

Current Literature.

IN THE CATACOMBS.

BY H. H. BALLARD.

Never lived a Yankee yet, But was ready to bet On the U. S. A. If you speak of Italy's sunny clime, 'Tis mine kin beat it, every time!

Said an Englishman—"Only 'tother day, Saiing from Dover to Calais, I saw a man without foot or ear, Swimming across from the English shore, Manfully breasting the angry sea—"

Mindful of all those thirion-told tales, Whenever a Yankee to Europe sails, The boys try every sort of plan To rouse his astonishment, if they can.

Sam Brown was a fellow from way down East, Who never was "staggered" in the least. No tale of marvellous beast or bird, Could match the stories he had heard.

They showed him a room where a queen had slept; 'Twas "Up to the tavern daddy kept." They showed him Lucerne. But he had drunk From the beautiful Mollibunkumunk.

Here they plied him with draughts of wine, (Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine), Till the fumes of F. Jernian filled his head, And he slept as sound as the silent dead.

They piled old skeletons round the stone, Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone, And left him to slumber there alone, Then watched from a distance the taper's gleam.

After a time the Yankee woke, But instantly saw through the flimsy joke; So never a cry or a shout he uttered, But solemnly rose and slowly muttered,

"I see how it is; it's the judgment day, We've all been dead and stowed away; All these stone farmers sleepin' yet, An' I'm the first one up, yet!

Why Mrs. Krumppanne Didn't Go to See Em'line.

BY HELEN T. CLARK.

Mr. and Mrs. Krumppanne were getting ready for a journey. They were going to visit their only daughter, Emmeline Cecilia, who was married to a brick layer and lived in Chicago.

It had been a long time before Mrs. Krumppanne could make up her mind to go at all. Emmeline Cecilia kept writing, and writing, and writing. At last, one day, Mr. Krumppanne took off his spectacles, cleaned them, put them on again and looked at his wife with a queer smile.

"I don't see how we can get out of it, Jenima," said he. "There is nothing to hinder us from going, if you would only think so."

"We can't get Em'line out of the notion, it seems," answered Mrs. Krumppanne, who was "setting up" the stitches for a new stocking.

"She's always been a good daughter, Em'line has," continued Mr. Krumppanne, musingly, as he whittled at a stick in order to keep up his courage, "and I don't see why we can't humor her this once."

"This once, Azariah Krumppanne! I should just like to know if you haven't been humoring her all her life! It seems to me that you might whittle into the coal hod, if you must whittle at all, Azariah, instead of all over my clear floor."

Azariah meekly got the dust pan and turkey-wing, and swept up his whittlings. In rising he struck his bald spot against one of the four little iron cherubs that hung from the corners of the stove. The pain made him execute a subdued war dance, but his mental powers were quickened, and a new motive for Mrs. Krumppanne's visit to Em'line came into his head.

"I should think, Jenima, you'd want to see Em'line's baby, so there!" and he gave a soft chuckle.

Mrs. Krumppanne showed some signs of relenting.

"If I was only sure that nothing would occur while we were gone," she said, scratching the side of her nose with a knitting needle. "If I knew the pickles wouldn't spoil, nor the grape-buttermilk, nor the spigot of the vinegar barrel fly out, nor the soot fall down the sitting-room chimney onto my new carpet, nor a strange cat fetch a set of kittens into the house through the cellar, nor a hail storm break any of the garret windows, nor—"

Mr. Krumppanne hastily put on his hat and went out to the woodshed to split kindlings.

Mrs. Krumppanne went on knitting, and thinking of Emmeline's letter. One passage kept coming to her mind continually.

"Our dear little Mina grows sweeter every day. She worries over her teeth considerably, however, and the doctor is

afraid she will have spasms when her double teeth come through."

Mrs. Krumppanne pondered: If Em'line's baby should have spasms, Em'line would be sure to give it some wrong stuff or other; and she didn't know but that it was her duty, as a grandmother, to go out to Chicago, after all, and superintend those double teeth. To be sure she had never had any children but Em'line, but she had doctored nearly a dozen of the neighbors' children through measles, whooping-cough and chicken-pox; and had once lanced Mrs. Timothy Gunter's baby's gums with her scissors with highly satisfactory results. If she couldn't carry Em'line's baby through, she should like to know who could.

That settled it. The house might burn down, or everything be carried off by burglars while they were gone—but it was her duty to go, therefore, go she should.

When Mr. Krumppanne came in to tea, his wife stirred the sugar into her cup with a fork, and buttered a doughnut in a fit of absent-mindedness.

"Why, Jenima!" said Mr. Krumppanne. Mrs. Krumppanne blushed and laughed nervously. It was not often that anyone caught her napping.

