Miscellany.

THE JOURNEY.

I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done;
Though life has given me a heaping measure
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure,
Still better things await me further on.

This little earth is such a merry planet,
The distances beyond it so supreme,
I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces
Between us and the stars are filled with faces
More beautiful than any artist's dream.

I like to think that I shall yet behold them,
When from this waiting room my soul has soared.
Earth is a wayside station, where we wander,
Until from out the silent darkness yonder
Death swings his lantern, and cries, "All aboard!"

I think death's train sweeps through the solar system
And passes suns and moons that dwarf our own,
And close beside us we shall find our dearest,
The spirit friends on earth we held the nearest,
And in the shining distance God's great throne.

Whatever disappointment may befall me
In plans or pleasures in this world of doubt,
I know that life at worst can but delay me,
But no malicious fate has power to stay me
From that grand journey on the Great Death route.
—Baltimore American.

BY A BRACELET.

ALL the anger had died out of his voice, the half-smoked pipe had dropped from his fingers upon the sand, and his head was bowed despondently. The girl seated on the upturned boat clasped her hands behind her neck, and swung back, watching him furtively.

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did just now, Kitty," he said, with a plaintive gesture of conciliation. "You're only jokin', ain't you? I guess I ain't half good enough for you; but you ain't goin' to throw me overboard, are you? The pictur' was grand, and no mistake; an' you looked just like yourself. It ain't the pictur'; it's—it's——"

He broke off short and glanced at the little circle of gold that spanned the girl's white wrist. With a quick movement she drew down the sleeve of her pink blouse, covering it from sight.

"You've good cause for it, Jem," she said. "Perhaps you didn't mean all you said, an' I hope you didn't, lad, for 'twas no way to speak o' your betters. Did I ever promise to marry you, or anyone else? Can't I take a present from anyone without bein' spoke to as if I'd committed murder or robbery or summat worse? Well?"

"I guess you can do what you like, Kitty," he said, sadly; "an' nobody—least of all me—has no right to say a word."

"That's good. Maybe, for the futur' you'll know your place. Good night."

He watched the little figure in pink hurrying over the sands till it dwindled and disappeared among the shadows of the gabled street, and then drew out a boat to row across the bay. By and by there was a shout, and he glanced over his shoulder and apathetically backed the oars.

"Can't you look where you're going, you dolt? Do you want to run me down?"

"I guess I'll set you swimmin' if you're not civil," he said, squaring his shoulders. "Mebbe you think we've no blood in our veins because we live rough, an' don't dress fine an' ain't able to earn much money. I guess if you an me quarrel you'll be the sorriest; so stand clear! Good night!"

The young man in the tweed suit stood up, heedless of the heavy pollock tugging at his line, and started after the retreating boat.

"The impudent hound!" he blurted out. Then, as he cleverly played the fish, and drew it in, till it lay gasping under the thwart, he laughed softly. "Another of the girl's admirers, I suppose," he said.

In the morning Jem and Ted Trewlowe came down the village street together. Jem carried a coil of rope and a pointed iron bar—the stock-in-trade of his hazardous profession, that of egg hunter.

The boat was headed for the gray-white column across the bay, the Witches' Pillar. They scrambled up the rift in the cliff, and reached the breezy uplands. The iron bar was driven deep into the soil, and five minutes later the figure of a man swung high over the sea, terrifying the birds, and looming black against the lighter background of the cliff.

Little Trewlowe sat steadying the swaying rope, his heels firmly wedged in the holes he had cut to keep them from slipping, and his black cutty gripped tight between his clenched teeth. There was a frightened look in his eyes, for Jem had seemed so queer and so little like himself.

Suddenly the rope slackened, and then grew taut again with a fierce jerk that started the bar a full inch and scared his hands. Then it swayed limply against the cliff edge, and a faint cry from below sent his heart into his throat.

He peered over the brink with almost sightless eyes, and called again. The rope streaked down, slackened and limp. He fancied he saw a dim blurr of bubbles scarring the smooth surface of the distant water and his head reeled.

With trembling fingers he knotted the rope firmly to the bar, and throwing off his coat, swung himself over the brink.

The sun climbed the sky and slid down lazily behind the Witches' Pillar, decking the sky with gold and the big eye of the far-off lighthouse started dazzling through the gloom. The boats came in one by one.

