That?" repeated the laundryman. "That's imported."

"Classy," said the customer. "I suppose we have to pay for it?"

The laundryman shook his head. "It saves me money," he said. "See, sometimes when we wrap up bundles it takes two and three sheets of the ordinary paper before we get done, because the collars stick out and break through. Now with this you can't break through. And when we wrinkle it we can smooth it out. So it saves me money."

The customer pondered a moment.

"Say, I got an idea," he said finally. "Suppose I bring this paper back with my wash—any rebate?"

"All my customers do that," grinned the laundryman. "See, it don't break easily, and it smooths out easily, and people keep it for their wash. I get three times again use of each sheet, sometimes."

"What's the use?" grunted the customer on his way homeward, "you can't beat the Dutch. I wonder if the landlady'll think I am bringing home porkchops for the light housekeeping motif?"

Not Guilty.

Martin Gosford's hens received so much blame to which they were justly entitled that when their owner could prove them guiltless of depredations he hastened to their defense. "My flower beds are in a terrible condition, Mr. Gosford," said one of his neighbors one day.

"I know they be, I know they be," groaned Martin, "but my hens didn't do it this time, Mis' Gage!"

"Are you sure?" asked the lady in a tone of chill doubt.

"Yes, ma'am, I am," said Martin, with emphasis. "There was only one chicken, Mis' Gage, and it hadn't but just went into the front bed when I sot my dog after it, and he chased that chicken through every last one o' them flower beds till he got it headed for home, an' there wa'n't nary another chicken nor hen dast go nigh 'em."—Youth's Companion.

Mongolians.

The contention of the Japanese that they are not Mongols is not well founded, if we may accept the statements of ethnological authorities. According to the recognized authorities in ethnology, the Mongolian race includes not only the natives of Mongolia, properly so-called, but the Tartars, Chinese, Japanese, Cochin Chinese, Burmese, Tamuls, Turks, and Finns. Mongolian is simply a general name applied to most of the people of Asia.

Ethnologically the name Mongolian is used to designate one of the five great races of the world. Scientists describe the Mongols as having square-shaped heads, flat faces, nearly as broad as they are long, narrow oblique eyes, flat nose, cheek bones and chin prominent, skin yellow, and hair straight and black.

Taken at His Word.

He—I'm sick and tired of being bossed around all day by the shop walker. I've got some money saved up, and I'm going to be independent by starting in business for myself. I propose—

She—Now, I like the stand you've taken, Harry; it certainly shows your manliness in striking out for yourself. As for your proposal, I accept. When are we to be married?—Stray Stories.