

BACK TO LINDY'S.

I want to go back to Lindy's—back to the old farm place. Where the friends I knew were true as blue and poverty no disgrace; I want to forget the slogging, the rush and the rattly-bang, The whistle's toot, the rumbering cart and the car bell's noisy clang. I'd like to go back a-roving in the drowsy afternoons, And down the sounds of the grimy town in an ocean of clover blooms.

I want to go back to Lindy's—back to the "Stubboe Land," Where it didn't take much of learning to make folks understand; Where the grasp of a hand was rugged, but the clasp was firm and true, And the eyes of the man behind them looked honest and frank at you. A step in miles, but all the years—they're the endless chain! What little of spoil I've garnered, what little the world has doled, I would barter it all, thrice over, to live in its sweet end.

I want to go back to Lindy's—back thro' the stretch of years, I want to go back to the boyhood track beyond the doubts and fears; It seems but a step back yonder to the fields and the rose leaf rail— A step in miles, but all the years—they're the endless chain! What little of spoil I've garnered, what little the world has doled, I would barter it all, thrice over, to live in its sweet end.

I want to go back to Lindy's—where the white road winds away O'er valley and hill and dale and rill to the rim of distant gray; I want to get out in the open, where a fellow has elbow room, Where's he never afraid to cross the street for fear he'll meet his doom. Back to the fragrant arched and the cool of the grateful sod— For that was as near, I reckon, as ever I've been to God. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Trying Predicament.

IN the winter of 187-- when business was very dull, I unfortunately happened to be out of a situation. I had traveled through several Western cities in quest of employment, but without success. At last I found myself in one of the hotels in Louisville, studying the state of my finances and prospects.

Having received a good education, I could keep a set of books with any man; few could excel me as a salesman. My lot seemed to be doubly unfortunate. Why was I not a mechanic? I could then have easily obtained what I wanted.

In the midst of my reverie a short, stout, nervous-looking gentleman, who had been eyeing me for some time, asked me if I had been long in Louisville.

Being out of sorts with myself and everyone else, I did not answer him with extreme politeness.

"You seem down-hearted," he continued, still gazing at me as if he not only wanted to know my business, but

"All right," I said. "Now, as I understand you, I must use this when I think proper to do so?"

"Yes," he replied, "whenever you have occasion to. Of course, you must use proper judgment, and not be too violent. I can see by your looks that you are a very powerful man—in fact, I pride myself on being so fortunate as I am."

He was right in his judgment as to my powers; I have met few men in my lifetime who equaled me in strength.

During our conversation Mr. Charles sat still, without saying a word. I again compared them. The similarity of features, build, even their hair, which was gray, was remarkable; both wore their whiskers alike. It was the first time in my life I was puzzled in making a distinction whereby I could tell one man from another.

As a last resource I was obliged to make a note of their different costumes in order to know Mr. Charles apart from Mr. William.

What if I was to mistake (in my routine as keeper and nurse), one brother for the other? A dread of the fearful consequences that would follow came over me, and I can assure you it was some time before I could rest easy in mind.

Mr. William retired, leaving me with my charge. The change, at least, furnished the pressing requirements for the time. Unsettled though it was to my taste, I soon fell into the dull routine of the life of a nurse to a madman, and, before a week was up, I felt myself perfectly able to take any first-class position that offered as keeper of the unfortunate insane community.

Mr. Charles, at times, was violent and rough in his manner, but after I had given him a taste of the straight-jacket a few times he troubled me very little. Occasionally he would go down on his knees and plead love for an imaginary lady, then start up with a blistering air, and order me out of the room as if I had no business there.

And really, I must say, there was very little need of my staying by him all the time; but I was paid for it, so I was obliged to obey.

They were both bachelors, having considerable property. Mr. Charles became insane a few years previous. His brother preferred taking charge of him instead of sending him to an asylum.

At times Mr. William did not appear as rational as he should be, but it was his peculiar manner. I learned from the servants that he had been for years paying his addresses to a Miss Stebbins, an elderly maiden lady belonging to one of the first families of Louisville. She often visited the house. He would be very tender in his manner towards her and would offer his arm when they walked in the garden, but marriage, or any arrangement to that end, was never hinted at. He seemed to be content with paying the polite addresses due from an engaged swain to the object of his choice, and there it ended. It was evident that he was either too bashful to proceed with his suit beyond that mark, or else the lady objected to him, and preferred single blessedness to the duties and cares of married life.