Long after the light in the west had melted into a hazy gray, Kitty sat and mused in the cottage porch. When the shadows drew in the lighthouse unclosed its ponderous eye and glared at her for a moment like some huge beast as it circled round, cleaving the darkness.

"I think I'll just run down an' see Mrs. Trewlowe, dad," she said, shakily, looking through the open door.

Jem's little cottage, with its screen of tall fuchsias, stood silent and deserted. The frenzied beat of her knuckles on the door echoed back to her mockingly through the two tiny rooms.

A panting woman, with a dingy shawl thrown over her head, met her half way down. Some instinct intangible and undefined, seemed to tell each what she wished, yet dreaded to learn; for no words were spoken, no questions asked. Their hands met in unspoken sympathy, and hand in hand they descended the hill.

They paused on the bluff, straining their eyes in hopes of seeing a dark speck crawl out under the shadow of the cliffs. A boat was moving outward toward the deeps where the conger lay, and the girl's heart grew bitter against its occupant, and the tiny band of gold upon her wrist seemed to scorch her flesh.

When they stood below the creaking sign of the Merry Mariners the woman hung back, and looked at her piteously.

"I'll go in," said Kitty, touching the woman on the arm.

There was a sudden hush as the white-faced girl tottered in and gave a hurried glance around.

"Is—is he here?" she gasped. "I—I mean——"

An old hag, seated in the far corner of the room, bared her toothless gums and uttered a cracked laugh.

"No, he hain't, dearie. I seed him goin' congerfishin' in his swell clothes. P'raps, if I axed him prettily, he'd put me in a pictur', too! Eh, dearie? He! he!"

"I mean Jem—Jem Holt—my Jem," as she panted, catching her breath. "Ted Trewlowe an' him went nestin' on the Pillar this mornin'. Ted ain't back, an' my Jem ain't back, an—Jem and Ted Trewlowe—my Jem—is—is—"

She broke down, covering her face with her hands. The men laid aside their pipes and went out softly, whispering among themselves.

The sad-eyed woman was waiting for her, and together they hastened to the beach and launched old Andrew's boat. The others were far across the bay already.

The oars splashed sluggishly, and the boat sped on through the creeping dusk. At last the girl peered over her shoulder and stood up, covering her mouth with her hands.

"Hallo!"

An answering cry in a man's deep tones echoed across the water, and she bent to the oars once more. Then she drew back her arm and tossed something into the air—something that glistened with a yellowish tinkle at the artist's feet.

It was a narrow chain of gold, embellished with a heart-shaped pendant—his gift returned.

The prose of the boat veered round and they headed up the bay. The woman still rocked herself, sobbing softly, but Kitty's cheeks were dry, though her breath came and went in uncertain gasps.

A hoarse cheer swelled up through the night and set their hearts singing. Kitty's head went down on her hands, and tears came at last, as the heavy burden of agonized suspense fell from her. One by one the boys toiled across the light, and were soaked up by the darkness under the Farcombe shore. Kitty roused herself and followed.

There was a chattering crowd of men and women outside the Merry Mariners, but they fell aside to let her pass, and they thronged the doorway curiously. The room inside was packed, and little Trewlowe, very pale and shaky, was jerkingly narrating the adventure between the sips of his brandy and water. But Kitty saw no one but Jem.

He sat in the middle of the room, the ashen hue of his face, showing clearly through the grime, his hands bruised and bleeding, and his clothes torn to shreds. They had cut away the left sleeve of his coat, and the brawny village doctor was setting the splintered bone of his arm.

In a moment she was kneeling beside him, heedless of them all, with her arms clasped round his neck and her cheek pressed to his.

"O, Jem!" she whispered. "Jem! Jem!"

By and by they went down the road together in the darkness, Jem's uninjured arm circling the girl's waist, and her head resting on his shoulder.

"It was mighty lonesome up there, lassie," he said softly, "an' I was thinkin' of you mostly. Little Ted couldn't get back, an' couldn't get to me neither; so I guess I had plenty o' time to think. I'll work hard for you, darlin'; but I guess I shan't be able to buy you no—no——"

She drew down his big hand and pressed it against her slim wrist.

"Hush, Jem!" she said. "It's gone—I've given it back to him."

True to His Bringing-Up.

