



The Phlegmatic.



The Sanguine.



The Melancholy.



The Angry.

Blatter.

ONLY ONE OF HIS KIND.

Former Railroadman is Now a "Traveling Man" for a Buffalo Hotel.

Mr. Clarke was formerly a passenger brakeman on the New York Central.

The liveliest hotel in Buffalo furnishes free electric cab service for its guests.

It is Mr. Clarke's business to travel, mostly to New York, but Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago and several other big cities are in his line.

If any person is leaving a New York hotel and going to Buffalo it is Mr. Clarke's business to know it.

Mr. Clarke said, who asked how he worked. "When a good comes with my card he always looks me up.

"It's easy," Mr. Clarke said, who asked how he worked.

They'll all be doing it soon."

Recently Incapacitated.

There were some incidents in the early education of Mrs. Donahue.

"You sign it yourself?" I'll make me mark.

"Don't talk to me about sensible clothes," announced the pretty girl.

"Do you believe that ignorance is ever bliss?" said the erudite girl.

"I never studied the question," answered Miss Cayenne.

A Big Difference.

"Why did you take this job?" the other man offered you \$10 to start with.

"The other man offered me \$10 to start with; this man offered me \$20 salary."

At some period of her life every married woman has thought of leaving her husband.



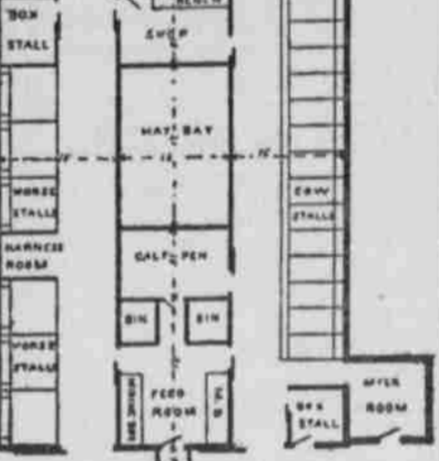
Barn for Mixed Farming.

The farmer who can so adjust his work that he may dispense with the help of one man is lucky indeed.

The barn plan shown herewith in the two illustrations, the ground plan and the perspective view, is so arranged that one man may feed and care for the stock in a short time.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



GROUND PLAN.

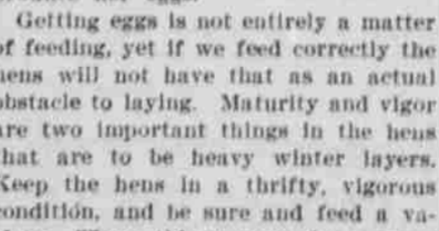
GOOD BARN PLAN.

The installation of manure carriers and hay fork is very easy, and these will soon pay for themselves in the labor saved.

Feeding of Eggs.

Hens will not refuse to lay providing the conditions which surround them are favorable for egg production.

Small Temporary Smokehouse.



SMALL BUT EFFECTIVE SMOKEHOUSE.

results can be obtained from a device such as the one shown herewith.

To Increase Fruit Yield.

One orchardist is said to have increased the yield of his orchard from fifteen to 250 bushels in the following manner.

Champion Butter Cow Dead.

Pedro's Estalla, champion butter cow of the world, with a record of 712 pounds in twelve months, was killed by an accident at the Missouri Agricultural College farm.

That very night, just as they were meditating bed, a loud ring startled the denizens of Glinn.

"Hope for us yet, darling!" "Now, uncle," he said, "I want you to come with me to your study.

"Yes, my boy; but you don't mean to say you've come down upon us like a whirlwind in this way to continue that somewhat vexatious pursuit?"

"Well, Gren, we've always been fond of you, and glad to have you here. But what are you driving at?"

"Will you bear with me patiently tonight, even if I offend you? Will you wait till to-morrow, and hear then what I have to say before you decide about what I shall, perhaps, ask you to do for me?"

"What on earth are you making mysteries about? Not much asking help from me, Gren; I'm about broke myself. You're in some money scrape, I suppose?"

