

OUT OF PLACE.

The Phonograph in a Barber Shop—One Disgusted Man's Unenviable Experience.

"I'll never again go into a barber shop," remarked the man from Berks county, in the Philadelphia Record, "where they have a phonograph to amuse the waiting customers. I struck this sort of a shop in town the other day, and the phonograph certainly was a good one, with a horn as big as a megaphone. The boss of the shop put in a new cylinder every now and then, and I thought it a pretty good thing until my turn came to get into the chair. Then I changed my mind. The barber I had was evidently a chap of musical inclinations, for just as he began shaving me the machine struck up 'Hello, My Baby,' in ragtime, and the way he slapped that razor around my face in time with the music from the phonograph was a caution. I suffered for awhile, and as I wanted a haircut I concluded to remain in the chair, in the hopes that he would polish it off in as quick time, for if I could stand it on my face I could certainly stand it on my hair, and I was anxious to make a train.

"But he had no sooner started with the scissors than the fool of a boss rang in a colored quartette on the machine, and they sang 'Swanee River' for ten minutes. The musical barber just hung along with them with every clip of the scissors, and I missed my train. No, sir; the phonograph as a barber shop amusement is a rank failure, and don't you forget it."

SAFE IN TRENCHES.

Earthwork Affords a Better Protection for Soldiers Than Masonry—Work of Bullets.

A man in a trench is just as safe from a shower of rifle bullets as if he were behind the walls of a fortification, says the London Mail. Indeed, it has been shown that earthworks thrown up by soldiers are a safer protection from the bullets than masonry.

Sir George White and his gallant men at Ladysmith can, therefore, easily protect themselves from the fire of the enemy.

Ladysmith is surrounded by more or less level ground, and cannot be approached by the Boers on any side without exposing themselves—a kind of position for which they have no liking.

The ordinary rifle bullet only penetrates a few inches into the mud and soil heaped up beside trenches. The Lee-merford will go farther than the mauler, and the mauler has a greater penetration than the martini-henry. The bullets from a large maxim gun are just as effectually arrested by this form of breastwork as they would be by the side of a battleship.

Nothing is so hard to take as an entrenched position. Artillery is the only effectual means of driving soldiers out from trenches, but this can only be done by the most accurate kind of firing, which explodes the shells exactly over the trenches, together with a large number of guns and the expenditure of a vast quantity of ammunition.

IMAGINARY DANGERS.

Precautions and Premonitions Account for the Death of Fully One-Half of Mankind.

"Of the whole number of persons supposed to die of disease," said the house surgeon of one of the hospitals, "at least 50 per cent. are killed by fear."

In support of his statement he cited various cases where premonitions, prophecies, premonitions and general nervousness all played their part. Some years ago four criminals, condemned in Russia to die, were taken to a house and shown several beds, in which, they were told, a certain number of cholera patients had died. In reality, the beds had never been slept in. They were informed that they would be set at liberty if they would sleep several nights in the beds. They one and all decided to take the chances. At the end of the time prescribed two were injured and went free, but the others developed all the symptoms, and died of Asiatic cholera. Two physicians determined to take advantage of the impressionable mind of a patient and prove a theory for the benefit of science. The patient had complained of an itching on his back. He was told that a blister would be applied. Instead a common postage stamp was used, and it performed all the offices of the plaster which was not there.

No Timber in South Africa.

The vast velvets and kopjes of South Africa, where the Boers and Britons are fighting, are almost destitute of trees. In fact, the only trees of any size in all that country, are the blue gums, which are not native to South Africa, the original stock having been imported from Australia many years ago. In Australia the blue gum tree often grows to a height of 300 feet, though away from its native haunts it rarely reaches such a growth. The blue gum yields the eucalyptus oil, one of the most valuable of antiseptics, while it is claimed that its leaves, rolled into the shape of cigars and smoked, will cure asthma.

A New Utopia.

Utopia is now known to be located at Orsa, in Sweden. The community has, in course of a generation, sold \$4,000,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every 30 or 40 years. In consequence of this commercial wealth, there are no taxes. Railways, telephones, etc., are free, and so are schoolhouses, teaching and many other things.

Siberian Wheat.

Siberia, opened by the Russians, may yet be one of the greatest wheat-producing countries of the world.

FIRST MINNESOTA BOOK.

A Translation of the Bible Was the Earliest Publication in the State.

