(7)

MAKING STUMP FENCES.

A Creation That Is Pleasing to Some Artistic Taste and Useful to the Farmer.

One of the most noticeable features of the farm lands in this vicinity, where low hills and valleys make the scenery beautiful, writes a Willink correspondent to *The New York Sun*, is the stump fence. There is an indefiniteness of outline and a wavy irregularity of construction about the stump fence that entrances an artist of the Delsartian school, but the stump fence here is the outgrowth of necessity, and not of artistic taste. When the land was cleared it was fenced with rails and the ground between the stumps was planted with corn and wheat and potatoes. After a time the soft wood stumps, such as basswood, rotted away, but fifty seasons of rain and snow had no more effect on the pine stumps that dotted these fields than a spring shower has on a duck's back. At first the farmers tried to burn out the stumps, but the wood charred over and the fire went out; and then the stump got water-logged in the next rain, and all the ingenuity of a Vermont Yankee couldn't set them on fire after that. The farmers tried blasting, but a keg of powder put under the heart of a six-foot stump only served to split it open and leave the two or three parts apparently as firmly embedded as they were before. Finally a machine was devised for pulling out bodily the stumps that had resisted the elements for half a century. It was a simple affair. Three beams, seven by eleven inches large and nineteen feet long, were placed in the form of a pyramid, with their tops united in a heavy casting that had a big cast-iron nut in its centre. These beams were suitably braced about one-third of the way from the top. A cast-iron screw twelve feet long and five inches in diameter ran down through the big nut in the casting and was prolonged by means of a heavy wrought-iron rod to within two feet of the ground, where the rod terminated in two hooks. When a stump was to be pulled this big frame was placed over it. Then a hole was dug under the largest visible root and a big chain was put under the root and secured to the hooks on the screw rod. An able-bodied horse was then hitched to a lever connected with the nut at the top of the timber frame. When the horse began to travel around the frame, the screw began to rise and something had to give way. That something was usually the stump, but occasionally the chain broke or the screw stripped its threads. As the stump raised, the dentist, as the man who managed the machine was called, walked around it and jabbed a big iron crowbar down through the sod.

"That's to let the air into the hollow," said Farmer Kelly, one of the best-known stump dentists of the county yesterday, as he repeated the operation around the roots of a big stump that slowly rose out of the ground. "We'd be lifting against fifteen pounds to the inch, besides the weight of the stump, if we were to make a vacuum down there, you know."

As the stump came out of the ground a chain called a wrapper was put around it and the screw rod to keep it from cutting over and then all hands vigorously cleaned the dirt from the roots with picks and crowbars that were spoon shaped at one end.

"We get $1.25 for each stump pulled and put in the fence. The best days work on record is $21.25; the worst, one stump. That was six feet in diameter and weighed about two tons. It lifted more dirt than I can estimate with it. When the stump is out and cleaned it is trimmed a bit, and then rolled on to a sort of a mud-boat and dragged to the fence line. The broad, flat tangle of roots faces out from the field to be fenced, and forms a barrier that no breaching colt or critter ever tries to pass. The manufacturer charges $160 for the iron parts of the machine, and if the purchaser has not the skill to make the wooden parts he can buy them all ready for business for $40 more. Within the last few years dynamite has been used with considerable success to shatter the old stumps, but it is dangerous to handle and makes a good many failures, leaving the stump partly split and more difficult to pull than before. Besides that, a shattered stump is no good for fencing. Stump machines came in when rail fences rotted out, and they fill the vacancy cheaply and effectually."

Pretzel-Graphs.

Can the mother of a lion be said to be a ma-ligner?

A cyclone is like a waiter. It carries everything before it.

What is the hardest thing to do with a newspaper?—Make a bustle.

Ladies ought to make good soldiers—none of them are afraid of "powder."

Bathing dresses will be worn shorter this season than usual. It will be only our modesty that will prevent us from going to a fashionable watering-place during the heated term.

We see a sign down the steet upon which is painted, "George Winks." We cannot see that the public are particularly interested in the fact that George winks. The only possible advantage George can have in winking is working in his winks on a soda water fountain man.

