SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies 2.25. Five Copies $3.50. Ten Copies, $6.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.

A Methodist Protest.

The Rock River conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, comprising the northern and southern portion of Illinois, including Chicago, adopted a report on public questions which contained the following utterance: Our public schools are the conservators and safeguards of the nation. No system of parochial or church schools meet the demand of the general public school instruction. The principles upon which our public school system rests are the outgrowth of and in harmony with the principles and progressive interests of our government. That system is now endangered. The constant attacks of the Roman Catholic hierarchy upon our public school system and the persistence of that great ecclesiasticism in demanding that its adherents withdraw their children from the public schools and their undivided attendance upon parochial schools, is slowly but surely arraying an un-American antagonism against the most cherished institution of our common country. All concessions have been made that can consistently be made to preserve the national character of our public school system. These concessions have not satisfied the hierarchy, which demands that religion be made the basis of public education, and demands that said religious instruction be wholly under its own control.

This demand has been varied in the pope's encyclical, in the councils and convention at Baltimore of Roman Catholic laymen and clergy, and utterances and action of the Roman Catholic German Clerical convention just closed at Buffalo.

That demand is now formulated in the seductive utterances of the Buffalo convention, which announces its purpose to secure home rule in all matters concerning the education of the children of the nation.

We stop now to speak of other features of the Cahensly plans for disintegrating our national unity in language and character. We know well what its demands for home rule in educational matters means, and we reply as follows:

That we declare entirely for American home rule in all matters of public education and sustaining our public school system; that home rule in our state and national affairs forbids the interference of any foreign pope, priest, potentate or prince in our domestic affairs, or to further any foreign scheme for disintegration of our national unity, language or educational interests; that home rule in matters of public education shall mean no interference by any realistical, sectarian or sectional organization in the administration of our educational affairs, and no appropriation of public moneys to sustain schools controlled for ecclesiastical or sectarian purposes, that we seek to secure such entirely by such constitutional and legislative provisions as shall strengthen our entire public school system and make it more than ever worthy of the support of the earnest, loyal, moral, patriotic and Christian citizen, who wishes to see a free ballot in the hands of an intelligent, free, pure, patriotic and prosperous people.

Fat men and women will be specially interested in this week's issue of Frank Leslie's Weekly. Dr. A. D. Rockwell, a famous New York physician, contributes the leading editoral on "How to Get Thin." The pictures include the famous Brooklyn Jockey Club and city police room fight, the fire room of an ocean steamer, character sketches of the New York Democratic State convention, views in Mankato, Minn., a magnificent full page of the Yosemite Falls, an interesting foreign page, a page of amateur photographs, and many other beautiful presentations. Price ten cents. Get it of your newsdealer.

TRUE GOVERNMENT.

Paraphrased from Andrew Jackson.

'Tis not in governments, however high,
In conscious power or tow'ring pride of state,
Supported by aristocrats, who vie
In wealth with kings whose wills their people's fate,
And by monopolies whose greed and power
The curses of a plundered nation reach,
That men shall find true freedom's price-dower,
And sure protection granted unto each;
But in a system plain, and void of pomp and show,
Where hand in hand intelligence and virtue go:
The truest government that shall be 'neath the sun,
Protection all will give, and *favors grant to* n *ne.*

—Farmer's Voice.

Desirable for Ladies.

The new Fashion Journals published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York, are on our table. The superiority of these journals is shown on every page. "La Mode" is the smallest of the three, and is for family use. It has many styles for children, and is $1.50 per year, or 15 cents per copy. "La Mode de Paris" is an elegant journal, filled with the latest styles in Paris. This is a great favorite with ladies who wish the new styles as they come out. "Album des Modes" is a popular Parisian publication, many ladies giving it the preference. It is replete with such styles as are patronized by the middle classes, its designs being neat and plain, yet all of the richest character. These three monthly journals claims to give the earliest fashions and they are all printed in Paris. They contain lessons in practical dressmaking, which are of incomparable value and easy to understand. "La Mode de Paris" and the "Album des Modes" are each $3.50 per annum, or 35 cents for a single copy. Samples can be obtained from the house at single copy prices if there is difficulty in obtaining them from newsdealers.

There are three articles in the Atlantic for the month of October to which the reader will at once turn. First, to Oliver Wendell Holme's tribute to James Russell Lowell, a poem touching alike for the public sentiment of grief that it expresses as well as for the personal note of sorrow at the loss of a friend and fellow poet. The next article, Henry Stone's account of General Thomas, will be of great interest to the many people who liked and the few who did not like, the much talked about paper on General Sherman by Mr. John C. Ropes. The third contribution which will command attention is the paper Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, on "Emily Dickinson's Letters." Such extraordinary letter writing as Emily Dickinson's has certainly never been seen in print before. Her letters are interesting precisely because every tradition as to what makes a letter interesting is absolutely ignored, and her style one that would make the eighteenth century letter writers turn in their graves. Her life in her family, strange as it was, only partially accounts for the peculiarities displayed both in her character and in her correspondence. No one who wishes to gain some idea of a woman who has of late come so prominently before the public can afford to miss the paper. There are a number of other entertaining articles, which we have not time to mention. Houghton, Mifflin & CO., Bostou

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Ananias Again.

"To assume that the United States alone can maintain silver at the old ratio of sixteen to one is a wilder delusion than ever filled the brain of a believer in fiat money. The fear that we would attempt it carried seven millions of gold from the country in four months."

In the above the cyphering Ananias of Chicago Tribune gets off "two more." There is no wild delusion in the United States thinking it can do with silver at 16 to 1 of gold, what France has, solitary and alone, done for many years, with silver at 15.5 to 1.

"Fear of free coinage." Bosh! All the big wigs, here and abroad, are scratching their heads as to why the gold went abroad. No two of them agree. Most say it was European—and especially Russian—government need.

THE ALLIANCE.

The Peninsula Farmer: It is not crops the people of Kansas need to cure their discontent; it is an era of good prices, which is a very different thing; but our city advisers of the farmers do not seem to know the difference. But the farmers do, and they will just keep on till things are righted.

* * *

The Polk County Farmer: If you are an Allianceman you believe in Alliance principles. If you believe in Alliance principles you are opposed to the money power. If you are opposed to the money power, you are an enemy to the parties that protect this money power. The power that controls the national banking system, the power that prevents legislation in the interest of the farmer and laborer, this power is the money power. It is the man or the dollar. Take your choice.

* * *

The Union: If we as voters are willing to be slaves to a conspiracy created for the purpose of robbing labor, they are fools if they do not work us to the best advantage. Fools if they fail to make laws binding us as perpetual slaves. And if we know that there is a conspiracy of capital to control or defraud labor, and fail to make a lively kick, then we, as free American voters, are fools. Where do you stand? What are you doing? Voting as you are told, to weld the chains which are to bind your children. Lay aside political prejudice and preconceived ideas. Learn the truth and take your position on the side of equal justice, a common freedom.

* * *

The Clod-Hopper: You men of little faith that have joined the Alliance, and fought so hard to procure a platform that it has cost you four long years to establish, and in the time of war to avow the wickedness of your whole action by turning against your own sincerity and that of your brethren, should consider well your platform before you make a leap. And to the doubting minds of the membership we have this to say, that you may feel that you have erred, but the Clod-Hopper shall ever be found pushing boldly to the front of the battle, defending its cause and holding in contempt all allurements that would seem to thwart our noble purpose. Remember, the greatest virtue man possesses is to be true.

* * *

The Farmers' Advocate: Now is a good time to begin to formulate a standard to which you desire your representatives to approach. Resolutions are not infrequently adopted among the Alliances to the effect: "We will support no man for representative legislative office who is not in harmony with our wishes and demands as expressed in our Allaince platforms." The mere assertion and reiteration of this declaration will accomplish no good whatever unless it is backed by our organized effort to execute it, and whenever would-be representatives become convinced that your assertion is no longer an idle threat, but a fixed determination, they will either brave you to your teeth, or concede your demands and advocate your claims.

* * *

The Alabama Mirror: It is useless for the farmers and laboring men of the United States to expect any relief from either the Republican or Democratic parties as at present constituted. There must be a complete revolution in both parties before either will come to the relief of the masses against the favored classes, who now control the political machinery of both parties. The grand uprising of the people in November in many of the states must be succeeded in all future elections by the nomination of men who are in favor of such legislation as will bring relief to the country. There is no necessity for but one party in this country, and that should be composed of all who are in favor of an honest and economical administration of the government in the interest of the whole people.

"The Captain of Company K."

Often has it been said, "The American War novel does not exist." Was this true?

It is evident that Major Kirkland thought it was when he undertook "The Captain of Company K," for the book is utterly unlike anything that has before appeared on this side of the water. Its realism is like that of Tolstoi and Maupassant.

His dedication "to the surviving officers and men of the firing line; the men who could see the enemy in their front with the naked eye, while they would have needed a field glass to see the history-makers behind them," gives the keynote of the book. It is the marching, fighting, hoping, fearing, suffering, dying, triumphing common soldier who commands his sympathies and his readers. It is no Charles O'Malley nonsense he serves up, but the joy and pain, laughter and tears of a real campaign, including Donelson and Shiloh and some lesser fights.

The men are Chicago men and the women who came to see them and nurse them in the field, and who welcome them home, are Chicago women; but the haps and mishaps will fit into many a company in many a regiment from any State in the North.

The soldier's friend who reads it as all such should do will find his heart warming and swelling, as the old scenes are brought back in all their reality. 12mo. Paper, 20c. Cloth, $1. Chicago: Donohue, Henneberry & Co.

Some idea of what the illustrations of a magazine means, may be obtained from the announcement that the publishers of the Cosmopolitan paid Madeleine Lemaire for the illustrations of "Three Women of the Comedie Francaise ten times the amount paid for the article. Madame Lemaire is one of the most famous of the French illustrators, and her work in the Cosmopolitan this month is accompanied by that of Kate H. Greatorex, A. F. Jacassy, F. G. Attwood, Dan. C. Beard, W. H. Goater, F. G. S Bryce, C. R. Grant and others. The illustration of the Cosmpolitan has always been one of its special features, but this month it exceeds in this respect all previous numbers. Amelie Rives' striking story "According to St. John" is brought to a dramatic close in this number. No other piece of current fiction by an American author has attracted so wide attention as this tale of Paris life, and the concluding pages fully sustain the interest awakened by the earlier chapters. A new feature of the Cosmopolitan, and one which is original with that magazine, is the publication each month, in the forms of foot notes, of a number of little portraits with brief biographies, of the writers of the various articles. An unusual magazine feature, is an article on "Modern Women of Turkey," a beautiful description of Oriental life by Osman Bey, a distinguished Turkish gentlemen now visiting the United States. The most timely article of the number is a description of the New Desert Lake the phenomenon of the barren region of the south west. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen contributes a short story of Norwegian life, in which a beautiful mare figures as the chief character. The chief feature of the number, however, is an article on Cincinnati by the man who is most capable of preparing something interesting on that city—Murat Halstead, illustrated by sketches by Jacassy, who visited Cincinnati for that purpose.

The interest which is felt in sea-coast defense gives a timeliness to the illustrations of great guns at Sandy Hook in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for September 28th. Another interesting page picture depicts the detention of emigrant Russian Jews at the New York Barge Office. The timber industry of the St. Lawrence River is illustrated, accompanied by a descriptive article. There are handsome portraits of the rival candidates for Governor of New York; pictures illustrative of recent foreign events; and Mr. A. B. Schanz's narrative of his experiences in Alaska is commenced, accompanied by a page illustration; price ten cents.

Ivers and Pond Pianos.

These pianos are of the highest grade. They contain that most desirable improvement, the patent Soft-Stop, and they can be bought at fair prices and on easy payments regardless of distance from manufactory.

A catalogue describing and picturing those pianos will be mailed free if you send a request and your address on a postal card to Ivers & Pond Piano Co., Masonic Temple, 183 Tremont St., Boston.

SWORD OF ETHAN ALLEN.

THE BLADE WHICH HE CARRIED AT TICONDEROGA.

With It the Vermonter Demanded the Surrender of the Famous Fort—It is Now Owned in Jackson—Its History.

The sword which Ethan Allen carried when he demanded the surrender of Ft. Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and Continental Congress," is, by gift and inheritance, the personal property of A. Allen Hopkins, a resident of this city, writes a Jackson, Mich., cor. of the Detroit Tribune. The sword is an old fashioned biade, nicked and venerable, twenty-seven inches long and slightly curved. The handle measures seven inches, making the total length of the weapon thirty-four inches. The handle is of bone or horn. The mounting is of silver washed with gold, the latter being partially worn off. A dog's head of silver forms the end of the handle, and from this to the guard runs a silver chain.

On one of the silver bands of the scabbard the name "Ethan Allen" is engraved in large letters, on another band, "E. Brasher, maker, New York," and on still another, in script, "Martin Vosburg, 1775." Why this name appears no one knows. Upon the death of Ethan Allen the sword became the property of his son, Captain Hannibal M. Allen. This Hopkins' family also has the original commissions issued to Captain Allen—one as "First Lieutenant in the regiment of artillerists," dated March 14, 1806, signed by Thomas Jefferson, countersigned by H. Dearborn, Secretary of War, and the other as "Captain of artillerists," signed by James Madison, countersigned by W. Eustis, and dated May 26, 1812.

Captain Hannibal M. Allen, it seems, died at Ft. Nelson, Va., in 1813, and the sword was retained by his widow, Agnes B. Allen. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Allen made her home with Hannibal Allen Hopkins, her favorite nephew and heir, until her death in 1863. The sword of Ethan Allen then became the property of said Hannibal M. Allen. He died in 1871 and left it to his widow, whose death occurred at Lansing, Mich., a few months ago. On her death it became the property of her son, H. Allen Hopkins of this city, and is now in his possession, together with the commissions above referred to.

There appears to be no reason to doubt that with this sword Colonel Ethan Allen backed up his demand for the surrender of the fortress of Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775. In a "Memoir of Colonel Ethan Allen, containing the most interesting incidents of his private and public career, F. P. Allen Pr.—Plattsburg, N. Y., 1834"—of which it is stated but two or three copies are in existence—are found Ethan Allen's own words in describing the use of the sword on that occasion. At the time of the assault a British sentry made a pass at one of the American officers with a bayonet and slightly wounded him.

"My first thought," says Colonel Allen, "was to kill him with my sword; but, in an instant, I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut upon the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun and asked for quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept." Colonel Allen says of the British commander, of whom the surrender of the fort was demanded: "He asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him, 'In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

"The authority of the congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again, but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison, with which he then complied," "The sun," adds brave Ethan Allen to his account of the victory, "seemed to rise that morning with superior luster, and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled on its conquerors and tossed about the flowing bowl and wished success to congress and the liberty and freedom of America."

Capital Crime.

Among the Esquimaux, according to Sir John Ross, the crime of murder very rarely occurs. When it does, the murderer's punishment consists in being banished to perpetual solitude, or to be shunned by every individual of his tribe—insomuch, that even the sight of him is avoided by all who may inadvertently meet him. On being asked why his life was not taken in return it was replied, "That this would be to make themselves equally bad—that the loss of his life would not restore the other—and that he who would commit such an act would be equally guilty."

The Coffee Crop.

The annual coffee crop of the world is estimated at over 11,000,000,000 pounds, worth at first hands $135,000,000. This enormous quantity is grown in islands between the parallels of 30 degrees north and 30 degrees south latitude, mainly in British India and the neighboring islands, in Liberia and other parts of Africa, in the West Indies, Mexico, Central America and Brazil. The domestic consumption of the United States amounts to 561,132,100 pounds, which is valued here at $72,140,000, and of which 90 per cent comes from countries geographically belonging to this continent.

HORSE VS. BULLDOG.

A Terrible Encounter in Which the Dog Was Victorious.

A terrific encounter between a savage bulldog and a valuable horse, says the San Francisco Chronicle of recent issue, took place near Bernal Heights, ending in the death of the horse after a battle of fifteen minutes.