The interesting fact is brought to the attention of the Pioneer Press by Rev. S. W. Dickinson, agent for the American Bible Society, that the first book ever printed in Minnesota was a Bible, and that this was printed in 1836, some 13 years before the issue of a newspaper in St. Paul. The Bible referred to was in the Ojibway language and was printed on the mission press at Lake Pokegama, Pine county, under the supervision of Rev. Mr. Ayer, who likewise had charge of the mission farm at that point. There also was made the first attempt to establish a free school in Minnesota. The foundation of the old log church building in which this was held can still be traced, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

It is significant of the eagerness characterizing American Christianity that the educational, social and commercial development of which Minnesotans are now so proud had its beginning in the effort to put the Bible in the hands of the red men. The society represented by Mr. Dickinson—which is undoubtedly the greatest organization in the world for the distribution of the Scriptures—has filled its 87 years of history with many such incidents as this of the setting up of a Bible press in the wilds of Minnesota. It now proposes large undertakings in the new areas of the American republic, in which it will doubtless have the cordial support of all who believe in the beneficent influence of the Good Book.

WORLD'S COTTON FACTORY.

There is No Reason Why the South Should Not Lead the Market.

The extension of the cotton mill industry in the south is a conspicuous phenomenon of the time, says the New York World.

Five counties in the Carolinas have for several years past spun and wove more cotton than is produced within their borders. Rome, Ga., has hitherto been the shipping point for the cotton grown in 20 counties roundabout. This year Rome has shipped not one bale, because her manufacturers have used it all in the making of cotton cloths.

This means that instead of selling cotton at from five to eight cents a pound the south is selling it, as a manufactured product, at from 18 to 50 cents a pound.

This is a development upon natural lines. The south that produces the cotton will ultimately manufacture it. It has cheap water power, cheap labor and the adjacency of the cotton fields to stimulate its industry. And under modern conditions of travel and investment there is absolutely no reason why the south should not take to itself the stupendous profits of cotton manufacture hitherto absorbed by New England and the English mills. Without doubt New England capital will share in the profits of the revolution by investing itself in the south. That is one of the privileges granted by our constitutional system of absolute free trade between the states.

PRINCESS RUNS AN AUTO.

Blue-Blooded Member of German Royalty Shows Her Conservative Sister.

A bright young woman is Princess Friederich of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, and she enjoys the traditional heaviness of German blood with strong American admixture. She is the daughter of an American mother. The cable reports that the German aristocracy is shocked beyond expression at the spectacle of the princess taking part in the French motor races, says the New York Sun.

The princess, who is a handsome, active, athletic young woman, handles an automobile with great skill and absolute fearlessness. She will run her machine along a road at a speed of 40 miles an hour with perfect assurance.

The princess is the daughter of Count Von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg, whose wife was Miss Helen Moulton, an American. Count Hatzfeldt is the German ambassador in London, and therefore one of the highest official personages in the German empire. He belongs to the highest aristocracy of Prussia.

The princess is not only a daring automobile engineer, but she is a great cyclist. She thinks nothing of making a century run, and she rides about all over the continent in a plain cyclist's dress, without the least ceremony. This is also very shocking to the German aristocracy, who think that a woman of rank should only sit in a carriage and be driven by servants.

Surgeons Must Shave.

The omnipresent microbe is making its disturbing influence felt in strange and unexpected quarters. Beards and mustaches are placed under ban as being nesting-places of errant intruders, some of them pathogenic, or, in every-day parlance, having the power to produce disease. Because of this, the London Globe states, on the authority of a French scientific journal, that on motion of the celebrated Dr. Hubenck, of Breslau, the leading surgeons of Austria and Germany are considering the adopting of a rule requiring surgeons to be clean-shaved, or to, at least, as a preventive of danger, disinfect the hair of the face before operating. Nothing is said as to the hair of the head, but if this, too, is included in the interdiction, bald-headed surgeons will enjoy a gratifying advantage.

National Granaries.

The British government is discussing the feasibility of building national granaries and storing vast quantities of wheat against the emergencies of war or famine.

STOPPED TRAIN FOR MATCH.

Experience of a Mail Clerk Who Had Work He Couldn't Do in the Dark.

