

FISH VS. MOSQUITO.

Minnows Now to Be Used in War Against the Insect.

NEW JERSEY TRYING PLAN.
 Dr. John B. Smith, State Entomologist, Aims to Kill Off the Germ Carriers by Placing Finny Auxiliaries in Brackish Waters.

They fish which grow no larger than the length of your thumb have been enlisted in the war against the Jersey mosquito. With the help of an army of these finny auxiliaries once they can be acclimated to the waters of the state, Jersey's chief entomologist, Dr. John B. Smith, hopes to banish the "skeeters," especially the kind that carry the germs of malaria, says the Philadelphia Press.

The fish to be used are members of a family called the atherinidae, of which there are fourteen principal varieties and sixty-five subvarieties in different parts of the world, and those which are to be set upon the trail of the Jersey mosquitoes are called *Gambusia affinis* and *Heterandria formosa*, which are to be found in the waters of North Carolina and adjacent states.

These fish are commonly called "top minnows" because they come to the surface to feed, and it is known that they esteem as a special delicacy the eggs of the "skeeter." Now, it has been the chief problem of the Jersey mosquito fighters to find a way to kill the eggs before they are hatched in the various marshes or placid pools.

So it is argued that if the water bodies in which the "skeeters" breed can be stocked with these fish the "top minnows" once they become used to the temperature and surroundings of their home will soon make short work of the mosquito larvae.

While Jersey's mosquito has earned a hard name for the state, the commonwealth is by no means the greatest haven of the insect. In fact, the mosquito is known as the greatest ravager of mankind. India, for instance, loses about 2,000,000 of its people annually through diseases carried by the deadliest type. Italy also is a great sufferer. About 2,000,000 of its inhabitants contract malaria each year with the assistance of the "skeeter," and some 15,000 die.

Out in the Philippines the greatest enemy of the American soldiers is this same insect, and to protect themselves they have to use screens which are almost gauzy in their fineness, and even these frequently are pierced by the mosquitoes.

Italy just now is trying to introduce into its water fish called *Pseudomugil signifer*, which are of the same family as those used in New Jersey, but which were taken there from Australia. Some thousands were recently introduced, but sufficient time has not elapsed to determine the results.

Over in Hawaii, too, *Gambusia* from the coastal waters of Texas have been placed in canals and irrigation ditches to exterminate the "skeeters" which breed there.

The common Jersey mosquito—the *Culex*—is not the worst of his kind. In fact, though his buzz is louder than the deadlier kinds, it may be said that his "bark" is worse than his bite. The two worst species are the anopheles, which carries the malarial germ, and the stegomyia, which was found in Cuba to carry the yellow fever parasite. Though anopheles do breed in Jersey, they are not anywhere as numerous as the *Culex*, which is not known to be a transmitter of disease.

Repeated Paul Revere Ride.
 One of the queerest bits of hazing at the Missouri university was the representation of Paul Revere, famed in history, says a Columbia, Mo., dispatch to the New York Herald. The victim was persuaded to mount a white mule at midnight, and attired in a Continental uniform he dug a pair of huge Spanish spurs into the flanks of his steed, which dashed away over the country road. At each village, hamlet and square the student shouted at the top of his voice:

"The British are coming! The British are coming! To arms!"

Persons awakened from their sleep gazed out of their windows in surprise as the phantom steed and rider faded into the night. Many thought a madman was loose and notified the police. At several houses the modern Revere hammered on the doors until the owners appeared, and to each he imparted the startling information that the redcoats were invading the colony. The famous ride ended when a constable caught up with the mule and arrested the whole outfit for disturbing the peace.

To Conquer Tuberculosis.
 Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, director of the Phipps Institute, Philadelphia, is home from Europe, where he attended two congresses on tuberculosis. Basing his assertion upon reports from every civilized country, he declares that the "white plague" within a short time will disappear from among the scourges of humanity. "It is as clear as daylight," Dr. Flick said, "that science can stamp out tuberculosis. Much can be achieved in the cure of the disease itself, but the most hopeful work has been done in the direction of prevention. From every country in the world I have heard scientists tell of the good already accomplished. In two huge assemblies not a single pessimistic note was struck."