A writer in the Independent has discovered something rare—a donkey boy in Cairo with a sense of the ideal. Most boys of his profession are a good-natured lot, but few are the vices they cannot teach. Little Hassan, on the contrary, seems to have principles, and is quietly stanch in his adherence to them.

Once he refused a cigarette, says the traveler, and in my surprise I almost lost my balance.

"What! Not smoke, Hassan?" said I. "I thought all the donkey boys smoked."

"I don't," said Hassan, who looked about eleven, was short, very brown, very scantily dressed, quite dirty, had only one eye and trotted behind the donkey with rounded shoulders and head craned forward. "I don't. If I did, my family would beat me, and quite right, too."

"But who are you, and who are your family?" I asked.

"Ah!" he said, proudly, "we are Sudaense. In the Sudan, we are strict. To smoke, to use wine, to drink coffee, not to pray—these are shameful things; and if a man does anything impure, they hang him to a tree with his face toward the sun."

Not from Heaven.

Thirty years ago a steamer which was about to make its first passage from one Southern city to another was the scene of an evening reception, at which a calliope played an important part.

It was the first instrument of the sort which had ever been heard in that region, and as its peculiar, far-reaching notes floated out on the evening air, the breasts of a large part of the colored population were filled with alarm. Many were the conjectures as to the source from which the unearthly sound proceeded.

One old darky stood listening in silence for some time in his doorway, not far from the scene of the festivities. At last he spoke in encouraging tones to the frightened group gathered near the little house.

"I tell you what," he said, slowly; "I don' b'lieve dat am Gabriel a-playing on his tromp; but if it am Gabriel, he's playing 'Wait for de Wagon,' sure's dis chile's got ears!"

Sin may be ugly but it understands the art of beauty culture.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Proper Shelter for Stock—Caring for Cabbage—Advantages of a Covered Barnyard—Method of Washing Butter—Harvesting Weedy Potatoes—Notes.

Shelter for Stock.

One of the most important and oft-neglected matters for fall consideration on farms where a few swine are kept is that of a proper shelter for them during the inclement weather of late fall and during the winter season. This is a question into which both humanity and profit enter. Nests made in heating manure piles and at the base of straw stacks furnish warmth, but are very injurious to the health of the animals; while low, dusty shelters under buildings breed vermin and disease and should be avoided. Dry, floored pens raised from the ground so the wind can blow under are very uncomfortable in cold weather, and the animals will not thrive therein until the wind is excluded below. Every farmer knows how to construct comfortable shelters, but it is too often neglected, and the pigs not only permitted but compelled to "rough it," often under the most unfavorable conditions.

Cabbage in Winter.

The old plan of burying, or putting cabbage in trenches during winter, or for winter use, has become obsolete, and a more simple and easy plan has been adopted. Where cabbage is grown on a large scale for shipping purposes, the best plan is to lift the cabbage and stack them two tiers deep and as closely as they can be placed in an orchard, or wood if convenient, and cover with leaves to the depth of two or three inches, the leaves to be kept in place by a slight covering of earth, says American Gardening. In this way the heads will keep perfectly sound all winter, and they can be easily taken up as wanted for shipping. For family use cabbages can be kept in the same way, only it will not be necessary to make the second layer. It is quite important to keep them a little below the freezing point. It has been suggested to keep them in some convenient building, but this plan has always resulted in failure, as the dry atmosphere is fatal; cabbage must be kept moist and cool, the slightest wilting renders it unfit for the table.

A Covered Barnyard.

The barnyards during the winter are often so wet and filthy that the animals are uncomfortable, which difficulty is sought to be remedied by the use of cornstalks and other materials as absorbents. The barnyard can be rendered dry by having it higher than the level of the surrounding ground, but in the arrangement of the barnyard for the comfort of stock the next point is how to preserve the manure from loss by rains, heat, cold, etc. The only remedy is a covered barnyard, but that is expensive, though farmers would find that the saving of food, better protection to stock in summer and winter, and the saving of manure would repay any outlay in that respect, as any kind of roof that would turn water from the barnyard would answer the purpose.

Washing Butter.