The latter seemed improbable, as Miss Stebbins, when she promenade on the piazza, hung lovingly on his arm and threw such sweet glances at her escort that he betrayed her willingness to unite her fortunes with his. Then it was clear that the fault was altogether on the part of Mr. William.

As the summer advanced, Miss Stebbins came oftener. The greenhouse required rearranging before winter set in. The alterations were begun and carried out under her plans. Mr. William was a willing slave to her ideas; and as I watched him from my window receiving her suggestions about how the dome in the center was to be built, I really believe that had she proposed carrying it up a hundred feet he would have had it done.

It was evidently coming to a climax. Mr. William intended getting married. If not to Miss Stebbins, certainly some lady would soon be mistress of his establishment.

At present, no other female appeared. The only conclusion, therefore, to be drawn was that Mr. William Harrison and Miss Clarinda Stebbins, both of the city of Louisville, were about to consummate matrimony.

As for myself, during the hot weather having little to do, I was fast becoming fat and lazy, and the financial prospect before me looked decidedly cheering. So well had I managed my charge that Mr. William hired me by the year; an agreement was made out, which we both signed, that I was to continue in the capacity of nurse to his brother for the space of twelve months, beginning



INCAPABLE OF DOING FURTHER HARM.

"I was in a worse fix than ever, with a crazy woman as well as a man to look after." I rubbed her forehead with ice, and chafed her hands, whilst my knife had perfect command over her dress from neck to waist.

I was afraid she would die under my hands; then what should I do? I rang the bell for the servants, but they were so slow, so helpless from that quarter.

Going to the sideboard, I took some brandy and held it to her lips; my charge was raving all the time.

"If you don't stop your row, and let me attend to this, you villain!" I said, threatening him.

The brandy had the desired effect. She started up and rushed to him. Her dress, which before was a perfect fit, now hung in rags. She clasped him around the neck, declaring I should not kill him.

I gently disengaged her from him.

"Come," I said, soothingly, "it pains me to see you so excited. Calm yourself; I will soon get some one to take charge of you."

Seating her on the lounge, I again rang the bell for help; visible signs of hysterics appeared; she was having a relapse. I thought for some one to come. Judge my astonishment when she began calling me a villain for serving her darling in that way.

"My good lady," I replied, "although you are old enough to be my mother, I beg to disagree with you; it is for his good."

How far I should have gone, or what other means I should have taken to quiet my two mad people, I really cannot say, had not one of the servants entered at that moment. She, too, gave a scream at our bedchamber appearance.

"What! are you mad as well?" I said. "Come here and help me out of this plight."

She came up to me. A word was enough to reveal to us blundering ones the mistake I had made. It was Mr. William I had been handling. To take the straight-jacket off him and retire to my room was the work of a moment. I looked the fool after me.

The madhouse attendants heaped on my head were certainly enough to frighten any man of moderate nerve. Miss Stebbins' new mauve silk was all cut to pieces; even her fancy corsets were ruined by my cutting them in two, not to mention the sweet glances at her escort that he betrayed her willingness to unite her fortunes with his. Then it was clear that the fault was altogether on the part of Mr. William.

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June 1, at a salary of \$150 a month.

Immediately after we had made this permanent arrangement, Mr. William left Louisville for a few days, and I was alone with Mr. Charles.

One fine afternoon he was taking his after-dinner nap, which generally lasted for a couple of hours. I foolishly left him and went out for a walk. I was gone about an hour. When I returned to the house a slight mist met my eyes that made my blood run cold.

Mr. Charles was in the room next his own, kneeling at the feet of a lady.

I always prided myself on being a gallant, and would never allow a lady to be insulted, much more to see her at the mercy of a madman. I rushed in and secured him.

"How dare you come in here and behave in this manner, you rascal!" he said, in his usual crazy manner.

"I have just returned," I replied, taking the straight-jacket out of my pocket, where I always carried it, ready for instant use.

"Unhand me, sir, and get out of the room!" he exclaimed, pointing to the door.

By this time the lady had fainted. Seeing her drooping head, she sank on the lounge, was enough. I grappled with him, and, in spite of all he could do, I quickly put the straight-jacket on him, and he was incapable of doing any further harm.