"I was thinking of something else," she said. Supper was nearly over when Mrs. Krumppanne cleared her throat and began:

"When do you think we had better start?" "Start? Where?" said Azariah. "Out to Em'line's. I suppose it is our duty to go, as long as the baby is getting its teeth so hard."

"Hurrah! Jenima!" shouted Mr. Krumppanne, and he danced around to his wife's chair, in order to express his delight.

"Azariah! I'm ashamed of you," said Mrs. Krumppanne, reprovingly. The sooner we go the better if you are going to act in that way!"

Mrs. Krumppanne cleaned the house from garret to cellar, looked over all her saucers, pickles and jellies, aired all the bedding, clothing and carpets, to get rid of possible moths, and polished the stoves until they reflected Azariah and herself at innumerable points. "If burglars do get in they shan't say that I'm a slack housekeeper anyway. I can't abide shiftlessness!" she exclaimed, as she rubbed and scrubbed.

She collected the old linen into a thick roll and packed it in her trunk. "For," said she, "if Em'line's husband should spill a hod of bricks on himself, and be brought home wounded, Em'line will be sure not to have a scrap of old linen in the house."

The eventful day dawned. Azariah was full of delight, though his new collar did scratch his neck, and Jenima made him black his boots over again. They sallied forth with bandbox, bundles and umbrella; the trunk had been sent to the station before daylight, and Mr. Krumppanne locked the door and hid the key under a flat stone. "If we take it with us Em'line's baby will be sure to try and swallow it, and choke to death on it," said Mrs. Krumppanne.

They reached the garden gate. "Azariah," said Mrs. Krumppanne, "I forgot to seal up the dipper when I wiped the dishes!"

"Oh! nonsense, Jenima! Come along. We'll miss the train."

Azariah Krumppanne! Do you suppose that I'm going to Chicago on a six weeks' visit without sealing my dipper? I know how I was brought up. And she went back to the flat stone to get the door key.

Fortunately, some hot water remained in the tea-kettle, so she was saved from lighting a fresh fire. She scalded the dipper and hung it up, but in her hurry she broke down the nail. She stood on a wooden stool to reach a higher one. The whistle of the train startled her, and the stool slipped away; then Mrs. Krumppanne fell to the floor, with one foot doubled under her.

"Azariah! Aza—ri—ah!" she wailed, and Mr. Krumppanne, rushing in, found her with a sprained ankle, which laid her up for a month. And if Em'line hadn't come home for Thanksgiving, Mrs. Krumppanne wouldn't have seen the baby to this day. But the dipper was scalded.

The Utilization of Smoke

A company at Elk Rapids, Mich., which manufactures fifty tons of charcoal iron a day, formerly allowed the smoke made burning the coal to go to waste. Now the smoke as it is formed is delivered into stills charged with lime and surrounded by cold water, the result of the condensation being, first, acetate of lime; second, alcohol; third, tar; the fourth part produces gas, which is consumed under the boilers. A thousand cords of wood are converted into charcoal daily, yielding 2,800,000 cubic feet of smoke, from which are obtained 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol, and 25 pounds of tar. The alcohol has been contracted to a firm in Buffalo, N. Y., the Trade Review says, for five years, they furnishing the packages and receiving it at the works at 80 cents per gallon.

The gases usually wasted when iron is produced with stone coal or coke are now, in some European establishments, made to give up the tar, ammonia, etc., which they contain. Engineering reports that this is effected at the Gartscherle works without disturbing the smelting process and without materially lessening the value of the gas for heating boilers and similar work. A similar process has lately been introduced in the coke trade of South Durham, and at some of the coking colonies of France, the waste gases being used in the production of commercial ammonia.—Scientific American.

The enormous sum of \$202,000,000 is invested in the submarine cables of the world, supposed to aggregate 64,000 miles in length.

An Inquiring Mind.

A prototype of the famous Mulikittie boy, J. Arkana-w, lives here in Duluth. After returning from church last Sunday he sat in a very thoughtful attitude for a while and then said:

"Pa, didn't the preacher say that he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned?" "Yes, my son."

"Wasn't it swearing fur 'im to say so?" "Oh no!" "Why wasn't it?"

"Because the word used in that connection is not to be regarded as pro-cursing." "If I was to say that you would be damned if you didn't believe, would it be swearin'?"

"Not at all—but don't ask so many questions." "Would it be swearin' if I'd say damn you if you don't—"

"There, there, my son, you are carryin' it too far. Be quiet now, for heaven's sake!" "Will manna be damned if she don't believe?"

"Certainly." "And me too?" "Of course." "And the dog, too?"

"Oh, for goodness sake, hush! You drive me crazy." "Say, pa, would Jack, the crazy man, be damned if he didn't believe?"

"Yes! yes! yes! yes! Now hush!" "Then he'd be like Oscar Wilde, wouldn't he?" "No, he wouldn't."

"Yes, he would." "He would not; and now if you don't dry up I'll thrash you!" "But he would, pa."