In washing butter either extreme is to be avoided. To wash it even in granular form, until the water runs off clear, will give us a butter that will not decay or turn strong so soon as that not washed so thoroughly, but it washes out much of the flavor. On the other hand, while the flavor is enhanced by not washing, the buttermilk left in after working will tend to putrefaction; for, as we all know, there is nothing which more quickly spoils and becomes ill-smelling than buttermilk. To work out all the buttermilk breaks the grain, makes the butter salvy. Of course, we do not want to do this, so we will wash it in granular form through two or three waters (depending upon quantity of water used, and also upon temperature of butter), work in the salt until thoroughly incorporated, and call it finished.—Jersey Bulletin.

Harvesting Weedy Potatoes.

That sins of neglect will follow a man until he is duly punished is never more conclusively proven than when the neglected potato field comes to be harvested. Not only is the crop greatly lessened, but the labor of harvesting has been increased. As a matter of fact, the farmer who can and does keep his potatoes free from weeds saves labor by the operation. Sooner or later the weeds have to be uprooted. It costs less to do this while they are small. If done then, the yield of marketable tubers is so much increased, and the expense of harvesting is decreased so, that it really costs less to harvest a large crop kept free from weeds than to harvest a crop failure made so because overrun with weeds.

Weaning Young Lambs.

It is always best to wean lambs from their dams before cold weather or droughts injure the pasturage. But, however good the feed, some grain should be added to keep the calf thrifty and in good condition to enter the winter. Oats are the best grain to feed to lambs or sheep, and when at pasture a gill a day is sufficient, as it is not desirable to fatten them. Much of the future value of the sheep depends on how it goes through the first winter. It should be kept growing, and it is also making a fleece to be shorn in the spring. Both of these operations require rich food with a large proportion of nitrogenous nutrition. Oats or beans will supply this. When lambs are to be fattened add corn meal with bran and a very little linseed meal. The latter is especially good to increase the wool growth, and some may safely be given with oats and wheat bran to lambs that are to be kept for breeding.

Making Small Cheese.

A great deal of inquiry has been made for some means by which families with perhaps only two or three cows could make full-cream cheese of their milk whenever they might for any reason choose to do so. Families want cheese as well as butter. Sometimes butter is very low, and again the weather is too warm for the ordinary farmer to make a good quality of butter, because he has not the necessary conveniences for keeping milk and cream at the proper temperature. At such times and under such circumstances if the milk could easily be made into a good quality of cheese at home, it would be a matter of much importance, nominally in the North, but especially in the South, where, as a rule, ice is not to be had to aid in butter-making.

The Pennsylvania Agricultural College has been working on the line of making small cheese to meet the exigency of these conditions. They have been making a cheese of about seven pounds weight. This makes a cheese of good size for handling and for family use. It is reported that Prof. Hayward, of that institution, says there has been a ready sale for all that has been made in that vicinity, and more could have been sold. The price received is thirteen cents a pound, equal to twenty-six cents for butter. It is not stated whether a bulletin has been issued detailing the process, but if not, most likely one will be ere long.—Practical Farmer.

Potatoes Under Straw.

An Indiana farmer who has been quite successful in growing potatoes explains his method of doing it something like the following: He breaks up his ground deep and works into the soil well-rotted compost. The surface is made level and smooth and the potatoes are dropped on top of the soil in straight lines. The whole is then covered with six to eight inches of straw. During the season ashes are liberally sprinkled over them twice; the result is tubers of the finest kind. We have no doubt whatever of the success of such a plan and of the production of fine tubers, but we venture to suggest that the piece was not large in extent. When potatoes are grown by acres, any thoughtful farmer can see that the amount of straw required would be immense. No doubt for garden purposes, where smooth tubers are desired, this course would give them, but no better than to plant furrows, covering with a layer of straw and then of earth which would require very much less straw. The matter of expense sometimes governs farm operations.—Germantown Telegraph.

Onions from Seed.

To grow onions from seed the practice now is to sow the seed in hotbeds or cold frames in winter, in order to get sets, which saves the cost of sets. Maggots do not injure the onions grown from sets as seriously as they do from seeds. A fly deposits eggs on the sides of the young shoots, the maggots from the eggs going down into the bulbs and destroying them. When sets are used they grow rapidly and get ahead of the maggots. Seed can be sown almost any time, the sets can be transpalnted in the spring. After the seeds have started the young onions should not be kept too warm, as it is not necessary for the sets to be of large size.

The Lettuce Seed Crop.

