THE EYES AT SCHOOL.

Defective Sight in Children Often Due to Straining the Eyes at Study.

Much attention has been given during the past few years to the eyesight of school children. Tests of vision have been made in schools all over the world, and the results have been astonishing, if not alarming. It has been proved that short-sightedness exists among pupils in schools and colleges to a much greater extent than was supposed, and what is more disquieting, the number of pupils who have defective vision seems to be steadily growing larger.

Another fact brought out by such tests is that the proportion of those suffering from imperfect eyesight increases with the advance in studies, being least in the lowest classes and greatest in the highest.

A German investigator discovered this 30 years ago as the result of an examination of the eyes of 10,000 students in the schools at and near Breslau. In the primary schools he found about six in every 100 children suffering from poor eyesight; in the intermediate schools the number of nearsighted pupils had increased to more than ten per cent., in the high schools to 25 per cent., while in the university 60 students out of every 100 were myopic, or short-sighted.

A similar ascending scale of defective vision has been noted among school children in other countries, although the proportions are not so high anywhere else as in Germany and Russia, a fact explained by the excessive strain put upon the eyes in reading German and Russian characters.

That the prevalence of defective eyesight among children is in great part due to the overstraining of a weak organ is not open to question. Unskilled laborers, and others who have not been obliged to strain their eyes in early life, have usually good eyesight, but skilled workmen, typesetters, and so on, who use their eyes for close work and begin to learn their trade young, are often near-sighted.

Dr. Casey A. Wood, of Chicago, has recently drawn attention to the dangerous strain put upon the eyes of very young children by certain of the kindergarten tasks; but this subject is too important and too large to be compressed into a single article, and we must consider the means of protecting the eyes in another article.—Youth's Companion.

MERE COINCIDENCE.

Four Men Who Found That on One Day Each Year They Lied by Instinct.

"Speaking of strange coincidences," said the talkative man, "I ran across one this afternoon that I do not think has ever been duplicated. I was taking lunch in a down-town cafe to-day, and at the table next to me were seated four men. They were strangers to one another, but under the spell of what the waiter had set before them were talking like old friends.

"'By Jove!' said one of them, suddenly, 'this is my birthday!'

"'Why,' exclaimed another, 'so is it mine!'

"'Mine, too,' said the third.

"'And mine, too,' added the fourth man.

"They stared at one another for a moment, and then the first man said:

"'I am 53 to-day.'

"'Why, that is my age!' exclaimed another.

"'Mine, too,' said the third man.

"'Gentlemen,' exclaimed the fourth man, 'that is my age, too.'

"'A strange thing about my birthday,' said the first speaker, 'is that I once broke my arm upon that day, and since then my arm always pains me upon that day.'

"'What birthday was it?' asked the second man, in a strange voice.

"'My seventh,' answered the first man.

"'Gentlemen,' shouted the second man, 'I broke my arm on my seventh birthday, and ever since upon that day my arm has pained me!'

"'I have had the same experience,' returned the third man.

"'And I also,' said the fourth man.

"'I fell from a hay mow,' said the first man.

"'So did I,' came from the three in one voice.

"'Gentlemen,' said the first speaker, 'it lacks but one thing to complete this strange coincidence. Upon my birthday I always find myself unable to speak the truth.'

"'It is the same way with me,' promptly returned the second man.

"'Here, too,' said the third.

"And the fourth man broke the spell by asking what it would be."—N. Y. Sun.

Brushes.

An adept in dressing gives the following advice: Choose clothes that suit you from the best makers, in the best materials and style, then take care of them, your figure and your hair. To follow these dictates it is absolutely necessary to have the best of brushes. First, for the hair, long, soft brushes that permeate the tresses without either splitting or breaking them, while cleansing the scalp. A variety of clothes brushes are needed, soft for velvet, long haired dusting brushes for millinery, and good hard brushes for mud.—Detroit Free Press.

Cucumber and Onion Salad.

Cucumbers and onions, especially Bermuda onions, make a delicious salad. Slice the cucumbers and onions and lay them in separate bowls of ice water for one hour. Never salt cucumbers if you wish them to be crisp. Drain carefully, arrange in a salad bowl, and at the last moment mix with a French dressing, or with pepper, salt and vinegar. There should be three large cucumbers to one onion.—N. Y. Tribune.

FEMININE FRILLS.