Fred Douglass sits ahead of President Cleveland in church. Supposing the clergyman was the sun, Fred the moon and Cleveland the earth, Fred would then be playing the part of an eclipse of the sun.

Princess Beatrice is said to resemble an American girl in many respects. If that is so, the Lord pity the man who, on £2 a week, has to fill her up with ice cream.

A young fellow who had an encounter with a dog belonging to his girl's father, sent the remains of his pantaloons to her by express, accompanying the parcel with a note saying that he had no further use for them, but she could use them and nobody would be any the wiser.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

The Broncho.

A broncho is a horse. He has four legs like the saw horse, but is decidedly more skittish. The broncho is of gentle deportment and modest mien, but there isn't a real safe place about him. There is nothing mean about the broncho, though; he is perfectly reasonable and acts on principle. All he asks is to be let alone, but he does ask this, and even insists on it. He is firm in this matter and no kind of argument can shake his determination. There is a broncho that lives out some miles from this city. We know him right well. One day a man roped him and tried to put a saddle on him. The broncho looked sadly at him, shook his head, and begged the fellow, as plain as could be, to go away and not try to interfere with a broncho who was simply engaged in the pursuit of his own happiness, but the man came on with the saddle, and continued to aggress. Then the broncho reached out with his right hind foot and expostulated with him so that he died. When thoroughly aroused, the broncho is quite fatal, and if you can get close enough to him to examine his cranial structure, you will find a cavity just above the eye, where the bump of remorse should be. The broncho is what the cowboys call "high strung." If you want to know just how high he is strung, climb up on his apex. We rode a broncho once. We didn't travel far, but the ride was mighty exhilarating while it lasted. We got on with great pomp and a derrick, but we didn't put on any necessary style when we went to get off. The beast evinced considerable surprise when we took up our location on his dorsal fin. He seemed to think a moment, and then he gathered up his loins and delivered a volley of heels and hardware, straight out from the shoulder. The recoil was fearful. We saw that our seat was going to be contested, and we began to make a motion to dismount, but the beast had got under way by this time, so we breathed a silent hymn and tightened our grip. He now went off into a spasm of tall, stiff-legged bucks. He pitched us so high that every time we started down we would meet him coming up on another trip. Finally he gave us one grand, farewell boost, and we clove the firmament and split up through the hushed etheral until our toes ached from the lowness of the temperature, and we could distinctly hear the music of the spheres. Then we came down and fell, in a little heap, about one hundred yards from the starting point. A kind Samaritan gathered up our remains in a cigar-box and carried us to the hospital. As they looked pityingly at us, the attending surgeons marveled as to the nature of our mishap. One said it was a cyclone, another that it was a railroad smash-up, but we thought of the calico-hided pony that was grazing peacefully in the dewey mead, and held our peace.—*Sante Fe Democrat.*

No Mermaid There.

He was leaning against the railing at the ferry dock looking decidedly out of sorts when along came an oily, smooth-faced man and said:

"How are you off!"

"What for?"

"Money."

"Haven't got a red."

"Say, can you tell a lie?"

"I can!"

"Then you are the man I want. Old Capt. Smith, of Buffalo, is over in that saloon and has got a crowd around him. He's a great liar, but always sticks to one anecdote. It is about his vessel being wrecked, and of a mermaid taking him in her arms and swimming ashore. Now, then, I want you to go over and sit down and hear the lie out, and when he is through just get up and claim that you are the identical mermaid who saved his useless old life. I want to set him back, and it will be fifty cents in your pocket."

The matter was arranged and the pair went over to the saloon. Capt. Smith was feeling good, and in a little time he worked around to remark:

"That was a curious thing that happened to me in 1848. Did I ever tell you of the wreck of the Mary Ann?"

"No."

He sat down to describe the imaginary wreck, and when he got along to where the vessel showed an intention to founder the chap who was to play mermaid got the wink and picked up his ears.

"Well, sir," continued Smith, "she finally went down, and I found myself struggling in the lake. It was twenty-five miles to land, and how do you suppose I got there?"

"I have heard that a mermaid towed you ashore," answered one of the gang.