"How would he?" "Why, didn't I hear you say that Oscar Wilde was a damned idiot, and if crazy Jack was to be—"

But before he could conclude the sentence a concussion remote from his talking machine claimed his immediate attention.

Dairy Farming.

Of the three branches of dairy farming butter making engages the attention of the largest number, and is the only one open to farmers. It is quite possible for the owner of half a dozen cows to produce as much butter from each cow, and this of as good quality, as can the manager of the best and largest factories. In most villages or towns there is a limited demand for really choice butter at good prices. We have known cases in which small butter dairies were made very profitable, when they formed a part of a general system of farming. On the other hand, few branches of farming are more unsatisfactory than is butter raising as carried on on the majority of farms. Most of the butter in such cases is made in the summer month, when prices are lowest, and all hands on the farm are most busy. Whether good or bad the butter is traded at the store for groceries. Vast quantities of butter do not bring the makers more than from ten to twelve cents a pound.

One great advantage of butter making over either of the other branches is that the skimmed milk is retained at home. By one of almost any of the plans for deep-setting of the milk, the cream can be skimmed off and the milk fed while it is still sweet. The value of this pure, sweet feed either for calves or hogs is much underestimated.

For many farmers either a cheese or butter factory is one of the question, and home butter making is the only resort, unless milk selling for large cities or for neighboring villages or towns be practicable. With the growth of great cities the demand for this article rapidly increases. For farmers near railway stations within forty or fifty miles of a great city, there is often no more profitable way of disposing of milk than selling it for the city trade. Usually this involves an uncomfortably early morning delivery. Especially in winter or with bad roads, this is a serious objection.

The business of a local milk supply dealer is a hard one, but is often quite lucrative. It is a petty retail trade, involving hard labor, travel early or late in bad weather as well as good; some bad debts will be made; any quantity of unpleasant criticism will be received. If one is willing to meet these things a large percentage of profit is very often received.

The Reporter at the Church Supper.

"Who is that angry-looking man?" "That, my son, is a reporter."

"Do reporters always look mad?" "Not always." "What ails that one?" "He has been to a church supper."

"Wasn't he invited?" "Oh, yes. Five of the prettiest girls in the parish urged him to go."

"I should think he would have liked that." "He did. And each of these girls wanted him to give 'my table a special mention'."

"Did he get any supper?" "Of course he did, he bought a five-cent sandwich for a quarter and ate it after the rest got through."

"Where is he going now?" "He is going to the office to write that the parish church supper last night was a most agreeable success. The lovely faces of the fair maidens in attendance on the tables were only rivaled by the charming liberality with which they dispensed the finest of viands."

"Are reporters ever sarcastic?" "No, my son, never."—New Orleans Democrat.

Clover hay, in 1,000 parts, contains 840 pounds dry matter, which contains 23 pounds nitrogen, 19.5 pounds potash and 5.0 pounds phosphoric acid.

Del Stock.

BEES IN OREGON.

COMPLAINT is made that bees are not doing well this year, and the honey crop will be short. It is said that white clover was killed by the winter, and this causes a scarcity of provender for the bees.

Whether this is merely true of some localities or of all Western Oregon we do not know, but it seems certain that the late winter caused a series of disasters, and farmers will long have cause to remember it. The leaden skies continue, without any prospect of rain soon, and the time is almost gone by when rain can bring help to grain fields or gardens. The Hillsboro Independent says:

Mr. A. H. Garrison cut a bee-tree near Hillsboro lately, and although the colony was a large one, he found scarcely any honey. We had noticed several weeks ago that our own bees had killed off the drones and dragged them out of the hive before they had hatched, and couldn't account for it, and the season is said to be the scarcity of honey food for bees.

A large apiarist near Portland informed an Oregonian reporter that the honey yield near Portland will be very small. The white clover, which usually furnishes an abundant yield of honey, was nearly all killed last winter; and the weather also being cool has not brought out the nectar in such other flowers as have put forth.

Two weeks ago the bees commenced killing off the drones, which is never done until late in the fall, after the honey season is over and the bees have commenced uncaping the drone cells and to drag out of the cells the unhatched drones, which shows that the workers are economizing to save stores to carry them through the winter.

A friend at Salem who visited Mr. Selden Brooks' bee farm in the foot hills on Silver creek, three miles above the falls, in Marion county, says that out of 300 stands Mr. Brooks had only forty remaining; the rest died in the winter, and those remaining had to be fed, as they had not strength to forage for food. It is probable that he took too much honey from them, but he says the cold weather in April was injurious to the plants common to that region that usually provides the bees with honey. That is in the famous "honey belt," of which so much has been told in the past. The plants probably bloomed in March, and the cold rains of April acted on them unfavorably.

Remember This.

