EGYPT'S EGG OVENS.

Artificial Hatching Is an Old Story In the Orient.

For upward of 5,000 years eggs have been hatched artificially in Egypt, in China and other Asiatic countries. In Egypt the industry is an enormous one, and it is estimated that at the present time in lower Egypt there are several hundreds of these hatching establishments and that in many cases they have a capacity for 40,000 eggs at one time. A few years ago the American consul general in Egypt estimated that upward of 90,000,000 chickens were hatched annually in the egg ovens of that country.

There is usually considerable difficulty in persuading the owner of a mamai el firakh to show a foreigner or even an Egyptian over one of these primitive incubators, though they are quite numerous and are found throughout the Nile valley from Alexandria to Aswan. The secret of their structure and management is carefully guarded. The hatching of chickens by this method is an important industry. It is almost entirely in the hands of the Copts, who make quite a mystery of the whole process. The ovens are worked only from February to May each year.

The one visited consisted of four hatching chambers, each of these chambers, about 4 by 4 yards, being capable of holding up to 6,000 eggs at a time and accommodating each season about 180,000 eggs.

When the eggs are first put in the hatching chamber they are often piled up four or five deep, but are afterward spread out in a single layer, this never later than the fourth day. The eggs are turned three times daily. On the fourth or fifth day they are tested and all the infertile ones are taken out and sold for human consumption.

The testing is done in the upper chamber, which is dark, each egg being held up in a ray of sunlight which comes through a hole in the dome roof made for this purpose. Usually one-quarter to one-third of the eggs prove infertile. It is said that very few which are left after this first testing fail to hatch.—Poultry Record.

The Great Pyramid.

The great pyramid originally occupied an area equal to 588,939,595 superficial feet, or almost thirteen and a half English acres, the side of the square being 767,424 feet. The original perpendicular height was 285 feet, and the total contents of solid masonry equal to 89,418,806 cubic feet, weighing 6,878,369 tons. Taking the masonry at only 1 shilling per cubic foot, an almost ridiculously low figure for materials, carriage and workmanship, the cost of the structure would be £4,470,940. The masonry of the great pyramid would be sufficient for the erection of 1,120 columns, each twenty feet square and of the height of the London monument, which is 202 feet. Again, if cut into paving stones four inches in thickness they would cover a space equal to 6,158 acres.—London Answers.

"I Don't Think."

George Grossmith, writing to a London paper of the origin of the slang phrase "I don't think," relates that, in spite of the recent claims to it, he ran it to earth in Dickens. He says:

"One afternoon I commenced reading 'Martin Chuzzlewit' for the —th time, and halfway through the sixth chapter I found Tom Pinch regretting the departure of his friend Westlock and ruminating thus: 'I am a nice man, I don't think, as John used to say, * * * to be feeling low on account of the distance between us.' There is nothing new in this world. Doubtless as I read further I shall discover the immortal humorist inviting me to 'Come over here' and 'Keep smiling.'"

Thrashing Grain in India.

Grain in India is generally trodden out by the feet of cattle, assisted by the thrashing frame. This frame consists of a hurdle covered with brushwood and weighted with bricks or clods of earth. The bullocks are yoked to the thrashing frame and fastened to a post in the center of a thrashing floor of beaten earth. They are driven round and round the stake about which the wheat is heaped, and in a short time the brittle straw is broken up into short pieces and the grain is freed from the chaff.

Wily Athenians.

In Athens goats are marched to housekeepers' doors and milked before the eyes of patrons. But this system does not prevent adulteration. The milkman wears a loose coat with wide sleeves. Around his waist is a rubber bag filled with water, and a tube runs down his arm. As he milks he presses the tube, and milk and water flow silently together into the milk pail.

Professor and Dead Letter

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Belinda's introduction to the new professor was a distinctly unceremonious one. Tripping lightly across the mud sogged pavement, she suddenly caught one foot in a tangled heap of wire—flung down from the telephone and telegraph lines by the ravaging hand of a recent hurricane—and stumbled precipitately into the arms of a blond giant, who supported her valorously till she had blushingly recovered her poise.

"Thanks, awfully," she said. "You have doubtless saved my life."

"Your frock, more likely," he replied, lifting his hat. "I am no end glad I happened along at the propitious moment."

Belinda returned him a little combination smile and nod as she lifted her dainty, crisp skirts and pursued her way cautiously across the slippery street.

Hardiman restrained his eagerness until a reasonably safe length of time had elapsed before turning to look around. He had gained the opposite sidewalk by this time, and his glance back at the girl betrayed instantly to the casual pedestrian that the professor had been abruptly shaken from his phlegmatic attitude of mind.

