

HE SMOKES "FOURFERS" NOW

The Man Who Had to Give Up Twenty Cent Cigars and Doesn't Complain.

"I remember," said the man of fallen fortunes, "according to the New York Sun, 'and not with regret, for I always look on life cheerfully, the time I smoked imported cigars, at 20 cents apiece, and when the idea I would ever have to smoke cheaper ones did not enter my mind. But circumstances changed, and after awhile I found I would have to give them up for a time, though I never doubted that I should get back to them again. So, just temporarily, I dropped down to ten-centers, and they were not so bad. "I found I could get a pretty good sort of a cigar for ten cents. The time came when the ten-center was as far beyond me as the 20-center had been, for instead of mending my fortunes continued to fall. Then I took to five-centers and discovered it was possible to buy a very good cigar for that price. So I bought my good five-centers, forgot the taste of the ten-centers and 20-centers, and was satisfied. It never occurred to me that I could get below that, but I did. I dropped to the stogies, three for five, and a good make, too. I liked the stogies. I smoked them for a time, and then—it seemed as though ways of adapting myself to the situation opened to me as my fortunes declined. I found a place where they sold four good-sized cigars for five cents, and that's what I am smoking now, four for five. "If I were to compare these with the 20-centers, it would be to the disadvantage of these, no doubt, but I have come down to the four-for-five gradually, and so I don't note the difference. I could, of course, be more economical still by smoking a pipe; but I prefer a cigar, and I smoke the fourfers cheerfully, never doubting that I shall in due time climb back again to the fragrant Havanas."

CREATED A DEPARTMENT.

The Wide-Awake Youth Took It Upon Himself to Watch the Rivers and Wells.

One of Detroit's wealthiest men has a big farm out in the state and runs it on business principles, says the Free Press of that city. He has a nephew, with plenty of money, but no ambition. The uncle called this young man into the office and told him he would do well to get away for a time from his present associations. "Why not go out to my farm for awhile and take charge of one of the departments?" "Departments?" "Yes. I have a man at the head of the farming department, one in charge of the dairy, a head stableman, a chief gardener and so on. Every man makes regular reports; there is a bookkeeper, and I know to a cent how things are going. Try it. You'll have a change; it will be healthy; you'll acquire regular habits and may become interested in the business." The novelty of the thing attracted the young man and he went. "I'm the water board," the nephew telegraphed within a few days. The uncle replied, asking an explanation. "I look after the water supply," came by return mail. "If the river or wells run dry I'll notify you at once. Mean-time I'm a political machine. Every man on the place is pledged to vote as I direct. They think that because I'm the governor's nephew I'm the boss, with power to promote or advance." The uncle is out at the farm now, wrestling with the situation.

CAMEL RACES.

Tests of Speed Between Them Enhance the Love of Sport in Far-Off Algeria.

Camel races are held regularly in the south of Algeria, where valuable prizes are offered for the encouragement of the breed of racers, and as much interest is taken in their preparation and performance as in that of race horses at Latonia. The racing camels are the result of very careful breeding through many generations, and in size, temper and appearance they are so different from the ordinary beast of burden that they might almost be considered a different race of animals. Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the ordinary camel is its extreme slowness. Nothing on earth will ever induce it to hurry. A \$20 note will buy a very fair specimen, but for a mehari, or racing camel, five or ten times that sum is required to effect a purchase. The racer, however, can be depended on for nine or ten miles an hour, and kept up for 16 or 17 hours almost without a stop. The pace in a camel's race is generally fast and furious at the beginning, when all the animals are together and seem to realize that a contest is in progress.

Cannon Balls Made of Gold.

It was before the days of the dum-dum bullet that gold and silver bullets and cannon balls were fired at an enemy. When the Indian city of Anadnagar was besieged by Emperor Akbar, Princess Candé, who defended it, before her capitulation caused all the gold and silver to be molded into bullets on which were engraved maledictions against the oppressor. These were fired by cannon into the jungle, where many of them have since been found. An old peasant, who died not long ago, in his early days picked up one of these valuable cannon balls, which was pure gold and weighed eight pounds.

Next Total Eclipse.

