THE INSIDE TRACK.

Brooklyn Eagle.

R. J. BURDETTE.

He came to the bower of her love Twanging his sweet guitar: He called her in song his snow-white dove. His lily, his fair, bright star, While I sat close to the brown-eyed maid And helped her to enjoy her serenade.

He sang that his love was beyond compare (His voice was as sweet as his song;) He said she was pure and gentle and fair, And I told her he wasn't far wrong. I don't know whether he heard me or not, For his E string snapped like a pistol-shot. He told how he loved her o'er and o'er

With passion in every word, In songs that I never knew before, And sweeter ones ne'er were heard. But the night dews loosened his guitar strings,

And they buzzed out of tune like crazy things.

He sang and played till the moon was high, Oh, sweet was the love-born strain; And the right caught up each tremulous sigh And echoed each sweet refrain; But I laughed when a beetle flew down his

And choked in a snort his highest note.

She liked it: and I did-just so-so: I was glad to hear his lay; I ever echoed him, soft and low, When he sang what I wanted to sav. Till at last I leaned from the window, and

I thanked him and asked him to call again-And then he went away.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

American-Bred Horses.

Fifteen million of horses are now owned in America, and more than 1,000,000 a year must be bred to keep up the supply. The largest portion of these are used for agricultural and heavy draft purposes, and such horses bring from \$175 to \$250 each. It would be impossible to breed them if it were not for the importation of Percheron horses. Five hundred stallions are now annually imported from France to the United States. The immense wealth they are adding to the nation will be better understood when it is known that the first cross of a Percheron stallion with a native mare doubles the selling value of the colt when matured. Large numbers of Percheron stall ons are exported from the United States by Canadian breeders to renew the old French blood so highly prized, and also to give quality, style and act on to the large English draft and Clydesdale stock which has been bred there so long.

Seed Peas.

Will seed peas three or four years old grow as well as if only one year old asks a correspondent. Yes. better, if Major Alvord's exper ments are to be depended upon. Those experiments-which were made at the celebrated Houghton farm-seem to establish the fact that seed peas, two or three years old produced better crops than younger seed. If well kept peas will retain their vitality for five or six years. But we do not know why they should be Letter with age, and to be candid, we doubt if anybody else does. It is true that during the t me mentioned they are as good as if only a year old, but we seriously doubt if they are any better. Still Major Alvord is a careful man, and he has reached his conclusions only with careful experiments. We have only our own opinion to back us, and he seems

to have more than his. Competitive Agriculture.

The requirements of agriculture are constantly growing more and more imperative in their demands for educated and intelligent farmers. The competitive tendency of the age makes this a necessity. The closer the competition the better must be the system of farming followed, and the administrative ability of the farmer. Profits are very small under the best system of manage ment, and where any mismanagement is allowed no profits whatever can be expected. Then the farmer should be so trained that he will know how to avoid mismanagement in all his operations. Agriculture is a business profession-just as much as manufac-turing, banking, law or medicine, and it should require, and does require, as much special training as either of the others. This special training must receive more attention in the future than in the part, and farmers must have such education to be successful as makes other business men success-

Use the Brush on the Cows Live Stock Monthly.

But a few farmers ever think it necessary that a cow should be brushed. We have seen neighbors laugh and ridicule what they call over-niceness and fussiness, when the cows were curried and brushed twice a day, with as much care as was given to the horses. "What! curry a cow? Never heard tell of such a thing!" But a cow needs it even more than a horse. and for several reasons. A cow, whose milk is used for food, unless she has a perfectly clean skin cannot give clean milk, and then butter will be bad. The skin should be in a perfectly healthful condition and the blood pure, or the milk will be impure and unhealthful. and the butter or cheese will be taint ed. Neither cleanliness nor healthfulness can be secured without regular brushing of the sk n and the removal of all the filth that will gather upon ill-kept cows. This should be done before the cows are milked, both mo:ning and evening. The morning cleaning should be a thorough one; a sim-ple brushing to remove dust and loose hair will be sufficient for the evening. It will help very much for both hors : and cows to have the stables so floored that the animals can be kept from fouling themselves

Winter Seeding.

