Farm Notes.

How To Feed For Eggs.

A. F. Hunter writes as follows in the New England Farmer. The rules will apply on this coast, the dry season corresponding in the treatment required to the eastern winter:

We feed a cooked mash in the morning five or six days in the week, and that is the backbone of a feeding system. We cook a kettle of refuse potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, squashes, pumpkins, (without the seeds) or anything in the vegetable line, and into the kettle potato, apple and squash parings from the kitchen, table scraps and such odds and ends as usually go into the swill pail (we can't afford to keep a pig) including meat liquor in which corned beef, etc., has been cooked. When this kettle of vegetables is thoroughly boiled we set out four common water pails, dip the vegetables into them equally (using a strainer so the vegetables shall be dry), mash them thoroughly, and add boiling hot water or milk till the buckets are a fraction over half full, with a heaping teaspoonful of salt always to each. A heaping teaspoonful of Sheridan's Condition Powder and a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in winter or powdered charcoal are added on alternate days. After stirring till well mixed we add mixed meal till the whole is as stiff as a strong arm can stir it. It should not be soft and sloppy; sloppy food loosens the bowels and starts diarrhoea.

The meal which we stir in is composed of equal parts of corn meal, wheat-bran (shorts), fine-feed (middlings), ground oats and animal meal. The latter is a meat food, prepared by the Bowker company, made of steam-cooked meat and bones, kiln dried and ground. It supplies the animal food which the fowl's system craves and which she can supply in summer by eating worms, insects, etc. Where there is more than a small flock, however, there are not worms and insects enough and this animal food supplies the lack. We like to have this meal thoroughly mixed. We dip a scoopful of meal and grain in turn into a two-bushel bag and when it is emptied into the barrel it is well mixed.

This mash we make up the afternoon before and set it away to cook in its own heat over night, preferring this way to mixing it up and feeding it hot in the morning. In the latter case it is only scalded; in the former it is semi-cooked.

Whole wheat (sound No. 1) is the best grain food for fowls, and barley is the second best. Buckwheat and whole oats rank next and corn last. We feed barley, usually, at noon, and wheat almost every night, just before sunset, while the fowls have daylight enough left to eat it. We have a Mann bone-cutter and cut fresh bones for our fowls twice a week.

Our daily method is about as follows: Monday, whole oats, barley, wheat (or corn); Tuesday, mash, barley, wheat; Wednesday, mash, cut bone, wheat; Thursday, whole oats, barley, wheat (or corn): Friday, mash, barley, wheat; Saturday, mash, cut bone, wheat; Sunday, mash, barley, wheat.

We do no unnecessary work on Sunday, so no mash is made on that day, and we usually omit making it on Wednesday, also. Buckwheat isn't easily accessible so we feed it seldom, although it is a good grain. Cut clover rowen is an excellent food for fowls in winter. Last winter we steamed it well to make it fresh and as much like green clover as possible and fed it clear two or three times a week at noon. The objection to that plan is that the fowls eat it too greedily and become crop-bound. This winter we propose using it in place of the cooked vegetables, in the morning mash two or three days in the week.

Green food must be provided. Cabbages are excellent and the fowls will pick a head all in pieces when it is hung in the pen. Beets, carrots, turnips, etc., split in halves and put in the pens will be eagerly devoured.

Exercise is a most important part of our system, as we explained last week, and all the dry grain is thrown into the loose litter where the fowls are compelled to scratch for it. Roost-platforms are cleaned daily (except Sunday); water basins are rinsed clean once a day and filled with fresh water three times daily. By following this plan we induced our 276 fowls to lay us over 39,000 eggs last year and pay us a net profit of $2 90 apiece.

A Bug War in Earnest.

The southern California horticultural commission is making war on bugs with commendable vigor. It has passed the following resolution in session at Los Angeles:

Resolved, That we will place in quarantine all peach, plum, prune or almond trees and all deciduous trees on peach or plum roots or buds, pits or roots of the same that may be shipped into our counties from east of the Rocky mountains, and demand from the owner or persons wishing to bring them into the county affida vit establishing the following points, to wit:

First—That a certain person grew the trees or buds, pits, etc., under quarantine.

Second—That they were grown in a section at least 100 miles from any trees believed to be infested with yellows or rosette.

Third—That the grower of the trees or buds, pits, etc., has not used or bought buds, pits or roots of the above named trees from any district where yellows or rosette are known to exist within five years; and also that we will demand such further evidence as shall be necessary to satisfactorily establish the place of growth of such trees under quarantine, and that neither trees, buds, pits or roots were grown in a district infested with yellows or rosette, and that we will hold trees, etc., in quarantine until such evidence is produced.