"Humph! an infernal lie! I floated ashore on the mainhatch cover, and never had a nicer ride in my life!"

The man who hired the liar seemed completely broken down, while the liar stumped off out doors with his courage all gone. Smith had seen them in conversation, suspected a job, and left the mermaid out altogether.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Circulating Slanders.

Women, mothers, pious women, women that are busy-bodies in church; that think themselves pious: that would be insulted at an intimation that they are not pure-minded, or that they are lacking in sympathy for their kind, read the papers and make merchandise of the terrible afflictions of their neighbors, gloat over these gloating narrations; have a sensation of exhilaration at this crushing calamity to their own kind; patronize the panderers to their own cruel and corrupt natures; make themselve accessory to this invasion of the sacred privacy of the family to make its calamity a profit of the trade of scandal-mongering, and are not a whit better than the pandering trader who supplies the wares which their natures demand.—*Terre Haute Mail.*

A daughter of Gen. Kearney is a favorite in Washington. She is a tall, attractive blonde, with a willowy figure, and may be seen daily driving an unpretending dog-cart.

Nothing is more evanescent and unreliabl than the mood in which a nation takes up arms.—*The Nation.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

For custard pudding, one and one-half pints of milk, four eggs, one cupful sugar, two teaspoonfuls vanilla. Beat eggs and sugar together, dilute with milk and extract, pour into buttered pudding dish, set in oven in dripping pan two-thirds full of water, and bake until firm, about forty minutes in moderate oven.

Cake should never be disturbed while baking, for if it is moved or jarred after it has risen, before it is done it is apt to fall and "make a cradle." The oven should be as near the right temperature as possible, not quite so hot as for biscuit, for if it is two hot, and the door has to be opened to let in cool air when the cake is partially cooked, then it is very apt to fall.

For macaroni pudding, take one cupful broken macaroni, one and one-half pints milk, four eggs, one cupful sugar, one large tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful extract vanilla. Boil macaroni in well salted water ten minutes, then add to the boiling milk and simmer twenty minutes longer; remove from fire, pour on sugar, eggs and butter beaten together, lastly add extract; put in well buttered pudding dish, bake in steady oven thirty-five minutes and serve with sauce.

Sorrel soup is the kind that is ordered by French women to refresh themselves after a long, fatiguing journey. It is easily made. A good quaintity of sorrel leaves must be picked from the stems and washed, then put them into a stew pan with a piece of butter to steam. No water is requisite. Dredge in, continually stirring, a tablespoon full or two of flour, unless the soup is clear. Add enough of any broth on hand, or a tablespoonful of the fluid beef, already seasoned. Serve with sippets or dice of toasted bread.

As to low neck gowns Dr. Hammond speaks more specifically in the North American Review, saying that they have been worn for many generations without apparent injury. "It might be supposed, at first thought," he continues, "that bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia and many kinds of rheumatism and neuralgia would be the result of the custom; but such is really not the case, all of these affections being much more frequently met with in men, who cover the chest and arms with several thicknesses of woolen material, in addition to a shirt of linen or cotton."

Any kind of fish may be served a la creole by taking a can of tomatoes, two onions, two tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet oil; stew the tomatoes, fry the onions in the oil or butter, thicken with a little flour, add hot water, sufficient to cover the fish. Black bass is good cooked in this way, cut four pounds of it into square pieces, put it in the saucepan with the onions, add four cloves, strain in the tomatoes, add salt and pepper to taste, cover closely and stew very slowly for an hour. The fish should keep its form. You may try halibut or any fish in the same way.

There is a steadily increasing demand for metallic candlesticks of good design. These articles pertain to associations of medieval times, and are appropriately produced in quaint forms with incrusted and raised ornaments or engraved incised lines. In one design an ebonized stand is encircled by two tiers of twisted brass supports richly chased, each holding a candle at top, and from these spring segmental arched forms which meet in a central ornament. Other frames are in standard form, with straight and curved cross pieces richly chased, the row of supports on the former being at different elevations, so as to present an arc of light.