Both dog and horse were the property of Augustus Whitmore. The dog was a powerful and homely brute, but faithful to his master and a trusted protector of property.

Whitmore went to the stable after breakfast the dog, Watch, following him. He turned the horse loose and started him toward the corral. The dog was at the barn door, and as the horse passed he kicked viciously at him, his hoof just grazing the dog's head. Then the desperate struggle began.

The dog was thoroughly infuriated, and springing at the horse, bit him, but only hard enough to arouse the other dumb brute and set him to fighting. The horse shook his enemy loose and kicked at him, but did not hurt him. The dog jumped again, and this time found a good hold on the animal's flank. He took a mouthful, and set his jaws hard.

Then Whitmore and his hired man rushed to the rescue. The horse, however, was in the fight, and not at all afraid. He shook the dog loose, and then sent him flying in the air with a well-directed kick.

As soon as the bulldog could pick himself up he made at the horse's throat. His sharp teeth found lodgment in the throat of his foe and in a flash they had torn it horribly, partly severing the horse's windpipe.

The horse screamed with pain and terror and fell to the ground, while the dog kept on tearing at his throat. Whitmore and his hired man had made several vain attempts to separate the animals and now they got a pitchfork, with which Whitmore struck at the dog. He finally drove him from his victim, but the maddened brute turned on his master and caught him by the thigh. Whitmore, aided by his hired man, beat the dog off, escaping without serious injury. Then the bulldog returned to his prostrate antagonist and began to chew his throat.

Finally, seeing that the horse was nearly dead, Whitmore procured a rifle and sent a bullet through the dog's head. As the brute was dying he fastened his teeth in the flesh of the dying horse, locking his jaws so tight that the teeth had to be broken before the bodies could be separated.

The horse was a thoroughbred roadster and cost his owner $1,200.

INTERNATIONAL HENS.

How A Shrewd Yankee Managed to Sit on the Fence.

The advantages which people who live exactly on the line between two countries have in escaping the customs and other regulations of both countries have often been recounted. Probably the most picturesque and innocent instance of this kind of evasion comes from the far western town of Nogales, which lies exactly on the boundary between Mexico and Arizona.

On the United States side of the line in this town eggs have been rendered dear by the new tariff upon eggs, inasmuch as the hens of that region are chiefly owned on the Mexican side of the line and fed by the peasants on cheap Mexican grain.

Recently a Maine Yankee arrived in Nogales with an eye to business. He was convinced that his opportunity lay in the high price of eggs.

Accordingly he put up a large hen house exactly across the boundary line. At the American end he provided nests, and at the other end he regularly fed his hens with low-priced Mexican grain.

The fowls ate their grain in Mexico and then walked across the line into the United States to lay their eggs. The transaction was perfectly honest, for of course the proprietor of the hennery smuggled neither grain nor eggs. But he availed himself of high prices on one side and low prices on the other.

A London Idea.

A report has been made by the designated committee upon the question of providing suitable accommodations for young men, clerks and others living in London on moderate incomes. It proposes to erect a series of dwellings like the Peabody buildings, properly situated with an eye to business, to accommodate 450 tenants, each to have a sitting-room with bed alcove, for from 10 shillings to 18 shillings a week. There will be common reception and dining rooms, library, reading, writing, lecture, smoking, billiard and recreation rooms.

No Use For Them.

A long walking stick that belonged to Louis XVIII. didn't educe the upset offer of $30 at the Hotel Ornot, and the state sword of Charles X., a handsome weapon, had to be withdrawn under the reserve of $4

THE FARM AND HOME.

EXPERIMENTS MADE ON THE FEEDING OF HOGS.

The Value of Various Foods in the Growing of Hogs—Reducing the Milk—Raising Colts—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Feeding Hogs.

The following is a summary of experiments made by the Illinois experiment station at Champaign during the years 1888, 1889 and 1890:

In eight trials in which corn only was fed, aside from salt and coal slack, pigs varying in average weight from 65 to 290 pounds and kept in pens or small lots with grass, gaining at the rate of from 10.46 to 14.73 pounds per bushel, 56 pounds shell corn, the average gain being 12.36 pounds. The rate of gain for food eaten in proportion to weight decreased after four to six weeks feeding with corn only. The corn eaten per day varied from 3.41 pounds eaten by pigs averaging 65.58 pounds to 10.71 pounds, eaten by pigs weighing 311 pounds. The corn eaten per day per 100 pounds live weight varied from 1.95 pounds eaten by pigs fed 84 days and averaging 207 pounds in weight, to 5.19 pounds eaten by pigs averaging 65.58 pounds. In one case in the fourth week of pen feeding two pigs gained 3.21 pounds each per day—at the rate of 16.81 pounds per bushel of corn. This was the greatest gain per day and was also the best rate of gain in the trial. There seemed to be no constant relation between the weight of the pigs or the season of the year, and the food eaten or the gains made.

In four trials, pigs fed all they would eat of shelled corn with blue-grass pasturage ate 4,216.5 pounds of corn and gained 905 pounds, which was at the rate of 12.04 pounds gain per bushel of corn. Pigs under like conditions, except that they were fed but half as much corn, ate 2,190 pounds of corn and gained 505 pounds, which was at the rate of 12.93 pounds per bushel.

After periods varying from six to nine weeks, the pigs which had been fed on a half ration of corn on pasture were given a full feed of corn, the others being fed as before. In three trials lasting four or five weeks each, the pigs which had had a full feed of corn throughout ate 1,796 pounds of corn and gained 329 pounds, which was at the rate of 10.11 pounds per bushel. Those which had been fed a half feed of corn in the first part of the trials ate 2,075.5 pounds of corn in the second part gained 462.5 pounds which was at the rate of 12.5 pounds per bushel. Those fed corn only ate 1,624.5 pounds of corn and gained 224 pounds, which was at the rate of 7.44 pounds per bushel. In two trials pigs fed soaked corn ate more and gained more than those fed dry corn. In one trial they gained more and in one less in proportion to food eaten than those fed dry corn. The differences were not great in either case.

Two pigs in a two-acre pasture in which three yearling steers were fed corn, gained in 24 weeks 195 pounds. In a second trial two pigs with like conditions gained 231 pounds in 31 weeks. In neither case was the gain large. In each case the pigs at the close of the trial were in good condition for full feeding and made large gains when so fed.

A trial of apple pomace as food for pigs resulted unsatisfactorily. The pomace kept well; chemical analysis of it showed an apparently good composition for feeding purposes but the pigs ate very little of the pomace.

Sheep-Growing.

The average farmer of this country never has given sheep-growing the thought that he has given his cattle and horses; neither have the sheep as a rule been cared for in any degree equal to that of the horse and the cow. Some years a farmer will keep sheep, and other years he will not. Consequently but poor accommodations are provided for them. Barren hills and bush lots are considered by many as good enough for sheep pasture; and the open yard, with a shed or hovel to run under, plenty good enough for winter quarters, with clover hay (if they have it) or even timothy hay, or straw, all that will be needed for winter food, with perhaps no water provided at all. Now this looks like very poor provision for sheep, and yet hundreds of farmers all over the eastern and middle states keep sheep with no better accommodations and food than the case mentioned. These farmers generally live in a neighborhood where there are several enterprising farmers who keep sheep as they should be kept, and make money by so doing. Their neighbors soon discover this, and they conclude to go into it, and commence by purchasing a flock of anything that can be bought cheap, use any kind of a ram they can find, feed and care for them accordingly, and consequently have a dark side to report.—National Stockman.

Fowls in Coops.

When a fowl is closely confined in a coop it will lose flesh instead of gaining, due to the desire to be at liberty and also to perpetual fear. It seems to realize that it is a prisoner, and the effect on the fowl will be that its appetite fails. To fatten fowls, keep them in small yards, where they can move about. Even when fattening them they need some exercise, which promotes appetite and keeps them in health.

Reducing the Milk.

A most unprofitable plan with some short-sighted farmers is to milk the cows right up to the calving period. This is due to the fact that they think this practice is only detrimental to the calf: The fact is that the cow suffers as much as the calf, and the animal that is milked right up to the period of calving will inevitably be weak and feeble. The drying off should be begun two months before the calving period so that cows can have a period of rest before the strain on their systems taxes their strength to the utmost. The weakening of the cows by continuous milking makes them subject to all the diseases incident to calving. Milk fever is one of the greatest risks they run, and this generally carries off those that are large milkers, and that are milked right up to the last moment. Sudden changes in the system are always detrimental to man or beast, and sudden change in milking naturally produces weakness, and often disease.

The drying off should be begun in time so that it may be done gradually. The feeding should be reduced gradually until all grain food is denied them, and nothing but timothy hay is fed them. The milk should only be drawn partly out of the udders, and the very process of leaving some in will induce drying off. The quantity will gradually be reduced. A great many prefer to let the cow dry off naturally, trusting to nature to give the warning in time. This is a false idea. Milking tends to make the glands produce more milk, and many cows will not show any signs of drying off unless helped by reducing the feed and the milking.

Gradual drying off gives the cow a good rest, enables her to get tone and strength to her system. No sudden change is then effected, and the calves as well as the cows will be strong and healthy. Taking everything into consideration, judicious rest and gradual reduction of feed, and drying off, makes the strong calf, and perpetuates the strength and good qualities of the cow. —E. P. Smith in American Cultivator.

Manure.

"Fire-fanged" manure is worth more, pound for pound, than it was before the fanging took place. The result of fanging is to drive water out of the pile. Some ammonia may be lost, but not much. It can have no effect on the potash and phosphoric acid, except perhaps to make them more readily available. Fire-fanged manure is worth more per ton than fresh or wet manure. Remember that in buying manure.

Home Hints.

The juice of a lemon rubbed over the kitchen table removes all grease.

If camphor gum is placed with silver, it will prevent the ware from tarnishing.

Place a few nails or old steel pens in the writing ink, and then the pens in daily use will not corrode.

To keep garden walks clean, sprinkle with weak brine through a water sprinkler or scatter coarse salt along the walks.

To remove berry stains from paper, books, etc., hold a lighted brimstone match close to them and the fumes remove the stains.

When hot grease is spilled on the floor, pour cold water on it immediately, to prevent it from striking into the boards; then scrape it up.

To fill unsightly nail holes in the walls, take one part plaster of paris and three parts of fine sand; mix with cold water and apply with a case-knife.

Never let the whites of eggs stand during the beating process, even for a moment, as they return to a liquid state and cannot be restored, thus making the cake heavy.

The best and easiest method of removing mildew is to place the articles in a warm [not hot] oven for several minutes, when the moisture of the mildew will have evaporated and may be brushed off.

Farm Notes.

A very little feed when it is needed, will often make the difference between profit and loss.

Stock maintain their heat by slow combustion within their bodies, for which food is the fuel.

Regularity in feeding animals is necessary to their thrift, and especially so with fattening stock.

It is not advisable to have young, growing stock fat, but very necessary to keep them in a thrifty condition.

One of the principal advantages in cutting or grinding feed is that there is a very small per cent of waste in feeding.

Sheep will not thrive well if they are crowded into too close quarters. Give them room enough at least to be comfortable.

In feeding stock for market time is money. No one can afford to feed any class of animals except by forcing them from the start.

Good flavored food is necessary in order to procure good flavored butter. A sharp competition at a Maine fair was once decided in favor of a young dairyman who, it was subsequently learned, had picked bright clover heads each day for the pet Jersey that was giving the milk.

The extra labor for soiling cows has been shown to call for no more than one stout boy, and a one-horse mower and wagon for two hours for thirty cows. About 3 cents a day for each cow. The increased milk on thirty cows has been shown to be over 100 quarts. The saving of manure more than pays all the cost.

A SUCCESSION OF TRIUMPHS

The Autumnal Festivities in Full Progress at St. Louis—Programme of Attractions.

St. Louis is being favored with perfect weather for its fall festivities which are being conducted this year on a scale of magnificence never before attempted. The carnival season commenced the first Wednesday in September and will end October 17th. St. Louis has the record of being the only city in the world to support an annual Exposition, and this year it has beaten its own record so far as thronged houses daily and nightly are concerned. Gilmore with his matchless band of 65 pieces is foremost among the attractions.

The grandest week of the Festivities' season is the first complete week in October. The Fair opens October 5th and continues to the 10th. As in past years manufacture and agriculture will be represented from all parts of the United States and also from foreign countries, but this year the new management has arranged for a number of entirely new features including some sensational horse leaping events. The new attractions are certain to bring together one of the largest crowds ever seen in the West. The city is preparing to receive them, registers of private houses, open to receive visitors, have been established and visitors will be able to find accommodations at reasonableprices even during Fair Week.

The Veiled Prophet's parade along streets rendered light as day by illuminations, in which both electricity and gas are used regardless of expense, will take place Tuesday October 6th. No parade has ever attracted the attention or attendance that the Veiled Prophet's gorgeous spectacle has drawn in past years, and although no one knows the subject of the allegorical floats that will make up the procession on this occasion, it is known that neither trouble nor expense has been spared in their preparation, and that all past triumphs are to be eclipsed.

The Veiled Prophet's ball which follows the parade will be at the Merchants' Exchange this year and the scene will be one of the loveliest ever witnessed. The street illuminations will be repeated on the 8th. Besides hundreds of electric lights, over 52,000 gas jets are alight and as the globes are of various colors the effect is wondeful. There are a number of other attractions and, while they last, railroad tickets at greatly reduced rates will be sold by agents at every depot. A programme of attractions and a useful guide will be mailed to anyone sending name and address to J. Cox, Bureau of Information, 202 Mermod & Jaccard Building, St. Louis.

St. Louis has now the most complete rapid transit service of any city in America and visitors can inspect its far famed parks, boulevards and manufacturing and retail establishments with little exertion and expense.

SEASONABLE FRIVOLITIES.

"I cannot see why I do not get along better. I am not one of those fellows who want the earth, either." "No; what you want is the sand."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Benedick: "Will you be my wife?" Miss Beatrice: "Yes." Mr. Benedick: "Oh, Miss Beatrice, this is so sudden! Give me time to reconsider."—Harper's Bazar.

Wooden—"Lazicus has just been telling me how much work he turns off." Bulfinch—"I should say he did! He turns it all off on somebody else."—Boston Courier.

College President—"All the boys have attended prayers regularly this week." Professor—"Not one has missed for two weeks." President—"Humph! Some infernal mischief is brewing."

Hungry Guest, impatiently: "You have forgotten several things." Waiter: "Very sorry, sah, but you know its a good while since I took your order, sah."—Street & Smith's Good News.

"The most expensive meal I ever ate cost me $157,000." "Why—how the—" "I had just cleared that amount on a wheat deal and was just cashing the check, when the girl woke me for breakfast.."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Did Harold call on you this morning, papa?" "Yes; but I couldn't make much out of what he said. I understood him to say that he wanted to marry me, and that you had enough to support him, so I sent him home and told him to write it out."—Harper's Bazar.

"Suppose you come and dine with us to-morrow?" "Wouldn't the day after do just as well?" inquired the poor relation. "Certainly, but where are you going to dine to-morrow?" "Right here. You see, your wife was kind enough to ask me for the occasion."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mr. Boresome—"I was sorry that you were not at home yesterday when I called." Miss Boredmuch—"Yes, I should have enjoyed it, probably, even more than where I was." Mr. Boresome—"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so; where were you? Miss Boredmuch—"At the dentist's."

"Why did you leave your last place, Nora?" "They was the meanest paypil I iver saw. Sometimes phin I was too busy to attend the front door the boss he'd go himself, an' the shkinflint charged me tin cints for ivery time he went. It kem to foive dollars more than me wages."—Harper's Bazar.

INTERESTING READING.

There is a horse car line in Mexico which is seventy-two miles in length.

The house at Appomattox, Va., in which Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant, has been sold for $10,000.

The census report of Indiana is surprising, showing an increase of population of less than eleven per cent.

