PASSING OF THE ROUND-UP.

Railroads Reaching Into Cattle Coun-

That most picturesque feature of centile raising on the western plains, the great "round up," will soon be among the things of the past. The railroads are stretching their long lines through the very heart of the range country and in place of the terminal station at which thousands of cattle were gathered from the surrounding country to be shipped to eastern markets there will be many setations at convenient distances and within easy reach of the diminishing herds that still crop fatness from the buffale grass. The range "round up" was always a thrilling sight. Cattle by tens of thousands were sought out from the hills and valleys by scores of range riders, those bearing brands to be cut out in herds by themselves. There were many days of hard work, for the cowboys, followed by many rother days and nights of drinking and carousing, which lasted until the last train started on its eastern way. The great range is rapidly passing and in its place is coming the fenced pasture of the small farm. change is gradual, but rapid. Thoupands of range cattle are now sent to the corn states every year to be fattened for market, but with the development and settlement of the great range country the grass-fed steer will soon be a curiosity in the large stock

HE'LL STICK TO HIS PIPE.

Due Man, at Least, Has the Courage
of His Convictions.

One particular objection many of the men patrons have to the big palatial hotels in the cities is that they can't smoke their favorite pipes in the public halls without becoming the gynosure of all eyes. "The other evening," said a guest at the St. Regis, "I sat down in one of the comfortahie armchairs in the hall to enjoy my old pipe that's been my constant friend for the last seven years. There were several people sitting near me most of whom were men, and one or two were smoking cigars or cigarets. I didn't see a pipe in sight anywhere, and that made me a little uncertain as to whether I should be violating an etiquettal rule of the house. I drew but my briar and, after I had got it going comfortably, I noticed that the guests near me began to melt away by ones and twos, until presently I was left with a good share of the hall to myself. Some of them did not leave the hall altogether, but moved to reats farthest from me. Of course, I knew what the cause was, but I didn't care. In my opinion, the man who smokes a pipe is a heap sight better than any dozen men who smoke cigars and cigarettes."

New Interest In Chemistry.

The establishment of pure rood com missions has inspired many young men to take up the study of chemistry with a view to securing a position on one of those commissions. Scores of men who already have qualified for the regular drug store trade are now deveting additional time to the study of extra courses in chemistry. All hope to gain a federal appointment as an expert on pure foods. Not more Than one-third of the ambitious fellows now immured in experimental laboratories will get the position they are working for, but the public will profit indirectly by their present enthusiasm because every last one of them will become more competent druggists through their studies of the adulterations of foods.

Belling a Rat.

You have probably read or heard that the best way to rid a house of rate is to catch one and fasten a bell. about its neck. A boy in Delaware tried the experiment two months ago. He was badly bitten in making the beil fast, but he turned the rat loose and expected the tinkling of that bell would have great results. It did have. In the first place, the rat who wore it was constantly on the move all night. and the tinkling bell kept the family awake, and in the next the sounds brought acores of new rate to the heuse. Instead of being afraid of the bell, they were charmed with the music. Had the boy tied a harmonica to another rat's tail, the rodents would have had a dance every night.

A Peripatetic Investment.
When the scallop is full grown it is able to swim with great rapidity by expening and closing the valves of its shell. This curious fact, says What to Eal, was unknown to an unfortunate Frenchman who undertook a few years ago to establish a scallop plantation on a quiet New England beach. He deposited several thousand scallors in shallow water, expecting them to breed, but when he looked for them the next day all of them had fled

A Difference of Extremes.
Some one wrote in a paper that a cure for fatigue after a hard day was to hold the feet in mustard water for ten minutes, but, reading hastily, the lady read, "hold the face in mustard water for ten minutes." She tried it, but did not continue the cure for ten minutes by any means, and she did

net go shopping for several days after-

A Cynical Instructor.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a great man?" "A great man, my son, is one who manages to gather about him a corps of assistants who will take the blame for his mistakes while Lt gets the credit for any good ideas."

DRIVER TELLS OF STRAIN.

Nervous Tension of Man at Wheel of Automobils.