To make old-style strawberry short cake requires three pints of strawberries, one cupful of sugar, one quart of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a cupful of butter and a cupful and a half of milk. Mix the baking powder with the flour and rub the mixture through a sieve. Rub the butter into this mixture; and after adding the milk, stir quickly until a smooth paste is formed. Divide the dough into six parts, and roll each down to the size of a plate. Lay the pieces in half a dozen buttered tin plates and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes. Meanwhile hull the strawberries, and after mashing them a little add the cupful of sugar. When the short-cakes are baked, spread the sweetened fruit between them, making three complete cakes. Serve hot. If strawberries be abundant more than three pints may be used.

He Won.

There were half a dozen men with their chairs tilted back in front of the hotel, and the talk was on the characteristics of the negro. It seemed to be the general opinion that the Southern negro was naturally light-fingered, but all at once a drummer for a Philadelphia saddlery house threw away his cigar-stub and said:

"Gentlemen, here is a silver dollar. I'll bet it can be left on the table in my room up stairs for twenty-four hours and no one will remove it."

A gentleman from Macon said he would like to wager $5 on that, and the terms were soon settled. It was agreed that the drummer should go to his room and lay the dollar on the table, and if it was there at the same hour the next day the wager was his. Several marked the coin and recorded the date, and the drummer was trusted to leave it as agreed.

Next day, at the same hour, a committee of three visited the room. Several colored people had been in and out while engaged in their vocations, but the dollar was there.

"Gentlemen, is the negro honest or is he not?" querried the drummer, as he pointed to the coin.

We advanced to make sure it was the one. There was no mistake. The date—1879—was there—the nicks in the edge were there, but the drummer had taken it to a machinist to have a hole drilled through it, and had then screwed it down to the table. It was there so tight and fast that only a heavy screw-driver could loosen it.

"I have won," modestly exclaimed the drummer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ATTAR OF ROSES.

An Account of the Manufacture of This Costly Substance.

The following account of the manufacture of this interesting substance is condensed from a paper in the United States consular reports. The annual product in the district referred to reached three tons in 1873-4, selling for $500,000. In 1883-4 the product was 4,600 pounds, but the cost of manufacture has been greatly increased of recent years, and it sold for $625,000.

Attar of roses is produced on a large scale in the province of Roumelia, on the southern slopes of the Balkans, and it is only the attar of these districts that is of any moment. Small quantities are produced in India and Persia, but they are used for home consumption, and the same is the case with the attar of roses produced in the south of France, which, although of quite good quality, forms only a very small part of the consumption of these producing places. The attar of Tunis is of the best quality, but the quantity produced is comparatively small and the price high. Very little is exported.

The attar produced in Roumelia is made by distillation from rosa dariascina, whose color is, as a rule, bright red; it is sometimes, but rarely, white. It is not very full as a flower, and blooms in May and June. The rose trees, when full grown, reach a height of about six feet, and are planted in rows. They have to be tended very carefully from the autumn to the time of gathering. The flowers when in full bloom are plucked before sunrise, only in such quantities as can be distilled on the day they are plucked. The distilling apparatus consists of a plain tinned still, from which a long curved tube is directed through a tub filled with fresh water, and empties in a big bottle. Several such apparatus are usually standing on stone hearths, by the side of each other, and, if possible, close to a brook in the shade of trees.

Acerding to the size of the apparatus, the still may hold twenty-five to fifty pounds of roses, on which about double that quantity of water is poured, and is boiled briskly for about half an hour. The distilled liquid is collected in the bottle that stands at the mouth of the cooling tube, and the attar of roses, which separates from the water, appears on the surface, where it is skimmed. The distilled water is again used for distillation, and constitutes ultimately the rose-water which enters into trade.

After a sufficient quantity of attar is produced, it has to be totally freed from the water, and is kept in copper cans, tinned both on the inside and outside.