An Indiana man abstained from speaking for four weeks and he reports that in the last week he saw visions of the celestial city.

Surgeons in Pittsburg are trying to make new eyelids for an unfortunate man whose natural and proper eyelids were burned off.

COLORING OF SNAKES.

IT IS NEARER A SURE GUIDE TO VARIETY.

The Coloring is Generally in Harmony With the Soil or Foliage in Which They Abound--The Diamond Rattlesnake of Guinea--Progress in Science.

The ophiologist well knows that the coloring of snakes is not a sure guide to specific difference of variety.

This is well understood, but perhaps it is not so well known that the pattern or distribution of coloring is constant in the same species. Now this is well shown in the specimens of Bothrops atrox and Bothrops lanceolatus figured in a recent issue of the Scientific American, and of the two specimens of Xiphosoma hortulana, here illustrated. There the labarri or Bothrops atrox from the dark woods of South America is seen to have the same pattern, but a much deeper coloring than his brother,

the Fer de lance from the sunny canefields of Martinique and St Lucia. The former harmonizes in shade with the black rotting leaves of the frequently inundated river bank in the dark forest, while the latter in color reminds us of the yellow and reddish soils of the often-plowed canefield. Of the two specimens of Xiphosoma hortulana herein shown, the darker one comes from the gloomy ravines of the forest-clad mountains in the island of Grenada, while the lighter one, a purely yellow snake, is an inhabitant of the open and comparatively sunshiny mangrove swamp of Caroni, in the island of Trinidad. If any one will examine the snakes of this species, he will be astonished to see how much they vary in shade, and still will notice that the pattern in all is traced in a formation of rings along the sides more or less regular.

The diamond rattlesnake from the sunny plains of Guiria, in Eastern Venezuela, where the soil is of a reddish color, is reddish in his dorsal marks and much lighter than his fellow from the dark woods of swampy Demerara.

From this it would seem that the coloring is largely modified as regards shade by the nature of the light reflection in which the animal lives. In a certain sense the color of his surroundings is photographed on his skin. It is said that mountainous districts are favorable for poetic genius, and that few poets are natives of level, monotonous countries. If this is true as regards vividness in the human imagination, as certainly seems to be the case, it is none the less so with the coloring of snakes. Take the South African puff adder (Clotho arietans) for instance. The puff adder, which is figured above, is a short, thick, broad-headed black and yellow deadly snake. Snakes of this species from the lower lands near the sea are dull in color. The yellow is pale and the black dirty looking, like an old dress coat coming to its last days on the back of a tramp. But the mountain puff adder is very different. He is arrayed in a gorgeous dress of yellow and the deepest black velvet. And it is only natural that while his home for ages has been in the land of sunny rocks and darksome shadows, he should bear photographed in his skin with nature's own photography the reflection of these objects.

The lora of Venezuela (Ahaetulla liocerca) shows the same difference. On the mountains he is arrayed in green of the most vivid brightness, along each side is a band of gold, and the scales of his under parts are of a mother-of-pearl white, while his brother of the plains appears ditty all over. In July, last year, the writer caught a young boa constrictor on the lowlands of Quebranta, near Guiria, in Eastern Venezuela. He was covered with markings of light gray and dark gray. In September I got one of the same size from the hills of Arouca, in Trinidad, and he was, of course, the same in pattern, but black and white. Boa constrictors from the dark forests of the plains of Chaguanas, in the same land, are not nearly so clearly marked as those from the hills of Zoco, twenty miles to the northeast. And some time ago I had one from the hills of Bral much more brightly marked than any I have yet seen.

There are now in my collection several fine specimens of Xiphosoma hortulana, which will illustrate this variation of shade. One is yellow, so pale that the pattern is not perceptible. A second is red, with yellowish ring-like markings. A third is a reddish brown, with the same marks. A fourth is jet black, with white rings, and a fifth has, strange to say, a white groundwork, with jet black circular spots.

This same superiority of the colors of mountain snakes may be noticed in many countries. Perhaps not of snakes alone is it true, but of other animals also, that after along sojourn in their home they bear photographed on their skins the reflection of their surroundings.

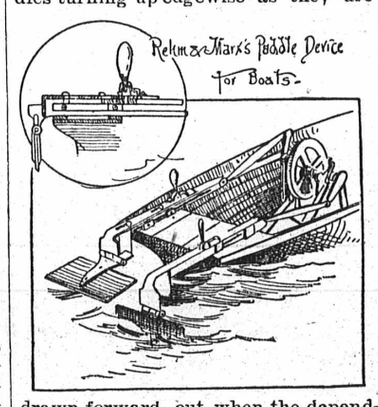
An Aluminium Steamboat.

Some novel and interesting experiments have recently been made on the Lake of Zurich with a steamboat built entirely of aluminium, which claims to be the first of its kind. The boat weighs only about half a ton—viz: about half the weight of an ordinary boat of the same size. It was built at the works of Messrs. Escher Wyss & Co., of Zurich, the metal having been furnished by the Aluminium Works of Schaffhausen, where it is obtained by an electrical process, the dynamos being driven, not by steam engines, but by turbines, which utilize the water power of the celebrated falls of the Rhine, so that the boat claims to be exclusively the product of Swiss labor and power.

It carries eight persons, and with a petroleum engine of only two-horse power, easily makes six miles per hour. Aluminium not being subject to rust, the permanent color of the boat is a beautiful dull white, whilst the chimney, being of polished aluminium, shines like silver. The trial trips of the boat were eminently successful; and it is anticipated that the construction of aluminium steamers, having the same capacity, and only half the width of the iron ones now used on Swiss lakes, has a great future before it.

A Boat Propelling and Steering Device.

By means of the attachments shown in the illustration a boat may be driven forward or backward, and readily steered, by foot power, or by the operating of a crank by hand. Affixed to each side of the stern, near the rear seat, is a keeper plate in which slides a longitudinally and horizontally slotted bar, extending out beyond the stern, each slide bar having a depending end, in which is pivoted a paddle. The paddles are secured to the slide bars by straps, which project above the pivotal point, and are adapted, as shown in the small sectional view, to engage the depending end of a plate held to slide on the slide bar, by which the paddles are adjusted to move the boat forward or backward. When the plates are adjusted as shown in the large view, their depending ends are in the rear of the stops of the paddles, which will thus be held in a vertical position to push the boat ahead as they are moved backward, the paddles turning up edgewise as they are



drawn forward, but when the depending ends of the plates are in front of the paddle stops, as shown in the sectional view, the paddle will operate to force the boat backward. Each adjusting plate has, near its forward end, lugs, in which a lever is pivoted within convenient reach, and by means of which the plate may be readily moved forward or backward upon the slide bar, and secured in place to hold the paddles in proper position for the forward or backward movement of the boat, or to prevent one of them from being operated at all, the latter feature affording great facility in steering the boat. The front ends of the slide bars are pivotally connected by pitmen with the cranks of the shafts on opposite sides of the boat, the shafts being turned by pedals, which also turn a central shaft carrying a balance wheel, or the cranks may be arranged for operation by hand. To insure the easy working of the slide bars, rollers are arranged in the slots of the bars, by which the friction is reduced to a minimum.

Crowded Out.

Rural Editor—"What did you do with that article of mine denouncing prize fights and prize-fighters? I sent it in over a week ago."

Foreman—"It's been crowded out right along, but I guess there'll be room for it to-night."

"Um—just leave it out for a few days longer, a week or two."

"Got plenty of room now."

"Never mind. Just leave it out. I'll fill up with something else. Um—fact is, I understand Mr. John L. Sullivan is in town."

A Terrifying Subject.

Blinks—I saw a man turn pale and tremble to-day at the mention of the American navy.

Klinks—Eh! Was he a foreigner?

No; he belongs to the marines and he can't swim.

THE HOMING PIGEONS.

HOW THEY ARE TRAINED AND TESTED BY FANCIERS.

A Speed of 1,508 Yards a Minute Easily Attained—The Remarkable Wing Power of the Beautiful Birds.

Novices taking in the hands one of the Antwerp pigeons are always astonished at its remarkable strength of wings, a ringing slap from one of the softly feathered appendages proving an effectual means of defence. And then, too, these lovers of home have such bright, intelligent eyes—eyes that can see an immense distance, fully 200 miles in clear weather. With their broad, prominent skulls, giving them a very wise and knowing look, the homers snap their expressive eyes as if they knew all about the messages they carry so faithfully, and felt themselves to be very important birds, indeed.

In appearance they resemble the common wild American pigeon more than do any others of fancy breed. They are mostly blue in color, but there are many varieties that are black, and some of mottled tints, known as "red checks" and "blue checks."

There are 4,000 or 5,000 homing pigeons in Baltimore, says the Baltimore Sun, owned by nearly 150 fanciers, who raise them not as a trade nor as dealers, but mainly for pleasure. No enthusiast is more enthusiastic than the pigeon enthusiast, and the hours of hard work spent in the lofts looking after the comforts of the inmates of the dovecote, after the real work of the day is done, are counted as the brightest spots in the day and well spent when the owner looks proudly about on the happy feathered family. Strangly assorted as the members of the pigeon clubs may be, they all meet on a common ground when their favorite pursuit is in question, the magic word "pigeon" serving as an open sesame to the heart of doctor, lawyer, merchant, clerk, mechanic, day laborer or gentleman of leisure pigeonly inclined. Men who might go through life and never come shoulder to shoulder in the ordinary course of events pore together over pigeon lore with enthusiasm, and the one who is "chief of all" is he who has the deepest knowledge of pigeon-raising, or he whose pet bird has beaten the record in the mid-air races.

On several occasions Baltimore-bred homers have made the best time and the longest runs in important races, winning cups and medals for their happy owners. Three or four years ago there was greater interest taken in pigeon races than at present, the clubs offering prizes for the winners. Baltimore owners do not now belong to any federation, and consequently have not the same opportunities of testing the racing qualities of the homers raised by them.

The usual manner of marking a bird sent on special races is to attach a metal band to its leg containing the private number and letter of the owner. When the bird is liberated at the specified station the liberator imprints on one wing of the pigeon by a rubber stamp a special countermark. On reaching the home left the bird's countermark is examined by the agent of the federation, who notes the time of arrival and compares it with the entry at the liberating station.

When an owner expects the arrival of one of his birds he shuts up all of the other pigeons, and the wanderer is free to enter undisturbed. Outside of the loft a shelf is constructed, connecting with a wire coop. The instant the bird alights on the shelf it presses on a spring connecting with a gong or electric bell, announcing the arrival to the expectant owner. Once inside the coop, the bird cannot get out, the little swinging door opening only from the outside. The paper used for messages is tied to the bird's leg near the thigh, or to a wing quill, and does not hurt nor impede its progress. It is of fine, strong, light tissue. In the Franco-Prussian war observations were taken from a balloon and information dispatched from it by pigeons, who bore on their legs messages written on delicate gelatine films, so thin that it took 5,000 of them to make an inch in thickness.

The only safe way is to buy a pair of homing pigeons and mate them. The old birds will have to be kept prisoners all their life, but the young ones will consider themselves naturalized children of emigrant parents. The young birds are given the freedom of the loft three or four months, and then are given their first "jump." They are liberated at first at a short distance from the loft, perhaps five or six miles, then twelve or more, and gradually learn to cover safely 500 miles, or, in exceptional cases, 900 miles. If the pigeon messenger service were established it would be easy to furnish thousands of birds from Baltimore. Of all the other pigeons bred the Antwerp homers exceed them by two to one. They breed every six weeks and commence to breed at five months. The prices of the homing pigeons are regulated by their race record, their homing instinct being inherited in proportion by their young.

CROWS AND CRABS.

How the Sagacious Birds Catch and Devour the Palatable Shellfish.

Fishermen in Havre de Grace, at the mouth of the Susquehanna river, tell amusing stories of the way crows catch crabs and prepare them for eating, says the New York Record. When the crows first come in the spring they visit the streams connecting bays and ponds every morning looking for crabs. They commonly arrive before crabs begin running, but the crows exhibit great patience, sometimes waiting ten or fifteen days. The crows scan the streams from small tree-tops or mounds of sand. Others stand on the banks of the rivulet with heads cocked sidewise and an eye staring at the water. When the crabs begin running the crows dive into the water from any coign of vantage near by, clutch a crab, soar into the air, and drop their prey with great precision on the stone-covered beach which fringes the bay. By this means the crabs are reduced to pulp and the crows, with much wing flapping and discordant cawing, voraciously bolt the meat.

Capt. Tom Carroll of Chincoteague says he once saw five crows teasing a crab. One of the birds caught and carried it to a big dry sand-bar. There it was put down. The crow's cawing brought five of his tribe. They pulled it about, turned it upon its back, and fumed over it. These gymnastics were accompanied by hoarse chattering, and a gurgling sound which Carroll avers was laughter. To vary the sport they would make believe to fly away, but dropped softly to the sand forty or fifty feet off.

From that point the dusky quintet of practical jokers kept their eyes intently fixed on the crab rolling along in the direction of the water, 100 yards away. The crows, without a sound, craned their necks watching their hard-shell victim flopping laboriously through the soft, dry sand. Suddenly they broke into a wild chorus of caws and made after the crab. One picked it up and soared away to the beach, followed by his fellows. There he was dropped to death and the crows flew away to their roost.

Why They Twinkle.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers—
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers—

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FEMININITIES.

This country now has 720 women preachers.

Women are architects and builders in Zululand.

It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.

A woman's thoughts run before her actions, not before her words.

In using an egg beater do not hold it in one place; move it round in the bowl.

The latest idea in weddings is to have the pulpit draped to match the bride's costume.

Washing old silk in beer is said to give it a lustre almost equal to that possessed when new.

In New Orleans a pet pigeon grieved itself to death over the loss of its little mistress, a girl of 7 years.

Never put potatoes on the table in a covered dish; they will reabsorb their own moisture and become soggy.

Mrs. Louisa Irving, of Hopkinton, Mass., though 88 years old, took her first ride on a railroad train recently.

A new method of wearing necklaces is low down on the neck, so that they fall on to the bodice in a series of loops.

Beat the yolk of an egg and spread on the top of rusks and pies just before putting them into the oven. The egg makes that shine seen on bakers pies and cakes.

Festoons of flowers tied with ribbons are used on lamps and candle-stands as a table decoration. According to the scheme of decoration field flowers, grasses and daisies, pansies or roses are employed.

A physiognomist says: "Beware of the girl that has black eyes, shun the girl with blue, and run from the girl with gray eyes." This practically restricts the choice of the foolish young man to the girl with pink eyes, who is not warranted genuine outside of a show.

The great ride astride question has been solved in Denmark. A cycling craze has broken out badly in Scandinavia, and in the ardor for it which has overtaken the fair Danes, they have mounted the cycle as their brothers do, and there paved the way for doing likewise when on horseback.

Low-necked dresses were condemned in a sermon by a Providence clergyman and he pointedly referred to his wife as being an incorrigible sinner in this respect, as she insisted on wearing them, despite his frequent objections. She has begun a suit for divorce for being thus publicly pilloried.

A SOMNAMBULISTIC MARE.

Troubled With Bad Dreams, and Kicks in Her Stall.

There are those who scoff at the intelligence and mental capacity of the horse, but probably they have never visited the Stevenson street barn of the Fire Patrol in the small hours of the morning, says the San Francisco Examiner.

If it is granted that it takes brains to dream, all who have seen the bay mare Fanny in a somnambulistic feat must admit that she has a head like a statesman.

Fanny is 10 years old.

There is no guessing about this or any of the other statements made about her, for be it known that the firemen watch over her like fathers, and know her good qualities and her life-story as a mother knows that of her child.

She is fifteen and one half hands high. Her markings are four white legs and a white stripe in the face. She has been five years in the service of the Underwriters, and knows the rules and the streets almost as well as Captain White himself.