Mrs. Rosa Northrop of Pacific Beach has gone insane in Ohio, the result of fear of train robbers on the train east.

Women's World.

Indian Clubs for Girls.

Girls, if you feel the the need of regular health-giving exercise you will find nothing better than swinging the Indian clubs. Many who cannot afford a tricycle or a pony, or do not live near a good gymnasium, are trying to find a substitute for these favorite aids to good health. And to these the clubs offer the means for delightful exercise and amusement, and one whose price comes within the limits of the scantiest purse. Indian clubs have long been used by professional trainers and the gymnasts of all the colleges, but it is a novelty to see them in the hands of girls.

They may be used in classes, accompanied by music, or alone in the privacy of home. The former method is, of course, the most pleasant, as there is always a charm in work or play where others share it. A teacher of gymnastics in one of our charitable institutions thus describes her exercises in classes:

"We meet once every day and swing the clubs for an hour, keeping time to the music of the piano. Our idea is not so much to develop muscle in excess as to gain elasticity of the muscles and suppleness of motion. Thus we cause the heart to beat full and strong, and at the same time induce free respiration and the fullest expansion of the lungs, such as would be impossible to obtain in any other way. In the sweeping curves, with the arms extended at full length, the pectoral muscles lift the ribs upward and carry them outward, allowing free entrance of fresh air into the apices of the lungs. More than half the people never take a really full breath; that is, they never fill the lungs entirely and completely with fresh air, partly from negligence and partly because of some impediment in the fit of the clothing."

If there be the slightest tendency toward consumption or any other trouble of the breathing apparatus the Indian clubs will prove a wonderful boon to the sufferer. The exercise taken regularly every day, at least morning and evening, will soon make a new girl or boy out of the delicate patient.—E. A. Mathews in Harper's Young People.

These Stamp the Lady.

Certain marks of behavior on the street indicate the true lady, says the Chicago Herald. She has a purpose and business air about her, and looks as if she knows what she wants and where she is going, and has really some meaning in her actions; she knows how to walk in the streets with not too lagging or too swift a step, but self-posessed and quietly; she knows how to dress as a lady can, avoiding loud colors and striking combinations. She also avoids too coquettish a simplicity, which is equally as dangerous. She has attained to that enviable street talent which enables her to pass men without looking at them, yet all the while seeing them. She avoids lounging too long before shop windows. She doesn't wear her gown up to her shoe tops nor trailing in the dust. She doesn't mince her gait nor stare level into the eye of those she meets. She doesn't wear a half bushel of paper poppies on her hat nor a large sized rose bush pinned to the front of her dress. It short she does nothing to attract attention. Should she do so and get a trifle more attention than she wants, who is to blame for it? Some women ignorantly and unconsciously put themselves in the path of trouble. They follow the fashions to an extreme. Their hats are the highest, the broadest, the largest or the smallest of the prevailing mode; their dresses are the longest or shortest, the fullest or the scantiest, or of the most striking pattern. They make a show of themseves, and yet complain because they are looked at. Others have a strolling, looking-for-somebody or too free step.

Gloves and Boots.

Gloves, boots and veils are a serious item in a girl's yearly allowance for dress. Here are the sage counsels of a Parisian upon the method of making these necessities of life as durable as possible under the circumstances. The hand should be at ease in a glove, and care should be taken to choose fingers every whit as long as the fingers of the hand. Well-fitting gloves wear the best; therefore we find that economy, elegance and coquetterie are more nearly allied than may be imagined.

It is a science to put on gloves for the first time. The hands must be perfectly fresh, dry and cool. After putting in fingers and thumb, fasten the second button from the bottom, coming to the first one last. Remove the gloves from the wrist, and not by the fingers, and leave them thus turned inside out, so that all moisture may be dissipated. When putting away gloves do not roll, but lay them lengthwise in a sachet. Place white flannel between pairs of light gloves. A little new butter rubbed on perfectly new chevrette gloves tends to keep them in good condition. Light gloves can be cleaned with flour, and rubbed places in black suede or kid covered with a mixture of olive oil and ink and left to dry.

With boots, if damp, it is a good plan to fill them with paper and leave to dry far away from the fire. Parafine is useful to soften leather hardened by mud and rain. To make the soles of boots rain-tight and durable, paint with copal varnish and dry. Repeat the process twice or thrice. To prevent the creaking of shoes place them on a plate filled with linseed oil and leave them for twelve hours.

The secret of keeping veils fresh is to smooth and fold them immediately on coming indoors.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Spurgeon's Ready Wit.