Having secured my charge, I turned my attention to the lady. Taking the water pitcher, which always stood in the room, I sprinkled her face; when she revived and looked at Mr. Charles, chafing in the straight-jacket she gave an unearthly scream, and fainted in earnest that time. I thought she was dead.

"What could I do? The servants were out, and I alone with a madman in a straight-jacket, and a lady in hysterics. If ever mortal was in a more trying predicament, I should like to know it. I attended to this, you villain!" he thundered.

"When I get ready," I replied, taking my knife and cutting open the lady's tight dress, to ease her. I fairly drenched her in water, to no purpose.

The lady recovered her breath, and, taking a lump of ice from the pitcher and holding it to her forehead, the chill revived her a little.

I was congratulating myself on having saved her life, when she looked at Mr. Charles.

"Oh, my darling!" she sobbed out, then, giving another shriek, off she went again.

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laugh, which did not raise me any higher in his opinion.

Mr. William was wiping the perspiration off his face and declaring to Miss Stebbins that the disagreeable affair should have no effect on their engagement, while she stood by holding her dress, the splendid mauve silk, in anything but grateful folds about her lovely person.

"Villain!" said Mr. William, "get out of the house!"

"Yes, scoundrel, that you are!" said Miss Stebbins, getting decidedly passionate. "I'll teach you to cut my new mauve silk and sash all to pieces! And my French corsets have not escaped; you shall be hung for it!"

I stood still, unable to say a word in my defense.

"What are you staring at?" said Mr. William.

"I am going to stay my year out," I replied, doggedly. "I shan't budge until the first of next June without my salary."

There was another difficulty for him to surmount.

"Get rid of him," said Miss Stebbins, who left her room to fetch her maid.

Her word was law. He went to his room, and returned in a few minutes with a check, which he handed me, saying:

"There, sir, now go, and never darken my door again."

I took the check, which was for my year's salary, and went out of the house and situation in five minutes. Eighteen hundred dollars was quite an item at that time. I had just been informed that Northern Ohio, started in business, and in spite of Mr. Harrison's maledictions and the ruined mauve silk, I am doing well from the proceeds of my "trying predicament."

MAKING THE INDIANS WORK.

Roosevelt Theory of Providing for Them Now Being Tested.

The "National Geographic" policy in the treatment of our Indian wards has been made clear in the past few days, says a western man the other day, according to the Kansas City Journal.

President Roosevelt has decided upon the plan of his appointment of Leupp as commissioner of Indian affairs insures the carrying out of the ideas.

"The President does not believe in feeding the Indians, but insists that they should be made self-sufficient. The big irrigation projects now being constructed by the government in many parts of the west are affording a test of the President's ideas on the subject of making the Indians a self-sufficient citizen.

"If some one suggested to you that the Apache would make a good laborer I am sure that you would smile, as I did at the tale and count it an other yarn of the versatile westerner; but you have got to believe it when they begin to do the work. Uncle Sam's engineers are working a small army of Apaches, remnants of Geronimo's band of murderers, in building mountain roads and digging canals and ditches. And, worse than that, they have employed the average hobo laborer out of sight for industry and quantity of work performed.

"The Navajos, Pimas and Puelos are being employed on similar works there and elsewhere. Many of these projects are constantly employed by the railroads. Up in Colorado the sugar-beet planters are depending more and more each year on the Indian laborer. During the hop-picking season in Washington the Navajo families of Indians move from field to field until the crop is gathered. In fact, over the entire western country, which is making such wonderful forward strides, the question of Indian labor grows increasingly important each year."

Phoenix Had Laid the Egg.

They were talking about spelling reform and the idiosyncrasies of English spelling in general.

"There's just my word 'phonetic,'" said one of the men; "that's a sample of English spelling. The reformers call their system the 'phonetic system,' and yet they have to spell 'phonetic' with a 'ph' and a 't' at the end, which means 'ph' is pronounced 'f' and 't' is pronounced 'd'." Look at the word 'phenix.' It is spelled 'phenix' everywhere now, and I remember it always used to be 'phoenix.' That 'o' has gone. That shows—"

"Nothing!" said the objector. "What does it show? That the phenix is a bird. Isn't the phenix a bird? Yes! Well, that round thing you say was an 'v' was an egg. That's all. 'Twas just an egg, and the phenix laid the egg. That's all."—Success Magazine.