The Latest Notions in Ladies' Costumes for the Current Season.

The high stocks that are worn are very becoming or ugly as the case may be. They should make every woman who hasn't a short neck look her best, but they must be cut to suit her. It makes all the difference in the world to the effect whether the curve up or down is just in the right place. If the collar goes down in the wrong place it gives the neck a bare uncovered look, and if it is too high at the wrong place it looks as if the woman was smothering. Collars must be cut, too, with regard to the good and bad points of the neck. There was a pretty young girl at the theater the other evening who was well dressed as to everything but her collar, which fitted atrociously. It may have been a home-made addition. It was of some white material, with a band of velvet of the color of the dress around the lower part. The velvet was snug, but the white collar was too high and not properly stiffened. The consequence was that as the girl turned her head the collar was pushed down and bulged out above the velvet, giving the wearer the effect of having goitre.

A handsome gown worn recently to the theater was a perfectly simple princesse, not a fold or a wrinkle on the bodice, around the hips, or on the back, until about a foot or more above the lower edge, where it flared out with the proper degree of fluffiness, ruchings and ruffles. The gown was of silk, just the glimmer of which could be seen through the solid lace which covered it. The figure of the woman wearer was, of course, perfect.

Some women and girls are wearing around their necks a bit of white illusion high up, just inside the stock, so that it gives a line of white around the neck and ties in a jaunty little bow at the back.

Sequins are to be seen on many things this winter, particularly on thin goods with lace effects. Whole gowns of net are covered with them, but they must be sewed on carefully, and home sewing is usually better than that of the shops. It is better to have no sequins at all than a sequin off here and there. It is a degree worse than a missing boot button.

There is fringe, fringe everywhere found, so much of it that it will be fringe, fringe nowhere, except on cheap garments. This is particularly the case with the fringed trimmings on the hats. It has been so easy to put a bit of fringe on a hat and give it style, that everyone has been able to do it, and it is seen commonly in the street cars already, which usually settles the fate of anything for people who like individuality. In some of the most beautiful gowns fringes are woven on to the garment. This cannot be duplicated in cheap effects.

Among the prettiest separate blouses are those made of one material opening over a contrasting shade in a vest of some soft silk, the body of the blouse being cut low around the neck to show a little of the silk below the collar. The blouse is finished at the waist with a narrow band of the waist material.

With the heavy boots and gloves that women are wearing come the woolen gloves for country wear that are as stylish and expensive as the other kinds, but soft and comfortable.—N. Y. Times.

AUTUMN SOUP.

A Dish That Reflects the Richness of the Market in This Season.

The autumn is the season when meats of all kinds reach their highest point of excellence. The feast of Martinmas, in honor of that saint who presided over a full larder, fell on November 11. Game of all kinds now crowds the markets. Beef, mutton and poultry are never fatter and better.

Autumn soup reflects the richness of the market. There are some game soups that are good. A soup, as a rule, however, should be made of fresh killed meats. Game always hangs a considerable time to put it into the proper condition for food, and is for that reason too old to be made into a soup. Sometimes game quenelles, or forcemeat balls of game, are used as a garnish to clear soup of beef.

There are also certain soups that are peculiarly characteristic of autumn, because they are especially associated with poultry or game dinners. A cream of celery or cream of rice soup is a most excellent introduction to a dinner of roast poultry.

There are certain November days when nothing is so acceptable as an old-fashioned oxtail soup, rich and gelatinous, thickened and seasoned as only a Huguenot cook of old knew how to season and thicken it. This soup should be well flavored with mushrooms, as other beef soups should that are used in autumn, when the meadow mushroom, the chief variety of our market, is cheap and abundant enough to be used on poor men's tables.—N. Y. Tribune.

Cheese Soup.

Brown some sliced onions in a little fat, with a couple of tablespoonfuls of flour; season well and put in the requisite amount of water. Put into a well-heated tureen some fried dice of bread (or some very thin chips of homemade bread about two days old); sprinkle over these a small handful of grated cheese, and pour the boiling liquor over them. Serve at once.—Boston Globe.

A Different Place.

Farmer Hornbeak—Here, you tramp, what are you doin' in my haymow in the middle of the afternoon?

Soil d Spooner—Sleepin', boss.

"Wa-al, git out o' here! This ain't no church."—Judge.

HUMOROUS.