The rose trees attain their maximum producing capacity in their fourth year, say from 2,500 to 4,000 pounds per acre. They are very sensible to cold; fogs and rain are also very fatal to the blossoms. But the yield depends most upon the weather during time of distillation; the latter lasts sometimes ten days only, when the weather is warm and clear, whereas it may require a month and more if the sky is cloudy, especially if rain falls at intervals. In the first ease the yield is almost always unfavorable, as the roses are blooming at the same time, and, as there is no time to gather and work them all, the odor of the flower soon vanishes, and the yield in attar is much less in consequence, so that 5,000 to 7,000 pounds of leaves are needed to give one pound of attar. When the weather is favorable and the buds bloom gradually 2,500 to 3,500 pounds of leaves will give one pound.

Pure attar of roses when distilled with due care is at first colorless, but soon takes a yellowish color. No certain method is known to detect falsification. Admixtures of alcohol for the purpose of increasing the freezing capacity, or admixtures of spermaceti, neither of which, at least in the wholesale trade, is now resorted to, are, of course, easily detected. But the most important falsifying medium is oil of geranium, which some dealers order even at Constantinople to be sent to Kyzanlik, to be distilled over again with rose leaves, and to be mixed with attar of roses. Moderate additions of this oil defy detection. The surest method of testing is by smell, but it requires much training, and can only be acquired by many years' patience. It is still a widespread belief, although an erroneous one, that the quality of the attar of roses corresponds exactly with the degree of its freezing capacity. The "stearopten," which is the freezing agent of the attar, is devoid of any smell whatever, and has, therefore, no bearing on the flavor or the purity of the attar. A certain freezing capacity is, it is true, one of the claims which one may lay on really good attar, but this only because the admixture of other essential oils has the effect of lowering the freezing point. The attar sets at 52 degrees to 63 degrees Fahrenheit, according to the quantity of stearopten contained in it, it sometimes, but exceptionally, congeals at a higher temperature; it then shows feathery, transparent crystals, filling all the liquid; specific weight is 9.87 at 67 degrees Fahrenheit.

Attar made in the highest-situated villages is, as a rule, considered of greater freezing capability, and of more intense, but harsher flavor, whereas the produce from the plain shows a lower freezing point, and is possessed of a sweeter and finer flavor.—*Scottish Agricultural Gazette.*

Power of the Press.

The printing press has made presidents, killed poets, furnished bustles for beauties, and polished genius with criticism. It has made worlds get up at roll call every morning, given the pulpit lungs of iron and a voice of steam. It has set a price on a bushel of wheat and made the country post-office the glimmering goal of the rural scribe. It has curtailed the power of kings, embellished the pantry shelves, and bursted rings; it has converted bankers into paupers, made sawers of college presidents; it has educated the homeless and robbed the philosopher of his reason. It smiles and kicks, cries and dies, but it can't be run to suit everybody and the editor is a fool who tries it.—*Creston Sunday Morning.*

AN OCEON OF FRAGRANCE.

How Hyacinths, Tulips, and Crocuses are Cultivated in Holland.

Holland has always been and probably will ever be the mother of bulbs. Few persons, while admiring the beautiful flowers produced from Holland bulbs, ever think of the care, time, and trouble taken to grow them. Bulbs have been cultivated there 400 or 500 years, as near as can be ascertained, but for several years past they have received more attention than ever. Mr. Beerhorst, a bulb-grower of Lasenheim, near Harlem, Holland, was interviewed in this city this week. He said:

"Holland, as is well known, is all low land, the greater part of it lower than the sea. The water is kept off by dykes; you have another name here. Erected here and there on them are large windmills, that pump the water out when it inundates the land. They present a very strange appearance to an unaccustomed eye. We travel by canalboats like, I understand, was once done here."

"What is the soil like, that you are enabled to raise the finest bulbs?"

"The best in the world for bulb-growing—pure, sandy soil. The reason Holland bulbs are best is owing to the soil, temperature, and water, which is as pure as is possible. We have only to dig but 2 feet—I believe you measure by feet here—to find water, not only in one place, but anywhere."

"How do you plant hyacinths to increase their number?"

"We first fertilize the soil, put about sixteen bushels of manure on each 12 feet square, then we take a hyacinth bulb and cut across the bottom several times, plant, and in June we lift. The one bulb will be divided into several small ones of perfect growth."

"When do you plant first?"