If you are sick, Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails. If you are constipated, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are waiting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters. If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters. If you have rough, pimply, or scabby skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserably generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health, and comfort.

In short they cure all diseases of the stomach, bowels, liver, nerves, kidneys, right's disease, rheumatism, dizziness, fainting at the heart, dots before the eyes, yellow skin, headache generally over the right eye, restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored urine, and.

Harness should never be kept in the stable where manure is constantly generating large quantities of ammonia. This ammonia is rapidly absorbed by the leather, and the effect upon the leather is about the same as would result from saturating it with strong lye. In a word ammonia rots leather, and hence keeping harness in the stable is sure to result in its damage more or less.

Skimny Men.

"Wells Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

About Handling Bees.

The Indiana Farmer says that the great danger of being stung deters many a one from the pleasure and profit of bee keeping, and while it is impossible to avert all stings, the danger from this source is very much magnified. Bees seldom sting except in defense of their rights and homes. They are not unlike the human race; at times they misconstrue intentions, yet their attacks are always traceable to a presumable cause at least. The first object, then, is to study their nature. With this knowledge they may be handled without much danger of being stung. A bee with honey seldom stings without great agitation. Beginners should cover their faces until they acquire confidence in themselves. This is easily done by a light bobinet veil made to cover the face and tucked in under the clothes around the neck. Gentleness and firmness are necessary qualities in handling bees. Sudden jars and quick active motions should be as much avoided as possible. During a good honey flow there is scarcely any danger of being stung, with anything like fair treatment for the bees. With not much honey coming in, they are much more liable to resist interference. By the judicious use of smoke they may be managed without much trouble, and while it is not necessary to resort to this under all circumstances, it is best to have the smoke ready so that it can be used if the occasion requires it. The construction of hives, too, has much to do with the handling of bees. The frames should be hung so that they may be taken out without first having to pry them loose, for there is nothing that arouses their anger sooner than the sudden jar and breaking loose of a frame. Where the frames must be pried loose one should have a strong bladed knife, or small screw driver. Pry the frames loose, one at a time very gently, loosening all of them before removing any. In fact anything about a hive that must be pried loose should always be manipulated very cautiously.

It is the instinct of bees to fill themselves with honey when disturbed. Smoke seems to do this more thoroughly, with less danger of angering them, than anything else. But smoke has no effect on the bees only as it causes them to fill with honey. This is the object of its use, and it is beneficial in no other manner, unless it be simply to drive them out of the way. They seem to fear the smoke and offer less resistance to it, although if given too much it may make them very angry. Preparatory to opening a hive smoke should be blown into the entrance, not too much at once; better two light doses, at short intervals.

After the bees have had time to fill themselves, remove the cover, raise gently one corner of the cloth over the frames, or whatever they may be covered with. If they show resistance give them some more smoke at this stage, and with very few exceptions they submit to anything in reason; but bear in mind the mashing of a bee or letting fall a comb, or any accident of a similar nature causes them to strike for liberty or death.

A Large Turtle.

Capt. Augustus G. Hall and the crew of the schooner Annie L. Hall vouch for the following: On March 30th, while on the Grand Bank, in latitude 40 deg. 10 min., longitude 33 deg., they discovered an immense live trunk turtle, which was at first thought to be a vessel bottom up.

The schooner passed within twenty-five feet of the monster, and those on board had ample time to estimate its dimensions by a comparison with the length of the schooner. The turtle was at least 40 feet long, 30 feet wide and 30 feet from the apex of the back to the bottom of the under shell. The flippers were twenty feet long. It was not deemed advisable to attempt its capture.

More farm machinery is injured by needless exposure to weather than by use. A machine that will last ten years with careful housing will be ruined in three seasons if left out during the winter season. A coat of paint, first well oiling the woodwork, will greatly add to the durability of farm implements. Every farmer should procure some paint, and learn to use the brush during leisure hours. This is especially important in the case of wagons, which need repainting, at least so far as the wheels are concerned, every spring. The paint from wheels is rapidly worn off by ice, snow and mud in winter.

Remember This. If you are sick, Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails. If you are constipated, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are waiting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters. If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters. If you have rough, pimply, or scabby skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserably generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health, and comfort.

In short they cure all diseases of the stomach, bowels, liver, nerves, kidneys, right's disease, rheumatism, dizziness, fainting at the heart, dots before the eyes, yellow skin, headache generally over the right eye, restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored urine, and.

Harness should never be kept in the stable where manure is constantly generating large quantities of ammonia. This ammonia is rapidly absorbed by the leather, and the effect upon the leather is about the same as would result from saturating it with strong lye. In a word ammonia rots leather, and hence keeping harness in the stable is sure to result in its damage more or less.

Skimny Men. "Wells Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

Wells Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impote, etc., Secus, Debility. \$1.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE HOPE OF THE RACE.