Usher (the court having been much annoyed by the shuffling of feet)—"Will ye hould yer tongues up there with yer feet in the gallery!"—Punch.

"He is not in," said Mrs. Shortly to the collector. "Madam, I know he is not tin," said the collector. "What I want to know, has he any?"—Baltimore News.

Long—"Family troubles, eh? What rock did your domestic ship split on?" Short—"It was the absence of 'rocks' that caused the split."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

First Globe Trotter—"When in Rome, did you do yourself as the Romans do?" Second Globe Trotter—"No. It took all my time learning to do other people as the Romans did me."—N. Y. Press.

Mrs. Newrich—"Oh, dear, no! My husband don't have to be in business no more. He's just a gentleman now." Mrs. Blugore—"That must be a pleasant change for him."—Philadelphia Record.

"I really believe Miss Blumer would be willing to run for president, she's so ambitious." "Land, yes; but she ain't so particular. She'd run for a smaller man than that if she thought she could catch him."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Brown—"She spent ten years trying to catch a husband." Mrs. Jones—"That's what she's doing now." "I thought you said she was married." "Yes. She spends her time trying to catch her husband in some kind of mischief."—Troy Times.

"I notice you started to smoke last night when Miss Sweetey was entertaining Mr. Slowpop," remarked the piano stool. "Yes," replied the parlor lamp. "I saw she was just waiting for an excuse to turn me down."—Catholic Standard and Times.

MYSTERY OF THE OMO.

Geographers and Explorers Are Puzzled at the Course of an African Stream.

A river rising among the mountains of Abyssinia and flowing about 600 miles to the southwest and south has been the subject of more speculation and contradictory evidence for 12 years than any other stream in Africa. The Omo river was known at its sources and at a few points along its course, but the explorers who visited it and the geographers who reviewed their work could not agree as to its destination. It was a geographical conundrum, as the Congo and the Alger were in the years when the hypothesis was advanced that the Congo was probably the lower part of the Niger. The truth about the Omo river was discovered two years ago by one of the most unfortunate expeditions that ever entered Africa, and the two white survivors of the ill-fated party, who said their leader and comrades had fallen under the fire of a savage foe and who were held captive until King Menelek secured their release, have been able this fall, with the aid of the records that were recovered, to publish in Italy the story of the second Bottego expedition and a map of the Omo river.

Eleven years ago most mapmakers believed that the problem of the Omo river had been solved, though the views of the explorers were still widely divergent. Count Teleki, Capt. Hohnel and Mr. Borelli maintained that the river flowed far to the southwest and emptied into Lake Rudolf. Other explorers headed by D'Abbadie, all of whom had visited the river, thought it was the upper course of the Sobat, which flows into the Nile. It was evident that Lake Rudolf, which is subject to great evaporation, received a large water supply from some source, and this consideration led most cartographers to represent the Omo as a tributary of that lake at its northern end.

This hypothesis was in great favor at the time when Dr. Donaldson Smith, the American explorer, came home with information and opinions that again unsettled the question. He had ascended the Nianam river, which empties into the northern end of Lake Rudolf, for 120 miles. He said it was a small stream and he thought it most unlikely that it was the lower part of the large Omo river. Twenty miles away he saw the mountains where he believed the Nianam headed, and in his opinion the Omo turned to the southeast somewhere and became the Jub river, which empties into the Indian ocean. Dr. Donaldson Smith did much excellent geographical work on this journey and some of the best mapmakers accepted the new hypothesis and showed the Omo as the upper part of the Jub.

It was left to the second Bottego expedition to trace the Omo from its middle course to Lake Rudolf and prove that Donaldson Smith was mistaken, and that the Nianam was really the lower course of the Omo. The incorrect impression of the American explorer was doubtless due chiefly to the fact that he saw the Nianam in the dry season at a low stage of water. No phase of African exploration has given rise to so many perplexing questions as the rivers, many of which were known in part many years before their entire courses were revealed. But the hydrography of the continent in all its more important features is determined at last satisfactorily.—N. Y. Sun.

A Literary Note.

The denizens of the forest were organizing a literary club.

"We must make the porcupine president," said Br'er Wolf. "His style is full of good points."

"Permit me," remarked Br'er Rabbit, "to recommend a reptile friend of mine. He can put up a rattling tail."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Not Made Up.

Manager—Why don't you go on? You're all made up.

Leading Lady—All except my mind. That won't be until you pay me my salary.—Puck.

