Miscellany.

THE UNBROKEN HEART.

He was sitting at the window, and his
little nose was flat,
As he pressed his face to kiss me, with
his lips against the pane;
Then I bent—but without kissing—in vex-
ation seized my hat;
It had jostled, and I knew that I would
barely catch the train,
Came just faintly, "Papa, kiss me!" as I
hurried out the gate,
But my time was all to scanty and I
really couldn't wait,
For I heard the distant whistle and I
knew that I was late,
And my work accumulating in the town.

He was sitting at the window, and as
townward rolled the train
I looked back to see the house and into
distance watched it pass,
And I knew that he was crying with his
little might and main
For the kiss I hadn't time to press
against the window glass.
I could see him with his "choo-choos"
quite disowned upon the floor,
And his wooden blocks, forgotten—and
my parent heart grew sore,
And I thought: "Dear God—what—what
if I should never see him more
At the window when I started for the
town!"

He was sitting at the window, and his
cry a little moan,
As my mental vision saw him all that
long and wretched day,
And my foolish, fearful fancy knew him
dying there alone,
With his kiss that still was waiting for
his papa, far away.
He was dying of the grieving—of the
awful, awful ache
Of his little baby heart that love had only
filled to break,
And I pushed the papers from me and de-
clared that I would take
The returning train and hurry from the
town.

He was sitting at the window as I clat-
tered at the gate,
And his tiny nose was flattened as he
pressed it to the pane,
And I heard his joyful clamor, as with
baby heart elate
He screamed out a royal welcome with
his little might and main,
With a brown and sugared doughnut held
in either chubby fist,
And his cherry lips a-pucker in the quaint-
est sort of twist,
To my arms he came a-leaping, and he
clamored as I kissed:
"Now, ven, papa, what you bling me
f'om ve town?"
—Chicago Record.

GARRISON IN A ROUND HOUSE.

"Smoky Hill was the end of the track at that time," said the old engineer, shifting his lame foot to an easy position. "We had built a round house—a square one—with two stalls and room at the back for three or four bunks and a work bench. To protect ourselves against the Sioux we had lined, or wainscoated, the house up to about five feet from the ground and filled in behind the lining with sand.

"Indians were thicker than grasshoppers in Kansas in the days of the building of the Kansas Pacific, and scarcely a day—never a week—went by without a fight. At first they appeared to be awed by the locomotives, but in a little while the superstitious fear had vanished and they were constantly setting lures to entice the 'big hoss,' as they called the engine. One day we were out at the front with a train of steel, some eight or ten miles west of the Hill. It had been snowing all day in little fits and spits, and near nightfall the clouds became thicker and darker, and before the sun had gone down the snow was falling fast. By the time the last rail had been unloaded it was pitch dark, and as the engine was headed west, we were obliged to back up all the way to Smoky Hill. The conductor and the captain of the guard, composed of government scouts, took a stand on the rearmost flat-car, and when I got a signal I opened the throttle and began to poke the blunt end of the construction train into the darkness. Ordinarily, I hate running backward at night, but in a case of this kind it is a real relief to know that there are a dozen or more well-armed soldiers between you and whatever the darkness holds. Three or four men with white lights were stationed at intervals along the tops of the ten or twelve cars that made up the train. The house car, or caboose, was next the engine, and upon the top of this car stood the foreman of the gang, and from him I was supposed to take my 'tokens.'

"We had been in motion less than ten minutes when I saw the conductor's light (we were going with the storm) stand out, and following this movement all the lights along the train's top pointed over the plain, and I began to slow down. Instantly a dozen shots were fired from the darkness. Muffled by the storm, the sound came, as if a pack of firecrackers were going off under a dinner pail, and we all knew what we had run into. 'Injuns,' shouted the fireman, leaping across the gangway, 'and they're on my side.' 'Keep your seat,' said I, 'they're on my side, too.'

"Now all the white lights, following another signal from the conductor, began to whirl furiously in a short circle. That was my notion precisely. If they had prepared to ditch us we might as well go into the ditch as to remain on the tops of the cars to be picked off by the Sioux, so I opened the throttle and began to back away again as fast as possible. The Indians had prepared to ditch our train. They had placed a great pile of cross-ties upon the track, expecting that when we struck them our train would come to a dead stop. This small party which had fired upon us was the outer watch, the main band being huddled about the head of ties, where they expected us to halt, and where most of the amusement would occur. The track was newly laid, and as billowy as a rough sea, but this was no time for careful running.