The next solar eclipse will take place on May 28, 1900. In order that the observations may be made in as useful and systematic a manner as possible, astronomers are already considering plans for observing the phenomenon.

THE FOREIGNER IN JAPAN.

Change of Status in Official Circles Within the Last Few Years.

One of the most interesting questions in consideration of present Japan is the changed status of the foreigner. To be a European or an American in Japan twenty, ten, or even five, years ago was to be a man of power and influence. When foreigners were first admitted to the empire the Japanese, one of the shrewdest, most far-sighted peoples of the world, adopted their methods and their religion, hired them as teachers, engineers and officers. Now, according to "Japan in Transition," the first important book dealing entirely with the new Japan, since they have learned all the foreigners can teach them in science, literature, art, war, commerce, manufacturing, in short, in all enterprises, they are relegating their instructors to the background with the cry "Japan for the Japanese." It was thought at one time that Japan would in time become a Christian nation. The author of Japan in Transition shows that almost all who accepted Christianity did so for the sake of the instruction which the missionaries alone could give. In the army and navy the same state of affairs exists. English and German officers who fought for Japan throughout the China war were discharged for the reason that the military schools which were founded through their efforts have developed first-class officers. Everywhere the policy of discharging the foreigner as soon as possible has been adopted, and in a few years a foreigner in any kind of an official capacity will be the exception. At present the ambassadors of the powers are practically the only foreigners who command and real respect.

IT WAS THE TRUTH.

But Nobody Believed What He Said, and They Suffered in Consequence.

"A funny thing happened to me when I had charge of our branch office," said a New Orleans cotton man, according to the Times-Democrat of that city. "Our quarters were on the second floor of a three-story building and the rooms above were rented by a very pleasant foreign-looking chap who passed as a chemist. I used to be detained at my desk quite late at night and had my curiosity excited by a singular noise in the laboratory overhead. It was a monotonous click-clack, like a heavy machine. One day I met the chemist on the stairs and asked him what he was doing that made such a racket. 'Oh, I'm making silver dollars up there,' he said, laughing, and passed on. One night about a week later a city detective with whom I had struck up an acquaintance strolled in for a chat and a smoke. 'What's that queer noise up there?' he asked, presently, as the usual click-clacking started. 'Oh, nothing much,' I replied. 'It's a friend of mine making silver dollars.' 'Ha, ha!' laughed the detective. 'Well, he's in a first-rate business. Wonder if he wants a partner?' Exactly two days later the agreeable foreign-looking gentleman skipped out and when the landlord broke open his door, lo and behold! there was as neat a little counterfeiting plant as you ever laid eyes on. The clicking came from a machine for 'reeding' the coins. The detective was mad as blazes, but I couldn't help it. I had told him the truth."

A SECOND RIP.

An Old Timer Who Thought Mr. Gresham Was Still Postmaster-General.

A bewhiskered individual walked into the post office department the other day. He seemed to have a very clear idea of what he wanted, but he didn't know how to get at it. He went into one of the rooms and stepped up in front of a desk, says the Washington Post. "I want to see Mr. Gresham," he announced to one of the young lady clerks. "Mr. Gresham!" she exclaimed; "I don't know him." "Walter Q. Gresham," insisted the man with the whiskers. "I want the postmaster general." "Why, Mr. Smith is postmaster general," answered the clerk. "Smith?" queried the visitor. "The name sounds kinder familiar, but I reckon I don't know him. They're a whole pack o' Smiths in this country, an' they ain't no kin, neither. What's Mr. Gresham? Been fired?" "He's dead," answered the young lady, solemnly. "He was secretary of state after he left here." The old fellow never batted his eyes at the statement. He simply said "Uh-huh," and walked out, while those in the office wondered if he was not related to Rip Van Winkle.

Oom Paul's Cold Feet.

"I met Oom Paul when he was here a good many years ago. He was an honest old soul, but rough, certainly. Still, he was a man to respect," writes the Paris correspondent of London Truth. "I saw him guilty of the solecism of drawing off his boots in company to warm his feet. The weather was cold and there was a blazing fire. He no more saw the harm of tossing his unshod feet than his unglued hands before it. Oom Paul had principles and stood by them. Whenever his eye caught a lady in a low dress he grunted and turned away his head. He was sent an order to the state box at the opera and availed himself of it. But the ballet so horrified him that he would not stay to see it out. He wondered why God's vengeance did not overtake Paris."