A Bad Outlook for Thomas.

A regulation of the public school administration of Baltimore requires that notice shall from time to time be given the parents of any pupils whose eyesight needs attention.

In one case, the teacher of a primary school in the poorer quarter of the city had written the father of one pupil thus:—"Dear Sir—It is my duty, under the regulations, to advise you that your son, Thomas Blank, shows unmistakable signs of astigmatism. The case should receive immediate attention."

In reply, the father received a note from the father, in these happy terms:—"Dear Madam—Lik it out of him. Very truly, Charles Blank."—Success Magazine.

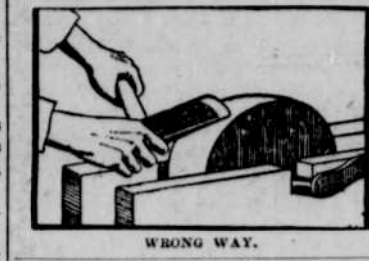
The Real Cotton.

Popular Song Writer (at 5:10 p. m.)—Heard my latest song, old man. The Yaudervillian (glancing at watch)—No. I haven't heard any since the one you wrote at 2:30!—Push.



Have a Good Ax.

To get the best results in grinding an axe we must have a long, thin bevel, says a correspondent of the American Cultivator. To have this bevel usable the tool must be of the best steel, properly tempered. Now to the second point. We say that our bevel must vary according to the hardness or softness of the wood to be worked. Why? Because in an ax the cutting edge simply



WOUND WAY.

consists of the middle layer of fibers in the blade; next to them is the next layer, a little further back, and so on right through.

Thus we can see that the edge only keeps sharp because the layer of fibers lying next to it overlies it and prevents it from breaking away by bending it part of its elasticity. The third layer does so to the second, and so on right through. The harder the timber the shorter the bevel, the softer the timber the longer, in reason. Hold the axe as shown the second cut and keep the edge at right angles to the stone; travel the blade up or down a little when grinding the corners. Always turn the stone toward the edge; this applies to all edge tools, for two reasons. Turning the stone toward the edge will always give a round, coarse bevel; the points of the fibers are left much more loose and open, thus giving much less elasticity than when compacted together as they are by the stone turning to them. Never grind dry; it heats the steel there by, as shown by taking the temper out of it. Never grind in the center of the stone, as so many do, with the edge parallel to the stone, as it spoils the stone for grinding and twists the fibers of the steel at right angles to their proper cutting angle. Always give the blade (not the eye) a dip in clean water after grinding.

The blade clean, now take a slip, oil, stone or wax stone and gently rub straight across the bevel and then up and down, to rub off any wire edge and to knock the edge fibers. Make the first rubs the hardest and the last the lightest. The practice so common of giving the edge a few light turns on the grindstone, parallel to the stone, after grinding, is a bad one and will not rub off the wire edge and save rubbing on the finer stone is a bad one even when the stone is a very fine grit, as it disturbs the edge fibers and roughens them up a little saw teeth which soon chew it in use.



RIGHT WAY.

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Milk Records.

Several methods of estimating yearly records from a few weightings are best for estimating the total production for a lactation period or even a month. Many dairymen, however, do not feel they can take the time to secure daily records; nor is this necessary if it is simply desired to obtain a reasonably accurate estimate of a cow's performance at the end of the year. An approximate record is sufficient for comparing one cow with another or for determining whether a cow is up to the profit standard.—C. B. Lane, United States Department of Agriculture.

Plants for Honey Bees.

The plants that serve as forage for honey bees are: For March, the willow, soft maple, elm, alder and dog-tooth violets; for April, the above and the June berry, crimson clover, dandelion, gooseberry, currant, apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum and rhododendron, although some years they may not bloom until May, much depending upon the section and climate. During May those mentioned will be re-enforced by the holly, tulip tree, raspberry, persimmon, grape vine, blackberry, alkahe, clover, strawberry and white clover. Along in the summer, beginning the latter part of May and the first part of June, the magnolia, cow pea, catalpa, daisy, alfalfa, milk weed, cucumber, melon, sweet clover, corn, buckwheat and numerous flowers keep up the supply until late in the season.