"The old work engine soon had the empty train going at a thirty-mile gait, and then we hit the tie pile. The men on the rear car, which was now the front, had anticipated a wreck, and retired in bad order to the center of the train. The Indians, who had only a faint notion of the power and resistance of a locomotive, stood close together about the pile of ties. The falling snow had made the rails and timbers so wet and slippery that when we hit the stack of wood the ties flew in all directions. Some of them were thrown to the tops of the cars and others flew into the mob of redskins, knocking them into confusion. A fine buck, who must have been standing on the track, was picked up in the collision and landed upon the top of the second car right at the conductor's feet. The fellow was considerably stunned by the fall, and, taking advantage of his condition, the scouts seized and bound him with a piece of bell cord, taking care to remove an ugly knife from his rawhide belt. The band were so surprised to see the train plough through the wreckage that they forgot to fire until we had almost passed them and a great flood of fire from the engine stack was falling among them. They then threw up their guns, those who were still on their feet, and let go at us, but none of the bullets affected our party.

"When we had reached the station the Pawnees who were among the scouts recognized our captive at once as Bear Foot, a noted and very wicked chief. When the Sioux came to himself and realized that he was a captive he became furious. He surged and strained at the bell rope, but it was all in vain, and finally he gave it up.

"When we had eaten our supper we all went into the round house—soldiers and all—for we knew the Sioux would make a desperate effort to secure their chief before the night was out.

"It was long after midnight when one of the men on duty heard a low scraping sound like that made by a hog crawling under a gate. A moment later the noise was repeated, and when the same sound had been heard three or four times the lieutenant in command flashed a bull's-eye lamp in the direction of the door and the light of it revealed three big braves standing close together, while a fourth was just creeping in under the door. With a we-are-discovered expression, the tall Indian, who appeared to be the leader, glanced at his companions. Then, as though the idea had struck all of them at once, they threw their guns up and let go along down the ray of light, and the lieutenant fell to the ground severely wounded.

"Appreciating the importance of our capture, the captain in command had set four powerful Pawnee scouts to guard Bear Foot, the Sioux chief. It was no sure thing that we would be able to stand the Indians off till morning, and as the storm had knocked the wires down we had been unable to telegraph to Lawrence for reinforcements. The fact that their brave chief was himself a captive would increase the wrath of the red men without, and taking even a moderate view of the situation, we were in a hard hole. I, for one, would have gladly bartered our captive and the glory of the capture away for an assurance of seeing the sun rise on the following morning, but I dared not hint such a thing to the captain, much less to the Pawnees.

"The four Pawnees with their prisoner were placed in the coal tank of the locomotive, while the fireman and I occupied our places in the cab and kept the steam up to 140 pounds. If at any time it seemed to me the fight was going against us and the Sioux stood a chance to effect an entrance I was to pull out for Lawrence with the captain and fetch assistance, provided I did not meet a west-bound train and lose my locomotive. I rather liked this arrangement, risky as it was, for it was preferable to remaining in the round house to be roasted alive. Then, again, I disliked fighting—that's what we fed and hauled these soldiers around for. They were so infernally lazy in time of peace that I used almost to pray for trouble that they might be given an opportunity at least once a week to earn their board and keep. Now that the opportunity seemed to be at hand I had no wish to deprive them of the excitement and glory of being killed in real battle, and so sat nodding in the cab of the old 49 until the flash of the bull's-eye caused me to look ahead.

"The report of the rifles in the hands of the Indians had been answered by a dozen guns from the interior of the building and immediately a shower of lead rained and rattled upon the wooden doors from without. One of the scouts picked the bull's eye lamp up and placed it upon the work bench, training the light upon the double doors immediately in front of my engine. Our men knew how useless it would be to fire into the sand-stuffed sides of the building, and not caring to put themselves into a position where they could fire effectively above the wainstcoting, they very wisely kept close to the ground and allowed the Sioux to empty their guns into the sand.