HE MADE A MISTAKE.

Called the Old Man a Bird and Came Near Ending His Career.

"Whatever you do," said the young man whose light yellow overcoat shows an inclination to stick out around the ends as if it had a hoop skirt under it, "don't use slang. Cut your grammar once in awhile if you can give away what's taking up room in your thinkbox any quicker, but don't use slang—that is to say, speak proper. That's what I mean; speak proper, even if it hurts."

"You use slang a few yourself," commented the friend.

"I used to. But I'm breaking away. I used to sling it around much. Now I only talk it several, and I expect to work it down to zero in a little while. I've reformed. I've bought a book of mistakes to be avoided, and I'm going to talk like a classical dictionary before I give up."

"'Tain't such a matter of life and death."

"It is with me. My hair never came so near turning white in a single night as it did a couple of weeks ago. The firm insisted on sending me out into one of the wildest patches of country in this section of the world. I started out to ingratiate myself, and was getting along fine. There was one old fellow who hung around the store a great deal and seemed to have everybody scared. I made up my mind that he was a chap I wanted to have on my side, so I started in and made up to him the best I knew how. I never saw a man treated with so much deference as he was. So I jumped in and told him all the funny stories I knew. Every time he laughed everybody else laughed, and when he didn't seem to like it there was a general attack of the blues. After awhile he told a story himself. I laughed as hard as I could, and I slapped him on the shoulder and said: 'I've heard of you before.' 'You have,' said he, looking suspicious all of a sudden. 'Yes,' said I. 'And you're all right. You're a bird.' I never saw such a swift change of scenery in my life. The floor was cleared all of a sudden and all the occupants of the place, except the old man and myself, were looking up from behind boxes and barrels. He had a six-shooter pointed at me, and if his finger had trembled I'd have the subject for a 'dearest Willie, thou hast left us' piece of poetry then and there. Just then a young girl rushed into the place and threw herself between us."

"Of course," commented the friend. "This is about chapter III. She exclaimed: 'Spare him! Spare him for my sake.'"

"No. She didn't say anything of the kind. She merely said: 'Don't be a fool, dad. He didn't mean anything. He ain't heard a word about it.' Then she turned to me and said: 'You want to be keerful about how you talk about anything in the fowl way before dad. He was tarred an' feathered week before last. He ain't got clean over it yet, an' he won't stand no jokin' about it."—Washington Star.

MICROBES THAT EAT CEMENT.

While They Purify the Water, They Strip Reservoir Walls of Cement.

At first sight it would seem hardly possible for bacteria to be concerned in the breaking down of a stone wall, yet such would appear to be the case, according to some ingenious observations directed to the nature of the decay of cement.

The gradual disintegration of the cement mortar used in water supply reservoirs is one of the serious troubles met with by water engineers, and a trouble which so far they have not been able to avoid with any measure of practical success.

Hitherto this action was supposed to be the result of the solvent property of carbonic acid and other mineral substances commonly present in a water supply. The cement gradually disintegrates and becomes a kind of mud, which slowly detaches itself.

This strange process is due to the action of none other than that bacterium known as the nitrifying organism. An examination of the mud shows it to be teeming with these organisms.

The nitrifying organism is the one upon which so much depends in the purification of sewage and effete matters. On this account its growth should be encouraged, and it is curious, therefore, to find that the organism appears as an objectionable factor in the attempt to supply and store an abundance of pure water for drinking purposes.—London Lancet.

Oom Paul's Fondness for Americans.

The fact that there was great sympathy among Americans for the Boers pleased Oom Paul mightily. "The Americans did give me some trouble in the Jameson raid," he said; "but, on the whole, I get along with them very well. America is a wonderful country, and I always remember her president in my prayers." Oom Paul's fondness for us leads him to patronize American manufactures, and in the corner of the room I noticed a big organ of a well-known American make. The table on which his pipe and tobacco lay came from the United States. A Vermont company had just finished laying a fine cement pavement in front of the "white house," and standing on the curb there of as we came in were two Americans, one of whom wanted to get an order for Kruger's tombstone; the other a concession to build a national ice house. —Ainslee's.

Where a Pull Counted.

"Those two dentists have had a contest to see which one extracted the most teeth in a month."

"How did it come out?"

"Oh, it was a draw."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Jerry McAuley's mission in New York is now 26 years old.