Belinda turned into Oak street all unconscious of the scrutiny that followed her, and Hardiman continued his way in a tumult of chaotic reflections. He reached his hotel in a state of mind that was quite impossible. The very first look into the girl's face had thrilled him startlingly. The accidental contact of her delicate form against his had finished the job. He told himself that it was a case of love at first sight. So much for the explosion of his lifelong theories! Then a perfect regiment of doubts and fears assailed him. Perhaps, after all, she was not a girl, but a married woman.

The professor ate his dinner in silence. Afterward he went to his room and for some inexplicable reason exchanged his dark suit for one of lighter and more becoming texture. He brushed his hair painstakingly, placed a soft gray alpine hat on his head and sauntered forth in quest of—fresh air. It was almost dark before he returned, disappointed and oddly depressed.

Meanwhile Belinda had reached home, put on a pair of dry boots and settled herself for a quiet afternoon. School would open on Monday, and she would not have many more afternoons to lounge, as they would be given over to outdoor recreation after the trying hours of the morning. The town clock, striking 6, aroused her. She tore up the last letter—old love letters they were—and tossed the bits into the grate. Then she made a careful toilet and went downstairs to dinner.

Sunday morning she selected her most becoming gown and hat. It was a perfect day, and her satisfaction was almost complete. She created the usual stir as she walked up the aisle of the village church and took her seat near the front. Less than five minutes afterward the professor came in and sat down in the pew opposite. He had been waiting outside half the morning, unobserved, but alert. After service Belinda gave him a fleeting smile of recognition and for some reason that was new to her turned and hurried home as fast as her pretty patent leather covered feet could carry her.

When school opened the following day the first person she encountered on entering the faculty hall was the new professor. She blushed to her ears and tried valiantly to retain her scholarly demeanor, but the dogged crimson showed persistently through the tanned cheeks, and her eyes were puzzles.

Hardiman made no effort to conceal his gratification, or if he did he was not at all successful. The rest of the teachers looked on in very quiet and good natured amusement.

In a month the acquaintance grew to intimacy. In two it became a serious proposition. After three the only things lacking were the words and the ring.

The professor had at last made up his mind to propose. He had meant to restrain his ardor till the close of the term, but when it became manifest that the adorable little instructor of grade No. 4 reciprocated his affection prudence was thrown to the winds. He sat in his study pondering. Suddenly he got to work disposing of his reports in short but thorough order. He made a point of never slighting his duties for anything. Then he drew forth a square envelope and sheet of white paper to match. This seemed to him the most direct and final way of settling matters between them. Belinda was a coquette—there was no getting around that fact, even in one's most generous moments—and Hardiman was determined to corner her completely. He composed his lines carefully. They were inspirational. And now that he had broken the ice at last he meant to carry things to a rapid finish. The professor was nothing if not businesslike. He fished in a drawer and pulled out a teacher's resignation blank. This he put in a separate envelope and directed both to the dearest girl in the world.

The following morning the postman's shrill whistle brought Belinda herself to the door. She took the mail and glanced through it hastily, rivers of scarlet flowing over her cheeks as she recognized Hardiman's familiar backhand. She tore open the envelope eagerly and scanned the contents with whitening face. The paper fell from her fingers, and she leaned limply against the banister rail. So she was asked, in the briefest possible way, to resign, and she had dared to dream—she had been so sure—she had been such a fool! She smothered the sob in her throat and in quick scorn of herself dashed the hot tears from her eyes. Then she pulled herself together sharply and went upstairs. With trembling fingers she filled out the blank and directed it to the board.

Drab weeks followed. Every effort the professor made to gain an audience with Belinda failed. He had mortified and insulted her flagrantly, and she would see that he got no more chances to repeat the indignity. As to Hardiman, he was on the rack. Fool-like, he reflected, he had rushed in and frightened her away with his maudlin, importunate lovemaking and thus lost her for good. But perhaps, after all, it was not for him that she cared. What a doit he had been to presume upon the affection of a matchless creature like that! Life grew to be a bitter struggle to him, and he began all at once to look his thirty-five years.

It was in May, almost the close of school. The day was warm and oppressive, and a lazy breeze was blowing. The professor made his way in absent weariness toward the schoolhouse, stopping on the way to get his mail from the postoffice. There were several circulars in his box and—his breath stopped—a communication from the dead letter office. He broke the seal anxiously, an intuitive knowledge of what it contained making his heart thump thickly. Sure enough, "Miss Belinda Maxwell, Greenville, Colo."

And this was Alabama! Unadulterated stupidity! If living in a place five years could make one responsible for an idiotic blunder of this sort, what else had he not done? He walked out of the postoffice in a daze. All was clear enough now. She had never received his letter at all, only that wretched, confounded blank! No wonder she had frozen the very air about him—no wonder! Out in the open air, he quickened his footsteps. It was already 8:20, only ten minutes before the opening of school, but he turned directly into Oak street and forgot that he had ever been such a thing as principal of the Greenville high school.