THE NERVOUS MAN.

His Complaint and How the Noise Nuisance Was Remedied.

He was a nervous man, and he had just moved into a new boarding house. "Isn't there any way to stop those people across the street from having their coal delivered at 5 o'clock every morning? They seem to get about a dozen tons a day and to have it poured into the cellar at that unearthly hour."

"I don't see how I can very well control the neighbors," replied his landlady, "but I will see if anything can be done."

About ten days later the new boarder had occasion to thank her for her efforts.

"I'm glad you succeeded in having that noise stopped," he said. "It is a great relief to me. Have they got their coal all in or do they have it delivered at some other time?"

"Neither," said the landlady. "They deliver it every morning at 5 o'clock, just the same as usual."

"You don't mean—why—well, how do they get it down without making any sound?"

"They don't. It sounds just the same, but you have grown accustomed to it."

"I find it hard to believe that."

"Set your alarm clock at 5 for a few mornings and satisfy yourself. I've rented that room before."—New York Sun.

SIX, SEVEN AND EIGHT.

His Horses, His Carriages and His Reserve Fund.

Townsend Percy, speculator and promoter, who made and lost more than one fortune in the course of his life, used to be fond of repeating some of his mother's witticisms at his expense, generally brought about by his extravagances during his periods of prosperity. Once Percy had driven four-in-hand for a year, when an unfortunate deal made it necessary for him to reduce his expenditures and sell his horses, on which occasion she said to him:

"Townsend, don't you think it would be better to drive one horse four years instead of four horses one year?"

Another time, when on the verge of financial crash, Percy still owned a considerable stable and gave no outward sign of pecuniary embarrassment. His mother met an old friend of the family about this period, who congratulated her on her son's success in life. "I am glad that Townsend is doing so well," said the friend.

"Yes, indeed," remarked the old lady. "Townsend has six horses and seven carriages and \$8."—Harper's Weekly.

Except—
 From time immemorial there had been a law in Applegate, County Warwick, England, to the effect that the mayor had the best of everything in town, and, for instance, should one say he had the best coat in the place he must add the words, "except the mayor."

One day a stranger came to Applegate and had dinner there at the inn. After paying his bill he said to the landlord, "I've had the best dinner in the country."

The Landlord—Except the mayor. The Stranger—Except nothing!

As a result the tourist was called before the magistrate and fined £10 for his breaking of the laws of the place. When the man had paid his fine he looked around him and said slowly, "I'm the biggest fool in town, except the mayor."—Harper's Weekly.

Raising Poultry.
 No matter when you start in the poultry business, remember that you should always start with the best. If you have not enough money to buy many fowls buy only a pair and get the best you can and remember further that next year's produce may not even be as good as those you start with. It takes years of experience to master the art of raising fine poultry, and it is only after we have successfully studied the problem well that we can successfully mate our fowls year after year and show a constant improvement at the end of each season. Begin in a small way and study every point and avoid the mistakes that we once made. Don't expect \$100 worth of poultry to bring you an income sufficient for your family. No investment will do that.—Farmer.

Simplicity.
 I do believe in simplicity. It is astonishing as well as and how many trivial affairs even the wisest man thinks he must attend to every day, how singular an affair he thinks he must omit. When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem he first frees the equation of all incumbrances and reduces it to its simplest terms. So simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and the real. Probe the earth to see where your main roots run.—Thoreau.

Talking Golf.
 From the window she saw him coming up the steps.

"He comes!" she exclaimed joyfully. There was a bit of ice on the top step (for it was an early day in June). He struck it. Then he struck each of the other steps in succession.

"Heavens!" she cried. "He has fouled his approach!"—London Tribune.

Besides Being a Man.
 Little Sammy—What's your father, Willie? Little Willie—He's a man. Little Sammy—Oh, I mean what does he do for his bread and butter? Little Willie—He's an artichoke and draws bottles.—London Express.

Occupation is one great source of enjoyment. No man properly occupied was ever miserable.—L. E. London.

LADY GORDON'S EMBARRASSMENT.