The nervous tension under which the driver of an automobile racer labors has been graphically described by two Vanderbilt cup chauffeurs. Clement says: "When you first start, the ground seems to be rising up in front of you, as if to hit you in the face—that is, until you get your auto eyes adjusted. But even then there's always the thrill, and you haven't time for anything but the thrill and the watching of the long, narrow road in front. You haven't time to see what is on one side or the other. The people-that's about all we had on the sides in the Vanderbilt cup racesjust seem to be a black-and-white border to the dark streak in front. Yes; you hear them shout, but by the time you realize it you are gone." And Wagner describes his sensations in Outing as follows: "Beginning the eighth lap nearly eight minutes in the lead, the mental and physical strain became acute. My brain was in a dissy whirl, and my hunger amounted almost to famine. But the price of satisfying it was prohibitive when every minute counted. The constant crashing and lunging of the car, the vigilance required at the frequent turns, the haunting fear of fatalities, and the anxiety regarding tires and mechanism were so exhausting that we lost over two minutes on the eigth round. Hunger remorseless and fanged was gnawing, gnawing, gnawing with almost sinister persistency, as it seemed. So we began the ninth and final round."

WAS GIVEN WRONG STEER.

Cleveland Man the Victim of Mean Practical Joker.

A Cleveland (Ohio) man was coming down from Toledo the other day when he noticed a little crowd on a station platform and at once concluded it meant the departure of a bride and groom. The train only stopped for a minute or two but the Cleveland man had time to see a lot of handshaking, and then, as the train started, a young fellow on the platform. thrust a card through the open window and said, Say, old man, band that to the couple who just got aboard. won't you?" The Cleveland man nodded and the train sped on. He looked at the card. It bore the word "Congratulations!" Then he went up the aisle to where the newcomers were seated and smilingly handed the card to the bridegroom. "What's this for?" growled the stranger. "Just married, aren't you?" the Cleveland man chuckled. "Just married!" roared the stranger. "Just married! Why, you miserable shrimp, me an' my wife here are havin' a spat at this very moment over what we are goin' to do with our 21-year-old son! Just mar-ried! You measly little—" But the Cleveland man had fied. And now he vows be'll never again be made a catspaw for another practical joker.

Two Historic Cabarets. a.Two old Sevres cabarets, each with an interesting history of its own, will be included in the porcelain sale at Christie's, says a writer in the Pall Mail Gazette. The first, painted with festoons of flowers, was formerly the property of Marie Antoinette, and was given by Louise Lefevre, her valet de pied, to George Earl of Essex, and by him to Miss Fannie Kelly, the actress, in 1818, from whom it descended to the present owner, who is Miss Kelly's adopted daughter. The second, painted with musical and amatory trophies, was presented by George IV when Prince of Wales to Mrs. Robinson, the celebrated actress, and at the sale of her husband's effects was purchased by John Graham. In the same sale will be found a Chippendale mahogany bookoase, exquisitely carved, which was formerly at the Kensing-

Clinched. The insurance agent had exhausted his arts. With tears welling from his eyes and in a voice quivering with emotion he had recitetd the harrowing tale of widow and orphans in dire distress through the untimely death of their thoughtless protector. But the farmer was unmoved. "Nope, I guess I'll not take any to-day." he said, and reached for his red bandanna. "But," said the wily agent, "with every policy goes an almanac, a plug of Greenville, a brass watch, an accordeon and a bottle of liver medicine, besides a brass band to head your funeral procession. "Gosh ding!" came the reply. "Give me one. Nobody can ever say Joshua Hay neglected the welfare of his loved

ton palace, in the room in which

George II. died.

--The Kaiser and Mr. Carnegie.----During the first meeting of Emperor William and Andrew Carnegie on the deck of the Hobenzollern at Kiel, when there came a pause in the conversation, Mr. Carnegie, in a candid spirit of banter, said to the emperor: You know, your majesty, that I never cared very much for kings." But there was one king you cared a great deal for," said the emperor quickly "And who was that?" demanded Mr. Carnegie. "Robert Bruce." "Your majesty is very right," laughed Mr. Carnegie. "Robert Bruce is buried in my town."

An Exhibition Stunt.

"Malipedes are the fourth and fifth pairs of head appendages of chilopods." "What's that to me?" "Nothing. I occasionally like to display a bit of knowledge that nobody else can possibly have."