In the distance he caught sight of a familiar blue tailor made gown. He doubled his pace and was quite up with Belinda before she realized his nearness. To her haughty glance, her cool drawing away from him, Hardiman paid no attention whatever, but thrust the letter into her hands in a determined, masterful way which she could not resist.

Hypnotized, she opened it and read the lines through, the crimson moving in her cheeks:

My Darling—I want you to give up teaching and let me do it for both. I am not mistaken in thinking that you will come to me? Just a line, giving me the right to speak, and I shall attempt to tell you in a different way, in a thousand different ways, how much I worship you.
Most earnestly. R. W. H.

Belinda caught her breath in something between a sob and a laugh as she lifted her eyes shyly to his keen, appealing, apologizing and at last commanding glance.

The professor was tardy, very tardy, that morning, but he gave his excuse of a headache glibly and mendaciously and dismissed pupils and teachers for a holiday.

This he spent with Belinda.

Spurred by Necessity.

"Why do so many young men leave the farm?"

"Well," replied Farmer Corntossel, "in most of the cases I have observed it was because they couldn't earn their salt as farm hands an' wasn't fixed to pay board."—Washington Star.

Merry Moments

As We Journey Through Life Let Us Laugh by the Way

Hopeless.

"Better take this patient out of the observation ward and place him with the incurables," said the great alienist.

"But his hallucinations were not out of the ordinary," said the head of the insane asylum. "He imagined he was Napoleon. Why do you regard his case as hopeless?"

"He told me that he was the president of Mexico," replied the great alienist.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Agreeable Change.

He—Won't you take my seat?

She—No, thank you; I've been skating all the afternoon and I'm tired of sitting down.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Enlightening the Court.

Two women were charged at a police court with assaulting a neighbor. The evidence was very confusing, and one witness attempted to make things clear in the following words:

"Her hit her, and her hit her; and, if her had hit her as hard as her hit her, her would have killed her."—London Tit-Bits.

New Dishes.

"What new dishes have you had since you have had your new French cook?" asked Mrs. Squire of a friend whom she met one morning.

"Oh, a whole new dinner set," replied the other, "and several pieces of cut glass, and she's only been with us about a week."—Philadelphia Press.

So Silly of Him.

First Divorcee—And do you remember just exactly what your husband said to you when he proposed?

Second Ditto—I do. It was so silly. He said, "Miss Toupkins—Luella—I—love you—be mine—be mine forever"—something like that. It was awfully silly.—St. Louis Republic.

Hay Sense.

"Had an interview with a farmer just now," said the poet, "which gave me quite a shock."

"How was that?"

"He told me that new mown hay had no points of superiority over hay a year old."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

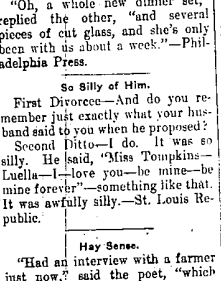
A Practical Person.

Marion—I can marry either a count or an auto repair man.

Winnie—Which shall it be?

Marion—Our auto is in terrible shape. I think it will be the repair man.—Boston Globe.

Synonymous.



Hampton—All he speaks of is dollars, dollars, dollars.

Rhodes—I noticed his voice had a metallic sound.—Washington Star.

Wanted Too Much.

"Here, cabby, you haven't given me enough change."

"Well, mister, ye can't expect to hire a hoss and kerridge an' a expert accountant fer 50 cents a mile."—Life.

Emulation.

Crawford—How in the world does it cost you so much to live?

Crabshaw—I sometimes fancy it's because I have such expensive neighbors.—Judge.

Care of Silk Umbrella.

When coming in with a wet umbrella stand it handle down to dry, then wipe off the handle and ferrule and fuel the silk sections. If the silk gets a spot on it, remove it with a silk rag, warm water and soap. Clean a gold or silver handle with whiting, wash a china handle in warm soapsuds, rub up a wooden handle with a very slightly oily rag. A good way to mend a silk umbrella is to wet a piece of black court plaster and fasten it to the silk just under the tear and let it dry.—New York Press.

The Thankful Spirit.

Cultivate the thankful spirit! It will be to thee a perpetual feast. There is, or ought to be, with us no such thing as small mercies; all are great, because the least are undeserved. Indeed, a really thankful heart will extract motive for gratitude from everything, making the most even of scanty blessings.—J. R. Macduff.

For Sale—I have for sale a small house, well located in the village of Redford, that can be purchased for $900. Easy terms on a good portion of the purchase price. C. E. Ramsey.

New milch cow for sale. Enquire of Chas. Rigoulot, Redford.