"Presently, hearing no sound from within, the attacking party ceased firing and began to prowl about the building in search of a weak spot through which they might effect an entrance. The fate of the three early callers who had hogged it under the door kept them from fooling about that trap for the remainder of the evening. In a little while the whole place was as still as the tomb, save for the soft flutter of steam from the safety valve of the 49. Bear Foot knew what was going on. Even though he could see nothing, he knew that his faithful followers were working for his release, and now when all was silent he shouted from the coal tank to his braves to break the door and come in. Before the Pawnee scouts could pound him into a state of quietude he had imparted to his people the particulars of his whereabouts, and immediately the whole band threw themselves against the front of the building.

"The house fairly trembled, the Indians surged from without and the great doors swayed to and fro, threatening at any moment to give way and let the flood of bloodthirsty redskins in upon us.

"'Stand together,' called the captain to his men.

"'Put on the blower and get her hot,' I called to the fireman, for I knew the frail structure could not withstand the strain much longer. As often as the fireman opened the furnace door to rake his fire, the glare of the fire-box lit up the whole interior and showed three dead Sioux near the door. One of them lay across the rail, and I found myself speculating as to whether the pilot of the 49 would throw him off, or whether I must run over him. Now it seemed that the whole band had thrown themselves against the building, and the yelling was deafening. Above it all I heard our captain shout: 'Get ready, Frank.'

"'I am ready,' said I.

"'All right,' said he, 'shoot it to 'em,' and I opened the sand valves and the throttle. I have often thought what a temptation it was for those soldiers to leap upon the engine and make their escape, but, although they all understood perfectly what was going on, not one of them took advantage of this 'last train out.'

"Just as the 'Big Hoss' moved with all her ponderous and almost irresistible weight toward the front of the building, the double doors sagged toward me like the head gate of a great reservoir that is overcharged and then I hit 'em. The big doors, being forced from their hinges, fell out upon the redskins and they were caught like rats in a trap. The pilot ploughed through them, maiming and killing a score of them, and on went the 49 over the safe switches, which had already been set for her before the fight began. The confusion caused by the awful work of Big Hoss, which they regarded as little less than the devil, was increased when the Indians, who remained unhurt realized that the engine was making away with their chief, for he had told them how he was held a captive 'in the belly of the big horse.'

"All effort for the capture of the round house was instantly abandoned and the Sioux as one man turned and ran after the locomotive. The captain in command of the scouts, taking advantage of the confusion of his foe, and of the fact that his force was in the dark building, while the Sioux were out upon the whitened earth, quickly massed his men at the open door and began to pour a murderously wicked fire into the baffled Sioux, who, like foolish farm dogs, were chasing the 49 out over the switches.

"All the Indians who were crippled by the engine were promptly, and I thought very properly, killed by the Pawnee scouts and the rest were driven away with fearful loss.

"It was a desperately risky run from Smoky Hill to Lawrence, with no running orders and due to collide with a westbound special, or an extra that might be going out to the rescue with a train load of material, but the officials fearing that something might arise which would cause us to want to come in, had very wisely abandoned all trains the moment the wires went down, and so we reached Lawrence just before day without a mishap.

"My first thought was of our captive, Bear Foot, who had made track laying dangerous business for our people for the past three or four weeks, but upon looking about I saw only four Pawnees, and concluded that the fierce fellows had killed the chief and rolled him off.

"'Where's Bear Foot?' I demanded.

"'Here,' said a Pawnee, who was quietly seated upon the manhole of the engine tank, and he pointed down. During the excitement in the round house at Smoky Hill, the Sioux had made a desperate effort to escape, and had been quietly dropped into the tank, where he had remained throughout the entire run.

"Now, it's one thing to stay in a tank that is half filled with water when the engine is in her stall, and quite another thing to inhabit a place of that kind when a locomotive is making a flying run over a new track. After much time and labor had been lost fishing for the chief with a clinker hook, one of the scouts got into the tank, which was now quite empty, and handed Bear Foot out.

"When we had bailed him out and placed him along side the depot where the sun would catch him early, the coroner came and sat on him and pronounced him a good Indian."—Cy Warman, in the Evening Star, Washington.

CRIMINAL OCCUPATIONS DULL.