Every body in San Francisco who is observant has seen Fanny, for hundreds of times in the year the big patrol cart thunders over the downtown pavements with the plucky mare on the outside in the traces. She runs with such wonderful energy and seems to take such interest in the work that no one who looks at the team fails to notice her.

The men on duty in the patrol house go to bed at 11 o'clock at night, having the one man on watch. If there are no alarms the man on guard has a lonesome time of it, for not even the horses keep him company. They lie down in their stalls as quick as the clock strikes 12, and never miss it by as much as a quarter of an hour.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Fanny commences to show her mind. She dreams over what she has done during the day.

Usually she first breaks the silence with a snort. Then, while lying flat on her right side with her head on the floor, she begins to paw the air with her forefeet, just as she would if going to a fire. She paws more and more rapidly, her nostrils become dilated and she breathes fast and hard.

The dreams last but a few minutes, but during that time Fanny's eyes will be wide open and glaring, and in every respect she will look just as horses do when in great excitement.

For the last year scarcely a night passed that the mare has not had her imaginary run to a blaze. The singular part of it is that while dreaming Fanny's eyes will be wide open, and yet she will not appear to see anything about her. Any one of the firemen can tiptoe up to the stall and watch her, but an unfamiliar step will wake her at once.

Lately the dreams have been getting more exciting. The mare kicked so hard in her sleep that the men were afraid she would hurt herself and widened her stall. Captain White believes the nightmare really does the animal an injury by overstraining her nerves, and he looks upon it as a disease.

But, whether disease or habit or the result of a peculiarly active intellect, certain it is that the spells are getting worse. Whenever Fanny works harder than usual during the day she is sure to be tortured for a longer time than usual at night.

One morning the attack was worse than ever before. During the day the patrol had four hard runs, and Fanny went back from the last one very slowly indeed. When the hour arrived for her dream it came upon her as usual, but not, as usual, in a deep sleep.

While panting and snorting in the nightmare Fanny jumped to her feet and ran out under her harness. Beyond all doubt it was a case of animal somnambulism, as the mare did not quit snorting even when the watchman ran up and caught her by the nose.

She did not awake until the other horses ran out—as they did when they saw her standing beneath the harness—and then she came to her senses with a start.

Fanny seemed to realize what had happened, for her head dropped down, her ears drooped and she quickly walked back to her stall when the watchman slapped her on the flank.

A Wretch.

A young married lady said to her husband a few days ago:

"Dear John, I wish you would buy me that elegant set of diamonds we saw in the window of that jewelry store on Austin avenue."

"Well, dearest, you know, that when you wish anything it is just the same to me as a positive order," replied John.

"Yes, John, yes; O, you are so good."

"Your wishes are the same as orders; and you ought to know me well enough that I will not be ordered about by anybody," answered the bruto calmly.—Texas Siftings.

The Latest.

The latest theory about the Man of the Iron Mask is that he was General de Bulonde, and was condemned for disobeying the orders of Marshal Catinat by raising the siege of a town in Piedmont.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3.

Most of the talk about education in politics is not worth much.

The State Temperance Union this year proved to be a bigger farce than ever.

The campaign lie is the most prominent thing now in tha old partisan newspapers.

The Alaska gold fields, on the Yukon river, are found by surveys to be in Canadian Territory

It requires a scientific man to be on the Kansas City police. He must know something of falling bodies.

An empty canteen is of no use to the soldier. It is worse than useless when filled with anything except water.

The Illinois Methodist Conference votes by a large majority, to admit women to the electoral and general conference.

The rain makers, in the different parts of the country, resemble the heavens over their heads—they are very blue.

There is very little difference between an honest dollar and an honest bushel measure, or an honest quart cup, when you come to buy milk.

Tammany has swallowed the whole democratic party of New York, and Jones, of Binghamton, is doing vigorous kicking of the flower bucket.

The forests of the United States are worth more in good cash than all the gold and silver mines. The forest growth, yearly, is worth more than the income from the mines.

We have heard of a case, where the grocer's scales were not so honest as the farmer's dollar, that he paid for his coffee and sugar, not even when the dollar was a flat greenback

Jay Gould thinks it would be very unfortunate to enlarge the volume of silver money. That is quite natural and because he thinks so is good evidence that it ought to be done.

There can be no question about the ability of the Kansas State Temperance Union when it comes to whitewashing. It is the greatest concern of this kind in all these parts. But the wash it uses is very dirty stuff.

All persons nominated for office are always good men,—just the men for the time,—in the eyes of their party friends. It is as hard for a politician to go back on the meanest man his party may nominate, as it was for that ancient fellow to kick against the pricks.

The peoples party is not declaring for prohibition, but it is in several states declaring in favor of a policy that will deprive the liquor traffic of all profit. As the basis of the business is a desire for gain, its policy would result in prohibition.

The Sub-Treasury Plan.

We have just received a copy of S. M. Scott's little work on the sub-treasury. It is well worth reading. Mr. Scott is one of the Alliance state lecturers. He is one of the growing men of the Farmer's Alliance, and has given much thought and study to this question. We do not think he has mastered it. The best pages of the book are those in which he suggests amendments to the sub-treasury bills introduced in the last congress. These suggested amendments show with what clear analysis Mr. Scott has weighed this contemplated legislation.

We are not of those who advocate the sub-treasury plan. We do not believe it to possess any great practical value.

We do not, however, feel inclined strenuously to oppose it. These are days of experiment and education. The people are seeking remedies for acknowledged evils. These remedies will be forthcoming in due time. When one is found for that intended to be covered by the sub-treasury plan it will be simpler and more comprehensive. In fact, a probable change in system will render anything like this scheme unnecessary.

Yet it might be said that Mr. Scott has done the reform cause a good service in his presentation of the sub-treasury plan.

He has removed or answered every possible objection, it would seem. The plan is feasible. It is not opposition to it, of itself, that can longer be made. Simply, when other pressing questions are solved, the plan will no longer be necessary

Say what they may the people have really very little to do with government.

For the last three weeks agents for the French government have been quietly picking up an enormous amount of grain and meats. In meats they have been buying in Virginia, southern Ohio, Kentucky, St. Louis and points along the border the smoked hog products, as the salted products of Chicago are but little known abroad. But it is for flour and wheat that they have given their largest orders, amounting to 2,000,000 barrels of flour and 25,000,000 bushels of grain. An inquiry as to why the French government should be secretly such a buyer, brought out this explanation: The government is in a delicate position in regard both to grain and meat in France. Prices are high and the demand for a removal of tariffs is pressing, yet the government does not like to directly let down the basis. The threatening attitude of European affairs gives it a good excuse to provision itself in advance—preparing for war in time of peace—and it knows, as a matter of fact, that those who buy later must pay higher prices for American products.

The magazine of American History for October forcibly illustrates how a leading monthly, which keeps in touch with the highest thoughts current of the day in regard to great historical events, may become a public benefactor as well as an educator. Just as the inquiry is at high tide concerning the portraits of Columbus, one may open this beautiful number and learn all about the most important of them. The article by the editor, "A group of Columbus portraits," deals with facts and picture pedigrees that are well authenticated, giving fac-similes of the oldest and rarest engraved prints of Columbus portraiture extant, with much other data of timely consequence. The double headed contemporary print of the portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella, a gem of great value, is included; and Mrs. Lamb, with easy grace, adds to her essay suggestive sketches of these sovereigns and their great military triumphs in connection with Columbus and the dawn of America upon the map of the world, which is delightful reading. The distinguished writer, W F Ganong, follows with an informing paper on "The St. Croix of the Northeastern Boundary," and four illustrative maps. "Hugh McCulloch on Daniel Webster," is an excerp of special interest. The longest article in the number is an able and scholarly study by Right Reverend M F Howley, D. D., P. A., of Newfoundland, on "Cabot's Landfall," the scene of which he traces, according to his judgment, in an elaborate accompanying map. Then comes an entertaining contribution pertinent to the approaching World's Fair, "The Sultan of Turkey and the Chicago Exhibition," by Frederick Diodati Thompson, touching in graphic style on the calamities and historic growth of Chicago, and presenting many interesting facts about Turkey and its liberal minded and progressive ruler, whose visit to America on the opening of the Columbian exposition is foreshadowed. Other attractive articles include "Philadelphia in 1778 through Foreign Eyes," "Napoleon Bonaparte and Peace with America," a charming paper by Emanuel Spencer, and "Good Things from Dr. Johnson," by Hon. S H M Byers. The frontispiece this month is a magnificent picture of Bonaparte about the time he made peace with America.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

How a Hunter Pursued by Five Wolves Gathered Them In.

J. W. Griffing writes to the Franklin, La., Sun from Como, La., Aug. 12:

I went hunting last Monday morning. About 8 o'clock I saddled and mounted my horse and started for the woods, with "Punch," my hog dog and a young pup following me. After riding several miles I looked for the pup, but he was missing. I blew my horn for him, but he would not come, so I rode on, and after going several miles more I heard something howl which I thought was my pup. I stopped and in a few minutes the howling was repeated. In less than one minute I saw five wolves advancing. They were in the direction of the howling and it was them that did it.

When they were within fifty yards of me they commenced to howl again, and kept advancing with their tails curled, hair standing on their backs and looking as though they were bloodthirsty. I sat perfectly still on my horse, thinking they would take to flight should they see me. But I was mistaken. When about twenty yards from me they began to growl like savage dogs, and I could see that they were glaring at me. I thought it was time for me to commence work, so with a double-barreled breech-loader I fired on one of the largest. It retreated badly wounded. In a moment I was ready for another. Of course I was expecting to shoot as they ran off, as wolves are very wild. But to my

I was ready for another.

great astonishment the remaining four were still advancing.

I had no time to tarry, so I fired again and twelve buckshot entered the head of a large brindle male wolf which was not more than a rod from me. I loaded very quickly, and my next target was a dark red female. She was not so close—about fifteen rods, but was still coming and growling like a dog. At the crack of my gun she fell in her tracks, and without taking the gun from my shoulder I killed another not more than four or five feet from her. I loaded again and the fifth wolf was retreating. All my buckshot were gone, but I sprinkled him with a load of squirrel shot and he fell, but rose again and ran off. "Punch" was not in sight of me when I began to shoot, but he came just as I shot the third wolf. I put him after one I wounded and he ran it some 300 yards or more and bayed. I galloped up, shot it again and it fell to the earth dead. I then amputated its feet, went back to the battle-ground, did the same for two more, put the fourth one one on my horse and, after looking in vain for the first one I shot, started on my homeward trip.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

A Remarkable Race with a Locomotive on a Pennsylvania Railroad.

A remarkable race with a locomotive was made by Mrs. Dr. Rause, at York, Pa., recently. She was crossing the Northern Central railroad tracks seated in a phaeton and driving a spirited horse. As the horse reached the track the Hanover express, dashing at a mile a minute rate, was sighted bearing down upon them. The horse became frightened and turned down the track ahead of the engine. It was a race for life, and the plucky woman won.

The phaeton bobbed up and down on the ties like a bandbox. Every minute the engine drew nearer. Mrs. Rause kept her seat with difficulty, and the engineer shut his eyes, expecting every minute that the locomotive would crash into the carriage. He reversed the engine and trusted to luck. When the engine was within three feet of the phaeton it was stopped.

The horse slowed up and it was easily checked after a race of a quarter of a mile. The passengers left the train and went to the lady's assistance. It was found that she had escaped serious injury, having only been bruised about the face and body by bumping against the sides of the phaeton. The horse and carriage were removed from the track. Mrs. Rause drove home without assistance.

Not Generally Known.

A foreign watchmaker has patented a device by which an hour or two before a clock runs down, the word "wind" will appear at an opening in the dial.

In Shanghai and in many other places in China, the crows build and raise their broods in the trees of the city. On account of the Buddhist reverence for all life, no one harms them.

An era of morality has commenced in Mexico. Bull fights and cock fights have been prohibited, gambling will be stopped, and a lottery law is under consideration which will stop all irresponsible concerns.

Chancellor Snow, of the Kansas State University, announces that there are 250,000 different species of bugs that are enemies of the farmer.

OLD ISSUES DEAD.

A Time for New Parties "of the People and for the People."

The people should fear the great of to-day, so-called, writes Harry Hinton in the National Economist. No grinding laws of oppression and tyranny ever emanated from any class except the great, so called. All the tyrannous class legislation of the United States emanated from the great. As a rule the greater they become the more dangerous they become. It would be a god-send to the republic if the old party regimes, with their old warhorses and champions could be at once eliminated from American politics, and new methods, new ideas and new men at one fell swoop be installed at the capital. The old parties have lived long enough. They have become cankered and dusty with age and crime. They have performed their mission. The country needs them no longer. Their continued useless existence is at variance with the continued existence of a free people. They have brought calamities enough, corruption enough, oppression and injustice enough. Why should they live? Why should they be a menace to the Republic? Can not the people form new parties just as good, and let all the old memories and prejudices, venom and venality fly away? Is it not a culmination devoutly to be wished? Who will deny it? Every patriot from the gulf to the lakes answers, Amen! With these solid reasons we appeal to every man to at once repudiate these two old useless hags and seggregate on new lines. It matters not what your platform may be. This government belongs to the people, and what they may do is their own business and no one else's. We fear not the people. No one need fear the people. The powerful party leaders are the dangerous characters and the coadjutors the plutocratic press. The one poisons the body politic so the other can oppress and enslave.

The two old parties are tyrants. Their ways are the ways of tyranny. Let no man support tyranny in any shape. The difference between them is small, mainly about the tariff. Cleveland was elected on a tariff plank that Republicans might adopt. These two old parties can unite and will unite, if necessary, without a jar. All that gives them life and existence is their convenient organization for grinding out place and plunder. Let every reader of this at once repudiate these machines and commence to work to form two new parties. One has already started called the People's party. Let those who differ with the People's party commence to organize a national party. Let there be two new parties in the field. Let the old ones die. Let these two parties be of the people and for the people. Discard the old venal horde which has sat like an incubus in this nation so long. We welcome any party which is of the people and for the people, it matters not what its platform may be. Now is the time to commence, so as to be ready by '92. Why will you stand idle while your house is burning? If you can not agree with the People's party, form one you like better. Are you going to deny the facts I have stated, that the two old parties and their leaders are dangerous to the Republic? If you deny these facts and believe they are all pure and right, stay and be enslaved. Otherwise flee from these political Sodoms and Gomorrahs.

Moreover we will ask the people, how do you know you are the governing power in this nation? You have done nothing to prove it. But if you will down a party or build up a party you will furnish some evidence you have a power in this government. As the case now stands, there is not one jot of evidence to prove that the government has not already passed from the control of the people, and that they are not the menial slaves of prejudices and hatreds and party bosses. You can not prove your manhood and that you have a people's government without you prove your ability to build up and tear down parties. When you prove to the world your ability to do that you will have made one of the grandest strides in popular freedom that has ever been made in the annals of time. You will have sloughed off the old skin of plutocracy and all the old ways of political sin, and will stand forth in new garments of truth and integrity. Let the township meet and make its political platform. Let all the townships in the county meet with their separate platforms and reserve what they can unite upon. Let the counties meet in state convention and compare notes, holding fast to that which is good. Let the states meet in national convention, compare platforms in the same manner, and launch forth the National party fresh from the people and for the people. Then we will have two parties made and built up by the people, so that we can discard the two old plutocratic parties and all their rubbish. We wish to be understood that we advocate the platform of the People's party. We wish further to be understood that we are not afraid of any party springing up among the masses. But we frankly admit that we see nothing in either old party but treachery and danger to republican liberty.

Where They Come From.

Our Alliance friends are wondering where all the marked copies of eastern papers are coming from that have been flooding the country with seductive arguments to win them back to their old political slavery. The following from the Indianapolis Sentinal gives the solution of the matter:

"Mr. Clarkson's scheme for the systematic and comprehensive circulation of Republican newspapers is a legitimate one. It is a good deal better than buying votes in "blocks of five," and is likely to prove even more successful unless the Democrats are at least as prompt and thorough in the circulation of their papers."