"In September. The great fogs from the sea drive the frost away, but we always cover the bed with weeds. We can not use straw, because then the mice destroy our bulbs."

"Are your winters as cold as here?"

"No; we are a great ways further north, yet our winters are not so severe. Probably the fogs help us some. Our summers are not so intensely hot as in this country."

"Are the hyacinths ready for sale after the first year?"

"No, no; I would they were. The first year they are planted close; the second year we must plant them in new soil, as they will not grow two years in the same ground. Every year each bulb gets more space, until five years elapse, when they are then ready to sell."

"What do you do with the ground you can not use a second year?"

"We plant some other species of flower, and at the same time enrich the soil. Thus we change their homes alternately, and can always utilize the ground. Bulbs have about six different diseases, which I cannot name in your language. This causes much trouble and loss of money. Sometimes the soil gets tired of the bulbs, and refuses to grow anything. We give it a time to rest, and then we dig up a depth of four feet, put on a double quantity of fertilizing matter, and after another short rest it is willing to start to work again. You know everything in life must have some time to rest, or it wears out, and is no good afterward."

"Tell me something about your tulips."

"Well, I plant the bulbs the same as the others, only they do not need cutting, as they increase themselves by forming offshoots on the old ones. We separate those and replant. We oftimes grow from seed—that makes the work. From first planting it is four years until they bloom. The strange part is they all bloom a coffee-colored flower for a number of years, when suddenly they will bring forth some fine color, as those see who buy them. Thus we know what our bulb is. They never hold the coffee color, which is quite pretty, any longer than four years. This we are sure of, but what they will be in the end we know not until they show us. Crocuses are raised the same way. The three bulbs mentioned will grow nicely in water. For forcing I always use sandy loam, which is the best."

"How many varieties of tulips have you?"

"Three thousand—just 2,500 too many. I suppose there are more than that."

"What is your native place like?"

"The scenery is grand, elegant; I can't tell you in your language as I would like to. We have love trees like here, that is, the same kind. The land is perfectly level. Everybody grows bulbs—the laborer, tailor, shoemaker, as well as the florest. All the houses—some one story, some two, and none higher—are built of brick. We build no pavements, but we never have any mud, and our roads are always dry and smooth, not full of hard cobble-stones like here. In the principal bulb-growing district, my home—Sassenhelm—you can see millions and millions of tulips, hyacinths and crocusses in bloom at once. Their beautiful fragrance is wafted for miles around. On one acre will be planted about 400,000 bulbs. Can you imagine, then, looking over a dozen acres in bloom, what a vast sea, fit for a paradise, it is. I wish I were able to describe in your talk the grandure of it."

"What do you think of our country?"

"It is grand, it is grand! Good for the poor man—the rich man can get along anywhere. If I could not get along better than some at our place I would come to America. Our people dress plain, live plain, and meat is the greatest luxury. Some men who work very hard have this fat rib meat: I think you call it bacon. I am really ashamed to tell you what wages they get. Three dollars per week is the average. Some get $4, and on rare occasions $1.25 and $1.50 per day is paid, but the ordinary laborer here gets twice as much as in our country."

"Foolin' Away Money."

Mary Edwood in Rural New Yorker.

That is what one farmer remarked to another, while in town, each on the same errand—buying artist's materials. One seemed to enjoy the "foolishness," and in his heart did not feel he was spending his foolishly—thinking of the really fine pictures which adorned his country home, with a feeling of love and pride for the daughter who had such good taste in decorative art, and was such a "splendid cook," too, always trying to make home pleasant in every way. He had the money to gratify her and was happy to do so. The other stood with his hands in his pockets, with mouth drawn down at the corners, and took the money from his pocket with the air of a man taking a seat in a dentist's chair.