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Sir John Gordon's first wife was the daughter of another sir. He squandered her money and married the daughter of a rich dyer, with a million for a dowry. He gambled and raced and wagered, and in the course of five years he was ready to ask his dear wife to sell her jewels when she was thrown from a horse and killed. This made the financial situation worse than ever, and after a few months of mourning he decided to make another exception in his case. Some one told him of a wall paper manufacturer who had made a great fortune and had a daughter who longed to marry a man with a title. Sir John rode a hundred miles to see the man. He found him in the office of a great brick building that was humming with industry and pouring smoke from its chimneys. It was turning out wall paper of 147 different patterns, including twelve hunting scenes. Sir John and his gout and his double chin and bald head had to be assisted into the office, but he was all business when he got there. He pronounced his title and offered himself for sale. His price was a million and a half.

The wall paper man demurred at the price. He had been told that he ought to catch the son of a lord for that figure. Sir John stuck to his figures—not a penny less. It wasn't every day in the week that a sir nearly sixty years old who had gout, a bald head, weak eyes and a hobble and who would dump a wife into his manor house like a bag of oats and perhaps not see her again for six months was in the market. His arguments were so convincing that a bargain was struck, and the wall paper man went home to tell his daughter that he had found her a husband. She replied that she was very glad, and in due time the gouty old wreck came along and had an interview, and the papers were signed. The marriage took place with a great deal of pomp. The father paid extra for the pomp. Sir John had secured another dove, but she differed from the other two. She had married him to be Lady Gordon. She gave him to understand that before the marriage and directly afterward. When dumped down at the door of her future residence she gave him to understand it for the third time. She said she hoped never to set eyes on him again except by accident. He was more than satisfied, and so it came about that they had been married a year and hadn't met each other three times since the wedding day.

Then Sir John began to fade, and the doctor recommended a voyage to Madeira and return. He didn't think it of enough consequence to notify his young wife. He had seen by the society papers that she was still his wife and was still dwelling under his roof. She saw by the papers that he was going to Madeira, but she didn't send to his rooms and offer to darn his socks or send along a bottle of Jamaica ginger. He departed, and she did not know the day. In about a fortnight there was a second departure. Lady Gordon had been prevailed upon by young Percival, second, third or fourth son of Lord Percival, to fly with him on his yacht. He could borrow enough money from the Jews and his fellow rascals to take them to some sunny island in the far Pacific, and they would dwell there forever. If Lady Gordon had any qualms of conscience, they were not recorded for the benefit of posterity. If young Percival's lord of a father cared, it has not appeared in evidence.

It was a sailing yacht, and in due time it sailed away. Whether it was because the breezes desired to favor the elopement or because they had to blow that way is nothing to the case. Blow they did, and the yacht was speeding in the right direction when one dark night she crashed into a sailing vessel and was badly injured. For four days she lay rolling on the sea, with her crew seeking to make repairs, but unable to come at the leaks, when a steamer hove in sight and bore down to them. It was at once decided to abandon the yacht. It was a disappointment to the elopers to have all their plans knocked in the head, but they consoled themselves with the reflection that they had done their best to raise a scandal and reach their island.

The big steamer, homeward bound, was willing to take the unfortunates aboard, and the transshipment was duly made. Young Percival and Lady Gordon had had time to plan a little. They were to pass on board as Mr. Caruthers and wife, and as such they did pass. They received many introductions and much sympathy, and the thing was carried off bravely until dinner time. Then they had seats at the captain's table, which happened to have room to spare. They entered the saloon to be observed by all, and they had already taken their places when Lady Gordon found herself beside her illegals lord. He had been to Madeira and stayed a day and was on his way home. For just a minute the wife was observed to flush up and turn pale and look around like a hunted animal. Then Sir John whispered in her ear, and she was herself again. What he said was:

"Don't flutter yourself, dear. Your old man will be willing to come down with an extra half million to keep this from the public."

That was all. He never spoke to her again during the run to port and totally ignored the man with her, and before dying, six months later, he paid all his debts and sent word to Lady Gordon by her maid not to let his demise keep her out of society for more than a week. M. QUAD.

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