A clerical tramp, one of the begging letter Pecksniffs, so often met with in London, called at the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's house, but refused to give his name. "Say, if you please," said the tramp, with turned up eyes, "a servant of Christ asks for a few moments of his precious time." The butler came back immediately with the request: "Mr. Spurgeon requests me to say that he is occupied with your Master."

Current News.

Reformers Combining.

A national conference of the representatives of the various political reform movements now existing in this country, including Prohibitionists, Farmers, Greenbackers, General Reformers, etc., met at Chicago Jan. 27. Miss Frances E. Willard presided. The object of the conference was to combine for political action, hoping thus to defeat the old parties.

It was decided that the representatives of the various movements hold seperate meetings and decide upon the planks in a joint platform, but when the meeting reassembled and the reports were made it was found that many things insisted on by one party could not be tolerated by another.

The members of the People's party labored in n n committee for the adoption of a plank demanding that the exclusive importation, manufacture and sale of of intoxicating liquors be conducted by the government or states at cost, under conditions and restrictions which may be adopted by the various states. Their work was largely ineffectual, as the plank found no place in the address brought in by the committee to be presented to the coming convention of the People's party. Ignatius Donnelly, H. E. Taubeneck and others have expressed the opinion that the address in its present form would not be acceptable to the People's party. They say that the prohibition clause should be modified so as to give foreigners the idea of individual rights in the matter of beer drinking.

The address makes the following suggestions: We favor consolidation of all political elements in behalf of these issues: Money should b sued by the general government without the intervention of private institutions in sufficient quantity to carry on the business of the country, and such money should be full legal tender for all public and private debts. The saloon is a great enemy of reform and we denounce its pernicious influence and demand its suppression."

The address also favors government control of railroads, telegraph and telephone companies; opposes speculation in land and alien owe ership; demands a reasonable limitation of the amount of land that can be owned by any corporation or individual, and favors municipal suffrage for women, with an educational qualification. It is signed by Ignatius Donnelly, Frances E. Willard, General J. B. Weaver, E. J. Wheeler, G. M. Miller, E. Evans and H. S. Taylor.

Cheap Contract Labor.

Contract Labor Inspectors Conkling nd Osborne, who were sent from Washington to the mining districts of Pennsylvania to investigate the workings of the alien contract law, have sent their report to Secretary Foster. The report states that they discovered evidences of wholesale violation of the law. In the mines surrounding Scranton nine-tenths of the miners employed are Hungarians or Slavs. Five years ago the miners there were nearly all Americans. At the Arion mine in West Pennsylvania, Hungarian and Italian immigrants came in squads of 200 at a time under charge of padrones.

At the mines near Carbondale in 1886 there were 800 miners, all American citizens. While the miners' strike was on, in 1889 and 1890, large numbers of Slavs and Hungarians were brought to the mines from Castle garden, under the protection of Pinkerton detectives. At the last election, out of 787 miners employed there, just sixty-eight were entitled to vote. The inspectors found that immigrants were brought over from Europe in droves, passed through the barge office by an agent, and taken to the mines to supersede American miners. There are several men employed by the mine-owners whose sole duty is to visit the barge office and get contract laborers passed through. One man, in particular, was nicknamed "Much Cousinman," as he would visit the barge office and secure the release of immigrants, claiming them as cousins, brothers or other relatives.

Helpless Invalids Burned to Death.

At Indianapolis Jan. 21 a score of human beings were burned to death. At 11:45 p. m. an alarm was turned in. About 250 crippled people were in the surgical institution at the time. The building was almost totally enveloped in flames, and the order was, "Let the building burn, but save the people."

The surgical institute was a veritable fire trap. The stairways were narrow, the halls were dark and the whole structure a labyrinth. The rooms on the third and fourth floors of the main building and nearest the alley were the scenes of the greatest fatalities. In one room were two women, both of whom perished. In another there was a man whose lower extremities were paralyzed. Although unable to walk, he dragged himself out. He dropped about eight feet to the roof, then to another and finally rolled off to the ground, saving himself from death. The entire rear half of the Georgia-street building fell in. The debris filled completely the first story, and when the firemen began the search for the dead they were obliged to commence work on a level with the second floor.

On the arrival of the fire department cripples were seen in every window. Their heart-rending cries were terrible. Heroic deeds of rescue were performed, and for two hours the delusion was entertained that all the inmates were saved. Soon after 2 o'clock, when the fire was nearly subdued, the police and firemen went into the building and found in one room a mass of roasted humanity. There were seven persons in that mass alone.