Various times of the year have been recommended for sowing grass seed. Many plow and seed down in August and have good success unless September proves too hot. which is often the case. It has frequently happened that autumn, and have an epportunity to and to become discouraged and ready

in April, when the frost is out of only two or three inches of the surface. we have had a good catch. As soon as we had mowed an early piece of June grass last summer we broke it up with the intention of sowing corn for fodder, but the extreme drought prevent-We consequently manured it in autumn and harrowed it thoroughly, expecting to seed to grass as late as possible in autumn, as one farmer of our acquaintance has been successful with very late fall seeding, the only uncertainty being the trouble of hitting upon the latest opportunity before winter sets in. Failing to hit such a time we decided to wait until spring before seeding this piece. But on the 12th of January, the first snow having d'sappeared and the thermometer being up to sixty or seventy degrees we found that the frost was n cely out of some two inches of the surface, so we stepped out between the showers and sowed six quarts of herds' grass seed on about a quarter of an acre of ground, and had a great mind to sow the two acres already prepared.

Economzing Time on the Farm.

How to use time to the best a lvantage in the busy season of the year is what every farmer should study well. It is not enough that he works hard all day long, scarcely taking time to cat his meals, if his work is not done right, in the right time and in the right way. Doing the work in the right time will save much unnecessary labor, by keeping all kinds of farm implements ready for use whenever needed; keeping fences up so as not to be troubled with runaway cattle; but especially in the ra's ng of crops it is necessary to be in t me, both in seeding and barvesting and keeping the weeds down in the spring of the year, so as not to let them get a start, or they will be hard to conquer later in the season. To do things in the right way includes a great deal, and only the outlines can be given in a short article like this. The first thing is to do one thing at a time and do it thoroughly, not to be shifting from one work to another, for in this way much time is lost. One thing which is much overlooked is to have everything handy; have all kinds of feed close b where it is to be fed; have the corn erib near to the hog pasture, the hav both for cattle and house use near at hand, for in this way it will not take more than half the time to do chores as it will if everthing that is fed must be carried, even if not thought to be far. It is surprising how much time will be walked away for nothing in the course of a year. Order should be strictly observed in everything, in having all kinds of too!s and having them in their place when not used. While no method can be mecanically followed in divid ng up the labor on the farm still it can be arranged by establishing certa n rules so as to save much time. In this way more can be done in ten hours work than in fourteen where no order is followed; therefore it is necessary to plan well before commencing on all kinds of work.

Farm Notes

A healthy fowl will drink fifteen to twenty times a day, and in a clo-e coop, or in hot weather, st'll oftener. Separated early and raised up by themselves, pullets are worth at a quarter more for use than if allowed to run w th a lot of cockerels.

Diseases of the l'ver and kidneys are very common in hogs. The difficulty in this case, and in most cases, comes largely from improper feed.

Horses should have water often if doubtless suffer much from therst, for they are never watered except at morning, noon and night.

There is no better food for young pigs after they have learned to eat, than good threshed oats. If given dra and alone, the pigs will chew at them till they get all the kernels, but they will swallow little or none of the husks.

The most des rable eggs for setting are those the freshest lad. A liberal daily sprinkling of tepid water upon them when incubation is near its accomplishment, say a week before hatching, is an a'd to the free issue of the chicks at maturity.

Don't keep corn stored too long in the crib, waiting for the advance in prices that may possibly come by-and-The natural shrinkage in weight and the demands of rats and mice alone may wipe out more than the pro-

The best way to induce a turkey hen to care for a large number of chicks Wait till she gets ready to sit, give her as many eggs as she can cover well, and a week later set several hens; when they hatch give all the chicks to the turkey, and she will mother them.