The time for buying voters will find as many if not more buyers than ever before, but why do not the People's party and the various farming and laboring organizations follow suit and liberally sustain their zealous champions of the reform press and send their papers as broadcast over the land as possible? The struggling publishers can not afford such an expense, but every one of the organizations should, through the agency of the Reform Press Bureau, subscribe liberally toward sustaining such a plan of enlightening those not yet educated to their noble ideas of how to emancipate the toiling masses of our country from the political serfdom into which they have ignorantly and innocently degenerated.—San Miguel Messenger.

They are "Sowing the Wind."

Congressman Tillman, of South Carolina, is reported to have said in a recent speech that "Senator Peffer is an ex-chicken-thief." And this is a sample of the methods to be employed in the South for fighting the Alliance. To what depths have we fallen as a people? A member of Congress standing before an audience of American citizens and charging that a Senator is an ex-chicken-thief. And some politicians are fools enough to think that by such methods they will crush our organization. They think that by vilifying, abusing, slandering and lying on our leaders they can demoralize our forces and disrupt our order, but they may live to mourn their folly. Such conduct only serves to bind our people closer together and to make them more determined than ever to consign such blatant, sectional demagogues to a merited oblivion. They are sowing the wind and by and by they will reap the whirlwind.—Progressive Farmer.

Good butter contains ten to twelve per cent of water, but it should show no trace of buttermilk.

Butter should be kept cool during the working, and also during the few hours it may be left for the salt to dissolve.

To make a fine quality of butter, either dairy or creamery, requires healthy cows, good and judicious handling of the cows, feed and milk.

To kill the future of creameries have poor cows, poor milk, poor machinery, poor buildings, poor maker, poor butter, poor consumption, poor price.

As soon as the salt is dissolved, butter may be worked the second time in order to correct any streakiness which the first mixing of salt may have caused.

Cheerful active labor is a blessing. An old philosopher says: "The firefly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind; when once we rest, we darken."

Milk cans should be washed in cold or tepid water first, and then they are exposed to be aired. The addition of a little soda and borax to the hot water increase its cleansing properties.

It has taken the farmers forty years to be convinced of the advantage in co-operative dairying. How many years will it take them to be convinced of the advantage in extending this co-operation? How many years will it take them to see that they should co-operate to secure better dairy education, to secure better results from their present scattered co-operation in the shape of creameries and cheese factories?

If you intend to build up a dairy herd it will pay you to feed your young heifers something besides corn—give them some oats. You will reap the good of it in their progress as well as in churn.

Our own experience has been that heifers coming in at two or thereabouts, who were not fresh again for a year or more did as well as those which came in at three or thereabouts, and were fresh again inside of a year.

The importation of dairy breeds of cattle has been much better sustained in the last few years, than that of the beef breeds. Importations of all kinds have fallen off, but of the latter more largely than of the former.

In starting what might be called an ordinary dairy herd, one should begin with heifers or young cows of moderate size and good quality, with shapely bags, and on these should be put a well bred bull from a good milking strain.

Reports from England says that the harvest prospect are very gloomy. The barley crop is nearly ruined, having been almost entirely destroyed by the recent rain. In addition to this, much damage was done by the recent violent gale. The Kentish hop plantations are suffering particularly. The combined recent disasters have resulted in the most complete bruising of the crops to which they have ever been subjected. The destruction throughout the country was very great, but was most severe in Cumberland county. Reports from that locality describe the effects of the storm as very disastrous.

A New Departure.

The Colorado Midland is responsible for the most novel, and at the same time the most practical departure of the year's railway arrangements. This new departure comes in the form of a combination ticket, which is good for passage on all the regular trains of the line between Colorado Springs and Woodland Park, and allows the holder to stop at any of the hotels in the justly famous "Ute Pass." The fact is that all the hotels are in the Pass, and the visitor can, therefore, have a fine opportunity to see all there is to be seen in one of the most celebrated parts of the picturesque West.

The arrangement is so simple that anyone can understand it at a glance. The tourest buys a ticket at any of the offices of the Santa Fe or Midland roads, for as many days as he expects to be out, paying there for a fixed amount. This ticket entitles him to the best accommodations at the hotels between the points mentioned, for as long or as short a time as he desires to remain at any one of them. He is then entitled to travel to the next one he wishes to visit, without additional cost, as his ticket is good on the trains as often as he wishes to ride.

In this way he has the benefit of the lowest weekly or monthly rate, and can divide his time among the various resorts and pay no more—even less—than if he spent the whole time at a single place.

These tickets are made good for a week, or any number of days up to thirty, and children are given a reduced rate. It costs a man much less to travel in this way than it formally did, he has no anxiety about his expenses, for they are all paid in advance, and he knows to a dollar what his trip is going to cost him. For families it is a great comfort and convenience, for all the bustle and discomfort are done away with.

The Midland has put on three extra trains, which now make seven trains each way through the Pass every day. A person can travel through the Ute Pass almost every hour of the day or night, and the guests of the various resorts can pay each other friendly visits without any additional expense.

This plan will certainly prove the most popular of any yet introduced, and there is no reason why it should not be a great success.

Full information can be obtained from any agent of the Santa Fe system or Colorado Midland road, or by communicating with Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Colorado Midland Railway, Denver, Colo.

The Plow and Hammer: "An Honest Dollar" is the title of a sheet published by a company of designing millionaires for free distribution to poison the minds of the masses. In its last issue it quotes Cleveland and his secretary as opposed to the free coinage of silver, and in the same column quotes Harrison and his secretary as opposed to free coinage. As the free coinage of silver will hold a prominent place in the discussions before the people of Ohio this summer, it would be interesting to have these prominent party men speak to the masses from the same platform regarding this vital question. Possibly some of our Alliance men who are sticking to the old party might discover that there was no difference between the leaders who should drill in the same crowd.

* * *

The Gibbon Reporter: "Gentlemen go to work and make your farms productive and profitable. If then you need ready money your restored credit will enable you to borrow as cheaply as anybody. But let us hear no more about laws to enforce the highwayman's plea with the government."

The above extract is from the Philadelphia North American, of April 11. This is a leading Republican paper and a fair exponent of the plutocracy who are trying with might and main to destroy this nation. The reasonable demands of the suffering, toiling sweating millions of American citizens is met with a sneer, or with advice given in a lordly, dictatorial manner, as of superiors to inferiors. These men little realize how near the deluge is, and their ignorance and vanity is in all human probability destined to reap not only bloody recompense for themselves, but a harvest of woe for the whole country.

CHURCH WORK;
BY
LEADING CHURCHMEN.

The National Tribune, Washington, D. C., the Great National Weekly for the Home and Fireside, will shortly begin the publication of a highly interesting series of articles on the condition, development and prospects of the great Churches in this country, by the leading men of the great Churches. The articles and their contributors are:

Roman Catholic Church, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop John P. Newman.

Protestant Episcopal Church, Right Reverend Leighton Coleman, S, T. D., LL. D., Bishop of Delaware.

Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. H. M. McCracken, Chancellor of the University of the City of New York.

Unitarian Church, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the distinguished author.

Evangelical Lutheran Church, Prof. E. J. Wolff, of the Gettysburg Seminary.

Congregational Church, Rev, J. N. Whiton, of the Trinity Church, New York City.

Baptist Church, Robert S. McArthur, D. D., Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

The Jewish Synagog in America, Abram S. Isaacs, editor Jewish Messenger and Professor of Hebrew in University of City of New York.

Subscription price of paper $1 a year; three months, containing these articles, 25 cents. Address—The National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

RECEIVES A RATHER STARTLING INNOVATION.

Dogs With Gowns to Match Now the Prevailing Fad in Gay New York—A Neat Reception Dress—Other Fads.

New York Correspondence: The other day I was coming down Sixth avenue about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, just about the time when the big bazaars and millinery stores were crowded to overflowing with New York's brave array of the fair sex doing their weekly shopping.

From all sides the gay march might have been observed, the ladies and their maids coming and going in unending panorama, while ever and anon the shrill cry of "Cash!" mingling with the yet shriller tones of the hand-organ man on the corner conspired to make a charming picture of city life in the dull midsummer month of August.

But there is one striking feature of this daily panorama yet unmentioned, and that is the presence everywhere, accompanying these fair pedestrians, of dogs of all sorts, kinds and descriptions.

That they were ordinary animals I haven't the least doubt, but somehow it seemed to my unobserving masculine eyes, that the dogs were arranged and chosen by their proud patronesses with a view to a certain public effect, and the idea presently flashed upon me that the fair promenaders were on the eve of a new, strange and inexplicable fad as unique as it was unanticipated by anything in the present category of feminine freak and follies.

First of all I noticed a handsome lady, her arms filled with parcels, evidently fresh from some bargain counter.

She wore a plain white muslin dress, and appeared not to notice the envious looks of the other women, as their eyes ranged over the grandeur of her new hat. Beside the lady in white trotted a dainty white dog, with pink toes and nose, banged tail and a great white ribbon tied around its delicate neck.

Well, there was nothing marvelous about these circumstances, until—

Directly behind the lady in white, with the white dog, was a dear old grandma, in solemn dress of black, in memory of whole generations past, so it seemed. Following the grandma in deep black attire was a chubby, fat dog, also a black.

Surely, I mused, this is a strange coincidence.

After I passed the lady in white with a white dog and the lady in black with the black dog, my mind was made up for any sort of revelation. But I did not expect it so soon, nor with such full force, nor, may I add, with such stunning effect.

I had gone only one more block, when along came a dear, dainty summer girl, attired in a gown of some soft, clinging material, figured in large, black polka dots, hat and parasol to match.

There was no mistaking it this time. I was utterly thunderstruck. I wanted to rush up and inquire where she had managed to obtain a dog whose hide bore markings so nearly like her costume; also whether she had matched the dog by the dress or the dress by the dog; but before I could say a word she had tripped out of sight up the avenue.

Not more than a few minutes after the Summer girl and her polka-dot dog had vanished along came a thin, demure woman clad all in sombre gray. The feather in her hat stood bolt upright, likewise the tail of the dog she led so mournfully on a string. The woman was tall and thin, and

dresse in gray, while her pet canine was a perfect match in every respect, both as to color, weight and general air of sadness. It was certainly a angular combination.

My eyes were now wide open, and as I looked about me it seemed as if on every hand the women, by some strange and to me inexplicable selection, had managed to obtain a vivid degree of correspondence between the dog that trotted at their side and the color and markings of their gown. When the polka dot was large, the polka dot on the dog was equal in mathematical proportions; when the polka dot was small, that on the dog was the same. Not only was this true, but there was a harmony of colors otherwise that could not but excite marvel to the eyes of the admiring and helpless masculine mind.

Even the fat lady was in the fad. She appeared on the highway with a dog the very opposite in size, color and characteristics to that patronized by the thin lady.

The future development of this fad will naturally be looked for with great interest.

A Neat Reception Dress.

This reception dress is of mauve "crepe de laine" and mauve cashmere garnished with silver embroidery. The bodice crossed and draped in "crepe de laine" opens on to a "plastron" of richly embroidered cashmere, and is fixed on either side by a passementerie motive which forms "corselet" in the back, and traces the hips. Sleeves shirred on the shoulder, tight and trimmed with embroidery below the elbow. Skirt of plain cashmere ornamented at the foot with an embroidered motive, and covered on the sides by a flounce of kilted crape, which falls on the sides in cascade pleats and forms a flat-pleated train. This flounce is scalloped and ornamented by a very high silver embroidery.

A very novel hat is of leghorn with a peculiar garniture on the inside of the brim of rows of striped ribbon in cream, blue and brown, which is also used at the front and back in large loops.

Corn-yellow India muslins and French batiste dresses are garniture with white Irish point embroiderer and Spanish yellow and pink China silks and bengalines with Venetian lace flounces, berthas and Valois sleeves.

Some of the newest veils being worn at this moment are the clear Russian nets with the skeleton plush spots. Many people are giving up the unbecoming plan of wearing veils reaching to the chin, and have fallen back on the old one of letting them end just below the mouth.

Capes are a legion in length and style. They are sure to be full over the shoulders, long and with flared collars. The back may fit to the figure or hang loosely. A yoke effect is correct; so is the contrary. Feather trimmings are especially pretty on these wraps, and silk linings give the air of a well finished garment.

Graceful surplice waists of transparent toilets have the fullness from the shoulders prettily shaped into a pointed yoke by drawing ribbon through a casing made by facing an inch-wide strip from each armhole to a point still lower down on the edge in front. The ribbons meet at a point below the chest and are tied in a Marie Antoinette knot.

The present shapes will be retained as regards many of the fall hats, but there will undoubtedly be importations of the very small shapes, such as there is a great effort to bring in, and which have been seen on many stylish per-

sons, although their use is far from general, the taste seeming to run rather toward a moderately small toque, capote or plateau shape.

The New York Recorder is an able newspaper and all that, but it carries presumption too far when it informs its readers that a woman five feet three inches tall should weigh 130 pounds, and measure twenty-four inches around the waist, thirty-one inches around the chest, eight inches around the forearm and so on. There is a deal of nonsense about this perfect woman, says the Boston Globe. As well attempt to define a perfect rose or a perfect landscape. The woman of five feet three inches or any other height, is a model woman when she posseses a good constitution, keeps herself in health, and is satisfied with the figure nature gave her.

The masculine world is much indebted to the Chautauqua ladies, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press, for a great deal of valuable information imparted during the passing season. Among other things they have taken an invoice of the esoteric and invisible portion of woman's wardrobe, and give the grand total of such articles as fourteen, which they declare should be reduced to four.

They are particularly severe on the corset, but skeptical man will believe that article of apparel is going only when he discovers it is gone. They have a decided preference for drapery of the Greek design, but the chances are that about one seasons wear of that kind of toggery would result in pneumonia, followed by an immediate change of the mode.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

MANNER OF ABUSING CATTLE ON SHIP BOARD.

The Torture Very Injurious to the Quality of the Meat—Bad Treatment of Man and Beast—A Cruel Practice.

I saw many cattle treated in this manner on board the ship, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. The sides of the beasts were belabored with stones and repeatedly punched with forks until they were bloody. They were beaten in the face with hatchets. To make sick cattle get up, the tobacco trick was resorted to several times. This consists of pulling the lid of the eye back against the forehead and spitting tobacco juice into the eye of the beast. The nose, another tender spot, is also operated upon. Forks are jabbed into it and ropes tied around and twisted with a stick lever until the excruciating agony forces the brute to make the effort required of him, and get on his feet.

During this beating with hatchets the horns of the beast are often broken and shattered into splinters. Three bullocks died on the voyage that had been treated in this cruel manner. The 362 bullocks shipped were fat and sleek looking when driven aboard at Philadelphia. When they were unloaded from the ship at Deptford they were thin and emaciated, dirty and rough-coated, and, altogether, sorry-looking beasts. Handling cattle in this manner must be very injurious to the quality of their meat. One of the dead cattle was cut open by the boss cattleman, and found to be rotten within a few minutes after the life had left it. The cattle fared badly, but the men fared little better. We found the very first day that we were expected to do nearly all the work, and the most ordinary facilities for its performance were denied us. We were obliged to clean alleys and pens with our bare hands, and even warm water was refused us to remove from our hands the stain of cattle dung, &c., after our day's work was finished. A bucket of sea-water had, of course, little effect on our skins, save to render more acute the pain of the broken blisters.

We had usually for breakfast a kind of a hash, made mostly with potatoes, a few rotten onions and shreds of beef, which often stunk. The tea was of the weakest. Dinner was the most palatable meal we got—boiled beef and potatoes. We were given enough butterine at a time to serve our mess several meals, but having no clean, dry place to keep the supplies they got so dirty that they were useless. A small loaf of sour bread was given each man daily, but it was gone by supper time and we had to fall back on "hard tack," too hard to eat with any satisfaction. The "boss" cattlemen messed in the cabin. Throughout the entire voyage no notice was taken of us or of our treatment by the captain or ship's officers.