Always in saving lettuce seed, choose that which has most leaves, and which has grown without interruption from the seed. The practice in many families is to pluck the leaves three or four times, and when at last the leaves begin to be tough, let the plant send up its seed stalks. Usually the largest crop of seed will come from the plant that has the fewest leaves. But it will not be worth planting. Grown as lettuce for seed should be without disturbing a leaf, each plant will produce very few seed. Yet seed from this nearly seedless lettuce is worth any amount of the seed which is produced in the usual way.

Farm Notes.

Those who are congratulating the farmers on the higher price for wheat have overlooked the fact that potatoes are bringing three times as much as they did two years ago, and the potato crop is no small one in this country.

The quality and size of fruit on old bushes is much improved by severe pruning or thinning of fruit, and this applies equally well to all tree fruits. The demand of the times is for quality in everything, rather than quantity, and this certainly applies to fruit growing.

To destroy weeds in pavements and garden walks make a strong brine with salt and boiling water. Apply with a watering can. A moderate quantity of salt stimulates the growth of all vegetation; it is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that a sprinkling of salt will exterminate weeds.

The best way to treat clover in the fall is to spread manure over the field. The frosts and rains will pulverize the manure and the covering will protect the roots, the soluble matter going below to assist in giving the clover a good start and vigorous growth in the spring, increasing the yield and benefiting the land.

To keep bees in the winter the hive must be under shelter and protected against the cold. At the same time the hive must not be kept too warm, as the bees give off considerable animal heat in the hive, and may thus be tempted to come out should the weather be moderate, perishing with cold before they can return. Enough honey should be left in the hive to supply them until spring.

Fall plowing is frequently resorted to when the late summer and fall have been very dry and the ground is hard. The winter may bring but little rain, not enough before the spring planting season to thoroughly soak the ground, but if the land has been plowed it will absorb and retain more moisture than if left unplowed for the water to run off from the hard and packed surface.

T. H. Hale, the great peach grower, says that in setting out peach trees you want a thoroughly prepared soil, medium-sized trees; neither a very large nor a very small one; that the roots want pretty close pruning, and they want good, clean-out pruning not such as the nurserymen give them with their machines, but a careful cutting; and if you cut very closely you will get far more rapid and sure growth.

When barreling apples press them in so that no apple can move from its position. If the apples are sound they will not be injured by slight pressure. It is when the skin of an apple is broken that it begins to decay, but if indented and the skin is not punctured an apple will keep in a cool place during the whole winter, and if closely packed a barrel of apples may be shipped any distance.

Pig that Likes Fowls.

Harry Magill, a farmer who lives on Pigeon Swamp road, near Bristol, is the owner of one of the most remarkable pigs on record. Piggy is 3 months old and is a retriever of the most pronounced type. He will find birds shot in a manner equal to the best setter or pointer dog and do many other things such as sportsmen delight to see. Piggy, however, will chase, catch and devour live chickens with an avidity never equaled by the most voracious fox or weasel ever heard of. When he selects a victim in the shape of a barnyard fowl for his meal he starts in hot pursuit and never gives up the chase until he has his victim within his jaws. Mr. Magill stands ready to match his pig against any other pig in the country as a retriever, but does not guarantee that the porker will not make a meal of the game.—Philadelphia Record.

New Instrument of Death.

For use in time of war a new explosive shell is forged with longitudinal grooves on its inner surface to insure its bursting lengthwise after firing, thus scattering the shot inside at right angles with the direction of the shell.

When a woman's bliss lies in her ignorance it is folly for her to read the letters she finds in her husband's pockets.

Points to Ponder.

The muddier and rougher the road the farther the farmer is from market.

If you use the roads for any purpose you are interested in having them good all the time.

It will pay you to go five miles to see a stone crusher at work, and learn how easy it is to build and repair the roads with one.

Cyclists and Road Improvements.

In private conversation, in the periodicals of the day and, now and then, in formal memorials or resolutions adopted by large bodies of cyclists, the influence of the wheelmen and their sisters, cousins and aunts is exerted in behalf of better thoroughfares. It is a constant though varied pressure worth much more than spasmodic and short-lived movements.—Cleveland Leader.

Railroads and Country Roads.