Among the many thrilling experiences was that of Mrs. E. D. Purdy, who, with her little daughter, slept on the upper floor. She had only time to throw a quilt over the crippled child and escape into the hall in her night robe. She made her way half way down the steps leading to the third floor, when she lost her balance and fell. The mother and child were found on the landing shortly after.

One of the most painful cases was that of little three-year-old Ethel Piatt, daughter of James M. Piatt of Pinkneyville, Ill. Little Ethel was found in bed on the third floor, half-strangled with smoke and helpless from spinal trouble. Wrapped up in a blanket she was taken up in the arms of a fireman, carried down to the next floor through the dense smoke and past the roaring flames to the window, and as the crowd gathered below and extended their arms she was thrown out. With a broken leg she was taken across Illinois street and placed on a table and covered with blankets. She suffered desperately and frequently screamed out in desperate agony.

William Kimball, a young man with both legs crippled, said: "I was sleeping on the fourth floor. I awoke with a sense of strangulation. From less than a foot above my face and up to the ceiling was a dense mass of smoke. I just rolled out of bed. I could not move about with my braces so I took them off, lying curled up on my side. It was so hot that I thought I was going to die. I called out as loud as I could: 'Help, help, here in 92!' Just then there was a crash of the door and a big colored man fell over me. He picked me up bodily, dashed through the halls and down the stairway and brought me here. God knows I am thankful."

Congress.

The house immigration committee approves the bill to entirely prohibit Chinese immigration.

A resolution asking the president for additional correspondence between the United States and Chile, not included in the message, was introduced and referred to the committee on foreign affairs Jan. 26.

General News.

Otto Hauser, who committed suicide at San Antonio, Tex., is believed to have been in reality Padlewski, who killed Seliverstroff, the Russian secret agent in Paris.

UNITED STATES.

At Honey Brook, Pa., Jan 28, a quantity of dualin exploded in a cabin where fifteen Hungarian miners were sitting and two of them were killed and all the rest injured.

The boiler of a locomotive exploded at Newcastle, Pa., Jan. 28, and killed five men.

A gang of armed robbers supposed to be a foraging party of the Dalton outlaws loaded a mule team with goods at F. M. Stainer's store in Guthrie, Oklahoma, Jan. 24, in daylight, and disappeared in the woods with the plunder.

Ed Stokes won his suit against John W. Mackay in New York. The verdict was for $88,875.

Joe Hunter, Philip Conoll and William Aneals have been arrested in Ellington township, Ill., for swearing two innocent men into jail for a murderous assault. The conspirators got $1000 reward.

Miss Alice Mitchell, 19 years old, met Miss Freda Ward of Gold Dust, Ark., at Memphis Jan. 25 and drawing a razor cut her throat, killing her instantly. It is supposed that the murdered girl had said something about the Mitchell girl which was uncomplimentary and raised her anger. Both were wealthy and prominent in society.

The new quarters are being plated and passed for $10 gold pieces in Chicago.

The Louisana delegates to the national Republican convention are instructed for Harrison. The convention declared against the lottery.

Two men robbed an express train at Sheldon, Mo., Jan. 23, and were chased by officers to Pleasanton, Kas., and one was killed and the the other wounded and captured. They proved to be Charles Meyers and S. C. Francis of Kansas City. Francis proves to have been Sly's partner in the train robbery at Glendale, Col.

Toledo, O., bored a gas well and from it got gas and fuel. The Standard Oil company, whose profits were lessened by this, bored wells all around Toledo's well, tapping the reservoir and reducing the pressure so that Toledo must put in gas force pumps or surrender.

The Minnesota Farmers' Alliance demands the submission of the prohibition question to a popular vote.

Justice Bradley of the federal supreme court is dead.

FOREIGN.

Spain is in trouble. Anarchists are active and martial law has been proclaimed in the Bilboa mining district.

The garrison at Chaco, Argentine, is in rebellion.

Late advices from Boma, in the Congo Free State, bring news that at an American mission established on the Congo near Pallabella station, five American missionaries, three men and two women, and seven native converts, and servants have been killed.

Fourteen men over 60 years old committed suicide in Paris Sunday, Jan. 24.

Emperor William cared as little as the British Miner's federation when the duke of Clarence died. He went hunting and waited three days before he said he was sorry.

The most extraordinary criminal of the nineteenth century has just been captured at Zurich, and is now in the custody of the Swiss police awaiting extradition to Austria. The list of great personages whom he has victimized is a remarkable one. It includes the names of the Prince of Wales, the late Crown Prince of Austria, Prince Bismarck, the late Duc de Morny, and the Kings of Belgium, Sweden and Spain, besides statesmen, ambassadors, great nobles, eminent bankers and business men innumerable. He is known as Baron Hoffman.