The work was very hard, and sometimes it was impossible for a green hand to do what he was ordered to do while a heavy sea was rolling. It was almost impossible for a landsman under such circumstances to safely carry a sack of corn weighing 150 pounds along the fore and aft bridge, but no excuse was accepted for a slip. We had to crawl over and dive under the unhappy cattle in the performance of our work, twisting their tails, prodding them with pitchforks and beating them into position. The slightest remonstrance entailed on us a similar punishment to that the poor brutes suffered.

One unfortunate man of less than average strength was provided with a truck to move some forage one day, he not being able to carry it as others did. On one of these trips from the hold the ship gave an unusually abrupt plunge. The man lost his balance, the truck was jerked from his hands and rolled over the hatch, nearly falling on the ship's carpenter, who was working below. One of the cattlemen caught hold of the man, shouting: "I told you the —— was unlucky. He'll kill somebody yet. Let's chuck the —— overboard." And I think he would have tried to do it if an officer had not cried to him, with a laugh, to let him alone.

The voyage took sixteen days, sixteen days of acute misery for us, working a free passage—sixteen days of utter torture for the unhappy cattle. We were not forced on the trip, although circumstances made it necessary. The cattle, poor brutes, were more helpless than we. For them, whenever I think or talk of that voyage, my warmest indignation against their masters and owners is aroused; each one we threw overboard I looked on as the victim of murderous brutality; every ounce of flesh they lost, every drop of blood that ran from their wounds, I have no doubt is charged against the account their tyrants shall have to settle.

I was ragged, unwashed, foul myself, when I left that ship behind an object for disgust and pity, but these poor, scrawny, ill-kempt brutes, whose wholesome flesh was discolored and rotting on their yet living bones—no amount of soap and water would help them. I hope speedily to see the day when this horrible mode of shipping dumb animals is dispensed with.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.

Editors Accuse Each Other of Black Mail and Are Unpopular.

Although country editors are nearly always poor, there are plenty of persons who believe that half the paragraphs in a country newspaper are paid for with enormous bribes. There are always two sides to every question, and whichever side an editor falls on, the partizans of the other accuse him of being "bought." It is little wonder, therefore, that the editor is seldom a popular man; I never knew one who was, and I never knew one who was not often accused unjustly. Probably the people believe in bribes to editors because it is a very rare editor who does not accuse his opponent of being a bribe-taker, creating a prejudice against themselves and their calling. Lazy and incompetent editors nearly always explain the success of their more vigorous opponents by declaring that they carry on a system of black-mail. I once visited a large city the newspapers of which I had long admired almost with reverence, and I was surprised to hear a citizen say that what the city really needed was better papers; they would bring "eastern capital." Every citizen of a country town wants his locality "boomed," to the end that he may sell his fifty-dollar lot for five hundred; he can appreciate how a really good paper might aid him in this, and because his lot does not advance in value as he thinks it should, he has a grievance against the editor. He longs for an editor with some "snap" in him. I don't know what "snap" means, but I know this is the quality usually thought to be lacking. There are more great men in every country town than really exist in the nation, and if they are not recognized, the local papers are of no account. I was once bothered a good deal by a certain man who said he could clean more chickens in an hour than any other chicken-cleaner in the world and he wanted the fact mentioned. Men who are never suspected of greatness by other people accuse themselves of it to the editors, and when they refuse to mention this greatness, they are told that their columns contain a great deal of stuff not half so interesting. It has occurred to me that when a citizen of a country town becomes drunk, the first thing he does is to hunt up the editor to tell him what is the matter with the community.

James Russell Lowell—In Memoriam.

From purest wells of English undefiled
None deeper drank than he, the New World's child
Who, in the language of their farm-fields, spoke
The wit and wisdom of New England folk,
Shaming a monstrous wrong; the world-wide laugh
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half
The walls of slavery down ere yet the ball
And mine of battle overthrew them all.
—John G. Whittier.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Two-thirds of the applicants for admission to West Point and Annapolis, according to Dr. Cheeseman, of Chicago, are rejected because of the cigarette habit and its results.

One person in every 262 in the United States is insane. The proportion of insane to sane persons is smallest in the rural districts of England, where the average is one in about 800.

The history of the world in Arabic is being written by Mahmond Fehmy Pasha, a companion of Arabi in exile in Ceylon. He hopes to finish it in a year. It will be in five large volumes.

The most extensive camphor-raiser in Formosa, the beautiful island where that precious gum is grown in large quantities, is named Butler and is generally called in the East the "Camphor Count."

At the plant of the Pittsburg Reduction company, where this output of aluminum is about five hundred pounds a day of twenty-four hours the electrical machinery was recently run continuously for four months.

The injections of bromide of gold which moneyed women take hypodermically for nervous prostration are very fashionable and said to be effectual. Each dose contains ten cents worth of pure gold and costs the patient $1.

Dr. George H. Cramer, who has been exploring the Mexican State of Tobasco, reports the discovery of a district in which intoxicating beverages can be made in six hours, at a cost of about ten cents a gallon, from palm juice.

The story told years ago of the discovery of an ancient ship in the sands of the Great American desert is now revived, with the addition that it is afloat on the waters of the new inland sea forming there from an irruption of the Colorado river.

The latest invention to attract the attention and approval of railroad men is the cushion car wheel. It is composed of two parts—the center and the tire—while between the two is a thick rubber band which acts as a cushion to absorb all the vibrations.

It is a fact not generally known that there are more high peaks in the Rocky Mountains and in the Sierra Nevada range by a proportion of twenty to one than there are in the Alps. There are at least fifty peaks in this country that are within 500 feet of an altitude of 14,000 feet.

The first bridge that was ever built, the arches of which were made of iron, was called "Ironbridge," and it was erected in 1779. It spans a little river in the county of Salop on the railroad line from Shrewsbury to Worcester, in England. At the present day the structure is surrounded by a thriving little village, which took its name from the bridge.

GENERAL BOOTH'S ARMY.

The Great Crusade of the Salvation Soldiers in Sinful London.

Never since Peter the Hermit roused the souls of all christendom and men went marching to the holy land, and thousands lost their lives in the vain effort to rescue it from the infidel—never since then has there been such an awakening and quickening of christian zeal as these Salvationists have accomplished. When preaching and praying, when singing and marching, when blowing their instruments, beating their drums and waving their flags, their faces glow with a glorified faith; the ecstasy of their souls shines from their countenances; their eyes look forward as if they were marching on straight to paradise and saw the wide-open gates and angels beckoning on. It is wonderful how unanimous is this fervor. Over sixty-two thousand five hundred and fifty Salvationists were assembled in Crystal Palace. These were only delegates from the armies, or squads of armies, over the kingdom. The most perfect order prevailed; no confusion, not a cross word, not an oath, not the faintest odor of tobacco, not a drop of any sort of alcoholic drink and not a policeman was seen. The army is as perfectly drilled and as obedient to orders as Queen Vic's. Moreover, it has stolen the scarlet uniform of Vic's soldiers. Every man soldier of Booth's army wears a scarlet jersey jacket, across the breast of which is printed, in gilt letters, "Salvation Army;" on the blue cap is a band, and on the band "Salvation Army," in gilt letters. When an officer shouts: "Fire a volley!" from every throat, man's and woman's, comes the answering shout: "Hallelujah!" "Hallelujah!" and the volley is fired. These men and women are training themselves for martyrdom. They say they are to go through an awful persecution from the powers that be, but did not explain to me what form they thought the persecution will take. The army is large; its officers are 10,000 men and women. Col. Lucy Booth and Capt. Eva, the general's daughters, are both handsome young women, with bright, intelligent faces. Booth himself is a notable-looking man, with tall, spare form, fine face and large features of rather Roman cast. When I heard him address that vast audience, certainly the largest I ever saw, it was a grand sight. I could understand how he had acquired such power over so many human hearts. When speaking he throws not only mind and heart, but his very soul into word and action. At 1 p. m. "The Battle of Song" took place, certainly the most wonderful sight and sound imaginable. There were 5,000 instruments, besides the grand organ and 30,000 voices. The grand hall was filled to the dome, the coloring brilliant, white, red, gold, and 10,000 small flags of every hue waved. It may not have been scientific music, but it was immense, tremendous, grand, and the whole scene beautiful beyond description.

Not the least wonderful feature of this Salvation show was a gallery called "Darkest England." Here was a dram-shop, a pawn-shop, a court of justice, a prison, a tread-mill, &c. We saw the men in the dram-shops, in the pawn-shops, the ragged, wretched women and children; saw them tried, condemned, sent to prison, picking oakum, walking the tread-mill, &c. At 5 p. m. 30,000 men and women soldiers, brass bands and all, marched in military order before Gen. Booth. As they passed every soldier shouted and cheered with a will, and the papapers of the day gave all this the briefest mention, some no mention at all. Yet, to my thinking, it is the rumbling of a storm which will rouse England some day.—A London Letter.

An Oddity in Painting.

The provincial cities of France are just now being entertained by a remarkable artist, one who displays wonderful skill in her own peculiar style of painting. With plates of various colored sand before her, she takes the sand in her right hand and causes it to fall in beautiful designs upon a table. A bunch of grapes is deftly pictured with violet sand, a leaf with green sand and relief and shadows with sand of the colors to suit. When this has been admired by those artistically inclined, it is brushed away and is soon replaced by a bouquet of roses or some other object, all done with great dexterity. Even the finest lines are drawn with streams of sand, all as distinct as though made with an artist's brush.—St. Louis Republic.

Another Beautiful Statue.

Milo, the island of the Cyclades in which the famous "Venus of Milo" was discovered, has again been the scene of the unearthing of a splendid example of ancient Hellenic art. The new "find" is the marble statue of a boxer, somewhat above life-size, which is almost as perfect after its burial under the dust of centuries as it was when it came fresh from the hands of the sculptor. This statue has been shipped to Athens, where a commission of Greek archæologists, aided by some members of the German archæological institute in Athens, will report upon the period of its origin and its probable creator.

ONE WOMAN.

Let the curtain fall
Over her pall—
That is all.

She had no glorious name;
Hers was the humbler fame
To live in solitude,
Unwrit, and there do good,
As women do
Whose lives are true,
Whose hearts are wrung,
Whose nerves unstrung,
Who suffered every ill
And yet are still.

She watched the years
With her tears;
Her hands were ever stretched
to bless
Some one in greater wretched-
ness,
If such there were. She did not ask;
She only knew her task
And did it; not as any man—
Only as God and woman can.

Let the curtain fall
Over her pall—
That is all.

A FAIR HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Thirty years ago Philadelphia was not so densely populated with people and long rows of dwellings as we find to-day. Away to the north and west some houses were scattered here and there, but the parent city had not even signified its intention of stretching out its arms toward the little outlying suburbs, which now seem "part and parcel" of its motherhood.

In one of these little villages, easily reached by an 1891 cycler, the principal architectual feature was the small Episcopal Church, just lofty enough to allow its tiny spire to emerge from the clump of surrounding trees. Near by was the rectory, a spacious house of quiet brown, with old-fashioned windows, having altogether a decided air of restful content, which was certainly suited to at least one of its occupants, namely, the Rev. Frank Seymour, the rector himself.

Please notice that I am careful to say one, for, in truth, the principal member, in reality, if not in name, was "Miss Molly," or, more properly, Mary Wilhelmina Smith Seymour, which rather ugly name for a rather pretty girl was the legacy (with a couple of hundred a year) of an old spinster aunt to a somewhat ungrateful namesake.

"For," to quote the old housekeeper, "although Miss Molly was the minister's child, and a great, big girl of 18, when she done up her hair, she ought to have put away childish things, as the Good Book says, and begin to settle down."

But she didn't. She would turn up her skirts and run as fast as any village boy, and beat him too. She could get as many tears in her dress as any girl of 8. As to love, why she turned up her dainty nose at the idea of a "grande passion" with all the natural contempt of a girl of 18. "Like to see the man that was good enough for me to marry!" with a shrug that ended in a scornful laugh.

But "he laughs best who laughs last."

"Humpty dumpty sat on the wall;
Humpty dumpty had a great fall!"

a clear voice sang out on the lazy air at the top of its fresh youthful tones.

Perched on the top of the old gray wall that bounded the rectory garden on the south, dividing it from a small footpath which led into the village road beyond, sat "Miss Molly." To be sure the little path was used almost solely by the rectory folks themselves. This would not have made much difference to a young lady of independent habits, however. To sit day dreaming on top of that old gray wall, just within reach of the golden fruit of a time-honored peach tree, ah, this is Paradise!

And its Eve is a pretty one, too. The sun tries to peep in between the leaves, and lights up all her golden, fluffy hair, like an auriole. A summer breeze tans her cheeks, nut-brown from the kiss of wind and weather. Her big, brown eyes light up with good-natured, youthful appreciation, as she makes sundry vicious little bites into a rosy cheeked peach and sings the while:

"Humpty dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty dumpty had a great fall."

But alas! Miss Molly had miscalculated her security, and, instead of sitting on the old wall, half way between earth and sky, she finds herself in a more humble position on the lap of mother earth, with the blue skies staring at her farther off. She is on the wrong side of the wall, too, sitting in the middle of the foot path, and conscious of ominous little spasms of pain in her right foot every time she attempts to move.

"Of course, nobody will ever come along this old road, and, like as not, if I do scream they'll think I'm only shamming, like the last time that caterpillar got down my back, and they'll never think of looking for me! Oh, dear me," and here she heaves a doleful sigh.

The unexpected always turns up. Down that very little path comes the sound of a manly whistle and the tramp of approaching feet. On, onward they come, and their owner turns the corner of the wall, to find a lady young and pretty, too, sitting right in the middle of the road!

Poor, unlucky Miss Molly grows red with mortification, and essays to rise; but a faint cry of pain will force itself through the quivering lips, in spite of her heroic attempt at bravery.

"Pardon me," and Paul Hendricks is by her side immediately. "May I assist you? I am on my road to the rectory. I suppose that brown house there is it. If I can help you I shall be pleased to do so."

He is surprised to see a small brown hand stretched out and its owner say, "I am Molly Seymour, the rector's daughter. I suppose you are the son of papa's old friend."

"Paul Hendricks," the young man replies.

It is certainly a novel introduction there in the unused path. At the best to be found sitting in the middle of a dusty road and with a sprained ankle does not show one off to the best advantage, but still in this case it served to promote a feeling of good fellowship between the two, and finally, with the help of a strong arm, Molly is able to reach the rectory.

Four weeks have glided by. The old rector, with a weak attempt at entertaining his young guest, resigns him to his daughter saying: "Molly will take care of you and show you around. You'll get along all right together, now that you are a little acquainted." Then the old man goes back to his dusty books.

Solitary walks and talks in the old woods, and various fishing expeditions to the little brook, develop acquaintanceship, especially when Paul, at the same time that he taught Miss Molly the names and habits of various plants and flowers, managed to teach her another lesson, and, with the fish, was certainly attempting to catch better and worthier game.

By the gray wall, the old [illegible] on which hangs a few solitary [illegible]en balls, stretches its sheltering arms over the same Miss Molly. Did I say the same? Perhaps, and yet no! The old housekeeper says Miss Molly is not quite so chipper like, but thinks, as her old eyes follow her "lamb," there is not a sweeter nor bonnier maid than Miss Molly.

A pair of younger eyes, handsome, dark, tender eyes, are looking lovingly at the slim young figure and golden head of the young girl, lost in a day dream. The soft green grass dulls the sound of coming footsteps, and it is not until his shadow falls across the sward that Molly looks up and blushes guiltily through the clear, healthy brown, betraying at least the prince in her day dream.

But why is it that her eyes shine so starry? and why is it that when Paul sees them glittering like two flowers wet with dew he says not a word, but just gathers "Miss Molly" close to his heart there under the old peach tree, which tosses its gnarled branches contentedly to and fro, while the old gray wall says never a word?