They Reflect the Prevailing Depression in Other Lines of Trade.

"You wouldn't think that business depression and hard times would extend to the commission of crime, would you?" remarked an attache of the police court the other day. "At least nine people out of ten who thought anything about it would come to the conclusion that the crime industry ought to be brisk when money is hard to get hold of. It might be expected that people would steal bread when they could not buy it, get drunk at every available opportunity to drown their troubles and fight at the slightest provocation for lack of something better to do. Vagrants and tramps committing petty depredations, it would seem, ought to be plentiful, and the hum of industry in the police court ought at least to be audible in hard times.

"But, strange as it may seem the opposite is true, and business in crime is downright dull, though we are still running on full time, and expect to do so no matter who is elected. The reason for it is just this. The criminals are all in jail or in the workhouse, and there they will have to stay until their sentences are served out. When times were good they had friends who paid their fines and secured their release, so they could start right in and commit more petty offenses, and so get jugged again. Times were, therefore, good in the police court. But now the endless chain stops awhile at the jail and workhouse, and business is dull. It's just like taking a few cars off a cable line and laying them up in the sheds for an hour or two. Passengers have to wait longer for one to come along. You see we have regular customers in our business, and the market is not so large as might be supposed."—Washington Post.

A "Cry of the Heart."

It was formerly the custom for young men who were making a beginning in literature to treat the living "old masters" in letters with great veneration, instead of winning some notoriety by publicly ridiculing them. When, therefore, they had an opportunity to express some honest criticism of a master's work, the expression had about it a decided piquancy.

It is related that, in 1829, Chateaubriand, then held in very great honor, invited a group of literary people to his residence at Auteuil to hear him read his tragedy of "Moses." Among the guests were Alexandre Dumas and Frederic Soulie, then young men, who listened respectfully, who even after they left the house at midnight, and started back to Paris in a cab, did not venture to express an unfavorable judgment, but rode on in silence.

By and by they came to one of the octroi stations, where all persons who enter Paris are required to "declare" or announce any articles that they may have in their possession which are subject to the municipal import duty. The agent in charge of the station stopped the cab in which the two young men were, thrust his head into the door, and said:

"Have you anything to declare, gentlemen?"

Whereupon Soulie exclaimed with much emphasis:

"I have to declare, and that most solemnly, that the 'Moses' of the illustrious Chateaubriand is a horrible bore!"

The octroi employe was speechless, and the two young men drove on, greatly relieved in their feelings.

Battle of New Orleans.

When the news reached Europe of the battle at Chalmette, commonly known as the battle of New Orleans, and of the terribly disastrous results to the English army, the account at first was not credited. That a trained force from the picked regiments of the British army, schooled in war, with commanders of the distinction that Pakenham and Keene enjoyed, should meet with such a defeat at the hands of a "militia general," was hardly to be believed under any circumstances; but that out of a force of 6,000 strong there should be a loss of 2,117 killed and wounded on the British side, while the Americans had only 6 killed and 7 wounded, was held to be impossible. The Duke of Wellington was particularly savage in his denunciation of the "Yankee lie," as he termed the first vague reports that reached him of the terrible and unexpected defeat. When, however, the facts touching the result of the fight were substantiated, Europe was amazed.—Century.

He who gives employment to idle men is casting bread upon the waters of his own fishpond.

"It is a startling fact that, almost without exception, the adulterated teas are dangerous to health. Some of them are actually poisonous."
—*N. Y. Herald.*

Yes; some—not all. But that isn't the point. You drink tea because you like it—not because it is good for you.

The wholesome tea is also the best-tasting: *Schilling's Best*—at grocers' in packages.

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San Francisco 407

Horse with a Hard Cider Drunk.

A Stamford, Conn., dispatch says: A telephone message was received at the police office yesterday afternoon asking that a policeman be sent to Summer street, as there was a horse there acting strangely. Chief Bowman sent Policeman Kurth. He found a bay horse, owned by a Long Ridge farmer, reeling about the street like a drunken man. Now and then the horse would fall down, and, after struggling, would regain his feet and stagger off again. Just as the officer was trying to aid the animal from the street the owner appeared. An investigation showed that the horse, which had been tied to the rear of another farmer's wagon, had eaten the hay from the bottom of the wagon, and then poked the cover from a pail containing two gallons of hard cider. The cider had washed down the hay, and soon after the horse began to cut up the queer antics.