THE SAILOR MAN'S APOLOGY,

Profuse Explanation Made in the

An old sait, who navigates a bicycle when he is in port, was working a rapid passage the other day, when he collided with a lady cyclist. After they had extricated themselves from the wreck the sailor made an apology, from which she could gather little except that he was sincerely sorty.

cent that he was sincerely sorry. "I am sure I ought to be scuttled for it, mum," he said, rapidly, "but I couldn't get yer signals no more than if we were feeling through a fog bank. I was blowing for you to pass to port, and steering my course accordin'. Just as I was going to dip my pennant an'i salute proper, your craft refused to obey her rudder, and you struck me) for ard. Afore I could reverse, your jibboom fouled my starboard missen) riggin', your flowing gown snarled up in my bobstay, blew out yer pneumatic, parted yer topping lift and carried away my jacksaddle down haul. As I listed I tried to libe, but I capsized, keel up, and you were floundering in the wreckage."

By this time there was an interested audience, and the girl was mentally debating whether she should run from a supposed lunatic or ask for an inter-

a supposed lunatic or ask for an interpreter.

But Jack's headpiece was still in

his hand, and he was not finished.

"I'm hopin' yer not enough damaged for the hospital," he went on, "but I'd be sunk if I wouldn't be giad to stand yer watch till you righted. This here little craft of yours will be as seaworthy as ever when her upper works is straightened out and we get wind into her sails again. I'll just tow her down to the dock for repairs."

And she smiled an assent.—Illustrated Bits.

STRANGE ANTIQUITY OF EGYPT.

Country Has Remained Unchanged Through Centuries.

Many tourists who have created the Mediterranean to Alexandria and have made the three hour journey thence by express to Cairo, establish themselves in one of the fashionable hotels, do a little shopping in the native quarter, see a mosque or two, native wedding, ride a camel the quarter mile distance from the Mena house to the sphinx, and perhaps go as far as to visit Saqqara—a day's excursion from Cairo—then return homeward fancying and also declaring that they have seen Exypt.

So they have, in a sense; but Cairo is no more representative of Egypt as a country than New York is of the entire United States.

To see upper Egypt, with its fellaheen life, its mud cities, and its quaint scenery, is like turning the leaves of an old history and studying the engravings, for neither the country nor the people has changed to any appreciable degree since the days of complishment in which all seem to be equally well trained—that of begging backsheesh. Egypt is spoken of as becoming modernized, but there is no indication of anything more modern than 2,000 years ago between Cairc and Luxer-or, more properly, the lit tle English city of Kom Ombo, beyond Luxor, where an English company has been formed and agricultural experiments are being carried forward.-Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

Value of Trade Secrets. The value of trade secrets as a bustness asset was emphasized recently by a decision of the court or errors and appeals of New Jersey, compelling the American Can company to reim burse an eastern concern for having used one of the latter's secret proc esses in manufacturing tin. One of the employes of the eastern concern, which is known as the Vulcan Detinning company, left his position and some time later secured a place with the American Can company. To the officers of that company he then told of the methods that were used by the rival firm, and these at once were adopted by the American company. There was a suit, and now, after several years of litigation, the American Can company has been found to have no right to make use of the secrets of its competitor.

Boo-Hoo Fever.

In the intense heat the young captain smiled.

"This recalls to my mind," he said, "boo-hoo fever."

"Boo-hoo fever?" What is that?"
"It is a fever brought on by the heat among our soldiers in the Philippines. A mild fever, it becomes high and active only when the weather grows unusually hot. Then it throws our young men into a strange delirinm. They cry and weep. They

"If you should go into one of our hospital wards in the Philippines on a very hot day, the loud wails of the young fever patients would soon show you the origin of boo-hoo fever's funny name."

The Selfish Two-Step.

Our social pleasures are individualistic and selfish. This is well typified in the popular dance of our times—the two-step—where two people may spend the entire evening enjoying themselves without touching the general social life of the assembled company. The square, line and ring dances, now so sadly out of style, are old folk forms, generated by the social cooperation of the group, reflecting the joys, sorrows, occupations and interests of the people.—Charities and Commons.

THE DAY OF THE FARMER.