Remedy for Calf Scours.

According to experiments made at the Maryland experiment station, formalin can be used to check scouring in calves. The method of using it is to mix one-half ounce of formalin with 15 ounces of water for a stock solution. From this stock solution one teaspoonful is added to each pint of milk. Of twelve calves treated in this way, eleven recovered without any further treatment. Further experiments will be conducted to find out whether formalin is injurious to the calves in any way.

Fertilizing Problems.

Without manure or fertilizer there is no farm capable of producing crops year after year, for all soils must be supplied with that which should take the place of the substances removed during the growth of crops. Plants, like animals, have life, are possessed of organs and vessels in which circulates a fluid, and which, aided by an appropriate nourishment, develop an organic matter in a given time. The most fruitful soil will be that which in the same time will have produced the most considerable weight of organic matter reduced to a dry state. An manure put into the earth should be in a state of humus and as soluble in water as possible, so that the plants can seize upon it and appropriate it to themselves. Manure consists of all the elements of vegetable matter. As soon as it is soluble the roots absorb it and communicate it to the interior organs of the plant, which secrete it in the parts in which it has need to develop itself; hence the more a piece of land is mixed with soluble manure, the more it produces plants of superior qualifications, only the consumption of the manure is not the same in all. In order to derive crops from the soil, therefore, the weight of the plant foods added to the soil, either in the form of manure or fertilizer, should be equal to the plant foods of the crop to be obtained; in other terms, when one wishes to obtain from a field which has no trace of manure a production of given weight it is necessary to carry and place in this field other organic matters produced elsewhere and of an equal weight, or the soil will lose in fertility.

The Hogg's Bath Tub.

Dipping hogs in at best nasty work, and by providing a properly constructed bath tub much, if not all, of this work may be avoided, says the Prairie Farmer. Construct a tank of any width and length you please, just so it is large enough, but be careful not to get it



BATH TUB FOR THE HOGS.

more than 15 inches deep. A good size is 6 feet wide by 10 feet long and 15 inches deep, using lumber 2 inches thick and 15 inches wide for the sides and ends, and flooring of galvanized iron for the bottom. Set this in the ground under a shed near where the hogs are fed and fill to a depth of about 10 inches with water and on top of this place half an inch of crude oil.

During summer and fall, and even on cool days in winter, hogs will gladly use this to wallow in if shut away from mudholes, and it is sure death to lice and skin diseases. The advantage of this tub over pouring the crude oil into mudholes has been suggested, in that it is more economical and is cleaner, besides being more effective.

Pop Corn.

Pop corn is a good crop to grow, especially if the grower is able to keep it a season or two in case of low prices. Only the white varieties are suitable for market, as most of the corn goes into pop-corn balls, and the nearer white the better, colored varieties being sure to spoil the effect and sale of the popped article. In culture some readily-available fertilizer should be planted with the seed, as the young plants are not so sturdy as the sprouts of other corn. A good start does wonders for the corn. Too much hoeing can hardly be given. The drill system is the easiest and most profitable, and three feet between the rows is sufficient. Rice corn, which is the most desirable of any for planting, can stand thirteen to sixteen inches apart in the drill, and do well if the soil is good. Buyers' demands are imperative and must be met. They are that the corn must be at least one year old, to pop well, and entirely free from mold, staining by mice, or mice odors, free from silk and danks, and in every way sweet and bright.

Our Rival to the South.

The Argentine Republic threatens to be a greater rival of the United States than is appreciated by most persons. Because of the location of the country, the climate is a little less subject to great variations than that of the United States, and all crops that can be raised in this country can be grown in the Argentine Republic with much less risk than here. The cereal crops and cattle-raising are very flourishing, and a very promising market is being opened up in Europe.

Water for Poultry.

In the composition of an egg there is a large percentage of water. We often think that hens in winter are not provided with enough pure water. Without water they can no more furnish eggs than without corn or wheat. It behooves, then, to see that the fowls are provided with plenty of the water, for it is very hard, if not impossible, for a fowl to partake of it when in a solid form.

Bees on the Farm.

Every farmer should have a hive of bees on the farm, even if he attaches but little value to the honey. The bees are excellent foragers and carry pollen from one plant to another. In communities where no bees are kept there will be found orchards that do not bear, the cause being unknown, while a hive or two of bees in the neighborhood would change the conditions.