Determined women have invaded another educational citadel. The university of Edinburgh has granted the degree of M. A. to Misses Geddes and MacGregor.

THE MEANING OF IT.

Very often we give the wrong meaning to a word and thereby make serious mistakes. For instance, the true and literal meaning of the word rheumatism is "aches or pains of the muscles, bones and joints of the human body." It is general and not specific. Also the word relief does not mean cure. Relief may be but a short cessation of pain. But when we say St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism promptly and permanently, we mean it conquers pain quickly with no return of it, unless the sufferer gives cause for a new attack, and then it will cure again. It matters not whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory, it will cure. That is sure, be sure of it.

There is a house in Paris occupied by over fifty tenants who for twenty years have never paid any rent, the landlord being unknown.

TO GET OUT OF THE WAY

When trouble is coming, is obviously the part of common sense. An obstruction of the bowels is a serious obstacle to health. To get this out of the way is an easy matter with the thorough laxative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, although it affords relief, never gripes and convulses like a drastic purgative. Dyspepsia, malaria, kidney and rheumatic ailments and nervousness yield to this genial family medicine.

America has over five thousand islands round its coast.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

The asparagus served at the Elysee banquet in honor of the czar cost three francs a stalk, or 90 cents a bundle, and there were 200 guests.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE.
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AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Growing Strawberries for Home or Market—The Quality of Potatoes—How to Have Healthful Pork—The Orchard Should Be Fertilized.

Strawberries.

There is practically no difference in growing strawberries for market or for home use except in the amount planted and possibly in the quality of the varieties. Generally the most productive varieties are satisfactory for home use. Sod plowed under should not be planted to strawberries, as grubs generally destroy plants. Land cultivated the previous season in any hoed crop will be in the best condition for strawberries. Coarse manure should be plowed under, fine manure, unleached wood ashes or bone meal should be applied as a top dressing and cultivated in, either before the plants are set or after.

Plant in rows four feet apart and eighteen inches in the row. Set the new plants not less than ten inches apart until the row is as wide as you want it and remove the rest. Every third or fourth row should be staminate.

Few persons once interested in strawberry culture are satisfied without testing some of the novelties. The productiveness of new varieties every grower must test for himself. Set a dozen plants of a variety and grow them until you are satisfied they are productive enough to be planted with your standard varieties. It may worry your patience to wait a year or two to find out the value of a variety, but it will tire your patience a good deal more to plant a thousand or two at a fancy price and get no returns.—Strawberry Culture.

Quality of Potatoes.

It is evident that the potato crop of 1896 is far below that of 1895, both in quantity and quality. So far as the quantity is concerned there are few complaints. We had far too many potatoes in 1895, and there are plenty this year. But the quality of much of this year's crop is not satisfactory to either producer or consumer. The wet season made the potatoes watery, leaving many of them of inferior table quality, and unusually liable to rot. Many decayed in the ground, and reports indicate that many are being lost in the bin. This is having quite an unfavorable influence on the market just now. These potatoes must be marketed, and the result is a liberal supply, while dealers are loath to buy them freely for fear of loss. This, however, is expected to bring about a more satisfactory market later on. Commission men are advising those who have good sound potatoes, and are in position to hold them safely, to market them later, when competition with the others is past.—National Stockman.

Growing Healthful Pork.

A meat diet is not necessarily injurious to health. It may be so when the animal that produces it has been fed wrongly, or has been subjected to unsanitary conditions. The meat most widely used in this country is pork. This is the kind of meat more likely than any other to be unhealthful. The old-fashioned swill barrel, in which milk, grease and refuse of all kinds are deposited, often goes for weeks without the thorough cleaning which such a receptacle should have every twenty-four hours. It is better to feed the skim-milk by itself, and throw most of the dish washings which are dosed heavily with salt on the manure heap, where it will do more good than in the pig's stomach. But the worst injury to the pig and the one that causes the worst injury to pork, is due to overfeeding with corn. We have often seen hogs fattened until their eyes were closed with fat and the animal could hardly be made to eat more than enough to sustain life. The body was kept in feverish condition for days and even weeks, and the animal was only butchered, when, if the experiment had continued a little longer, its excess of fat would have killed it. There is, we are glad to say, little demand for such pork now. But pig pork fed with milk and wheat middlings, making a pork with large proportions of lean meat, is both palatable and healthy.—American Cultivator.