The leaders of the revolt at Ascencion, Mex., were tried and condemned to death.

After four years of drouth Durango, Mex., has had a good rain.

Enormous damage has been done by floods in Spain.

Her Choice.

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth," she said vigorously, with a touch of malice in her tones.

"And why not?" inquired her companion.

"Because," and she smiled, "I wouldn't know what to do with him. One that isn't quite so good would suit me better, I think."—Detroit Free Press.

IN EARLY SPRING.

Bright days are with us, sunshiny and serene,
The clods grow mellow, and the forest nath
Its budding pleasures; yet of winter's wrath
Some drear memorials here and there are seen,
For, though the wind no more breathes frosty-keen,
It often floats the old leaves in our path,
Or sighs along some unclasped aftermath,
To mind us of the rigor it hath been.
O thou my Joy, Spring of my Wondrous Year!
Forgive, if in the presence august of grief
Remain from that dread time ere thou wast here.
Now, surely, such gainsaying shall be brief:
For thou wilt set my feet where flower and leaf
And soft new sward bloom out the stubble sere.
—Edith M. Thomas, in Scribner's.

A Little Mediator.

[Copyright 1891, by The United Press.]

"Papa, we're doin' to have a bid turkey pretty soon."

Ned Barker looked down into the smiling eyes of his little girl, brushed the curls away from her forehead, and kissed the red lips, held so temptingly near to his own.

"Who told you a'l that?" he asked. "I haven't seen any turkey about the house for a long, long time."

"Dat doesn't make any dif-dif-difference," she faltered poutingly. Like a l children who have lived almost entirely with grown people, she was fond of using long words, and rushed on them often with an impetuosity which threw her tongue into a serious state of uncontrol.

"Daisy tells me," said Barker to his wife, "that we are on the verge of eating a turkey. What do do you suppose she means?"

Mrs. Barker laughed and patted her daughter on the cheek. "Daisy and I know all about it," she answered. "But we have decided not to tell. But, seriously, Ned, I want to say something to you about Thanksgiving. Don't you think it would be a good plan to ask Kate and her husband to dinner? They will, of course, have a number of 'invites' a great deal 'sweller' than ours, but I think they would rather dine here than anywhere else."

"Oh, yes, papa, let's have Aunt Taty. She likes turkey awful."

Ned Barker looked annoyed. He was very fond of his wife's sister, and liked her husband, but they were wealthy people, given up to luxuries of social life, and used to dinners much more elaborate than the unpretentious Barkers ever indulged in. Just at that time Ned Barker was in that unsatisfactory financial shape which is commonly designated by the expressive word, "short."

"My dear little woman," said Barker, rising and putting his arm about his wife, "I should like very much to have Kate with us, but don't you think we had better dine quietly, and on Christmas day we'll ——." Whether his wife understood his motive or not, she interrupted him with a few quiet words of acquiescence, and the matter was dropped. But little Daisy did not forget.

"Come, kiss me good-bye," said Barker to her as he put on his hat and coat to go to business.

"I want Aunt Tate to eat turkey with me," cried the persistent child. "You is not gen-gen-ging-erous." This was too much for Barker and he laughed outright. Catching the little girl in his arms he kissed her on both cheeks and left her abruptly.

Ned Barker was neither rich nor poor, but his slender salary was far from satisfying the demands of a rather extravagant nature. He had been the ward of a most indulgent but self-willed uncle, whose vast fortune young Barker would have inherited some day had he not possessed an obstinacy equal to his guardian's. The young man had married for love, in opposition to his uncle's express desires. The old gentleman had never forgiven the youth for his independence and since the marriage there had been no intercourse between them.

Meanwhile Daisy and her mother had started out to do some shopping. A woman is generally in a chronic state of shopping, if she lives in a large city.

As Mrs. Barker stood at a counter in one of the large uptown bazaars, Daisy gradually wandered away from her and lost herself in the crowd. No one noticed the bright-eyed little creature, and she walked along at her own sweet will. The brilliant colors of wares displayed on the counters amused her for a while, but pretty soon, with the fickleness of her sex, she turned her attention to a woolly little poodle just in front of her, which strutted along in all the glory of a blue ribbon and a snow-white coat. There is no creature in the great metropolis which fares better than a pet poodle. To be the favorite dog of a wealthy woman is to live in luxury of the most pronounced type. Daisy liked little dogs, and wanted to pat the white wool of the poodle just beyond her. But her two little legs could not overtake the object of her activity. Down the street went the careless baby. Pretty soon Daisy lost sight of her *ignis fatuus*. The dog and its mistress had disappeared.