The building of good country roads is a matter of more importance than the building of more railroads. In fact, the railroads themselves have made better country roads an absolute necessity, for the two systems depend on each other. The complete development of one involves the completer development of the other. It is to be presumed that the public understands this in a vague and indefinable way. The question, therefore, for the public to consider is not the necessity but the profitableness of good country roads. Will it pay to begin and carry on to completion the work of permanent improvement? This was the question asked when the people were asked to contribute to the local railway enterprise, and it is eminently a fair one. With respect to good country roads this inquiry may be partly answered by an appeal to the common sense of those who are interested. Will it pay the farmer to be able to do the work of two and three horses with one? Will it pay him to be able in one day with two horses to do the work that formerly required four horses and two days to do?—Atlanta Constitution.

California's Wide Tire Law.

An act passed by the California Legislature, and which goes into effect January 1, 1900, might be read with profit by the law-makers of other States, and its essential provisions enacted into law elsewhere. The act provides that all vehicles must be equipped as follows:

"Two and three-fourths-inch steel or thimble-skein axle, one and seven-eighths-inch tubular steel or iron axle, not less than three-inch tire; one and one-half-inch steel or iron axle, two and one-eighth-inch tubular steel or iron axle, not less than three and one-half-inch tire; three-inch steel or thimble-skein, one and five-eighths-inch steel or iron axle, two and three-eighths-inch tubular steel or iron axle, not less than four-inch tire; three and one-fourth-inch steel or thimble-skein, one and three-fourths or one and seven-eighths-inch steel or iron axle, two and five-eighths-inch tubular steel or iron axle, not less than four and one-half-inch tire; three and one-half-inch steel or thimble-skein, two-inch steel or iron axle, two and seven-eighths tubular steel or iron axle, not less than five-inch tire; three and three-fourths-inch steel or thimble-skein, two and one-fourth steel or iron axle, three or three and one-eighth-inch tubular steel or iron axle, not less than five and one-half-inch tire; four inches and larger steel or thimble-skein, two and one-half-inch, and larger, steel or iron axle, three and one-fourth-inch, and larger, tubular steel or iron axle, not less than six-inch tire. Other styles of axles shall have tires of same width as those of equal carrying capacity above specified. All intermediate sizes shall have tires of the same width as the next larger size above specified."

Any one selling any vehicle or using it upon any of the State's highways not equipped as provided, or who brings into the State such vehicle for sale, is amenable to a fine of from $25 to $500, or to imprisonment for from 25 days to 9 months.

Bathing in England.

The London Telegraph describes a fashionable watering place in England, where the bathing beach is half girdled by the blue waters of four bays, each in close proximity, and overlooked by the houses and terraces above. It is the regular resort of many thousands of respectable people, who go in bathing in the most delightful fashion and abandon, without fear and without reproach. There are no bathhouses, no tents, no costumes, no indecency, no blushes, no prudes, no opera glasses, hundreds of women on the beach, dozens already in the water, and no piles of sand-soiled clothing.

A ring of a dozen stout and matronly women here and there, standing close together, facing outward, while inside a blue and white and pink fluttering for a few moments, then the ring, with feet close to the lapping wavelets, opens seaward, and out runs, in absolute nudity, a young Venus of anything from 14 to 25 summers. A dream of beauty in the flashing sunshine, a few steps, a gasp and a splash, and the white foam clasps her in its arms. There she is, up to her armpits in the merry sea, disporting herself with other friends already there. And here is where Puritan England goes to learn lessons in what it calls true modesty.—Boston Herald.

America's Harpin Industry.

It was not until 1878 that the manufacture of hairpins began in the United States. Previous to that time those used in this country were brought from England or France. Now the trade is such a large one that it takes 50,000 packages, each containing twenty-four pins, to supply the wholesale demand daily in New York alone.

A Valuable Gem.

The Austrian Government has a Hungarian opal 8¾ inches long and 2½ inches thick. It weighs 17 ounces, and is worth $300,000. The fire opal of a hyacinth red to a honey yellow, with fire-like reflections of bright light is valued at from $5 to $10 per karat.

To Brighten Cut Glass.

Cut glass which has grown dull can be greatly brightened and will look almost equal to new if washed with diluted hydrochloric acid and afterwards rubbed with moistened chalk of whiting.—Louisville Dispatch.

SURCHARGED STAMPS.

Irregular Profits of Public Officers in Dealing with Collectors.