Lack of water will make fowls light, however liberally they may be fed. In an experiment where some fowls were killed twelve hours after feeding, but without water, the undigested corn was found nearly whole in their crops. Where they had access to water the crops were empty, showing that the digestion had been rapid.

To improve a stiff wet clay soil or one that is dry, I ght and sandy, sow it down to red clover and harvest it while in bloom. Then sow a second crop and plow it under while green, in the The strong, tough clover roots wedge themselves into t'e clay and make it loose and friable. On the other hand, the same strong, tough roots compact the loose sand, hold it together and keep moisture from drying out.

Now is the time to profit by the advice you got from the agricultural papers last winter concerning the care of implements. You are, of course, very busy, but there is no sound reason why you should neglect to store the tools that you have no further need of this season-the cultivators, double shovels, corn plows, mowers, reapers, binders and ha rakes. Gather them up and store them away as soon as you have done with them.

When a farmer becomes burdened when we have a piece of corn ground, with a big lot of poor stock, etc., he all plowed and manured for wheat in is then in a fair way to lose money,

sow wheat and grass in March or early to declare that farming don't pay. Poor stock will burden any farmer, and the wise man who owns any of this class of animals will make every endeavor to get rid of them as soon as he can stock up judiciously with bet-

Nearly half a century ago, Joshua Van Cott, a great horse authority on Long Island, used the following recipe for curing heaves in horses. It has been regarded as a precious secret un-til quite recently: Take forty sumach buds, one pound resin, one pint ginger, half pound mustard, one pint unslacked lime, six ounces cream tartar, four ounces gum guacum, one pound epsom salts: mix together, divide into thirty powders and give one every morning in the horse's feed before watering him.

Sheep on the farm are almost a neessity in these times of advancement in farming. The highest authorities on agricultural economy claim that there must be a variety in stock as well as in crops to attain the greatest success on the farm, and sheep are admitted to be the best adapted to foul lands. Their size makes them very convenient to furnish meat for the farmer's fam'ly. The'r products are marketable when there is little else on the farm to bring in ready cash. They fit well to the large gap between hogs and cattle.

The place which the pumpkin can be made to fill on the farm is an important one. As a food for cattle, it s excellent, and after removing the seed may be fed with profit to milch cows. Horses are fond of them. Hogs revel in the rrich and appetizing juices. Sheep eat them with avidity. Ch ck ens, ducks and geese feed on them at every opportunits. As a w.nter food for all kinds of stock they are excel lent. Pumpkins are so easily raised, are so valuable, and are so easily kep t ll winter, that the tarmer who fall to plant them neglects an importan item in his farm economy. Plant an save pumpk ns, and the result will b astonishing.

Havana Tobacco Dying out.

The truth is that good Havana to bacco is every year growing scarcer and scarcer, and promises before long to be all but unobtainable. The quality of tobacco, like that of other agricultural produce, depends on conditions which baffle the most careful cultivator. Since 1881 there has been no really fine-tlayored, aromatic leaf. and though high hopes are entertained regarding the coming harvest, these anticipat ons may be doomed to disappointment. Something, however, more serious than wind and weather is at work in the destruction of Cuban tobacco. The soil itself is getting worn out. Tobacco is one of the most exhausting of crops, and in course of ages the chem cal elements on which it subs sis have been so extracted and converted into ashes all over the world that the earth is no longer capable of imparting them to the hungry plant. Art ficial manu es have accordingly been had recourse to, with the results that while some of them have proved fairly useful, many have so poisoned the delicate herb that, in order to eliminate them from the so l, the ground has been sown with other crops Even then years must clapse before the drugged plantations can recover from the treatment to which they have been subjected, while there are prophets of evil who are not slow to affirm that no compound of the chemist's laborator,, and no fert l'zers from the Peruvian shores, will ever supply the Cuban earth with the tobacco food of which the harvests of two centuries have robbed it. Under these circumstances it may be imagined how many of "the real Havanas," sold in London and Paris as such, have ever seen the city from which they derive their name, or what percentage of the suppos tous Cabanas Excepcionales, or Partaga Conchas, can claim to have the remotest connect on with the humblest field in the "Spanish Ireland."