"I noticed in the paper the other day," observed an old railway postal clerk, according to the Sioux City Journal, "the story of how the captain of the little gasoline boat that left here for up the Missouri had to come back overland for 40 miles for a repair that cost him only ten cents, but which was just as necessary as if it cost the price of the whole engine. I recalled to my mind an experience I once had on the run between here and Missouri Valley, on the Sioux City & Pacific, illustrating how much may hang upon something ordinarily quite insignificant. Between Whiting and Onawa one night a gust of wind blew out every lamp in the mail car, which, of course, made it impossible for me to work, and I had considerable to do yet to tie up Onawa's mail. I put my hand in my pocket to get a match, but couldn't find any. Something had to be done quickly, and all there was left for me to do was to pull the bell cord and signal the engine to stop. The conductor, brakeman and some of the passengers came running to the head of the train to learn what was the matter. The darkness in my car suggested that perhaps there had been a hold-up and robbery of the mail; but when I called to the conductor to give me a match, it relieved his anxiety, but it did not entirely restore his good humor. I lit my lamps again and had my mail ready when we reached Onawa. Since that time I am especially careful to see that I have an ample match supply."

THE BELL HORSE.

An Animal That Plays the Part of Drum Major of the Mule Train in Boerland.

The most energetic and peace-deestroying feature of army life in the Transvaal is the mule train, and the most necessary member of this outfit is the bell horse.

This animal leads the caravan and is the drum major of the whole outfit. He carries no burden save a great responsibility and a clear-sounding bell. All mules destined to serve her majesty are trained to follow the bell horse. A white animal is nearly invariably selected, as for some reason or other mules follow this color most faithfully.

Pack mules become very much attached to the bell horse of their train and refuse to move either forward or backward if he is not leading. For this reason the greatest calamity that can befall an army is the death of the bell horse. On one occasion of the Indian frontier wars the whole mule train came to a sudden standstill owing to the death of the bell horse. Nor would anything induce the animals to move till one of the officers substituted another white horse in the dead one's place. On seeing, as they thought, their old favorite in his place once more all the mules moved forward to greet him, and only by driving the fraudulent bell horse forward quicker than the mules could follow was the deception kept up.

PALE BLUE AIR.

Color of the New Liquid Varies as Much as Water—An Interesting Experiment.

The color of pure liquid air is a beautiful pale blue. Before an eastern college recently was exhibited two samples of liquid air in glass tubes; one was made from air which had been washed to purify it from dust, soot, carbonic acid and other impurities. This, when condensed, was a pale blue liquid; the other sample was made by condensing some of the air of the lecture room in which the audience was assembled, and was an opaque, blackish fluid, resembling soup in appearance. It would appear as if condensed samples of air might afford an easy means of comparing different kinds of contamination. It may be possible some day to supply the hospitals of tropical countries where the natural air supply is bad, and the necessity for a better one very pressing, with beautiful blue country air guaranteed absolutely pure. This can never be accomplished, however, until some means have been provided for transporting liquid air to considerable distances without enormous losses, caused by its return to its former state.

RELIGION OF PRESIDENTS.

From This Account Not All American Executives Were Exemplary Church Members.

There have been no religious tests applied to candidates for president of the United States. Gen. Washington was a member of the Episcopal church long before he became president and was a communicant. Jefferson, though accused of being an atheist, died a believer in a Divine Being, as asserted by his daughter and by some of his later writings. Both the Adamses were Unitarians. Madison and Monroe were Episcopalians. Jackson became a Presbyterian. Van Buren attended the Dutch Reformed church, but was not a member. W. H. Harrison and Tyler were Episcopalians. Polk never united with any denomination, but during his presidency attended the Presbyterian church. Taylor was an Episcopal attendant. Fillmore was a Unitarian. Pierce a Trinitarian Congregationalist. Buchanan a Presbyterian and Lincoln and Johnson attended the Presbyterian church. Grant and Hayes went with the Methodists, Garfield was a preacher of the Church of the Disciples, Arthur was an Episcopalian, Cleveland a Presbyterian church member and President McKinley is a Methodist.

POINTS IN BREAD MAKING.

Regulation of the Oven Is an Important Item—The Flour and Mixing.