"I'd better do and find mamma," said the little girl to herself; and she turned around to retrace her steps. A large entrance at one side of the street attracted her attention, and, thinking it was the door of the store she had just left, she walked boldly in. It didn't seem to her to be the right place, and she looked about her in a dazed way. Above what seemed to be glass cases she could see the tops of men's heads, just showing over the woodwork. Down at the end of the room was an open door, and Daisy decided to go there and ask someone where her mamma was. She was beginning to be frightened, but had not lost all her courage. She boldly entered the little room and found there an old gentleman in spectacles, who looked over the top of his morning paper in astonishment at the interruption.

"You is a funny looking old man," said Daisy with more emphasis than politeness.

"Well, little girl, what do you want here?" asked the old gentleman, in much the same tone that Pooh Bah, in the Mikado, says: "How de do, little girls; how de do."

"I want to see the animals," said Daisy, forgetting in her curiosity all about her mother. She had taken the glass counters and barred windows of the bank for an improved style of menagerie. The dignified president laid down his newspaper, arose from his chair and looked into the reception room.

"My dear little girl," said the old gentleman, looking puzzled, "where is your mamma?"

Daisy instantly came to her senses.

"Mamma's in the store," she said shortly.

"What store?" asked the president.

"The 8-ore wh[illegible] was," replied Daisy, irrelevantly.

The old gentleman looked at her sharply over his spectacles, and then the severe lines of his face relaxed, and he could not but smile on the bright little countenance turned up to his.

Calling one of the clerks, he asked if he knew anything about the child's entrance. No one in the bank could account for it. The president was unusually moved. He would have stood the loss of half his fortune without showing the least emotion, but there was something about the little girl that affected him strangely. He pondered for a few moments, while the tears came into Daisy's eyes. She had begun to lose her courage somewhat and she was anxious to find her mamma. She knew that she had done wrong, and the thought that her mother must by this time be worried about her began to trouble her sorely. "I want to go to mamma," she sobbed. Meanwhile the president had come to a curious decision. He might have intrusted the little wanderer to a clerk and have resumed his paper with serenity. But he was interested in Daisy without knowing why, and he determined to take her himself to her mother. "Wait a moment," he said to her kindly, "and you shall go to mamma with me." Daisy dried her eyes and felt relieved.

Putting on his hat and coat the eccentric old man took the little girl's hand, and the strangely assorted couple passed through the outer room towards the door.

While all this was taking place Mrs. Barker had been making a most active search for Daisy. She had missed her soon after the wanderer had left the store, and had asked nearly everyone in the establishment if they had seen the child. Up and down the street she walked hurridly, looking here and there, questioning policemen and endeavoring all the time to keep as calm as she could.

She hurried home as rapidly as possible. Her husband must know at once of Daisy's disappearance. At a crisis like that which now confronted Mrs. Barker a woman feels all the significance of her own weakness. She naturally turns to a man for guidance. Mrs. Barker felt intense relief when she heard her husband's voice answering her through the telephone. It was not a pleasant story she had to tell, but she related hurriedly the main features thereof in as quiet and restrained a manner as possible. Ned Barker was a man who always reached a decision in a hurry, but his judgment was seldom at fault. "I will go to the store and from there to the police station. After that I will come home at once," he called to his wife. "Don't worry about her; she will turn up all right."

In spite of his cheerful words, however, his voice had an unwonted unsteadiness about it which was not wholly the telephone's fault. Mrs. Barker did worry. How could she help it? Her own unwarranted absorption in a petty bargain had caused her a loss, which, if permanent, she felt would drive her crazy.

And where were little Daisy and her conquest meanwhile? On leaving the bank the president had easily led the little girl to show him in what store she had left her mother. It was all plain sailing after that.

Mrs. Barker, as before said, had left her address with the clerks and Daisy's dignified protector had no difficulty in learning where to take his little charge. "We live in a flat," said Daisy as she trotted along at the great man's side. "We's goin' to have a turkey on Thanks-Tanks-giving day. We isn't doin' to have Aunt Tate, but I know Papa would like to have you come." The old gentleman looked down thoughtfully at the baby by his side.

"What is your papa's first name?" he asked, somewhat sternly. He had been struck by the name of Barker given him at the store and something in the little girl's face seemed familiar.

"Papa hasn't any name, but just Papa," said Daisy, emphatically. "Mamma calls him Ned, but dat's only just for fun."