Fertilize the Orchard.

The apple trees have borne an immense crop of fruit the last season. It takes not only vitality in the trees themselves, but also fertility in the soil, to bring forth and ripen off such a burden of fruit. As a result, the trees are in a measure weakened, and the soil is exhausted of its material out of which the growth of the year has been sustained just in proportion to the year's effort of the trees. If, therefore, the thrift of the trees and their power of fruitage are to be kept up, they call for special and unusual attention in the way of manuring and of culture, to make good or replace the draft that has been made upon them.

The trees, therefore, should be fertilized. Barn manure is always good for this purpose, and always will give in its testimony, applied in any way that leaves it in the vicinity of the trees. It never fails to assert itself. Applied as a top-dressing, it, of course, must divide its effects with the grass, the growth of which it so vigorously sustains; hence its full value, when so used, is not realized in fruit production. The quantity needed, therefore, under this practice, is greater than would be necessary if the tree and its fruit got its full benefit.—Maine Farmer.

Ripening Cream.

A good way is to hold the cream at a temperature of 60 degrees for twelve to fourteen hours after the first taste of acid is apparent, and then judgment, formed from experience, will do the rest. The method for warming the cream for ripening is all right, but it will be necessary to keep the temperature of the room at about the temperature it is desired to keep the cream.

For a starter some ripened cream or buttermilk from the previous churning is often used to "start" the ripening. A better starter is made by taking some skim milk from a healthy, fresh milking cow, warm it up to 85 or 90 degrees, and hold it at that temperature till it becomes thick. Put into the cream from 3 to 5 per cent. of this starter, and if the cream is held at 60 to 65 degrees for twelve to fourteen hours, it will be found sufficiently ripened.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Horses in Norway.

It is said that in Norway a bucket of water is always placed within reach of a horse when he is taking his allowance of hay. "It is interesting," says the writer of the incident, "to see with what relish they take a sip out of one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as any rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is whether this mode of feeding has not a beneficial effect in preserving the animal's respiratory organs."

Farm Notes.

A good wagonload of cinders dumped at the end of a bridge will prevent the wheels from cutting deep holes into the grade.

A large share of the food in the cornstalk is in that portion most easily destroyed by exposure in the fields. In some sections the top is removed from the stalk while it is growing by "topping," and stored in the barn.

When an animal does not thrive it is not always necessary to resort to medicines. It may happen that salt is needed, or that linseed meal will prove a remedy. The cause should be first considered before attempting a cure for an ailment.

Some men shelter their stock in sheds sided up with barb wire and roofed with blue canopy, but it doesn't pay. By setting posts in the ground and siding up with cheap lumber, roofing with slough grass or boards and battening the cracks a warm shed may be constructed at small cost.

It is estimated that when a hog is kept until it attains the weight of 200 pounds it should produce two two-horse loads of manure from the time it was eight weeks old. The estimate of manure is perhaps too high, but if a hog produces one-half that quantity of manure of excellent quality it will be quite an item in the receipts.

Soiling gives good results and saves the land for crops. In tests made with cows soiled on peas and green clover at the barnyard, and with others that were kept on a good pasture, the cows on the soiling food made more gain in live weight than the others, and were less annoyed by flies, exceeding the pasture-fed cows also in the production of milk.

Those who have not made such experiments will no doubt be surprised to know that a small plot, about 50 by 100 feet, will provide a family with as many as 500 quarts of strawberries, and with extra care and cultivation even twice that quantity. There are many plots near cities or towns which can be utilized for providing small fruits or vegetables in a fresh condition for use.

A Canadian farmer reports that he experimented and found that salt is a complete remedy for wire worms. On a patch of spring grain he plowed up and resowed all but one acre, which he left for trial. He sowed 300 pounds of salt on this acre and forty-eight hours afterwards he sowed 300 pounds more. The result was the wire worms completely disappeared, and the grain looked well.