Another Trunk Tragedy. Chicago Herald.

"Talking about the trunk tragedy at St. Louis," sa'd a lady who was returning from a visit to one of the Wisconsin summer resorts, "that's nothing beside a trunk tragedy I saw up at the lake. A woman came to the hotel about ten days ago, and the first thing we heard was the great trouble she had had in getting her trunk. About every hour of the day she went to the hotel office to nquire after her m ssing Saratoga. We noticed that she had nothing to wear but an old grav traveling dress, and she was stared at a good deal in the dining-room and on the piazza after dinner, but we made allowances for her m sfortune and rather sympathized with her. She was all the time taking on about her bad luck and telling of the beautiful dresses she had. Her dear, dead husband, who had left her a few months after their marriage, was wealthy, and had bought her everything she asked for. She said she had no less than twelve nice dresses in her trunk and more at home that she couldn't bring. You can imagine that we all became rather curious about her wardrobe, and some of us were as anxious for it to arrrive as she was. And she was making good progress with the men, too, and about hooked a wealthy widower from Milwaukee.

"One evening just after dinner the porters were bringing up some baggage, and the widow was on hand as usual looking for hers. This time it was there, and she clapped her hands in joy. But the very next minute the men let it fall; it came down the stens right at the end of the piazza. It struck a corner and burst, and lefore us was spread the widow's wardrobe. The crowd gathered around, and there was quite a sensation.

"Had she told the truth?" "Yes, she had. There were the dozen dresses, but they were all for little girls, at least six different sizes. As she left the house early next morning none of us, nor the Milwaukee widow er, either, were able to learn where she had been keeping her childrenpoor thing.

The modern martyr who suffers at the steak is the chap who lives at the cheap board ng house.

The Art of Embalming.

Two men sat silent in a handsome furnished store on a leading New York thoroughfare. A small portion of the furniture and ornaments pertained to the living, the remainder to the dead. It was an undertaker's establishment. and the younger but more solemn person was a professional embalmer. answer to the reporter's questions, he said:

"Gen. Grant's embalming was work of the finest kind-something to be proud of. It was done by the leader of our profession, and with the best material in the market. There are many mortuary directors who profess to be embalmers, and who know a smattering of the art; but they are unworthy of the name. Real embalmers are few in number, there not being more than ten in the entire country. To be one, an undertaker must have a sufficient knowledge of surgery, medicine and chemistry, and must also have considerable artistic sense. This makes a rare combination.

"The chief element in embalming consists in removing a large portion of the blood from the body and substituting therefore some powerful antiseptic fluid. Many experiments have been made in respect to these fluids. I can hardly recall how many peparations have been tried. Brine, salicylic acid, diluted creoso e, solut ons of sulphate of zinc, and the iodide and chloride of me al. You see, the fluid used must be nearly colorless, or else verging on blood color, and must not cause dis-coloration. This precludes the use of at of coppor, iron, manganese, and chromium, and also compounds of sul-

"A solution of chloride of zinc was at one time in vogue, but in several ins ances it produced a ghastly bluish tinge, and so went entirely out of fashion. Tae so-called Egyptian fluid was a standard preparation for years. It was so named by its manufacturer, who claimed that it was the same liquid as was used in preparing the mummies of Egypt. It was improved upon, however, by some American chemists, who now have a precical monepoly in supplying embalmers with the fluid. Their manufacture is styled the Oriental fluid, and is made in Boston.