His suspicions were confirmed by the child's answer. He was doing a kindness to a man whom for years he had resolved to efface from his memory. But his lonely old heart was touched, and he resolved to see the adventure to its end. His life had been very dreary since he had cast Ned Barker from him, and he felt a growing curiosity to see the woman who had become between him and his nephew.

As he entered the elevator of the great apartment house, the little girl climbed into his lap and put up her face for a kiss. "You's a nice old man, anyway," she repeated, patting him on his withered cheek. As he touched the bell at Ned Barker's door he heard the sound of sobs within. The door was opened instantly, and Daisy was in her mother's arms. The little girl had forgotten long ago that she had done wrong, but now her conscience began to prick again at sight of her mother's tears. "But, mamma," she said, "it was such a pretty little dog, and I lost him, and then I wanted to see the an—an—animals, and —I didn't, but I saw a nice old man, and —and—and—"

Daisy's eloquence came to a most unsatisfactory end. Her reference to her protector roused her mother to a sense of propriety. "You must excuse me, sir, for delaying my welcome," she said, smiling, "but I have been so worried that I fear I am not quite myself." And she held out to him her pretty white hand. In spite of the tears, women seldom look well "when bathed in tears," as the expression goes, but Mrs. Barker's beauty appealed to the old gentleman with a force he could not resist. He followed her into the parlor and sat down in a chair she placed for him.

As they sat there conversing about the details of Daisy's escapade a quick step in the hallway preceded the entrance of Ned Barker. He had learned at the store that his little girl had been taken home and his face was wreathed with smiles as he caught Daisy in his arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"See dat nice old man," exclaimed Daisy, pointing to her rescuer. "He brought me home to mamma." Ned Barker turned quickly and beheld his uncle. It was a moment of intense emotion for both of them, but the sweetest presence of the little child destroyed forever the coldness which had grown between them, and hand in hand they renewed the ties which had been severed. "The little girl looked so like you, Ned," said the uncle at last, "that I seemed to be drawn to her by the force of former years. And you have completed the conquest," he said, turning to Mrs. Barker.

Thus it was that the Barkers had Aunt Kate and her husband to eat turkey with them and the feast was dignified by the portly presence of a bank president. And if you ask Ned Barker now why he is not as "short" as he used to be he will tell you that it is all owing to the fact that Daisy once got lost.

ART OF ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

The Chinese Claim to Have Know It Nearly 3,000 Years Ago.

The art of engraving on wood was introduced into Europe from China by merchants trading with that country. The Chinese claim to have known the art a thousand years before the birth of Christ, though that is probably not true it is certain that they knew it before any European nation did.

Early in the fifteenth century illustrations of the Bible and playing cards were printed from wooden engraved blocks. These two things were in a way the first to be printed in Europe. From printing with blocks to the use of movable type was a natural step.

A full-length portrait of St. Christopher, done in 1423, is one of the earliest wood engravings.

It is remarkable for its attempts at shading. Another good specimen of early wood engraving is the title page of a Sallust printed in 1481. Sallust is seen dictating to three scribes, one of whom, Joannes Britannicus, John of Britain, writes with two hands.

The printing of playing cards and of Biblical illustrations became so general an industry during the fifteenth century that the Venetian Senate, in order to protect the city's own share of it, forbade the importation of them. At the same time large numbers of block books, printed by the use of engraved wooden blocks, were published.

"The Poor Preacher's Bible" is among the best known of these. It contains forty pages printed on one side only. The ink is pale brown, and the transfer from the block to the paper was done with a rubber. These books immediately preceded the introduction of printing with type by Guttenberg and Caxton. The text and titles of the illustrations are done in handwriting in the block books.

There is no indication on them of the date or place of publication, but most of them were made in Holland and Germany. "The Mirror of Human Salvation" is a book in which the illustrations were printed from blocks and the text from movable type. Each process was done separately. The inventors of printing devoted more attention to the printing of Bibles than anything else, and many of them were illustrated. The Cologne Bible, printed somewhere between 1470 and 1475, contains 109 engravings, which show a strong improvement on any earlier work remaining to us.

The borders of the volume are decorated, and the designs often deals with things far removed from the thoughts of the inspired writers. "The Chronicles of Nuremberg," 1491, contains the first example of the process of crosshatching, by which color is produced by lines crossing each other obliquely.

The best of the earliest wood engraving was done in Italy, but in the sixteenth century the art took great strides through the example of the great Albert Durer. By the use of strong contrasts in black and white he did away with the use of colorings.