Three years ago the Times drew attention to the subject of surcharged stamps in a lengthy article, says Chambers' Journal. Lord Ripon had caused a circular to be sent from the colonial office in order to put down the abuses connected with the sale of "surcharged stamps," which had proved a temptation to postmasters and treasurers and other public officers, by making irregular profits in dealing with stamp collectors and others. The remedy for this state of matters is to keep a sufficient supply of stamps on hand, and then there would be no necessity to practice "surcharging."

It appears that when in certain cases it became known that a stamp was getting scarce agents of the stamp dealer would at once buy up the stock and ask for more. The colonial postoffice, in order to get over the delay involved in procuring fresh supplies, would print on dearer stamps than those which were exhausted the price of those which were asked for. For instance, a three-penny stamp becomes a half-penny one and a four-penny stamp a two-penny one. A stamp thus altered in value is said to be "surcharged" and a rush is made for this by the dealer. These find their way into collections at 50 or 100 per cent. over their value. A Paris dealer is said to have kept a sum of £1,000 "placed" at different postoffices with instructions to local postmasters to send on specimens to that value whenever a new stamp or a fresh surcharge was made. A London dealer one day received a remittance for 12s. 6d. in half-penny postage stamps from some one in Fiji who was in debt to him for that amount. The stamps, being all surcharged, were sold for about £15.

It will be remembered that the republic of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, not having ready cash to pay the expenses of its delegate to the Chicago exhibition, gave him a supply of postage stamps to sell to the best advantage. It appears that this negro republic depends largely on the sale of stamps for paying its way, and the stamps, beautifully engraved in London, are largely sold to stamp collectors. When the North Borneo Company issued a finely engraved stamp in 1894, in six weeks the wholesale dealers turned over £2,000 worth of them. One dealer went in for £800 worth, another £400, and two for £1,200 between them.

Hartz Mountain Canaries.

Milwaukee supplies the United States with the bulk of the Hartz Mountain canaries, and there is no great crime in the deception, for the Milwaukee bird is really an improvement on the imported article, having just as fine a voice and being much hardier.

Experience has shown that the imported singer loses the power of transmitting his voice to the young after passing through an American winter. This is the case also, it is said, with Tyrolean singers who come to this country, their voices losing the peculiar yodling quality when they have been here a year. The native canary is hardier than the imported one, and, with proper training, is every bit as good a singer.

Before they are mated the hen birds are kept in separate cages in the music room, carefully fed and made to listen to the music of the singers and the machine used in training their voices. In this way the hen is enabled to transmit the best musical quality to her offspring. The music room is a large one, with a south exposure, and is kept with the same scrupulous neatness as the breeding room. In the corner of this room is the bird organ, and with it the little birds are given their vocal training.

When the machine is started the notes emitted are wonderfully like the song of the untutored canary. These notes are known to bird trainers by the term pfeiffen. Gradually the whistle strikes onto a different line. It is an improvement over the pfeiffen, and is called the klingel rolle. A higher step still is called the klingel, and a still higher step hohl klingel. Lastly comes what is called hol rollen, and a bird whose voice has been developed up to that point is worth $50 in the market any day.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Queerest of Introductions.

"Speaking of introductions," said the much-traveled man in the smoker, "reminds me of the queerest one I ever saw or ever heard of, and in which I was one of the principals. I was crossing from Nova Scotia to Boston on a schooner loaded with plaster, a chance that came to me in a country port where I was staying for my health. As the boat saved me sixty miles of stage coach riding to the town of Halifax, where the nearest steamer travel was to be found, I took passage and for ten days was tossed about on a sea voyage that by steamer consumes thirty-six hours.

"There was another passenger—a tourist like myself—and the captain made several desperate efforts to get us acquainted, he knowing us both, but at each attempt, before he could pronounce our names, he was either called on deck or the ship gave a lurch and the introduction did not take place.

"But one day, when it was so rough outside that we stayed in our bunks in the captain's cabin, and the wind was blowing great guns, the skipper, who had come below for something, stopped to say: 'You two gentlemen ought to be made acquainted. Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown; Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith.'

"That is the down-East method of introducing people, and as our names were mentioned we each turned in our bunks to salute the other, the bunks being on exactly opposite sides of the cabin.