Genit Are First-Born.

An Italian professor has promulgated a new theory concerning genius. He says that the majority of persons of distinction are the first-born of the family, while a large proportion of the minority are the youngest of large families.

AN ELEPHANT IN BATTLE.

The Faithful Animal Stood Stanchly Beside His Dead Master for Three Days.

An old elephant taken into battle on the plains of India was a standard-bearer and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahoot," or driver, had just given the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him, and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Maharrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten and rallied again and again around the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Maharrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village 100 miles away and brought the mahoot's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

NATIVITY PUZZLES LAWYER.

Born on a Spanish Vessel Entering New York Harbor and of Mixed Parentage, a Citizen of What?

"What I want to know," he said, as he took a seat in the lawyer's office, relates the Chicago Tribune, "is my true nativity. I was born on board a Spanish vessel after it had passed the Narrows in New York harbor, before the vessel landed. My father was born in Ireland, reared in England, became a citizen of the United States, then returned to London and married my mother, who was born on British soil of French parents. "While they were on the way to America in a German ship the vessel foundered in midocean and my parents were rescued with the crew and taken on board the Spanish vessel, where, as I have said, I was born. Now, am I a citizen of— "After a moment of reflection the lawyer said: "In these cases we invariably get a retainer of \$500." "Kindly give me a receipt for it," was the reply of the prospective client, as he passed over a bill of that denomination. "The full fee for the service will be \$5,000," was the nervous suggestion of the lawyer. "Just draw up a contract at once, and I will give in addition a sufficient bond as guarantee of my ability to pay—" "But I am going to be busy for the next 2 1/2 years," said the lawyer, in desperation, "and as my friend across the hall makes a specialty of that business you had better take the case to him. No charge for the advice as to where you may get the best service."

SPICE OF LIFE IN MAINE.

Variety of Queer Sayings and Odd Doings Recently Noted in the Sunrise State.

One day lately the entire summer colony of the island of Monhegan turned out and helped the fishermen dress and salt 50 barrels of mackerel. It has been a hard year for the fishermen, for on account of lack of bait and food fishes, the cod fishery has been a complete failure, and the unexpected taking of the 50 barrels of mackerel created great excitement along shore. The fish were small and the weather warm, so that they had to be dressed and packed at once or they would spoil. So many men had gone away to the mainland looking for employment that there were not enough left to care for the mackerel. The summer boarders volunteered their services, and men and women were soon standing about the dories and splitting tables, dressed in their oldest clothes and working with might and main to help the fishermen. Well-known men and women of New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and Kansas City all piled the splitting-knife and the "gibber," and at sunset the last mackerel had been salted and \$500 saved for the fishermen.

A Prince's Dilemma.

The German emperor likes to study the characters of his group of small sons, and to that end has given them a room next to the one used for business purposes for himself. A certain great scientific man, having on one occasion an interview with the emperor, left his hat in the adjoining vestibule. There the little brothers discovered it; and the crown prince, explaining to the younger ones that "papa" sometimes sat on his opera hat and it came out all right again, proceeded to give a practical illustration of this statement, to the ruin of the beaver. The emperor's door suddenly opened, and "papa" and the professor appeared. Like a manly little fellow, the crown prince owned up, apologized to the laughing professor and went off to buy for the old gentleman a new hat with his small pocket money.

Slightly Mixed.

A little girl of six or seven years, who has a German father and a Hindoo mother, and who bears very little English in the home, was looking for her little brother, who had strayed away. A neighbor asked her how long the little boy had been gone, and she said: "He has been gone already till yet."

ENGLISH AND IRISH.

Why These Two Races Have Never Been Able to Understand Each Other.