"No, uncle, it's not that. I love Maude, and want to marry her." "No words can paint Harold Denison's face at this last announcement.

"Do you?" he said at length, in his most cynical manner. "That's a little unlucky, because she's about to marry somebody else. I fancied that you must have heard so."

"You mean Pearman? Yes, I have heard that." "Oh, you have? May I ask what particular inducements you have to offer, that you think it probable Maude will break off the prospect of a good match in your behalf?"

(To be continued.)

DREW SHIP TO ITS DOOM.

Steel Steamship Wrecked on Magnetic Shore of Lapland.

That the sea coast's magnetic influence drew his stout ship to its rugged iron-ribbed shore is the explanation of Capt. Keldie of the wrecking of the British steamer Sandal, which was lost on the coast in question, and has made an affidavit embodying the foregoing statement.

Loaded with timber, which she took aboard at Archangel, in the White Sea, Russia, the Sandal was bound to the Tyne River, England. Capt. Keldie said:

"I am convinced that nothing could have saved the Sandal. The particular part of Lapland where she struck I have since found composed of iron and other powerful magnetic ores, and I am equally positive that the magnetic attraction disturbed our compasses and drew us steadily landward.

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Controlled by Combine.

There is a trust in fuller's earth, with the final process known only to one or two persons, whose lips are rigidly sealed.

An evil custom and neglect of our own good doth give too much liberty to inconsiderate speech.—Thomas a Kempis.

Race for a Wife

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

That afternoon Maude strolled out into the grounds. She wandered up one of the grassy vistas through the sea of laurels, until she arrived at a pond—a pond all covered with great large-leaved water lilies; and by the edge of that pond Maude sat down, and, resting her head on her hand, began to think.

Maude slept—she dreamt; and she pictured to herself that she was drowning in some big lake; she was going down—down ever so far, and suddenly she clasped a spar of some kind, and felt that she was saved.

But Sam Pearman, in the meanwhile, loses no time in prosecuting his suit. Diffidence is not one of his failings, and in such mock courtship as this there is little fear of the result.

But one morning a groom came over in hot haste from Mannersley with a few lines for the squire from Sam Pearman, to say that his father was dead.

"Put off the wedding, Nell, for a month or two, of course," said the squire, as he broke the news to his wife.

Mrs. Denison showed a wisdom on the occasion seldom evinced. She said nothing, for the simple reason she had nothing to say.

"Sorry for the old father," he muttered. "He was a clever man, every bit of him. He could play with these swells, and manage 'em in a way nobody else ever saw could."

CHAPTER XV.

Grenville Rose, to speak metaphorically, has been paddling his skiff through troubled waters of late. Maude's short woe-begone little note of dismissal, and his aunt's indignant letter, were far from pleasant reading to a man as much engaged as he was in the love-god's meshes.

Anathematizing, with an impartiality quite beautiful to witness, everything and everybody, Mr. Rose once more enters his sitting room in pursuit of breakfast. He unfolds the Times. Again, as a preliminary, does he ascertain the extreme firmness of Coriander in the betting quotations for the Two Thousand.

"Let's have a look at the second column," he mutters, "and see whether 'X Y Z's' family are still in tribulation about his absence; or whether 'Pollaky' is offering his usual hundred for an absconded young lady, aged nineteen, good-looking, and with a rose in her bonnet—last seen etc.

It is hard to believe that there is no such thing as destiny. It is almost ludicrous at times to think what a trivial incident has turned the whole current of our lives.

"Ah!" he said at last, "I can almost swear I saw it. I recollect laughing over it at the time, and thinking what a quaint, queer old deed it was. Suppose I'm right—I wonder how it would affect things? I must go over and talk to Dallison a bit."

"And while Grenville Rose crosses the Temple Gardens, let me say a few words about George Dallison. He comes athwart the loves of Grenville and Maude but for a few days. Yet he is destined to be the master of the situation of that eventful period.

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