Useful Tiller of the Soil Has Come to

The farmer who is not an amateur is a really increasing factor in to-day's life. In fact farming is rapidly becoming one of the professions. We have our agricultural schools just as we have our law schools.

have our agricultural schools just as we have our law schools. It is getting to be a business as well. Farmers have their trusts, like

other manufacturers.

It is a far cry from the New England farmer, trying to arrange an exploded granite quarry into a stone wall that he may have room in which to plant his crop, and that master of capital, science and black earth ten feet deep who plows with a traction engine and reaps with a ter-horse team. And between these two types of farmers the drift is steadly toward the lat-

ter.

The comic paper does not laugh at the "granger" as frequently as it used to laugh. It wants his subscription.

The capitalist does not foreclose mortgages on the prairie farm now.

He borrows money of its owner.

And, what is vastly more important, the entire country looks with a respect bordering upon apprehension on this new type of American who has decided views on railroads, trusts, and, in fact, on every subject from the "green bug" to the lecturer at his chautauqua. This rise of the farmer into national significance is welcome in view of the inundation of great cities by immigrants who have significance only en masse.

The farm is the nursery of individualism. If you are a cliff dweller in the city send your boy there, and let him see what it means to create wealth with the help of nature, rather than with the ticker. You will help make him a better American.—The World To-Day.

WHEN THERE WAS TROUBLE.

Just What Happened Between the Fat Man and the Conductor.

The stout man on the back platform declined to agree with the conductor. The conductor thought he hadn paid his face. The stout manwas of the contrary opinion.

They exchanged harsh words over the matter.

"I gave you a nickel when I got aboard," said the stout man. "I haven't taken in a nickel on this

trip," said the conductor.

The stout man grew very red. His hair seemed to bristle.

"That's just enough of this," he growled. "I don't want to have any trouble with you. I had trouble with a conductor once, I'd hate to tell you what happened."

The conductor drew back a little and made no further attempt to collect the stout man's fare.

liut when the stout man was about to alight from the car the conductor's curiosity was too much for him. "Say," he asked, "what happened when you had that trouble with the

when you had that trouble with the other conductor?"

The stout man looked back

"I was in the hospital six weeks," he mildly answered.

Missed the Bargain.

-They were well gowned. Each looked as if she could buy a pair of skyscrapers cash down. As they hopped off the street car at Exchange place, Jersey City, Pennsylvania station, the gong announcing the departure of a boat for New York sounded. You should have seen them run, pretty laces, small ankles, dainty slippers, white skirts, black hoslery, Cuban heels, etc. The rude man of the bridge banged the latticed gates together, and, locking them in the faces of the divinities turned away with a sarcastic grin, such as menials wear when they have the best of the proposhifton and show a little authority. "Oh, you horrid thing!" exclaimed one of the women; then she was heard to say to her companion: "We've missed that sale of calicos at three cents a yard. I had set my heart on buying three yards to make Archibald a new dress. I'm so angry I could ery-or

A Tip to Smokers.

"Do you want to know how to smoke and smoke, and yet keep the room clear of all the fumes and odors of tobacco? How to smoke in the dining-room, the drawing-room, your wife's bedroom, without leaving a single tobacco smell in the air? Well, I'll tell you."

Here the salesman took down a small ring of platinum.

"All you have to do," he said, "is to set this ring over a lamp and let it get red-hot. Red-hot, it will consume the smoke of a dozen cigars, keeping the air quite clear and sweet. With one of these rings in use, there is no ground for forbidding a man to smoke anywhere.

"It has long been known that platinum consumes tobacco smoke. I wonder that no one ever thought of the woaderful platinum smoke-absorbing rings before."

Tenderfeet of the Ocean.

Western farmer boys are fine, spirited fellows, of good physique, but it is a melancholy fact that most of them do not remain in the naval service. The desertions, which are so discreditable to our navy, occur chiefly among those hads who have never smelled sait water until they are sent aboard a training ship. They are the "tenderfeet" of the ocean, and acute homesickness is a raging malady among them.—Boston Transcript.

WIT OF WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

Few Men More Ready Than Was the Great New York Lawyer.