"In embalming, a large vein and large artery and a small force pump, connected with a vessel containing the antiseptic fluid, is applied. The process requires from two to four hours. The natural movement of the circulation is followed. As the fluid enters the vessels the blood 's forced out. The longer the time the better the result. A short time enables the operator to remove the blood only from the larger vessels. In a longer period the fluid asses from the larger to the smaller vessels and into the capillaries. This d stends the skin and produces a life-

The cost of the process is from \$15 upward. Embalming grows more common every year. In the past thirty months our establishment has embalmed about 200 subjects. We are still behind the ancients in our work. In the main, a subject well treated lasts three years. This is a fair average. It would be longer if it were not for occas on al cases in which the antisept c liquids seem to lose the'r efficacy. There is however, a distinguished chemist in Italy who claims to perrify a subject by us ng some silicate pre-paratior. Though I have not seen the process employed, yet I have been shown specimens which resembled petrifactions.

"A second duty of the embalmer is the same as that of an undertaker, to make the sub ect as life like and natural as possible. There is a division in the profession at this point. Some endeavor by art to restore almost all the characteristics of life:others merely endeavor to remove the disagreeable insignia of death. As for myself, I think it proper to conceal the marks of wounds, accidents or disease. No art can take away the horror of death. Its excess makes death the more terrible by contrast.

"The embalmer runs the risk of disease and blood poisoning. A subject once preserve I and treated is innocuous; but in the process the germs of the disease from which he died are expelled in vast numbers in the bloods The operator in such cases always runthe risk of contagion and infection. Blood poisoning is as apt to occur to the embalmer as to the surgeon. The danger in all these cases. however, can be guarded against. Those who are attacked are nine times out of ten ig-norant funeral directors, who call themselves embalmers when they are

The Conductor's Story.

Chicago Herald.

"If you write stories for the paper," said a Rock Island Ralway freight conductor, "let me tell you a true one that came under my observation last winter out near Des Moines when I was no railroad yarn, but a fact. I saw it running along and I was on the eng ne. As we began to cross a bridge we looked ahead and there was a I ttle g.rl about six years old clambering over the timbers. She had some school books in her hand and was evidently on her way home from school. The engineer whistled, when she turned her race toward us. I'll never forget that face as long as I live. It was just as white as the snow on the ice in creek thirty or forty feet below her. But she d'dn't scream, nor try to jump nor do anything. She just looked at us with a steady glare as if she'd stop the train with her eyes that we were unable to do with our brakes. At first we were all so broke up we hadn't any to us in a mute appeal for help. Well. sir, that broke the charm, and we all started up wildly. I swung way out as far as I could, holding by one hand and w.th the other motioning her to she'd been a man. And she took her and down they go, and in the morning time to it, too, and climbed down as the rail, ron and class will be all del berately as if she'd been at home. blood and feathers."

She was none too quick, though, for her little brown hood, with a red ribbon fluttering from it, had no sooner disappeared between the timbers than

we thundered over her.
" 'Let her out, Bill,' I shouted to the engineer, 'let her out lively, or that little thing will never be able to stick down there till we get over the bridge. Turn her loose!'

"So Bill let her out, but she'd no sooner reached the bank than I jumped off and went heels over head in a snow bank. I got back to the bridge as soon as I could and waited for our long train to get by. Don't mind tell-in' ye that as I stood there I did something I never did afore—yes, sir, I stood there and prayed that that little one might be able to stick it out till I could get to her. But I guess my prayers are no good, for when the train was by I rushed out on the bridge over timbers by the dozen, expecting every minute to see that little red rib-bon. But it never showed up. Tears began to fill my eyes so that I could hardly see the cross-pieces—I have a little girl of my own you know—but on and on I went, and no brown hood or red ribbon could I find. Then I turned and looked to the ice below. and there she was. Yes, she had fall-en thirty or forty feet through the bridge.

"How I got down to her I don't know, but I got there. I lifted her up in my arms. Her eyes were closed. but she opened them, looked at me a second and then said:

"How did you get down here?" "This question would have made me augh if I had felt sure she wasn't hurt, but as it was I hurried up the bank and to the caboose. She said she wasn't hurt much, but I knew she couldn't tell, and we started for the next station.