They have been married these many years, and the silver threads are beginning to show in Molly's hair. They live in Philadelphia proper now; perhaps some of my readers may guess their identity. A youthful Molly and Paul are growing up among the brick houses of the Quaker City, away from the green of country grass and the scent of the old-fashioned flowers. But they both know the story of "Humpty Dumpty" on the gray wall, where the golden fruit ripened on the old peach tree, but they do not exactly understand whether they are to believe their mother when she says:

"Their father need not think she was crying that day because he was going away," or their father when he retorts:

"What could I do when your mother literally threw herself at my feet."—Phila. Times.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF EVIL.

The Immense Results of Crime in One Family in New York.

In his curious study of the "Physiology of Evil," Dr. B. W. Richardson declares that the man of science finds two natural causes of evil in mankind—hereditary and early environment. The operation of these causes is made conspicuous in a novel investigation carried out by Professor Dugdale of New York, who has been able to trace one criminal family back to the time of the settlement of its first members in America. He has found that from this parent stock has sprung 1,200 descendants, The lives of 709 of these have been closely followed by Prof. Dugdale, the results of the investigation showing that not one of the 709 had escaped the contamination of evil or its consequences. His researches also show that the crimes of this one family have, during the last seventy-five years, cost the state of New York $1,200,000. Those who are born bad, however, are not always incurable. Mr. Isaac Ashe, president of the Central Criminal Asylum. Dublin, Ireland, has suggested that inherited tendencies to crime can be treated in the young by teaching useful occupations, which will call into play the faculties exercised in criminal acts. Thus, the child of a clever forger may be educated into an honest draughtsman; so may the children of several generations of pickpockets be taught clever handiwork, such as watch-making or other work requiring fingers unusually deft in their movements.—St. Louis Republic.

THEY LIVE ON CARBON.

A NEW THEORY CONCERNING THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

Trees and Plants Grow Out of the Air, Not Out of the Ground—Many Plants Need No Roots, All Have Leaves.

Take an ordinary soda water siphon, with or without a wineglassful of brandy, and empty it till only a few drops remain in the bottom. Then the bottle is full of gas, and that gas, which will rush out with a spurt when you press the knob, is the stuff that plants eat—the raw material of life, both animal and vegetable, says a writer in the Cornhill Magazine. The tree grows and lives by taking in the carbonic acid from the air and solidifying its carbon; the animal grows and lives by taking the solidifying carbon from the plant and converting it once more into carbonic acid. That, in its ideally simple form, is the Iliad in a nutshell, the core and kernel of biology. First the plant collects its carbon compounds from the air in the oxidized state; it deoxidizes and rebuilds them and then the animal proceeds to burn them up by slow combustion within his own body, and to turn them fourth upon the air, once more oxidized. After which the plant starts again on the same road as before, and the animal also recommences deacapo. And so on ad infinitum.

But the point which I want particularly to emphasize here is just this: That trees and plants don't grow out of the ground at all, as most people do vainly talk, but directly out of the air, and that when they die or get consumed they return once more to the atmosphere from which they were taken.

Of course, therefore, all the ordinary unscientific conceptions of how plants feed are absolutely erroneous. Vegetable physiology, indeed, got beyond those conceptions a good hundred years ago. But it usually takes 100 years for the world at large to make up its leeway. Trees don't suck up their nutriment by the roots; they don't derive their food from the soil: they don't need to be fed, like babies, through a tube, with terrestrial solids. The solitary instance of an orchid hung up by a string in a conservatory on a piece of bark ought to be sufficient at once to dispel forever this strange illusion—if people ever thought;but of course they don't think—I mean other people. The true mouths and stomachs of plants are not to be found in the roots, but in the green leaves; their true food is not sucked up from the soil, but is inhaled through tiny channels from the air; the mass of their material is carbon, as we can all see visibly to the naked eye when a log of wood is reduced to charcoal, and that carbon the leaves themselves drink in, by a thousand small green mouths, from the atmosphere around them.

But how about the juice, the sap, the qualities of the soil, the manure required? is the incredulous cry of other people. What is the use of the roots, and especially of the rootlets, if they are not the mouths and supply tubes of the plants? Well, I plainly perceive I can get "no forrader," like the farmer with his claret, till I've answered that question, provisionally at least; so I will say here at once, without further ado—the plant requires drink as well as food, and the roots are the mouths that supply it with water. They also suck up a few other things as well, which are necessary indeed, but far from forming the bulk of the nutriment. Many plants, however, don't need any roots at all, while none can get on without mouths and stomachs. That is to say, no true plant like plants, for some parasite plants are practically, to all intents and purposes, animals. To put it briefly, every plant has one set of aerial mouths to suck in carbon, and many plants have another set of subterranean mouths as well, to suck up water and mineral constituents.

Traveling After Letters.

"All English people," says an old traveler, "are fretful about their letters. I remember of meeting a party of English people in Buffalo, and I asked them if they were going to visit Niagara Falls. 'Oh, I wish I could, my dear fellow, but it is impossible.' 'Why?' I inquired. 'Oh, I cahn't, my deah fellow; I cahn't. Why, my mail is in Chicago and I have to get it.' I met the same party in Denver. They were begged to see Manitou and other pretty spots, but there was the same excuse. Their letters were in Salt Lake. They cut short their visit in that city because there were letters awaiting them in San Francisco. The same bugbear pursued them there. In fact, to my thinking the entire pleasure of that trip was spoiled by those horrible letters."

A Use for the Soudan.

At last a use has been found for the Soudan. It seems that, in addition to unlimited quantities of sand, the country produces numberless quails, which are imported to London via Egypt, and ultimately find their way to English tables. Never before have so many quails been sold in the metropolitan markets at this season, and never within the memory of dealers has their price been so low. Consumers have the Soudan to thank for it. The quail of the desert is also put to another use. It is exceptionally rapid in flight and strong on the wing, and is beginning to be much used in shooting matches. Quails for this purpose are carefully brought over alive, and give, it is said, excellent sport.

RAIN SUPERSTITIONS.

Various Ways Which Moisture is Coaxed From the Clouds.

In the Caucasian province of Georgia, when a drouth has lasted long, marriageable girls are yoked in couples with an ox-yoke on their shoulders, a priest holds the reins, and thus harnessed they wade through rivers, puddles and marshes, praying, screaming, weeping and laughing.

In a district of Transylvania, says Golden Bough, when the ground is parched with drouth, some girls strip themselves naked, and, led by an older woman, who is also naked, they steal a harrow and carry it across the field to a brook, where they set it afloat. Next they sit on the harrow and keep a tiny flame burning on each corner of it for an hour. Then they leave the harrow in the water and go home.

A similar rain charm is resorted to in India; naked women drag a plow across the field by night. It is not said that they plunge the plow into a stream or sprinkle it with water. But the charm would hardly be complete without it. Sometimes the charm works through an animal.

To procure rain the Peruvians used to set a black sheep in a field, pour chica over it and give it nothing to eat till rain fell.

In the district of Sumatra all the women of the village, scantily clad, go to the river, wade into it and splash each other with water. A black cat is thrown into the water and made to swim about for a while, then allowed to escape to the bank, pursued by the splashing of the women. In these cases the color of the animal is part of the charm; being black it will darken the sky with rain clouds. So the Bechuanas burn the stomach of an ox at evening, because, they say, "the black smoke will gather the clouds and cause the rain to come." The Timores sacrifice a black pig for rain, a white or red one for sunshine. The Garos offer a black goat on the top of a very high mountain in time of drouth.

Sometimes the people try to coerce the rain god into giving rain. In China a huge dragon made of paper or wood, representing the rain god, is carried about in procession; but if no rain follows, it is cursed and torn in pieces. In the like circumstances the Feloupes of Senegambia throw down their fetiches and drag them about the fields, cursing them till rain falls. Some Indians of the Orinoco worshipped toads and kept them in vessels in order to obtain from them rain or sunshine as might be required; when their prayers were not answered they beat the toads. Killing a frog is a European rain charm. When the spirits withhold rain or sunshine, the Comanches whip a slave; if the gods prove obstinate, the victim is almost flayed alive. Here the human being may represent the god, like the leafclad Dodola.

YAWLS AND SHARPIES.

They Are Much More Safe than Catboats and Sloops.

The centerboard sloop is by most thought the fastest kind of yacht; and very many successful racers, from the big "Volunteer" to the little twenty-footer winners in yacht-club regattas, have no doubt been sloops. But the sloop-rig is not by any means the safest and handiest for comfortable cruising. The yawl and sharpie are much safer and handier than the catboat and sloop.

The yawl has an extra sail set at the stern. This is called a "driver," "jigger," or "dandy"; and it is a veritable friend in need at all times, requiring no care, and being always ready to save you from a capsize and to help you in every manœuver. Its position is such that it always tends to luff the boat. If a squall strikes a yawl, she may right herself because of the pressure on this little driver; if a severe blow comes on, you can sail in safety with jib and driver alone, the mainsail being furled; in fact the yawl, with her mainsail down, is perfectly manageable, and as safe as safe can be. No reefing is necessary; just lower the mainsail, and your yawl is "reefed" at once for the worst kind of weather. There is always plenty of driving-sail behind, and with the jib in front to balance this your boat is under full control. No sloop or catboat possesses such attributes of handiness and safety.—St. Nicholas.

Historical Reminiscences.

A Boston man was pricing an old sofa in an auction room.

"This sofa," said the auctioneer, "came over on the Mayflower, and is full of historical reminiscences."

"Yes, pa, there is one now crawling up the back of the sofa," observed the would-be purchaser's little boy.

"Yes, it seems to be alive with historical reminiscences," remarked the gentleman, punching the corner of the sofa with his cane."—Texas Siftings.

A MISDIRECTED LETTER.

A Lesson in Kindness from an Unexpected Direction.

The wind was blowing through the streets with the fierceness of March, though the calendar said it was April. A timid, uncertain ring brought a member of the household to the door, who found standing on the step an old woman. Her dress gave every evidence of self-respecting poverty. Her face was wrinkled, but as though kindly smiles and sympathetic tears had been the tools used by Father Time to etch her life history thereon.

"Duze a lady named —— live here?" The name was so mispronounced that it was asked again, and then hurriedly followed the reason of the call: "She did not send this letter to the right place, to be shure! This place is a coal yard—shure, nobody lives at a coal yard." she interjected, seemingly astonished that the location of the coal yard was not known. "This letther," she continued holding out a letter the listener recognized as having mailed the evening before, "the posthman gave me to-day. Sometimes I resave a letther—not often, sure—and he knew this was me name, though I live at 52, and this is 122, and I tore it open, never looking, and when I read it, and it was to a milliner to come and make a hat, sez I to meself, 'Shure, this is Friday, now, and the lady will be disappointed, she wantin' her hat for Sunday; and I'll jist go over and tell her, as sae didn't know how to direct the letther, and then I thought maybe'—and here an appealing look came into the kindly face and an entreating tone in the voice—'I was afeared that some gurl, who would be glad of the work, would lose it, bekase the lady thought as how she didn't attind to her business; and ye know she couldn't. Shure, if she didn't git yer letther.'"

The listener stood dumb. A walk of over a mile in that raw, fierce wind, to benefit two people whom she had never seen?

"You are very kind," began the listener.

"Shure, what else are we here for but kindness? 'Deed it might make a great difference all round; for if the gurl got this work, she might get more, and ye might not be so happy if ye did not hav yer hat. I've seen a time I cared; it don't matter now I'm old. I've got nothin' to do now but the little things; me stren'th is gone, but not me heart, thank God! That's where it ever was. D'ye think you can find the gurl, and give her the work? Shure, I'd be glad to hunt for her; I've lived on that street thirty years. Could I find her for ye, d'ye think? She'd have time to make it to-morry, Saturday, and then ye'd both be happy." And the kindly face was full of hope and interest.

And only the day before the world seemed so inhuman, so indifferent whether a brother stood firm or fell by the wayside! The kindly, shabby figure went down the street, never dreaming of the lesson she had taught.

Concealed Weapons.

They were sitting on a truck cart in Cadillac Square, discussing points in colored etiquette.

"You ain' no cullud gemman," said one. "You's dis a plain common nigger."

"Huh! Who say dat!" growled the other.

"I does."

"Whaffur?"

"'Cause you hain' got no razzor 'bout yo' pusson, you hain'."

"Has you?" inquired the other with eager curiosity, forgetting his own insult.

"Deed I has."

The other man got up.

"Wha' you gwine?" asked his companion.

"Da's all right whar I'se gwine. Don't you worry about whar I'se gwine. I'se gwine see dat police on de corner an' ax him ef he got mo' use fer a cullud gemman, er fer a plain, common nigger. You dis wait till I gits back."

But the "cullud gemman" didn't wait.—Detroit Free Press.

A Watch of Quartz.

The manager of a Chicago watch factory has a unique timepiece which has a case of transparent quartz.

The watch is not very large, is a stem-winder, and is said to be an excellent timekeeper.

The works are built into the crystal case and to set the ewels in the hard quartz required considerable ingenuity. The holes were first accurately bored, and then the crystal was held over a flame so as to enlarge the holes with the expansive power of the heat. While in this condition the jewel was dropped into its place, and on the quartz cooling was firmly fixed.

The whole watch is transparent and shows the action of the running-gear. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Great Undertaking.

The canal which is to connect Manchester, England, with the sea is one of the greatest undertakings of modern times. Its total length will be thirty-three and one-half miles. It will be twenty-six feet deep, 120 feet wide at the bottom and 230 feet wide at the top. It is about three-fourths completed and will cost about $45,000,000.

ADVENTURE WITH BRUIN.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN THE KENTUCKY WILDS.

A WOMAN'S RACE FOR DEAR LIFE.

How Callie McGee Outwitted a Ferocious Black Bear by Feeding it Her Clothing—A Ball from a Farmer's Rifle Wins Her a Prize.

BONNIE CALLIE McGee of America, Ky., had an experience a few days ago that she will not forget, and in which she showed rare courage and presence of mind in the face of the greatest danger. America is a small hamlet situated in Lee county, in the Wilds of Eastern Kentucky, and consists of two dwelling houses, a country store, and a post-office. For the past month Miss Callie has been teaching school in the "Bear Creek" district, which lies on the waters of Bear Creek. In going to and returning from school each week she is obliged to pass over Bear Valley Mountain—so called by the early settlers on account of the great number of bears that formerly made it a resting place in their migrations from the Chimney Mountains to the Cumberland. For several years past, however, no bears have been seen, and the inhabitants have long since ceased to apprehend any danger from these animals. On Saturday, Aug. 22, Miss Callie started for her home for the purpose of passing the Sabbath with her mother. She was accompanied by her little niece, who is only 3 years old. The road between Bear Creek Valley and America is lonely, even for a mountain road, and from the base of the mountain on the one side to the foot on the other, a distance of three miles there are no signs of human habitation. While slowly climbing the mountain, on the further side from America, the child trampled upon a sharp thorn and screamed in agony.

While Miss Callie was trying to pacify her she was suddenly startled by a rustling of the bushes at one side of the road, and upon looking around discovered a large black bear stepping slowly and cautiously into the road about forty yards in her rear.

For a moment Miss McGee stood gazing at the bear, too terrified to seek safety. Then, catching up the child in her arms, she fled rapidly to the steep mountain side. Casting a terrified glance back over her shoulder, she was appalled to see the bear break into a lumbering gallop and start in pursuit. The child, frightened at the unusual actions of her aunt, was screaming at the top of her voice, and the bear apparently redoubled his efforts to catch them. Panting and gasping for breath she at length reached the top of the mountain, almost exhausted, and upon looking back discovered the bear still in pursuit and rapidly decreasing the distance between them, being now scarcely twenty yards behind. Occasionally the bear gave an angry snort, as if enraged at being balked of his intended prey. His heavy, labored breathing was now distinctly audible to her ear, and she realized that her strength was failing and that it was impossible for her to continue her present pace much longer. Clasping the child still more closely to her bosom, she made one more desperate effort to outfoot her pursuer. While continuing her flight the child's hat, with its gay ribbons and flowers, became accidentally disarranged and fell to the ground. After running one hundred yards or more Miss McGee ventured to look back again, and her relief may be imagined when she saw the bear biting and tearing at the hat lying on the road.