William Evarts graced the headship of the bar before lawyering was so much of a trade as it is, and when lawyers had time for accomplishments, says Harper's Weekly. He was a scholar, but no more of a Grecian than he should have been. Yale men used to think that Theodore Woolsey knew more Greek than anybody else, and Mr. Evarts himself was so well persuaded of this that he once said at a dinner that was given to Woolsey, that he and Woolsey knew "more Greek than any other two men in the country."

"I saw a fine photograph of you, Mr. Evarts, on my way down town this morning. You've a beautiful head,

Mr. Evarts."

"I'm glad you think so well of it,"
said Evarts, "you know I stand on my

head."

Here is one for the Liberal Arts club. One day a man came out of the "Play. "" next door to the Tilden house, now occurred by the Art club, and met Mr. Evarts. There was probably never a house constructed that was, and is, so mortally ugly as that which Samuel J. Tilden built in Gramercy park. In order that ingoers might escape quickly from the sight

arts?" said the "Player."

"Tudor," said Mr. Evarts.

"Flat justitis, rust, prandium," be once prescribed as a floral motto for a dinner of the Bar association.

of the front of it there were two front

doorways. "Of what school of archi-

tecture is the Tilden house, Mr. Ev-

There have been other lawyers, other secretaries of state and other punsters, but as he himself might say, "non ficet, omnibus adire Corinthum."

WHY HE WAS TIRED.

Return from the Annual Nonsense Known as "Vacation."

A man alighted from a train, and after walking laboriously up the short flight of stairs which led to the wait ing-room, stopping a few times on the way to rest, he looked round for a place to sit down. His wan thin face, heavy year, and general appearance of weakness and dejection attracted attention, and a kind old gentleman accosted the stranger and asked if he could be of any assistance.

"No-o, thanks," the young man drawled out; "I'll get along if I take my time about it."

"Are you ill?"

"No-o, I'm not ill. But I feel as if I were completely done up."

"Been in an accident?"
"No-o. I'm just tired; that's all.
Thanks; you may call a hansom for
me, if you will. Don't believe I could
ever walk out to the tramwar. I
don't mind if you carry my bag. I'm
so tired."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing much; I'm just returning from my holidays. I'll be all
right in a week or two."—Tit-Bits

. A Brave Pony.

One small pony named Nell routed four young highwaymen in the Bronx. "Mandy" Begg: 13 years old, is the son of Ernest Begg, proprietor of the Begg from works. The other night "Mandy" saddled Nell- and rode down the bouldward.

the boulevard At One Hundred and Fortieth street four young men jumped from a lot. Two seized Nell's bridle, young Begg says, and the others struck him. knocking him from the pony. Then one incautiously got too close to Nell's hind legs and she "boisted bim." as young Begg said exultingly afterward. Another got in the saddle, and Nett. a modest colt, promptly stood on her forclegs, unseated her new rider and backed, kicking in every quarter of the atmosphere. The two footpads who remained on their feet ran. Young Begg jumped astride the pony, and away they went. He had a bruise on his forehead and a bruise on his arm. Nell was all right, but rather restive -N .Y. World.

Work of a Pipe Line Walker, Jack Hovey has walked over the Tidewater pipe line from Rinford, Mc-Kean county, to Williamsport continuously during the last 26 years.

He makes from 8 to 21 miles a day, carrying a kit of tools weighing about 60 pounds, among which is a telegraph instrument, which, in case of breaks or other accidents, he attaches to the company wire which follows the line, and informs, headquasters at Williamsport. The distance is 145 miles as the line, runs, up and down hill, across valleys and through woodlands and forests, 40 miles of it being through the dense Pottery county woods, with scarcely a habitation along the route.—Philadelphia Record.

Agitator Punished.

Two years' imprisonment was the punishment meted out the other day in the Punjab to a Hindoo who had gone about telting the people that there would be no plague at all ald not the English poison wells in order to reduce the population. He had an accomplice who helped to make his story plausible by putting balks of flour and other substances into tanks and fountains.

Overheard in the Country.

Wilfred—Mamma, we were up in Farmer Crosby's yard, watching the eggs in his incubator.

His Mother—Did anything come

Wilfred—Yep; Farmer Crosby—and he chased us.—The Circle.

WANT WHIST PLAYER BACK.

Chaplain Had Seen Banished to Menactery by Superior.