"I'm going home, ain't I?" she in-quired, after we had fixed her up in our bunk.

"I told her 'yes,' knowin' that min-ute we were goin' right by her house I was in such a hurry to get to a surgeon that I thought it right to deceive her. Pretty soon she went off to sleep and she looked so deathly lying there that all of us went to wipin' our eyes

" 'Boys,' says I, 'if she never wakes up I'll quit the road. I never want to ee that bridge agin.'

"And you have quit the road?"
"No, I'm at the old business. She got well, and all the spring used to watch for my train as she would for her papa coming home from work. We never passed her house unless she was out waving that little brown hood at us and making that red ribbon dance. Our engineer used to whistle for her regularly, and she got so that she could tell that whistle as far as she could hear it. Once in a while, when not in a hurry, we'd stop our train and have a talk with her. She said she loved us all, even the old engine, but she has never set her foot on the track since that day she fell through the bridge. This is a true story and the little girl's name is Lily."

In a Lighthouse.

"Yes, we see and hear some curious things," said the lighthouse keeper, 'and as for monotony it's enough to drive one mad. Married men fare better, as when women and children are around it isn't quite so lonesome; but it's bad enough. My Station for a number of years was a rock about two hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, and in a gale of wind the house stood right in the water, with the seas rolling all around. "Yes, it was shaky. One night I

call to mind especially. It had been blowing a gale for two days; the sea was making a clean breach over the ledge, and every time it hit the house it would jump sixty or a hundred feet into the air and come down on the roof like rocks. On the ledge were four or five boulders that must have weighed over two tons; and the first thing we knew one of them fellows came at the door, burst it in, and in a second we were all a-swimming. The stone couldn't get in; it just stuck there, so we took to the light and sat on stairs, and nigh froze to death, all night. Me and my man took turns in going up every half hour, and d'ye know, the lighthouse swung so that you could hardly keep your feet. I thought more than once that we'd go over, but she didn't. The feeling different from most anything else. There is a shaking and vibrating all the time, and then when the big gusts come you can feel the whole thing tremble and quiver, so that you almost lose your feet.

"One night," continued the speaker,
"I remember some fishermen got blowed off shore and came in there and what a night it was! About m'd-night some one sings out, 'The lamp's out!' And so it was. Up we rushed, half a dozen of us, scared to death, as ten minutes might cost a good many lives and a vessel could come within twenty feet of our house before she winter out near Des Moines when I was struck. By the time we got up we running on the Iowa division. This is found the place full of smoke and see something had fouled the chimney. with my own eyes. One day we were and what d'ye suppose it was? You'd never guess. It was blowing fit to take the buttons off your coat: but someone had to go outside and climb up the rod on to the very top of the light and see what was the trouble. It was a close call, and we tossed for it. My mate drew and started. We tied a rope around him and up he went and did the job.

'He came back alive, but with the whitest face I ever saw on a live man.

He said he wouldn't do it again for love or money "But what d'ye suppose he found in the chimney, stuck fast? Nothing more nor less than one of these 'ere Mother Carey's chickens, jammed in as tight as it could get, and dead, of idea what to do, and I believe we'd of stood there like posts if she hadn't suddenly stretched out her little arms son the glass is made so thek. as almost every night one or two birds hit against it. Somet mes in the spring and fall hundreds of 'em will strike in the course of a n ght. You see at this time the birds are migra ing and flying off shore along the coast and on get down—down between the timbers. ing off shore along the coast and on Would you believe it? That little foggy nights they only see the blaze of thing followed my directions as if the light. They make n break for it

General Grant's Career.

The story of General Grant's lifesavors more of romance than reality; it is more like a fable of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the contrasts in the career of the lamented general, the strange vicissitudes of his eventful life, surround him with an interest which attaches to few characters in history.