In baking bread the temperature of the oven is of primeval importance. There are countless intelligent housekeepers who have never mastered the moods and tenses of an oven. They religiously go through the setting, rising and kneading processes, then commit their loaves to the oven, uncertain whether they will have "good luck" with their bread or will turn it out hopelessly slack baked or with a crust charred beyond redemption. The professional baker has no such doubt. He must know what is to be the result of his baking. He knows that for baking square loaves the temperature of his oven should register 360 degrees Fahrenheit, for the long French loaves 400 degrees Fahrenheit. The square loaves should be in the oven ten minutes before browning, while the long loaves, like biseuit, should brown almost immediately. The average novice has but one idea of baking—a blazing oven. Nothing could be more erroneous or disastrous to her efforts. If the oven is too hot a thick crust is produced, forming a nonconducting cover to the loaf. This prevents the heat from penetrating the interior, and an unbaked center, that foe to good digestion, is the result. A bread oven is a medium hot oven. There are several ways of testing the oven without a thermometer. If flour thrown on the floor of the oven browns quickly without taking fire the heat is sufficient.

The old notion that you should not watch anything in the oven is erroneous, and the amateur cook is advised to look at her bread often until experience teaches her just how to regulate the fire and oven. Better bake too long, putting a paper over the top to prevent a burned crust, than not long enough. When well baked an empty, hollow sound will follow a tap with the fingers, and the crust feels firm. At the end of the allotted time remove the bread from the oven, take from the pans and tip up against the bread board so that the air may circulate freely about it. Never leave the loaves in the pans or on a pine table to sweat or absorb the odor of the wood. If you like the crisp crust do not cover the loaves when cooling, but if you prefer the soft, tender consistency, wrap in several thicknesses of cloth. When perfectly dry put into a well-aired tin bread box and keep well covered.

To make four ordinary sized loaves of white bread or six small French loaves, pour one pint of boiling water into one pint of milk and add a small tablespoonful of lard and one of sugar. When lukewarm add a teaspoonful of salt and a compressed yeast cake dissolved in a quarter cupful of warm water. Mix and stir in sufficient flour to make a soft dough. This will usually be about 2 1/2 quarts of flour. Turn on a board and knead until soft and elastic. Put back in bowl, cover and stand in warm place (75 degrees Fahrenheit) for three hours or until it has doubled its bulk. Form into loaves, put in greased pans and again set in warm place (75 degrees) for an hour or until again doubled. Bake in moderate oven for one hour if square loaves; one-half hour if French.

In the achievement of the perfect loaf the flour is the first item to be considered. Good flour should be of a yellowish white to gray, rather granulated, and free from bran. When made into a dough it should be strong, elastic and easy to be kneaded. All flour should be kept in a cool, dry place, as dampness causes it to absorb moisture, and the gluten loses its elasticity, causing the grain of the bread made from it to become much coarser. After selecting the flour, the next important thing is to have a good, strong, sweet and pure yeast. Compressed yeast cakes are good and convenient and will do the work much more quickly than ten times the amount of homemade or baker's yeast.

Bread made with unskimmed milk needs no other shortening, but water bread when shortened is made more tender. The shortening, butter, lard or dripping, may be rubbed into the flour or melted (preferably) in the warm liquid. To much shortening checks the rising by clogging the glutinous cell walls. One tablespoonful of shortening will be quite sufficient for the pint of wetting. If sugar is used, a tablespoonful of that will suffice. One tablespoonful of salt is also required for the pint of wetting. In mixing the dough all the flour may be added at first and the dough raised in a mass, or a soft batter may be made with half the flour, and when this has well risen the remainder of the flour may be added, and the whole allowed to rise again. The latter method is preferable when the sponge is set at night or when there is any doubt about the quality of the yeast. A point in favor of kneading at once, however, is that each time bread rises it loses some of its nutritive qualities.—Washington Star.

Oyster Pie.

Boil a small sweetbread and cut it in slices. Open two dozen oysters, reserving their liquor. Make a crust of half a pound of flour, a pinch of salt and three ounces of beef drippings boiled in half a cup of water. When the crust is nearly cold block it in the form of a standing pie. Lay the sweetbread and oysters in it in alternate layers. Add a dash of pepper. The juice of half a lemon and sufficient oyster liquor to moisten the contents of the pie, but a cover on the pie and set it in a cool place for a few hours before baking. Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of gelatine in a little cold water. Bring half a pint of cream to a boil, add the strained oyster liquor, a little pepper and a pinch of ground mace. Make a hole in the top of the pie as soon as it is baked, and pour the prepared cream into the pie. It should be given plenty of time to set before being cut.—Ladies' World.

MODISH LONG COAT.

Stylish Wraps That Well-Dressed Women Are Wearing This Winter.