In feeding sheep for market avoid feeding corn in excess. I think that is one of the great faults of our sheep feeders; they feed too much of the corn. The method of using it is to mix one-half ounce of formalin with 15 ounces of water for a stock solution. From this stock solution one teaspoonful is added to each pint of milk. Of twelve calves treated in this way, eleven recovered without any further treatment. Further experiments will be conducted to find out whether formalin is injurious to the calves in any way.



Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be the label.—Washington Post.

Whatever it was Eve handed Adam, he seems to have got it.—New York Mail.

Money may be the root of evil, but lack of it is the full-grown tree.—New York Press.

When a man's wife laughs at his jokes they are pretty good—or else she is.—Washington Times.

When a woman won't say anything else about another it's a sign she thinks her husband does.—New York Press.

When a man wears a pink shirt and red tie it's a sign his wife is away visiting her mother.—New York Press.

Railsnail preaches a "holy war" for the first occasion of a holy war for a most unholy cause.—Philadelphia Record.

Every man who gets into an argument seems to think that he is a brass band hired not to stop.—New York Press.

A man's idea of being comfortable in wearing something it makes his wife mad to have him seen in.—New York Press.

Harriman denies that he is going to retire from railroad affairs. His business is retiring others.—Philadelphia Press.

The railroads may abolish Congressional passes, but they cannot ignore the laws that Congress passes.—Washington Post.

The principal in a French duel has been badly hurt. However, his antagonist used an American revolver.—New York American.

The lawyer who reads the Shah's will to his 800 widows will need plenty of nerve and a suit of armor.—New York American.

It looks as if it would be necessary to work the black signal system on Harriman before he can be stopped.—Philadelphia Press.

The Chicago-New York Air Line is surveyed, and all that is needed to start the road is to heat the air.—Philadelphia North American.

Corey threatens to take a three years' wedding trip, but there are hopes that he may be induced to prolong it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The 907 railroad pass is good only within State limits. This will help some toward maintaining the State rights doctrine.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

According to expectation, an "ice famine" has been scheduled for the summer. The trust never disappoints the people.—New York American.

The United States Senate is not an idle body. When it has not other business to attract attention it can always fall back on the Snoot case.—Chicago News.

External vigilance and obedience to orders is the price of railway safety, and it must be paid even if traffic movement is impeded.—New York Times.

Judge Gaynor estimates that the public really owns the railroads, so, if you are not too busy, we will go out and buy our trains go by.—New York Herald.

Three minutes after a Southern man had been handed a reprieve for his arrival. Then it sometimes is too late to mend, after all.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Despite the fuss about alien labor on the canal, there seems to be no rush of native Americans clamorous for picks and shovels.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Science declares that man is a mere aggregate of soap bubbles. Now we know at last why he is considered such a smooth article.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Trust that poets generally will be warned by the action of the widow who is suing for \$67,000 because an old man wooed her in verse.—New York Herald.

No one thinks of killing a juggler a captain of industry; that is, so long as he juggles knives or plates. When he juggles railroads it's different.—New York American.

Unless reports are much exaggerated, the sanitary conditions on the Indians are now so good as to make it a safe and pleasant winter resort.—Philadelphia Record.

Until Sahara has been heard from it will be impossible to tell exactly how far south that cold wave on the other side of the Atlantic actually went.—New York Tribune.

The public is taking much less interest in the distribution of Mrs. Sage's millions since she seems to be determined to have her own way about it.—Washington Post.

Looks as though the Indians were getting the graft hunger. Here are the Otees of Oklahoma, who have dissolved their tribal form of government and have elected a white man to look after their business.—New York Globe.

A great many employees of the Post-office Department are giving up their jobs because they can't live on their salaries. We thought that pay was a minor consideration with those who sought places under the government.—New York Sun.

It is mentioned that at some rail way stations in the Northwest, and especially in North Dakota, scarcely a freight has arrived since New Year's. The railroad directors in Wall street are too busy to attend to such trifles.—Philadelphia Record.

It is good to know that the arguments of a Illinois woman who tried to prove that women's clubs "are detrimental to the home" were refuted and condemned by her club sisters. The real question is: Is the home detrimental to the club?—New York Sun.

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