That the English and the Irish, living under the same physical conditions, should have the most opposite characteristics of any two people in the world is one of the mysteries. The physical conditions of the two races are almost identical. Ireland, like England, being insular, with a surface marked by moderate irregularities and possessing a moist and equable climate, the chief differences being that Ireland is rather more mountainous than England and its climate being a little milder and wetter. Yet the two peoples are sharply contrasted in temperament and character. The Irish are as impulsive, mercurial, humorous and unmethodical as the English are stolid, orderly and practical. In war the Irish are most successful in attack, the English in defense. The Irishman enters into matrimony with his heart only, the Englishman calculates the cost of marriage before making a proposal. Irish literature is more witty, more tender, more glowing than English, but is less solid and enduring. The contrast of character is most strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the two nations, during an intercourse of more than seven centuries, have never been able to thoroughly understand each other, and, apart from artificial difficulties manufactured by unscrupulous agitators, the real differences between the two countries have been entirely due to a mutual misunderstanding of each other's characteristics.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

One That Played a Trick on a Minister Who Would Have Had It Fetched.

It is strange that no one but a Kansas pastor, full of the life and energy that has come to that state, would have thought of the phonograph as his substitute in the pulpit while absent on a vacation. It is reported that an earnest and progressive pastor, leaving his flock for a vacation, left a 30-minute sermon on a cylinder to be delivered at the proper time. The hymns were sung, a brother had offered prayer, and the announcements had been made, when one of the deacons brought forward the phonograph, placed it upon the pulpit, and announced that, when set in motion, it would give a devoted flock one of the sermons which had so endeared the pastor to the congregation. Thereupon the good deacon set the machine in motion, says the Indianapolis Journal.

No one can imagine the consternation of the congregation when the phonograph gave out the song: "Dinah, de Moon Am Shining." The song ended, but there was no break—the terrible machine proceeded to relate a number of up-to-date but not very Sunday or pulpit stories. No one understood the machine, but after 20 minutes the deacon grasped the irreverent phonograph and hurried out of the church. The much-beloved pastor might have been called before a council had it not been discovered that the sermon-loaded phonograph had been left in charge of a son of Belial with the weakness of a practical joker.

A NATION OF KINGS.

The Only People Over Which the European Powers Can Claim No Sovereignty.

There now remains only one people and one little valley south of the equator whose sovereignty has not been claimed by some European power. It is the valley of Barotse, 50 or 60 miles wide, north of Lialul, in South Africa. And the only reason why the Marotse, who inhabit it, have preserved their independence is that England and Portugal both claim it, and therefore their work of "civilization" is at a standstill. It may not be so easy to conquer the Marotse when the time comes, for they are a tall, well-set-up race, very black in skin. In manners they are very courteous and in bearing dignified. Every full-blooded Marotse is by birthright a king, and takes his place in the aristocracy of the empire. In fact, as every one is king, there is no head ruler. The bare fact that he is a Marotse insures, the respect of the subservient tribes, and as he grows to manhood a sense of superiority usually implants in the native the dignity of self-respect. All labor is done by slaves who have been captured from neighboring tribes.

Trials of the Horse.

The show horse of to-day needs to be possessed of a thoroughly strong constitution in order to stand the strain which is imposed on him, says the London Live Stock Journal. Hurry and bustle are characteristic of the age, and both men and horses have to be away from their homes for weeks together, frequently spending their days in one show yard and their nights traveling to another. It is possible for them to get so used to the life that they suffer no ill consequences, but it is not surprising if they do occasionally lose bloom under such conditions. The infrequency of real breakdowns proves that the high class horse stock, taken altogether, are remarkably robust and healthy, or many more entries would be absent from their places through colds, chills and other ailments, which are apt to be contracted during sudden changes of temperature.

The Prices of Sardines.

Thirty years ago the sardines and young herring in Canadian waters were sold mostly as fertilizers. In 1897 nearly a million boxes of sardines in oil were put on the market. The price paid to fishermen varies extraordinarily, according to catch, season and year, being sometimes as low as six dollars per hoghead, and sometimes as high as \$100.

HEARN CLIMBED A STEEPLE.

How the Author, Then a Reporter, Secured a Thrilling Item for His Paper.