This is his soliloquy homeward: "Well, I know my Mary can paint nicely; yes I know she earned the money to pay for what few lessons she has taken, and she earned the $5 I have spent to-day. I could have invested this in eggs that would have hatched a lot of chickens. I would have furnished the feed for them, and she could give me half the chickens, bnt she wouldn't. She has awful high notions—thinks farmers might be gentlemen and their wives and daughters ladies, with their homes full of all sorts of 'flummery.' Money jingling in my pocket is sweeter music than a piano, and the pictures on my government bonds and greenbacks are more to my taste than any canvass painted by the most famous artist. A farmer does not need any painted landscape when he can see the 'cows in the corn.' I do not know why my children hate farming so, unless they take after their mother. She is always complaining; she says she has notning for her convenience, and even made a fuss when I made the last deposit in the bank. She wanted it to buy a dress to wear to church (she looks awful nice yet in the alpacky I bought her five years ago). My barn is just a model; my horses are all thoroughbred, as are the rest of my stock. My carriage is as fine as any in town, and everything on my farm is first-class. My house—well, yes, it is a little cramped, but the children will not stay any longer than the law requires, for I am afraid the boys are a little fast. When I am gone how quick the money will vanish—wish I could take it with me. When the time comes the neighbors will be surprised at my bank account. If the folks at home knew, they would fret more than ever for a new house and all the fine things to fix it up. A farmer ought not to spend much time in the house, and if the wimmin folks are kept busy every minute they will not have much time to think about it. I am a sharp, well-to-do farmer, and have made money."

He did not say he had bowed himself down to the demon avarice and worshipped him, and will continue to worship him until the weight of his gold crushes him to the earth, and his family care nothing for the departed excepting the gold to quarrel over. How many lives such as this has the world seen? Does it pay to get money and fail to have the love of our wives and children?

How Washington Belles Ride.

Chicago Tribune.

The young ladies of the Dominguez family are not only good tennis players, but fine riders, and they and Miss Margaret Blaine scour the country on their well-bred chestnuts with a staid groom in attendance. Miss Blaine is a fearless horsewoman, and never looks so well as in the saddle. She has a remarkably fine figure, and her habit, hat, gloves and equipments are the admiration and despair of her girl friends. Our environs abound in magnificent roads, and the bridle-paths are as wild and primitive as if the Capital was unbuilt and Congress non est. A half an hour's sharp trot will bring one into the heart of a solitude where in the city becomes as the figment of a dream, and Nature and the birds, rabbits and foxes have it all to themselves. This is particularly the case about the neighborhood of Cabin John and Tenallytown, but there is hardly a place in which the great raking chestnut, the firm figure and flashing gray eyes of Miss Blaine are not a familiar sight.

Our belles, in the matter of riding, rush things very much a l'Anglaise. They wear habits that come barely to their heels, patent leathers with straps, pot-hats, and in lieu of whips generally carry hunting-crops. The horses are also rigged after the insular pattern, with serviceable manes and entirely impracticable tails—tails whose stub-cut keeps them well out of the mud, but makes the observer shudder for the season when gnats and horseflies, midges, mosquitoes, and all the other plagues of Egypt shall swarm and feast on those unhappy equines. Clipping in winter and cropping in summer are the "cut and come again" that make the S. P. C. A. a reasonable society and a wholesome thought.

Mrs. Wilkins Scores a Point.

St. Nicholas.

"Mrs. Wilkins," said the head of the family, as he looked over the top of his paper, "I see the men of science agree that a man inherits his intellectual qualities from his mother. All men of eminence have had unusually smart mothers."

"Was your mother an idiot?" asked Mrs. W. crisply.

"Think you're smart don't ye?" sneered her liege lord. "I'd have you know my mother was an uncommonly intellectual woman. She once wrote a book."

"Ah!" said Mrs. W.

"And that accounts for my brilliant intellect," said Mr. W. complacently.

"Will it soon be settled, do you think?" asked Mrs. W., unheedful of her husband's last remark.

"Will what be settled?"

"Why the suit."

"What suit?"

"Why," said Mrs. W. calmly, "If you have inherited any intellectual qualities the will must be disputed as I have seen no evidence as yet that you have come into your legacy."

Tally one for Mrs. W.

The unfinished statue of Salmon P. Chase, made by the late Clark Mills, has returned to base uses. It was sold at auction in Washington, the other day, for what it was worth for old metal.

Cider is called by a new essayist "wine with the bar sinister."