His rise from the obscure lieutenant to the commander of the veteran armies of the great republic, his transition from the frontier post of the untrodden West to the Executive Mans on of the nation; his sitting at one time in a little store in Galena, not even known to the congressman of his district; at another time striding through the palaces of the Old World with the descendants of a line of kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence; his humble birth in an Ohio town scarcely known to the geographer; his distressing illness and courageous death in the bosom of the nation he had saved-these are the features of his marvelous career which appeal to the imagination, excite men's der, and fascinate the minds of all who make a study of his life.

Many of the motives which actuated him and the real sources of strength employed in the putting forth of his singular powers will never be fully understood, for added to a habit of communing much with himself was a modesty which always seemed to make him shrink from speaking of a matter so personal to him as an analysis of his own mental powers, and those who knew him best sometimes understood him the least. His most intimate associates often had to judge the man by the results accomplished. without comprehending the causes which produced them. Even to the of this article, after having writer served with the general for nine years continuously, both in the field and at the presidential mansion, he will in some respects always remain an enigma. His memoirs, written on his death-bed, to be published only after his decease, furnish the first instance of his consent to unbosom himself to the world. In his intercourse he did not study to be ret cent about himself; he seemed rather to be unconscious of self. When visiting St. Louis with him while he was president, he made a characteristic remark showing how little h's thoughts dwelt upon the events of his life which made a deep impression upon others.

Upon his arrival a horse and buggy were ordered, and a drive taken to his farm, about eight miles distant. He stopped on the high ground overlooking the city, and stood for a time by the side of the little long house which he had built partly with his own hands in the days of his poverty and early struggles. Upon being asked whether the events of the past lifteen years of life did not seem to him like a tale of the "Arabian Nights," especially in coming from the White House to visit the little farm house of early days, he simply rep ied, "Well, I never thought about it in that light,"

A Quail Burlal.

Forest, Forge and Farm. About eighteen months ago seventyfive qual were taken from Tennessee into New Jersey for the purpose of colonizing them. In the spring of 1884 the experiment of breeding the birds

while in confinement was attempted, two pairs being placed in a large wire cage that was built in the yard of a farm house. The birds mated. That spr ng one of the birds built a nest and laid thirteen eggs, and was about setting on them when, in consequence of the breaking of a water leader, the nest was destroyed. The eggs were then taked and put under a bantum and hatched out. That summer the quail hen died. Last autumn one of the cock birds died.

This spring the remaining pair, being a cross pair, mated, and the hen bird built a nest and laid thirteen eggs. During the first week of her sitting upon them she was taken sick, and after moping for two or three days died. While she was sick, and after her death, the cock bird manifested some very remarkable characteristics. He seemed greatly distressed. The hen bird had died on her nest. The cock would run to her and caress her, and then turn away and call her. He made queer chirpings and sounds such as he had never been heard to utter before. At last he seemed to realize that his mate was dea!. He then went and pulled her off the nest and dragged her body over to the corner of the cage with backward movements of his feet. There he dug a hole and covered her up with earth, leaving only the long wing feathers of one wing ex-posed. This done, without uttering any further sounds, he returned to the nest and sat on the eggs, and eventually succeeded in bringing out a brood of ten young quail. The young birds are now alive: The story of the burial is vouched for by a large number of witnesses.

Burning Up Fortunes.

"If the original forests of the states of Ohio and Indiana were standing today," says a lumber buyer, "the'r valuation would be many times greater than are the farms which they sacrificed to improve. In making their farm; the settlers in those days destroyed millions and millions of dol-lars' worth of black walnut. Miles and miles of fence are laid with black walnut rails. One old farmer says that only thirty years ago he began making his farm, and that he had worked eight years in clearing it of the black walnut timber, eighty acres of which he burned up. After thirty years of cultivation the farm is worth \$8,000. If it had its walnut timber back it would be worth more than \$100,000. This farmer is only one among thousands who for years girdled, cut and burned the great forests they found occupying

Item from Salt Lake City paper "The unknown woman who was killed at this place about three months ago by the cars proves to be one of the wives of the ed tor of th's paper.'