Columbia university has added two professors to its German department.

Students govern their own dormitories at the University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia pays smaller salaries to its public school teachers than New York, Boston or Chicago.

Attendance at religious devotional exercises has been made compulsory in the University of New York.

At Illinois university a Saturday course for public school teachers engaged during the week has been opened.

George W. Osborn has been appointed assistant professor of the Semitic languages at the University of New York.

In the schedule of the Oriental seminary of the Johns Hopkins university two hours have been set aside for rabbinical studies, under the supervision of Rabbi Rosenau.

The Moravian church has existed since 1727 and at present numbers 129,617 members, 8,725 of whom live in Germany, 5,927 in England and 22,345 in the United States. There are 92,142 baptized converts and 456 missionaries and 1,914 native helpers are employed.

A number of Waldensian congregations were expelled from Italy in 1699. They found their way to Wurtemburg, where they afterward became a part of the Protestant church of that churchly kingdom. There are now ten Waldensian congregations in Wurtemburg, numbering 3,000 persons.

In the beginning of the century there were only 170 missionaries in all the world, with hardly 50,000 converts, and an annual expenditure of only $250,000. Now there are 4,694 mission stations, with 15,200 out stations, 11,000 missionaries, and associated with them 65,000 native Christian assistants, 17,441 mission schools, 1,500,000 native Christians, and annually $15,000,000 is spent in the work.

A UNIQUE BUSINESS.

Contractors Who Are Glad to Pay for the Privilege of Tearing Down Old Houses.

When the owner of a building in New York wants it demolished he advertises the fact, and the same day receives calls from several gentlemen anxious to pay for the opportunity to do the work. It is given to the man who offers the highest price.

"I paid $600 for this house," remarked a contractor, as he stood amid clouds of dust that rose from falling bricks, directing his laborers in the work of destruction on the old residence of ex-Gov. Levi P. Morton, on the corner of Sixteenth street and Fifth avenue, directly opposite the Judge building, New York. "It was a pretty good bargain," he went on. "There will be at least $1,000 worth of brick in this job; the lumber will be worth about $200, and the lead pipe will reach about the same figure, and this is saying nothing about an onyx mantelpiece that we found on the second floor, that couldn't be duplicated for less than $600. The brownstone front? Oh, that won't be worth more than $50 to us. Brownstone doesn't sell as it used to, because they are not using it for building purposes nowadays. But, aside from the brownstone, this will be a profitable job, although there won't be as much in it as you might think from the figures I've just given. The expenses must be considered. It will take nearly a month to pull this house down, and that means wages for a big gang of men.

"It takes longer to demolish one of these old residences than most of the newer houses, for the reason that they are more solidly built, but we like to get hold of them, because the material is better. As to its disposal, we sell the brick to builders, who want it for back walls of factories, etc., and the lumber is used for coal docks and the like. The lead pipe is melted and recast. This stuff brings better prices in the winter than in the spring or summer, because there are fewer houses being pulled down. It doesn't pay to haul and store a great deal of it, especially the brick, so it is usually sold right from the house. This is the reason why the superfluous supply of the summer doesn't last over into the winter. A glut in the second-hand material market occurs every summer, and on this account we don't usually pay for the chance to tear down houses during the months from about April 1 to November 1. But during the winter we are glad to.

"It doesn't by any means follow, you understand, that because an owner decides to have a house torn down it is a very old or dilapidated structure. Many of these old residences are built so well that they would be good for a century or so yet, but the owner sees more money in new buildings, and the old-timers have to go. Why, it wasn't very long ago that, to make way for their $3,000,000 building, one of the big life insurance companies downtown razed a building that was worth $1,000,000 as it stood."—Leslie's Weekly.

This Eskimo.

A young married man in the west recently wrote to his kindred in the east: "We have had a glorious revival of religion. Mary and I have both been hopefully converted. Father has got very old and helpless, so we have sent him to the county house." Bishop Potter pertinently asks: To what religion was this filial scion converted? Certainly it could not have been to that which is commonly called Christian, and which lately moved a native Alaskan to show his colors. Moving to a distant settlement where there was no Protestant church, this Eskimo paddled 75 miles in a canoe to get a sign painted to put over his door. It read: "Who is a Christian? So am I." The act has cost him much Russian trade; but the reach of the soul is always higher than the clutch of the hand.—Youth's Companion.