Every day almost one sees some new idea in the three-quarter coat line. They are always picturesque and usually becoming, but strange to the unaccustomed eye after so many seasons of short, tight jackets or full-length garments. The latest to come across was of fine black cloth in straight saque lines to the knees, the same length all about. The straps and small gold buttons which fastened the front were almost covered by the long ends of the broad white lace eravat. These ends were deeply fringed with white silk and reached the hem of the coat. About the shoulders there was a charmingly draped hood of the white lace turned up softly with folds of black cloth tucked and stitched with white. About the top of the lace choker, which flared out a little, there was an edge of sable, and a high, flat, soft sable muff was carried. The hands thrust into this looked especially quaint by reason of the wide bell-shaped wrists of the coat sleeves. These wrists were turned broadly back and faced with white lace bordered with sable. A toque of black cloth stitched all over with white was very jaunty with this, its only trimming being down-turned white wings spreading from a large square gold buckle.

Quite a new idea is to cut out the edge of these knee-length saques into scallops and to lengthen them toward the back into a round point. The back in this way, with its straight lines about the waist, gives the effect of a shawl wrap with sleeves. One of these in three shades of gray cloth is no end smart, narrow bands of caracule trimming it. The darkest gray is used for the coat proper, a lighter shade for a narrow under band, which hangs below about three inches, and the edge of the coat itself bordered with a narrow band of black caracule, both of which round up the front to the bust. About the shoulders there is a triple scalloped collar of the three shades, the largest underneath, the lightest—an almost white gray—forming the top, and smallest collar. All are edged with bands of caracule, this fur lining the choker with its slightly flaring points under the chin. A crisp bow of black velvet has ends to the knees and forms the smartest possible eravat.

This cloak was worn in company with a tailor gown of such excellence of cut and finish that it is worthy of description. Its delicate shade of light blue was alone beautiful to behold, as well as its buttons of lapis lazuli, four of which fastened the side of the Eton jacket, the front of which extended in a pointed plastron effect far below the waist line. This coat front was stitched closely in parallel lines of black straight across its whole length. The front panel of the skirt was stitched in the same way, and the skirt on the sides and back was laid in clusters of sharp folds. It was completed by a toque entirely of birds' breasts in gray and white, and a sable neckpiece was fastened on the side with five or six tails and an emerald buckle.—Boston Herald.

SHAVED ALL NIGHT.

Odd Experience of a Temperance Lecturer Alleged to Be as Crazy as a Loon.

Not long ago a gentleman of meek and docile appearance visited San Francisco. He was a lecturer. If not already known, he is known now that a lecturer is a person who can talk with more or less fluency on any subject, to be serious and in fine cases out of a dozen borrow money. The gentleman whom this refers was a temperance lecturer. He had fought the demon rum for years and not always with success. He put up at a temperance hotel, and it might be remarked in passing that it is easier to inquire for a temperance hotel in this town than to find one.

But, while our friend was good and pious and virtuous and temperate, he was not profane at all. When he reached his hotel he was staying fearfully, his head was aching and he had every indication of fever. He sent for a doctor and a wise old practitioner of much experience responded. The patient said he was billed to lecture the following night.

"Then," said the doctor, "take two or three whisky punches, as hot as you can swallow them, and sleep between the blankets."

"Impossible!" said the patient. "I have fought the demon rum all my life, and to-morrow night I will address the flower of the youth of San Francisco on 'Damnation in the Bottle.'"

"Well," said the doctor, "if I give you drugs you won't be able to lecture to-morrow night, but if you do as I advise you will be fit."

The lecturer hesitated; then, in a half whisper: "But there is no whisky sold in this house, and see what a scandal it would create if I should send out for some."

"Oh, I will fix that," exclaimed the doctor. "I will order a bottle of whisky and you can order shaving water."

And thus it was settled. The doctor soon returned with a bottle of old rye and sundry lumps of sugar and a couple of lemons in a paper bag. He then left his patient, promising to return at ten o'clock the following morning to see how matters were progressing.

At ten o'clock next morning the doctor appeared and was met by the Irish porter in the hall near the lecturer's room. The latter, on seeing the doctor, raised a warning finger.

"Whist, whist! For God's sake, whist!" said he. "He's jest gone to sleep, and we've sent for the police. He's as crazy as a loon."

"Crazy, crazy," replied the doctor, "what do you mean?" "Why, God help this poor sowl," said the porter, "he's been shavin' all night."—San Francisco Examiner.

HUMOROUS.