Twenty years ago Lascadio Hearn was a reporter on the staff of a Cincinnati newspaper. One day, says the San Francisco Argonaut, a famous steeple climber was going to scale the spire of the cathedral to repair the cross that topped the spire 200 feet above the sidewalk. The afternoon he first scaled the spire thousands of people watched him breathlessly as he slowly made his way up the outside of the steeple. Of course he was interviewed, and he said, boastfully, that the task was so easy that he could just as well carry a man up his back! That noon Hearn said timidly to his city editor that he had read of the steeple climber's offer and would be glad to ascend the spire on his back. The editor tried to point out to Hearn the peril of the thing, but he would not listen. Finally the steeple climber and Hearn arranged their end of the feat. At the appointed time Hearn mounted the steeple climber's shoulders and the dizzy journey began. Tens of thousands of people watched the foolhardy pair. At last the cross was reached and Hearn left his perch on the climber's shoulders. The mob in the street below cheered and then the two men returned to the ground safely. Hearn went back to the office and sat down and wrote two columns of a story describing his sensations and the glories of the view he had obtained from the steeple top. Such a glowing description of a city seen from a great height has never been read, before nor since. The most interesting thing about it was the fact that Hearn was so near-sighted he could not see five feet beyond the tip of his nose.

THE ORIGIN OF DREYFUS.

How the Name Has Been Changed Through Persecutions of the Jews.

The curious origin of the name "Dreyfus," which is so widely extended among the Jews of France, Germany and Switzerland is interesting just at this time, says the London News. It arose in Elsass in the form of "Trevus." Its present form is due to a strange popular misunderstanding. In the year 1555, when the persecution of the Jews took a new start in nearly all the states of Germany, the elector palatine, Johann III., and his neighbor, the archbishop elector, Johann of Trier, agreed to expel all the Jews from their dominions. The Jewish fugitives from Trier sought a new home, for the most part in Elsass. The Jews of that time, faithful to their ancient customs, had not adopted the use of hereditary surnames, which had been common among their Christian neighbors in Germany for more than two centuries. Hence the municipal and communal authorities throughout Elsass entered the names of one and all the Hebrew immigrants as "Treviranus" (that is "the man from Trier," the Latin Treviri). The "T" of the official scribe was altered in the popular dialect to the hard "D," and the official abbreviation "Trevus" in the local registers became "Dreyfus." Thus every Jewish exile from Trier had to accept, noisens volens, the surname of Dreyfus. There is no ground whatever for the various ingenious and fanciful derivations of the name from "Three Foot" (Drei Fuss), "Tripped."

AS MANY LIVES AS A CAT.

A Queer Little Story That is Told of a Foreign Diplomat and American Women.

These are the days of exaggerated speech, when simile runs into hyperbole. In illustration a queer little story is going the rounds which may well be taken to heart by those concerned. A lately-arrived diplomat who has been enjoying the summer at one of the most fashionable watering places had an American friend as his guest. During some conversation concerning the country the diplomat, in reply to a question as to what impressed him most, replied: "The most noticeable thing which has struck my foreign mind is, according to their own testimony, the extreme delicacy and physical weakness of the American women, young and old. There is hardly an hour that I do not hear some of them proclaim that they are dying. They die of the heat, they die of the cold; they die of laughter and they die of grief. And then, again, I have heard the expression: 'I just expired with surprise.' Of course this last I know to be a joke. But it certainly is curious to note the extent to which American womanhood is drifting to the grave, if the statistics of their own proclamations of the facts are reliable. It is really wonderful." So solemn was the horrified diplomat that his auditor is at a loss to know whether he was serious or not. His name is withheld because on nothing are diplomats so sensitive as to be published in criticism of the fair sex.

Men's Names for Women.

In some parts of the island of Samoa men's names are common among the women, for, if a baby girl is born immediately after the death of a brother, it is supposed that the spirit has simply been transferred from one child to the other, and the newcomer is condemned to take the same baptismal name.

The Meanest Man.

The meanest man in the world is the husband who placed his purse in a mouse trap so that his wife could not get it in the early morning without liberating a mouse.

The Chinese Again.

Tying knots in the handkerchief to jog one's memory had its origin in China thousands of years ago, before writing was invented in that country.

A DESPERATE RIDE.

The Man Who Rode Down Mount Tom on a Bicycle Describes the Thrilling Experience.