Miss McGee says that at sight of this she instantly recovered presence of mind, and cooly began to calculate on her chances for escape and her best method of procedure. She knew that the nearest house in which she could seek safety was nearly two and a half miles distant, and the chances of meeting any one able to assist her on that lonely mountain road were very few. She knew that she could not keep up

Biting & Tearing at the Hat.

her present rate of speed much longer, so she moderated her gait, although she still made good time.

She had gained, perhaps, 200 yards on the bear, when, upon looking around, she discovered him again starting in pursuit having succeeded in demolishing the hat. She now rapidly proceeded to divest the child of its sack, and threw it down in the road. Upon reaching the spot in the road where the garment was lying the bear again stopped and proceeded to destroy it before continuing his pursuit. Miss McGee made good use of the time lost by the bear, and when he again started in pursuit she was a good distance ahead. As he again neared her she threw the child's dress down into the road and again the attention of the bear was attracted and a few precious moments gained she continued this method. Cool and waiting each time until the bear had nearly overtaken her then dropping some article of wearing a parel until the child was entirely divested of clothing, then she began upon herself. She was already within less than a mile of a dwelling, and began to feel confident of her ability to delay the animal until she reached it.

Her gloves were first sacrificed, and gained a few moments' respite from pursuit. Her hat went next, then basque, and last of all her dress skirt. The latter succeeded in holding the attention of the bear until she reached the house of Mr. John Miller, and was once more in safety, although almost destitute of clothing.

The bear, attracted by the squealing of some pigs in a pen near the road made no effort to effect an entrance in the house, but left the road and went to the pen for the purpose of securing a pork dinner. Mr. Miller was not at home, and the bear's chances for securing a young porker seemed to be good, when Miss McGee took down a Winchester that was above the door, and, despite the entreaties of Mrs. Miller the plucky teacher proceeded to the pen. As the bear saw her approaching he reared upon his hind legs and stood ready for the fight. Miss Callie quickly brought her rifle into position and fired, the ball passing through the animal's heart, and he fell dead. He proved to be a "whopper," and tipped the beam at 287½ pounds.

Miss McGee is naturally somewhat proud of her achievement, and all in the mountains are proud of her, and are talking of presenting her with a rifle as a slight token of their appreciation of the coolness and courage she displayed under circumstances which were sufficient to shake the nerves of the boldest of men.

THE FARMER'S CALLING.

It Is Noble and Should Command Respect From Legislators.

In view of the magnitude of your calling, what thoughts should enter the minds of your legislators? What attention should they give to your requests? asks John Smith in the Journal of Agriculture. Whose servants are they, and whom have they obeyed? Echo answers, Wall street! Wall street!! Where are the good shepherds? They are not to be found; they have fleeced the flock and fled to the mountains, and were it not for the Alliance, and other farmers' organizations, in vain would we hope for anything better.

This organization is perfecting itself, and preparing for the great conflict which is going on between the oppressed and the oppressor. In its onward march it asks for nothing more than justice. At first it was thought by many that the Alliance was too small, to insignificant to attract attention; but to-day it is recognized as a power in the land; yea the Alliance power shall be more surely felt by the priests and levites of our nation. The uppermost seats in the synagogues of our land shall be filled with another people unless the tillers of the soil shall have a voice in all matters of law-making; and nothing else will do the royal nabobs of our country. A long caravan of agriculturists may be seen marching toward Washington to cleanse the White house of putrifaction, and to administer wholesome meats and drinks to its inmates. We are on the war-path; we mean business; we will no longer listen to the hoot of the owl or the bark of the wolf, for the voice of the politician is now known; his soft words and fair speeches are omens of no good; we know that he, in no case, is worthy of trust. We must look in our own ranks for men of honor, men of integrity and men of trust, and not to political demagogues, as we have, in a great measure, formely done. In our ranks are to be found men of true grit, tried nerve, and not easily made afraid. As to natural gifts, the farmers will rank with any other class; and the Alliance is the proper place to fit them for any station in life. Then why should we look to another class of people for persons to fill positions of honor and sacred trust? Or to direct the affairs of the nation and guide the old ship of state? When the proper influence is brought to bear, health, wealth, and a sound mind will plow through the channels of agriculturel, while cheat, fraud and bigotry have no place within our borders. She is heaven-born, God-given. The fiat has gone forth that "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Then, brother farmers, awake to a sense of your duty! Gird on the whole armor, quit you like men. Come to the front and take the lead; elevate the standard of agriculture by educating your sons and daughters, and fitting them for every event in life. Now let no one look down upon the farm with any degree of shame, but rather let all rejoice that their lot was cast among the sons of toil.

Our own experience has been that heifers coming in at two or thereabouts, who were not fresh again for a year or more did as well as those which came in at three or thereabouts, and were fresh again inside of a year.

FROM AFRICA'S WILDS.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE BLACK GIRL.

HOW ONE MAN'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

Paul Crampel's Child Bride—The French Explorer Saves His Life by Seeking a Wife Among the Savages.

THE NEWS OF Paul Crampel's death reached Paris recently. He was a young man of but twenty-seven years of age whose travels and explorations in Africa gained for him quite a name. One of his closest friends was M. Alis, the eminent geographer and writer, who has just published a book entitled "The Conquest of Tchad," in which he details some of the young man's thrilling adventures in African wilds. In August, 1888, Crampel started from Lestourville, bound for Ogooni, and in October he saw signs of hostility among the blacks. He was surrounded by the armed populace of the village, who demanded to know his mission among them.

"My friends," he said blandly to the chiefs, "my father is chief of all the white men in the world. He is a mighty trader and was the first of all to give the blacks clothing and firearms. But now he is old and can no longer leave his home. He has sent me here to see the country of the blacks. Eh bien! You know what liars there are even in your village. There are liars also among the whites. When I return many will not believe me when I say that I have been here. How can I prove it if I return alone? You must send some one with me. I want a wife!"

The blacks were profoundly astonished at first, but listened attentively as Crampel continued:

"I don't want an old woman, because old women are thick-headed and could never learn the white people's language. I want a child. I will bring her up like a white girl. She will see everything. She will learn our customs, and the whites will rejoice because they will know that the M'Fans are their friends."

The news was spread among the villages in the vicinity, and on Dec. 28 the great chief Linvogo of M'Koal signed a treaty with Crampel, after which solemn ceremony he called in one of his daughters and offered her in marriage. But the mother of the girl—whether her story was true, or whether she did not wish to part with her daughter—went to Crampel and advised him not to accept Linvogo's proffer, that the marriage was only intended to precede a general massacre of the party. Crampel took her advice and left the village. Two days later another chief, Eyegueb, offered him his daughter, Nyarinzhe, a little maid of nine years. It was declared necessary that the fiance should have a legal residence in the country, so a camp was established, and for five days the official ceremonies of betrothal went on, to the incessant beatings of tom toms. When Crampel finally took up his march Eyegueb bade his child farewell in words not at all devoid of pathos and poetic feeling: "I bestow my heart on thee at this parting hour. Henceforth thou hast no father, sister, nor brother. Thou hast only the white man."

Nyarinzhe never left her "husband" again. Through all the perils and dangers of the journey to the coast, through one battle in which two of the natives were killed and Crampel himself wounded in the thigh, the devoted child never showed the least fear nor desire to turn back. She accompanied him to Paris, where her advent created a decided sensation. She arrived dressed in a dark green, badly fitting frock, an astonishing straw hat and the skin on each side of her nose stuck full of the long hairs from an elephant's tail, the latter decoration lending her the appearance of a very ferocious cat. Some months later Nyarinzihe was taken to a ball at the opera, where she attracted con-

Paul Crampel.

siderable attention. But the leaven of Paris had been at work in the soul of the small savage; she had discarded the elephant's bristles! She was sent to school shortly afterward and soon became quite civilized. She was very bright and amiable, much quicker of comprehension than most white children of her age.

It was hard to realize that the prim little damsel picking out airs on the piano was the same savage little animal who eight months before had arrived in Paris, wearing elephant's bristles on her nose and inquiring in Pahouin of Crampel how many wives the great chief had. She took to civilization wonderfully, seeming not to miss her own people at all. She spoke of them rarely, and it is probable that she had few pleasant memories of them.

When Crampel returned to Africa on his last ill-fated expedition Nyarinzhe accompanied him, being entered on the register as "interpreter." What became of her in the final disaster? Did she perish with her master? Did she go with the main body of the troop which escaped death? The most meager details which have reached Paris and the little Pahouine's fate is as yet unknown. Crampel was married in 1889 to Mlle. Paule Lamey, to whom he had been engaged since his first expedition to the Congo. Three months ago he set out on the journey from which he was destined never to return. Mme. Crampel is a woman of much culture and brilliance of intellect. She has taken the deepest interest in African explorations, and it is her present intention to carry out her husband's plans to the letter. Broken with grief as she is, she is in daily correspondence with the Comite de l'Afrique Francaise, who are preparing an expedition to continue the work begun by Crampel.

A REFUTATION.

Compare the Platforms Which Show No Affiliation.

Under head of "Farm School" in the Enquirer some one said: "The Democratic and People's parties are as one." This is a very broad misrepresentation of the People's party, writes J. B. Romine in the Chicago Sentinel, and in the minds of persons who do not know the demands of the People's party it simply qualifies the cry of the Republican leaders that "it is a Democratic side-show to catch Republican votes." Take the two national platforms as they stand to-day and compare them. The People's party platform demands:

The abolition of National banks.

The free and unlimited coinage of silver.

The election of President and United States senators by a direct vote of the people.

The surrender of the railroads and telegraphs to the government.

The loaning of money by the government to farmers on land security.

The levying of a graduated income tax on corporations and individuals who are amassing great wealth, to be used to pay the expenses of the general government.

That eight hours shall be a day's work when employed by corporations.

Now, take the national democratic platform, and if there is a single plank in it corresponding to these demands let them tell what it is. The People's party is the first and only political party since the war that has put out a platform that corresponds with the present high state of Christian civilization, art, science, progress, and reform.

It is the only party to-day that demands reforms that will give the laboring man and producing people a just compensation for their work.

It is the only party that is fighting the corporations, combines, and trusts, the untaxed bond holders and the national banks, who are fast monopolizing every avenue to wealth and power, which they are using to fortify and perpetuate a system of corporation, despotism and tyranny that is denying to honest labor the right of the products it has earned by the sweat of its brow, and the enjoyment of the many blessings to which it is entitled through the possession of the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life, all of which is produced by the poor and enjoyed by the rich.

It is the only party that has championed the cause of the downtrodden and oppressed masses of people in this country; that will make this a republic in fact as well as in name, and will so reconstruct our constitution and our laws that the combined money power of the world can never undermine and destroy that which will then be the only absolute and complete republic on earth—the land of the free and home of the brave—a government for the people and by the people— to be perpetuated for the benefit of our children and their posterity, who will in the distant future live to bless the name and erect monuments to the memory of those who are now battling for the inalienable rights of generations yet unborn.

Are these grand attainments worth your vote? If so, cast it for the People's party.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, who first came before the public as an illustrator, and later as the author of "The Led Horse Claim" and other novels of Western life, has written a new story which will be one of the serial features of the coming year of The Century. Mrs. Foote has chosen a field unhackneyed in fiction, the irrigation schemes of the Great West. "The Chosen Valley" will be illustrated by the author.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, has put into narrative form the ripest results of a lifetime of specially trained observation of human nature. He calls his story "Characteristics," and The Century has secured it for the coming year. The editors consider it "more than a novel," made up as it is of part science, part poetry, and part the author's self.

THEY ARE QUEER PEOPLE.

A New Race of Men Recently Discovered in Africa.

Africa is a very old country, but so new to modern nations that we are constantly discovering odd people as well as strange customs.

Ths latest is the Bayagas, a diminutive people who inhabit the great forests entending to the north of the Ogowe river, and are probably nearly related to the dwarfs described by Stanley.

The Bayagas live scattered among the M'fangs, to whom their relation is one of the semi-servitude. When a M'fang chief becomes powerful enough, he surrounds himself with a band of these "Bohemians" of the forest. They become his hunters and ivory seekers. In return, he supplies them with manioc and bannas.

Changing their places of abode every four or five days, the Bayagas are not able to cultivate the soil. They are great hunters; the elephant is their principal game, their sole weapon of attack being a very sharp two-edged spear five and a half feet in length.

Physically there is a great contrast between the Bayagas and the M'fangs. The former are dwarfs compared with the latter, whose height is often from 5 feet 9 inches to 5 feet 11 inches or more. The average height of the Bayagas is 4 feet 7 inches. They are stout, well-proportioned and muscular. The color of their skin is a yellowish brown.

The traveler who discovered these strange little people, had not much opportunity of studying the women.

He noticed, however, especially the mutilation of their ears, the lobe of which is pierced by pieces of wood or ivory, and in this way is gradually enlarged until it touches the shoulder.

The Bayagas, although polygamists, do not imitate their neighbors or masters, among whom a large number of wives is considered to be the greatest evidence of wealth.

Among the Bayagas there is a scarcity of married women, owing largely to the family organization, which tends to prevent marriages. A man has often only one wife; the chief two or three. The family is "patriarchal." The chief (the patriarch) lives with his children and grandchildren; sometimes, but rarely, one of his brothers joins the community, which never contains any but blood relations.

A young Bayaga, when married, stays with his wife's family, and he only has the right to return to his original community and remove his wife thither when he has a son, and when that son has killed an elephant. The son always remains with his mother's group to replace her.

A Bayaga woman never marries any one of another tribe. Their language is utterly imprehensible to a stranger, even to the M'fangs.

Saved by An Albatross.

A vessel was plowing through the waters of the South Atlantic when the cry of "Man overboard!" was heard. The man at the wheel brought the ship up in the wind, and boats were lowered; but by the time this was accomplished the sailor was a quarter of a mile astern. He kept up, however, and as the boat approached a big albatross was seen to dart at him and the next moment to struggle; then away went the bird, flapping violently, towing the sailor along at the surface. The men had to pull hard to gain upon it, and then it was found that the sailor was uninjured, and perhaps had been saved by the bird. He was almost exhausted when the albatross flew over him in evident curiosity, and as it passed he seized its feet. The bird in its fear and terror was strong enough to tow him along the surface at a rapid rate.

Some Little Fellows.

It is said to cost $10,000 to gild the dome of the State house in Boston.

The population of Russia is increasing at the rate of over 1,000,000 a year.

There are upward of 50,000 earthworms in every acre of ordinary agricultural land.

About twice as much power is required to stop an express train as to start one.

Some elephants can draw fifteen tons, lift ten cwt., and carry on their backs three tons.

The limited mail on the Pennsylvania line between Columbus, O., and Indianapolis, is said to be the fastest railroad train in America.

During a recent heavy thunderstorm in Cincinnati, a $6,000 dynamo was ruined by lightning, and the lightning arresters on 1,200 telephones were burned out.

Experts studying leprosy im Simla, have found the bacillus, They succeeded in giving a rabbit leprosy, the first time the disease has ever been known outside of the human family.

Won't do in a Free Country.

A celebrated English preacher addressing the late religious convention at Chicago talked business to the sinners and gave them "straight goods."

He said:

"To bring the Pharisee to the positive side of sin is easily done nowadays in Chicago and other large cities. 'I give tithes to the poor. I fast twice a week,' says the Pharisee. That man would rob widows' houses and grind the faces of the poor, and do all that is devilish in the abomination of business, and business and devilment seem to be getting to be one and the same thing on both sides of the water."

Tut! tut! man, we don't allow any priest to talk so to us in this free country. We boycott such and cut off their base of supplies.