Teacher—"What is the feminine of man?" Little Girl—"Duce."—Harlem Life.

We all spend more or less time in trying to figure out what we would do in case of an attack by burglars.—Tacoma News.

A Wise System.—Saloonist (to new bartender)—"One rule of this house is never to sell any more liquor to a man after he has had enough." Bartender—"How am I to know when he has had enough?" Saloonist—"As soon as his money gives out."—Baltimore American.

There are times, says an exchange, when it is positively dangerous to enter a church. It is when there is a canon at the reading desk, a big gun in the pulpit, when the bishop is charging the clergy, the choir is murdering the anthem and the organist is trying to drown the choir.—Sterling (Ill.) Standard.

Brown—"I don't want anything more to do with burglar alarms. I put one in my house last week, and I am having it taken out in a hurry to-day." Jones—"What's your objection to it?" Brown—"Some one tried to get in the house last night and the blamed thing went off and woke up the baby."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Burglar—"Now, if de women talks loud wot will I do—tell 'er t' scap?" Second Burglar—"Say, you ain't been in de perfect long, has y'?" If a woman gets started t' talkin' you couldn't git a word in edgewise. Push a piller in 'er face or say t' 'er if she don't keep mum you'll tell 'er body in de ward 'at she wears false teeth an' a swatch."—Washington Star.

Two burglars, after working on a safe all night, finally acknowledged themselves completely baffled by the new combination and were gathering up their tools in disgust. "Say, Bill, I'll tell yer how we kin make some out of this job." "What yer mean?" "Let's hunt up the manufacturer of this safe an' sell him our testimonials."—Detroit Journal.

PICKING WINNERS.

According to This Account Is Always Easy to a Man Who Is Flat Broke.

"The ease with which a fellow can pick the winners when he is broke is one of the most extraordinary and mysterious things in the world," said a veteran turfman. "Science can't explain it any more than it can explain why you are certain to lose if you meet a cross-eyed man on your way to the betting ring, but at the same time everybody knows it to be a fact. I remember on one occasion I attended a winter meet in New Orleans, purely as a matter of pleasure and not intending to frivel much with the poolbox. The old St. Charles was then standing, and the first man I met when I walked into the big parlour in the basement was a chap from New York, who, for some reason I never learned, was known as 'Johnny the Oyster.' As soon as he saw me he got excited, and taking me over into a corner began to explain how he had been picking four or five winners out of every card since the racing began. Of course, I had heard plenty of such tales before, but his earnestness was impressive, and when I looked over his gross memorandum book I saw he had really been doing exactly what he claimed. It was marvelous, amazing. I never saw such a string of marvellous forecasts in my life. He almost wept as he read them over, and finally he pulled out a stubby pencil and a programme of the following day. 'Must to show you this is no fake,' he said, 'I'm going to check off to-morrow's winners, and after you see for yourself that I know what I'm talking about I'll like to have a small stake.' I put the card in my pocket, and next day, without letting Johnny know anything about it, I put up a ten-dollar note on each proposition he checked off. Every last one of them lost, and I dropped altogether \$110. Later on I met my man wandering disconsolately about the pavement. 'Well, old sport,' I said, 'how did they come out?' 'I can't understand it,' he replied, moodily. 'It's the first time such a thing has happened since I've been in 'em, but to tell you the truth, I missed on the whole layout.' By way of comment I handed him the bunch of pool tickets. He looked them over, turned on his heel and walked off without a word. Next day he was picking winners again, the same as ever, but he said nothing more about a stake."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Fruit Trees in France.

The cultivation of fruit trees along the highways of France is not only very extensive, but is becoming more extended each year. This new cultivation has now become an important branch of national industry. In France the production of these trees is estimated at \$60,000,000 annually. Some 20 years ago the picturesque roads of the northeast of France were lined with poplars. These were ornamental enough, but their roots spread so far and wide that they rendered the adjacent meadows sterile. This made the farmers so angry that they got their saws and axes and cleared the roadways of these obnoxious trees. In their place they planted a small plum, which was not as beautiful but much more useful. Now thousands of baskets of this fruit are shipped to Paris daily.—N. Y. Journal.

Guilt and Women.

Statistics show that man bears false witness 100 times to a woman's 17; man for forgery and counterfeit coinage was convicted 100 times to a woman's 11; in France women are summoned before the tribunals four times less than men. Taking the whole of Europe, women are five times less guilty than men.—N. Y. Herald.