THE ART OF SNOW-SHOEING.

No Man Is Born to It and Only Long and Faithful Practice Makes One Perfect.

When Capt. Glenn, of our army, was sent with a detachment of soldiers to carry out some extensive explorations in Alaska last year, he found that snow shoes would have to play an important part in the work. An incident occurred one day, that proved to him it was high time to break in all the men who had not learned the art of snow-shoe travel. The spectacle he and his party witnessed was amusing to all except the unfortunate person who supplied the fun.

It was before the party had started inland. The hospital steward was instructed to cross a certain glacier and report to Lieut. Learnard. It was necessary to wear snow shoes, as the weather was not cold enough to form a crust that would bear the weight of a man. So he put on the togs and Capt. Glenn avers in his report, which the war department has just published, that no one was ever seen who was so utterly helpless with such footgear attached to him as this hospital steward.

He persisted in sticking the toe of his shoes into the snow and this error kept him in trouble. Then about every third pace he would step on one shoe with the other and keel headlong over into the snow. In this situation he was a mere mass of helplessness, and, do what he might, he couldn't arise till somebody came and boosted him to his feet. It took him eight hours to travel two miles, and before he got back to camp he had given up snow shoeing. He came wading through the snow up to his hips and dragging his shoes.

This convinced the captain that it was absolutely necessary for every member of the detachment to know how to use snow shoes, and so the edict went forth that the steward and every other man who had not previously acquired this knowledge should use snow shoes for a walk of five miles every day till all were proficient.

All of which calls to mind that in the very winter that John Milton entered Cambridge university, 1625, there was a tremendous fall of snow in England, the like of which had not been seen by the oldest inhabitant, and history records that it kept deep and soft for weeks. The English had heard of snow shoeing in Norway and the arctic regions, and so some of them, who had to get about somehow, took to making snow shoes and learned the guile that was in them. A modern novelist who tells a story of that period has his hero describe his experience with his footwear:

"I built myself a pair of strong and light snow shoes, framed with ash and ribbed of withy, with half tanned calfskin stretched across, and an inner sole to support my feet. At first I could not walk at all, but floundered about most piteously, catching one shoe in the other, and both of them in the snowdrifts, to the great amusement of the girls who were come to look at me. But after awhile I grew more expert and crossed the farmyard and came back again (though turning was the worst thing of all) without so much as falling once."

All arctic explorers have testified that snow-shoeing is not easy to learn, and that it is still more difficult to master the Norwegian ski.—N. Y. Sun.

FARM TELEPHONES.

How a Simple System May Be Installed at Small Cost by Any Farmer.

The organizer of a successful farm telephone service tells how a simple system can be installed at a low cost. The first requisite is to secure at least one man who has sufficient practical knowledge of electricity to superintend the work of installation. Telephones to serve the purpose fairly well can be bought for $11 to $12 wholesale, and an extra quality can be secured for $15, with two-jar battery power and with adjustable arm attached transmitter. The cheaper instruments, however, will last for years for farm work; they are easy to handle and adjust, and carry sound perfectly, provided the battery is kept in working order. Too many telephones should not be placed on one circuit, or the talk will be weak, from the resistance being excessive. One farm circuit, which runs a distance of three miles, has ten instruments on it. This is about all it can carry, especially as it is wired with common No. 12 galvanized wire, which is liable to rust, and thus involve greater resistance to the current. Copper is now being substituted for iron on some lines which were originally put up at the lowest possible cost. Copper is a better transmitter of current, and does not impair the distinctness of the talk by corrosion. The average cost of iron wire for farm lines is about $7 per mile, while No. 14 copper can be had for $21. The poles may measure 6 to 8 inches at the base and 4 inches at the top and 23 feet long. They should be put 3 to 4 feet in the ground, and 175 feet apart. Locust poles are very serviceable. When the instrument has been put up in the house, and an insulated wire run out to meet the line outside, ground connections should be made by putting copper wire or rod down, say, 4 feet, into damp soil outside or in the cellar. This is needed to make the circuit only when one line of wire is used instead of two. It is a common practice to start out the line wire stuck from the house to the first pole near it, so that the vibration from the rain wire will not be brought into the house, to the possible annoyance and disturbance of nervous people.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Justifiable Suspicion.

You are always justified in suspecting a man who offers to pay you a dollar interest for the use of two dollars for a week or so.—Atchison Globe.