The fearful ride of Michael Lannon, of Springfield, Mass., down the sides of Mount Tom on a bicycle still continues to excite comment. Not one man in a hundred could go through Mr. Lannon's experience and come out of it alive. Lannon, however, although severely injured, is still living and will likely recover, but he will always bear the marks of his daring experiment, says the Cycling Gazette.

The down grade of the path down which Lannon rode averages about 19 feet to the 100. Regarding the ride, Lannon said: "I have only been riding this season, and have never tried such a hill, but I thought I would have no trouble backpedaling. Once started, however, the pedals almost threw me into the air as they came up. Suddenly my feet slipped and the ride began. I was going like mad in an instant. "When I passed McDonald I yelled to me to throw myself, but I would soon have thrown myself from a balloon. I yelled back: 'Which way does the road turn?' But I must have been out of sight by that time. At any rate, it made little difference. All that I could do was to sit in the saddle. The run was one series of tremendous leaps. The machine flew up in the air, and it seemed, sometimes, that it would never land. I was completely unnerfed, not knowing what I should meet at the bottom of the hill. There was a group of girls coming up the hill, and I had presence of mind enough to yell at them. As they scattered I saw beyond them the turn at the bottom. It was absolutely impossible for me to make it, however, and I flew straight ahead off a bank of loose stones and crashed on to the ground. I felt as if my head was being driven on to spikes, and that was all I knew."

GROWTH OF A NEW INDUSTRY.

The Manufacture of Opalescent Glass in This Country is Making Rapid Strides.

The progress of the opalescent glass industry in this country has been so marked that glass is now sent abroad to compete with the fine foreign work of that kind, which is done principally in Belgium, says the Buffalo Express. There are three plants in this country— one at New Rochelle, N. J., another at Kokomo, Ind., and a third at Ottawa, Ill. The Parisian who founded the plant at New Rochelle went to Kokomo ten years ago. This man was dependent upon his chemist for the work the establishment turned out and when the chemist died the secret of the processes survived in his student, Jerome M. Francoise, a Belgian. The young man in the course of time induced local capitalists to back him up in buying the plant. The enterprise succeeded so well that two years ago some of the beautiful colored glass was sold in Dresden. Since then the export trade has grown constantly. Now four car loads are on their way to Europe, one going to Germany, two to Paris and one to Florence. The success that has attended this industry is particularly gratifying because it has been said so frequently that, while the United States may excel in machine work of many kinds, products of an artistic character still belong to Europe. This probably is true in certain lines, but the element of art is forcing its way into the workmanship of this country and has before it an almost limitless field.

COST OF A LOAF OF BREAD.

Result of a Series of Investigations by Prof. Snyder, of Minnesota.

An interesting contribution to a series of publications being issued by the department of agriculture, embracing investigations into the food and nutrition of man, has been made by Prof. Harry Snyder, of the Minnesota agricultural college. The paper contributed by Prof. Snyder relates the experiments made at the Minnesota university in breadmaking. The average "pound loaf" of fresh bread as sold by bakers, says the professor, weighed on an average about one pound one ounce. A pound loaf of bread can be made from about three-quarters of a pound of flour, about 25 per cent. of water being added to the flour during the process of breadmaking. With some flour five to ten per cent. more water can be absorbed, making a greater weight of bread from a given weight of flour. This additional weight is water and not nutrients. At two cents a pound for flour, it is estimated by Prof. Snyder that a pound loaf of bread can be made, not counting fuel and labor, for about two cents, one-half cent being allowed for shortening and yeast. The loss of dry matter in breadmaking is usually considered as amounting to about two per cent. of the flour used. In exceptional cases, as in prolonged fermentation, under favorable conditions the losses may amount to eight per cent. or more.

Growing Hair by Suction.

A Paris hairdresser undertakes to grow a good crop of hair on the balddest head by mechanical means. His apparatus consists of a flexible plate of convenient shape to fit the top of the head. This is pressed down and the air from beneath it exhausted. The cupping process thus applied is supposed to stimulate the growth of the roots.

Matches.

It is estimated that we use annually in the United States over 90,000,000,000 matches. These indispensable little articles were first used in this country less than 70 years ago, and at that time a box containing 25 was sold for 25 cents. Imagine, if you please, matches at one cent apiece! To-day, we buy 1,000 for five cents.