He is best known for his four series of Biblical illustrations. The Apocalypse of St. John, the Larger Passion of Our Lord, the Life of the Virgin, and the Smaller Passion of Our Lord. Another series, the Triumph of Maximilian, is famous. The herald is a representative piece of this work. The beast on which the herald is mounted has the hind legs and tail of a lion, the body, wings, claws and neck of an eagle, with a lion's face where the eagle's might be. All is very fantastic, but artistic.

Holbein, who flourished a few years ago after Durer, carried the art still further ahead. His "Dance of Death" and "Figures of the Bible" are among the monuments of the engraving art. After Durer, Holbein, and their pupils had passed away it declined, and at the end of the sixteenth century was in its lowest state. From that time on it did not flourish greatly until the eighteenth century. Then there were some interesting revivals, including the works of Hogarth.

To Thomas Bewick, the glorious illustrator of British birds and beasts, is due the creation of the present art of engraving on wood. He began to work at the end of the eighteenth century. Probably the best work is done at the present time by American wood engravers.—N. Y. Sun.

Humors of the Mining Census.

A number of pretty good stories are now going the rounds—the replies received from mine owners to the census authorities. One man, a Californian, to the question of how many animals he employed, replied: "Three miners and a cook." The owner of an unproductive mine wrote: "The name of my mine is the 'U. B. D——;' and all I can say to your questions as to its value is to repeat the name. The only thing I ever get from the said mine are a sore back, a sore temper and $1,500 worth of debts. If you know of any misguided man who would like a mine free of charge refer him to me. I will give him one-half of the 'U. B. D——,' and for your trouble I will make you a present of the other half." An enterprising gentleman in New Mexico wrote: "Only the Almighty can get any silver out of my mine. It has all the characteristics of a silver bonanza, except the silver. Hope to strike the vein some day; in the mean time may I strike you for the loan of $5." From one man in Arizona the form was returned blank, but containing on the reverse the following touching communication: "The superintendent is dead drunk, he allays is; the secretary is in jale for essolt and battery on the under sined. I am sick in bed from the effects, goo buy." A Harvard graduate who had drifted out West contributed the following: "In answer to your questions I would say that, so far as I know, the mine of which I have the honor to be the sole owner has never produced a red cent, although three former owners have committed suicide after vain attempts to make the thing pay. In order to avoid a similar fate I have secured a flattering position as bartender and concocter of liquid delights in a local resort. If you ever come out this way hunt me up. I will give you the mine."

Paper is Crowding Out Wood.

Paper is fighting wood hard in the manture of boxes, buckets, and even packing-cases, and so perfect is the manufacturing process that in many instances nothing but the wonderful difference in weight can afford a clew to the presence of paper in the manufacture. Paper packing-cases are indestructible, apparently, and the saving they effect in freight is enormous. Thousands of dollars are already invested in this comparatively new industry, and a new company with $1,250,000 capital has been organized to introduce paper-boards into other lines. Experiments have been made with buggy wagons and other things where lightness is needed, and paper floorings in lieu of boards will soon be heard of. It is easy to render the material fireproof in course of its construction, and this is an additional advantage that is highly appreciated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Curiosity of Longevity.

Another man who saw George Washington when he was a boy has just died at the age of 106. The remarkable longevity which gazing upon the Father of their Country seems to have induced in the youth of his generation is worthy of the investigation of science. If the mere sight of a great man produces such vivifying effect upon the human system, arrangements might be made, at special excursion rates, by which the general public might be enabled to visit the shrines of the Washingtons of our own times—when we discover them.—Baltimore American.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send two BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

The King Snake.

The king snake is the most powerful snake found in this country, and is the conqueror of every other species. He wages a constant warfare upon rattlesnakes, moccasins, vipers, and all others, and nearly always swallows his victim. Recently a large king snake, says a correspondent of The Atlanta Constitution, was discovered making a meal of a coachwhip much larger and longer than itself. The coachwhip was yet alive, but the king was tied around it and had swallowed its head and about a foot of its body. When the king snake was set at liberty it ran around awhile until it struck the track of the other and then darted off in pursuit.

Judge Pittman was fishing on the bank of a river and saw a coachwhip swimming across from the opposite side. It landed and struck out through the woods. In a little while he saw a king snake in pursuit, which landed at the same spot and disappeared in the woods on the track of its game.

The king snake grows to great size, and is as strong as an ox. It is black, with small white stripes around the body. Their tenacity of life is marvelous. They have been known to crawl off after their heads were mashed into a jelly.

A pure Virginia plug cut smoking tobacco that does not bite the tongue and is free from any foreign mixture. More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.
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Paper Nails.

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