THE INVENTOR.

Tupmore brought a bad sort of fellow, but his lamp of invention and the domestic sensibilities to which it gives rise make a star at his home rather a foil to a poem of rank nature. A Peripatetic one I spent a few days at his home in Kent, and I am only just getting over that painful experience. Tupmore was sore glad to see me when I arrived, surmised on current topics and up to date literature, had three times as many inventions, had invented a patent foot-lamp, "so he called it—some of the things were patented, by the way—dared to his mother-in-law." The "lamp" was a device for spoiling the joke by copying on a set of bellows, nothing but hands from the carving washing baskets, etc., and the good humor of it was that there was no ordinary hassle by which horses or cattle could accidentally smite the bellows. While we were examining it Uncle was seen approaching, and we were to be held. Presently Tupmore asked me to bring the bell. I rose from my seat at once.

"Don't get up," said my host, smiling. "We have our bell fixed in the table for convenience, and it rang in the kitchen when it away. It's right in front of you, level with your knee."

I groped under the tablecloth and found nothing. Then I put my hand under, making myself frightfully conspicuous, and at last discovered the button on the opposite side of the table. I told Tupmore. He was very vexed and said the city screw and must have turned the table round when she swept the room. He seemed so concerned about it that I felt sorry I drew attention to the otherness of the table and tried to ring the bell. It wouldn't come.

"You must pull it toward you," explained Tupmore.

I did so, whereupon the table moved violently, and my glass of claret supplied itself upon my waistcoat.

"I'm pulled it wrong way a yard," I said, "that it doesn't seem to make any difference."

"Ah, that's it! The result pull and then let go."

I let go. There was another intimation earthquake, accompanied by an our pioneering manifestation of table group and bell, which made my hair stand on end.

"Do you hear it?" asked the inventor triumphantly.

Did I hear it! Good heavens! My outlet had rolled down to zero during the excitement, whereas I had made myself unpleasantly lost, and when the servant answered the bell Tupmore had quite forgotten what he wanted.

After lunch, as my friend had letters to write, I strolled out into the orchard and took 40 winks on a rustic seat. When I opened my eyes, I beheld a full dazed cow staring at me in a distinctly unpleasant manner. I am dreadfully nervous about cattle, having once been chased by an irritated bullock, so I promptly retreated. Yet we followed—she had a sore bit of sensible pace of horse—and snorted. I attempted to open the gate, but, to my intense dismay I could find neither handle nor handle—Tupmore had only shown me the other side of his abominable "patent" when the lunch bell rang. My persecutor came closer and licked her head. This demonstration may have been caused by flies, but I put it down to ill temper, and forthwith fumbled awkwardly over the fence, sighting on my head, and jerking all the loose mould out of my trousers pockets. I was still groping for every crime when Tupmore came out, and I explained that I had "dropped something"—I didn't like to mention the cow. Then we walked round the farm. My friend delighted me with inventions, which I decidedly admired. Some of them were regular curiosities, some incomprehensible, and I couldn't help thinking, when we inspected the pigsties, that he might well turn his attention to producing a "patent" porker that would consume its own evil odors.

About a o'clock an unearthly hooting disturbed the rural calm.

"That's my siren," said Tupmore. "I had it fitted to the kitchen boiler to call me in when I'm on the farm. I expect it means afternoon tea or a visitor."

The siren was not pleasing at a distance, at close quarters it was simply Bedlam. It performed about ten times a day during my visit, generally when I was tonsored, and has made me partially, and, I'm afraid, permanently deaf in one ear.

The house bristled with unpleasant surprises. If I moved an innocent looking chair, out came a pair of slippers or a book from some hidden receptacle in the seat, and if I pulled a working bell handle I gave way, and down fell a flap disclosing a ridiculous mouse in the wall, of an earthly use to any one but a Kleptomaniac or a sailor.

When I went to bed, I had incentive nightmares. In the small hours a clock on the landing struck a hundred or two and was only deterred from further efforts by Tupmore, who afterward came in to apologize. He explained that the clock was a repeater accepted by a wife with his bedroom, so that he could make it strike the hour if he woke in the dark, which, as he said, he never did. "These beauty rules must have been falling about over the place," he said. "They do sometimes."

I asked him if he had ever thought of inventing a really efficient mousetrap. Of course he had; there anything so sensible.

Early in the morning I was violently aroused by the commencement of the bell, being programme:

8 a. m.—Office.
8:30—Office; also "patent" punching apparatus, the pipe being carried through the wall at the head of my bed.
10—Breakfast.
11:15—Machinery in motion; jut below my window—"patent" coffee grinding, or some nonsense.
7:30—Office.

After that I got up. I fully expected to have my shaving water plunged up to the dressing table or propelled through a trapdoor in the floor and my bath emptied and refilled and water to have drifted in the moral way. It was the hearing gave that put the finishing touch to my desire for departure. It was as the swinging of an air pump statute and seemed to lodge when I tried to adjust it. I felt personally to shower, standing on my pedestal, and I was relieved to find that Tupmore was not fearly "patent" cash, for the great patent a simple mousetrap and table and so glad, that I pushed on when Tupmore was inside but to a second patent I commenced to my sense "patent" statement that my friend had invented. That the invention was not a mousetrap is a matter of comfort and nicely indigested humor, and the wife of it is that I am still more in love Hollywood. I look like a lot to see Tupmore in a fever, and I honestly wish I could wholly I endure Tupmore for distance or not. Another I don't know how long I can stand the strain of his mind, and I am heartily convinced his patent invention—New Budget.

THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

It Is the Largest Agricultural Industry of the Country.

During the last quarter of a century the poultry industry has developed into the largest agricultural industry of this country. The consumption of the poultry or dairy is underestimated by the dairy from packs, and it has not been until recently that attention has been called to the vast sums which flow in our direction.

Careful inquiry reveals the astonishing fact that the United States instead of producing some eggs than are required for home consumption, imports annually over $6,000,000 worth of eggs. New York state and other seaboard states $25,000,000 worth of eggs and $5,000,000 worth of poultry. A certainly not a few days at Kent, at least, I am only just getting over that painful experience. Tupmore was sore glad to see me when I arrived, surmised on current topics and up to date literature, had three times as many inventions, had invented a "patent foot-lamp," so he called it—some of the things were patented, by the way—dared to his mother-in-law." The "lamp" was a device for spoiling the joke by copying on a set of bellows, nothing but hands from the carving washing baskets, etc., and the good humor of it was that there was no ordinary hassle by which horses or cattle could accidentally smite the bellows. While we were examining it Uncle was seen approaching, and we were to be held. Presently Tupmore asked me to ring the bell. I rose from my seat at once.

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