"But at that moment each one of us shot from his bunk as if from the mouth of a cannon, and as we passed at that rate of speed we caught each other's hand and shook it with a will, and had just time to acknowledge the captain's politeness by saying as we flew past:

"'Glad to know you, Mr. Smith.'

"'Delighted to meet you, Mr Brown.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Has Twenty Dressmakers.

It is well known that the German Empress is an ideal housekeeper as well as an ideal wife and mother. Her dread of waste goes so far that the suits of her elder children are cut down to fit the younger boys and her own court dresses are altered again and again, so as not to be recognized when they are worn at any court functions. Yet it is also reported that an army of twelve dressmakers is always at work for the Empress and that it is increased to over thirty whenever the Empress is about to start on a journey. New gowns would, after all, be less expensive, since the great Berlin artist in dresses who makes the court costumes for her majesty charges only about $75 for making a gown of state.

Which is greater, a railroad engineer's responsibility or a passenger's risk?

A SENSATION.

That the world is coming to an end suddenly at a given time is not what is referred to. There are different kinds of sensations, as very many people know who feel sharp twinges of pain in the big nerve of the thigh. Sciatica is a very painful sensation, and the torment of it makes one think something is come to an end. But just at the first sensation or twinge is the best time to use St. Jacobs Oil. The less pain the more easily it is cured, and the Oil prevents its development by soothing the nerve. At any stage it will cure.

Sanitary Reform of Bombay.

The Indian government has formulated an important scheme for the sanitary reformation of Bombay City. The control of government and municipal lands will be vested in a nominated body, which will be empowered to lay new streets through crowded localities and to erect dwellings at low rents for the poor. The scheme involves an addition to the municipal rates of not more than 2 per cent.

SLAIN BY POISON.

Not the poison that the covert assassin administers in the drink, the food, or some other guise, but the poison of malaria shortens the lives of m riads. There is a safe and certa. antidote. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whic not only fortifies the system against malaria, but roots out its seeds when they have germinated. Dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatic, liver and k dney trouble are conquered by the Bitters.

A Minneapolis genealogist reckons up four billions of persons between William the Conqueror and one of his descendants now living.

$2000.00

Economy: save 10 cents on a package of "cheap" baking powder and eat the cake. You couldn't do better—for your doctor.

Schilling's Best money-back baking powder is at your grocer's.

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A daguerrotype of Louis Philippe, taken in 1840 by Daguerre himself, has been presented to the Camavalet museum in Paris.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

A St. Louis paper is marvelling over the case of a septuagenarian whose white hair turned black in a single night recently.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. *"Tea Garden Drips"* is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine *"Tea Garden Drips"* have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

It is said that the flesh on the forequarters of the beaver resembles that of land animals, while that on the hindquarters has a fishy taste.

"King Solomon's Treasure," only Aphrodisiacal Tonic known. (See Dictionary.) $5.00 a box, 3 weeks' treatment. Mason Chemical Co., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Ancient" coins, many of which antedate the Christian era, are made in large quantities in London, and find sale all over the world.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not *the* whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering. Over one hundred thousand women were successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham last year. Such are the grand results of her experience.

There are 71,000 more women than men in the state of Massachusetts, and this excess is all in persons over 14.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Broken Down Men

Men Who Have Wasted the Vital Power of Youth—Who Lack Vigor—Can Be Cured by Electricity.

This is an appliance which is known all over the world for its wonderful tonic influence upon the waning vitality of men and women. Its touch is the touch of life. Warmth and energetic health follows its application within ten days. A permanent cure of all weakness—restoration of new life—is assured in the longest standing cases within 90 days.

"THREE CLASSES OF MEN."

Dr. Sanden will send you a book upon this subject, with valuable information, free. If possible, call and see his famous Belt. Try it and regain your manhood. Life has a new charm to those who wear it. Call or address

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"CHILDREN TEETHING."
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

N. P. N. U. No. 46, '97.

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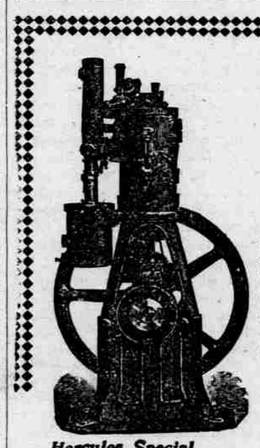

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