First Forefathers' Day.

In "Recollections of the Pilgrims" there is an account of the first celebration of Forefathers' Day, or "Old Colony Day," as it was then termed, on Dec. 22, 1769. The celebration was under the auspices of the Old Colony Club, a society formed by the leading men of Plymouth for the purpose of promoting social converse and pleasure without mixing with the promiscuous gatherings at the taverns.

On the morning of the said day, after discharging a cannon, was hoisted upon the hall an elegant silk flag, with the following inscription, "Old Colony, 1620." At 11 o'clock a. m., the members of the club appeared at the hall, and from thence proceeded to the house of Mr. Howland, innholder, which is erected upon the spot where the first licensed house in the Old Colony formerly stood; at half-past 2 a decent repast was served, which consisted of the following dishes, viz:

1, a large baked Indian whortleberry pudding; 2, a dish of sauquetach(succatash, corn and beans boiled together); 3, a dish of clams; 4, a dish of oysters and a dish of codfish; 5, a haunch of venison, roasted by the first jack brought to the colony; 6, a dish of seafowl; 7, a dish of frost fish and eels; 8, an apple pie; 9, a course of cranberry tarts, and cheese made in the Old Colony.

These articles were dressed in the plainest manner ("all appearance of luxury and extravagance being avoided, in imitation of our ancestors, whose memory we shall ever respect").

At 4 o'clock p. m. the members of the club, headed by the steward, carrying a folio volume of the laws of the Old Colony, hand in hand marched in procession to the hall. Upon the appearance of the procession in front of the hall a number of descendants from the first settlers in the Old Colony drew up in regular file and discharged a volley of small arms, succeeded by three cheers, which were returned by the club, and the gentlemen generously treated.

Singing, speech-making, cannon-firing and cheering closed the day's exercises.

Mother of Pearl.

Pictures inlaid with mother of pearl are in great favor this season. First the picture is painted, only it is not all painted, for speckled over it are variously shaped bits of unpainted canvas. These spaces are left for the insertion of splinters of mother of pearl cut to fit. The result is an opalescent, iridescent effect that is altogether lovely. "The Maid of the Mist," jauntily riding the seething caldron of Niagara, is armorclad in rainbow colors, as though plated with the sunlit spray that dashes over it. The Washington monument, tall and stately, no longer is ghastly white, but gleams with warmer hues caught from sky and earth and sea.

There is fresh fancy for inlaid furniture, and tabourettes from Turkey come with a veneer of dark wood inlaid with mother of pearl of the most beautiful tints. Chairs of similar finish are offered in quaint designs. A folding camp chair from Damascus is in light brown wood so like sandalwood that the imagination catches the Oriental perfume. It is carved in stripes and inlaid with large stars of pure white pearl. Damascus and Bagdad and American—the Arabian Nights and the new world days! And all for less than $20, so have the hard times reduced the price of luxuries that they may be sold at all, while so many have not money enough for the necessities.

Where Sleep Is a Disease.

On the western coast of Africa the natives suffer from a fatal malady known as the sleeping disease. The person attacked by it is seized with a sensation of drowsiness, which continues to increase in spite of the efforts made to throw it off. Finally the patient sinks into a profound sleep, which continues until death ensues. The most curious feature of the disease is that apart from the drowsiness the patient seems much as usual.

Of Course Not.

Aunt Maria—But why didn't you sing out when he attempted to kiss you?

"Why, you know, auntie, I never can sing without my notes."—Boston Transcript.

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Mr. Henry Roth, of 1848 South 9th Street, St. Louis, was given the usual mercurial treatment for contagious blood poison. He was twice pronounced cured, but the disease returned each time, he was seized with rheumatic pains, and red lumps and sores covered his body. "I was in a horrible fix" he says, "and the more treatment I received, the worse I seemed to get. A New York specialist said he could cure me, but his treatment did me no good whatever. I was stiff and full of pains, my left arm was useless so that I was unable to do even the lightest work. This was my condition when I began to take S. S. S., and a few bottles convinced me that I was being benefitted. I continued the medicine, and one dozen bottles cured me sound and well. My system was under the effects of mercury, and I would soon have been a complete wreck but for S. S. S."

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