The Metropolitan of Petersburg,
Archbishop Antoni, has succeeded in

Archbishop Antoni, has succeeded in earning the hatred of the card players of all Russia.

Every one plays cards in Petersburg, man, woman and child. The

chief game among the upper classes is vint, a word which means "screw."

It is whist with the screw on.

Probably the most perfect vint player in the Russian capital was Fr. Komendantoff, the chaptain of one of the large grammar schools. His play was so admirable that he was eften invited out to aristocratic gather-

ings, where he would play for the entertainment of the company.

The fame of this priest at length reached the ears of the metropolitan and as this dignitary was of opinion that a priest's fame should rest on some more solid foundation he sentenced him to basishment for ten years to a remote monastery on an

tsiand in the White sea.

The sensation in Petersburg may be imagined. A petition is now being circulated begging the metropolitan to be merciful and to allow Pe-

The petition has already been signed by three grand dukes, six grand duchesses and over 40 titled persons belonging to the aristocracy and the foreign diplomatic corps. A sentence in this curious petition runs as follows:

"Fr. Komendantoff has been an influence for good in society, and many have been attracted to the church by his polished bearing."

SNAKE'S CROWN OF THORNS.

Nature Story Told by the Man with a Reputation.

His friends sometimes called him a

Nature taker, but he always strensously defiled the charge.

Then, he resumed, "we went to Southern California, and in certain

wild and lonely trails the rattler's crown of thoras strangely impressed us."

"Now, now!" they warned him.
"The rattler's crown of thoras has a steep sound. You know the

charge that has been brought against you."

"The rattier's crown of thorns," be went on, quite unmoved. "It was the akeleton of a rattler lying curied up in the grass, with a circle of great, sharp thorns; a bedge of thorns, aurrounding it. We found two or three of these odd and tragical things each day. The guide told us what they

geance of the bird called the road run ner, a bird as big as a chicken. The rattlesnake eats this bird's eggs. The outraged bird, while the snake is asleep, softly, noiselessly surrounds it with a circle of the sharp and thorny leaves of the prickly pear. "Awaking, the rattler tries to scale

"They were the signs of the ven-

this barrier. In vain. The long thorns wound him sorely, he suffers maddening pain, he can't get out.

"And in the end he bites himself and dies. Then his skeleton remains

there, surrounded with a ring of dried thorns, a proof of the vindictive intelligence of the road runner."

"The rattier a crown of thorns," said

a listener; and he whiatled, and looked about him dubiously.

\* Cat in a Mine.

After spending two years in the depths of a coal mine a cat owned by James Warke of Ashley, has returned to him. The cat was such an inveterate thief that Mrs. Warke insisted two years ago that it should be killed or lost. Several artempts to lose it. failed, and Warke, who is a miner, then but him in a bag and took him to one of the lowest levels of the No. 29 colliery. There he flourished and grew fat. There was thre hunting, the big. mine rats being numerous and daring. Recently the mine was shut down, and as there was no more grain in the stables the rats left. Now there is no more hunting, and the cat made its appearance at Warke's home. How it got out of the mine is a mystery.

The Schlafschen.

.-In Germany they have an institution called the schlafschen. This is a little nap in the afternoon, between the ponderous early dinner and the coffee. which is served at four o'clock. Nothing is allowed to interfere with the Teutonic rite. "In a German country house, says an observer, "I have seen with these eyes dashing cavalry off cers in tight tunics and rattling. swords, disappear about 2:30 o'clock. to emerge in an hour's time looking; a triffe sleepy, but armed in every, sense for the conquest of the fair Students and professors, matrons and business men, tinkers and tailors, all take their 40 winks in the afternoon and get up strenuous and efficient."

A Famous Saying.

You have probably heard or read the famous saying: "I had rather be the first man in a village than the second man in Rome," and have wondered. perhaps, who first used it. Plutarch attributes it to Julius Caesar. The story is, as he tells it, that when Caesar came to a little town in passing the Alps, one of his friends said, in a jocular way: "Can there be here any disputes for offices, and contentions. for precedence, or such eavy and ambition as we see among the great." To which Caesar answered, very seriously: "I assure you that I had rather be the first man here than the second man in Rome."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

L'info résentate en Louisiage et l'abounement es l'ann du Bun du Bran du Bran