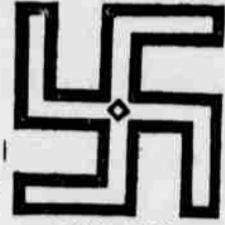


Fashionable Ornament Was Object of Worship Many Centuries Ago. What is the swastika? This little article of adornment is just now having remarkable vogue as an ornament for woman's dress. As brooch, belt buckle, stick pin, collar fastener, or hat pin, this upright cross, with arms bent to a right angle at the end, meets the eye everywhere.



SWASTIKA.

Nearly every woman who buys one knows that it is in some sense a "good luck pin," but how it came to be considered such and where the peculiar and curiously attractive symbol originated is known to comparatively few persons.

The swastika is one of the great religious symbols of the world. It has been recognized as a religious emblem by more people, very likely, than has the cross itself. As such symbol it is very many hundreds of years older than the Christian era. In fact, it is perhaps, the very earliest of religious signs or characters. It has been revered all over Europe and Asia, and long before the dawn of Christianity our pagan ancestors looked up to it, as the emblem of what they worshipped. It is one of the oldest things in history, and there is scarcely a land in whose ruined temples it is not found.

"Swastika," the name given it by the Brahmins and Buddhists of India, is a Sanscrit word signifying "of good fortune." In the Pall tongue it is "suti," which means "It is well," or "so be it," which is much the same meaning as the Sanscrit word. The Japanese call it "manji" and the Chinese call it "manji" and the Chinese know it as "wan" or "wan." The French call it "le croix pattee," the footed cross, while the ancient English name is "fy-fot," meaning either four-footed or many-footed.

The most puzzling and most interesting thing about the swastika is that it is found in nearly all parts of the world, in this country as well as in Europe and Asia, wherever archaeologists dig up the buried cities of the remote past. Drawn, painted, cut, woven, scratched or otherwise designed, not only upon burial urn and sacrificial stone, but also upon utensils and objects of everyday use, the curious symbol appears.

It has been found among relics that mark the bronze age in Europe and some antiquarians believe they have discovered the fact of its existence in the so-called polished stone age of man.

Prof. Schliemann found it at Hisarlik in the buried cities that underlay the ancient Troy, of which Homer sang, which indicates its existence at a period from 3,000 to 3,500 years ago.

Those who look upon the region to the northwest of India as the primal home of the blonde races of the world also consider that ancient land as being the birthplace of the swastika. R. P. Greg, an eminent English authority, argues that "it was a much-used and favorite religious symbol among the earlier Aryan races, and was intended by them, in the first instance, to represent in a cruciform shape an ideograph or symbol suggested by the forked lightning." Our primal white forebears worshipped Dyausaitar (Jupiter), the sky father, and the jagged lightning was the natural emblem of this awful power.

With the successive emigrations of the Aryans from northern India all over Europe, the swastika spread and, adopted as a symbol of Buddha in the seventh century before Christ, it was later carried into China and Japan. The Arabs and Jews knew it not, nor did the ancient Egyptians, but they were not of Aryan blood.

Thus the hammer of Thor, the Scandinavian deity for whom Thursday is named, was this very same swastika which the maiden of to-day is using to ornament a summer shirt waist. It was with his mighty hammer, Mollner, that Thor is fabled to have crushed the head of the Midgard serpent, destroyed the giants, restored to life the dead goats which drew his car and consecrated the pyre of Blatur, the beautiful.

Old Time Floggings.

An act of the time of Queen Elizabeth ordained that vagrants were to be "stripped from the middle upward and whipped till the body is bloody." Four-pence each was the recognized charge made by the "whipman" for every male and female vagrant who passed through his hands, but on special occasions this sum was exceeded. Says the constable's account of Great Staughton, Huntingdonshire: "May, 1691—Paid in charges taking up a distracted woman, watching her and whipping her next day, 8 shillings 6 pence." After whipping people according to the statute the authorities sometimes gave them a letter recommending constables and others "to be as charitable as the law permits."

Costly Monotony in Dress.

Our clothes are all alike, and this monotony has led to unlimited extravagances. What has not been done to make the eternal pinafore frock look original? New elaborations are invented daily, each one more expensive than the last, but nobody is deceived. It is still the old pinafore, only a little madder, a little dearer, every day.—London Graphic.

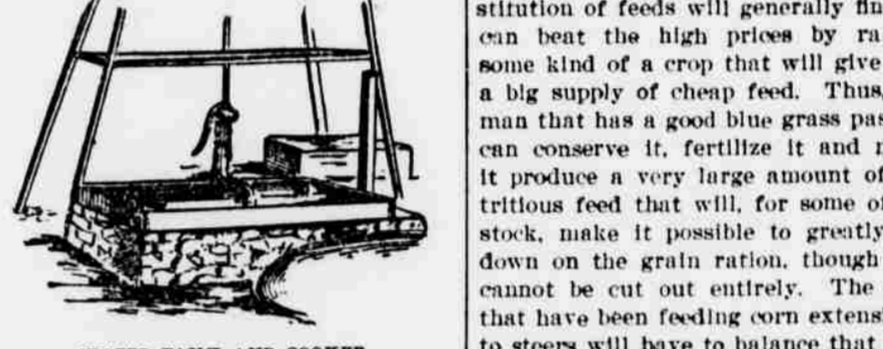
When a man fails to attract attention in any other way he can be exact.



Specks in Butter. The white specks in butter may be caused by one or two things. Sometimes when the cream is set in shallow pans or if the cow does not give very rich milk and the scum of cream is thin, little particles of cream on the top of the scum will dry and do not churn into the butter, but will remain in their hard state and either show specks in the butter or come to the top of the water in washing. The trouble can be hindered by straining the cream before churning.

The other way is caused from leaving the cream stand too long before churning. If a little of the milk is skimmed off each time with the cream, this will, of course, settle to the bottom. There it gets overripe and forms a curd that will be so hard that it will not break up in the churning, but makes white specks in the butter. This can be hindered by a closer skimming and by not allowing the cream to stand as long before churning. Straining the cream is also beneficial in this case.

Study Matter of Feeds. When grain is high in price, the raiser of stocks needs to study the matter of feed more than at any other time. It does not pay to give foods that merely fill up, and that is what the temptation is in times when prices are inflated for the most valuable feeds. The man that understands the constitution of feeds will generally find he can beat the high prices by raising some kind of a crop that will give him a big supply of cheap feed. Thus, the man that has a good blue grass pasture can conserve it, fertilize it and make it produce a very large amount of nutritious feed that will, for some of his stock, make it possible to greatly cut down on the grain ration, though this cannot be cut out entirely. The men that have been feeding corn extensively to steers will have to balance that corn with clover, alfalfa, soy beans or something else to decrease the amount of corn used, for protein in corn comes very high, on account of the large amount of starch that has to be paid for to get a little protein.



WATER TANK AND COOKER.

The ground, put on two lengths of stovepipe and wired it fast to the rod. A piece of sheet iron was set up before the fireplace to control the draft and keep the fire.

This heater was located near the windmill and storage tank and I could fill it from either. I could heat the water quickly with cornstalks, straw, cobs, brush or trash. I boiled pumpkins and small potatoes for fattening the pigs, and cooked ground feed by pouring scalding water on the meal in barrels and covering with old blankets or carpets. One light fire would take the chill from ice water for the milk cows. I regretted that I did not make it of twelve-inch plank, as that would have increased its capacity one-third and furnished warm water for all my stock.

I found constant use for this small tank the year round, continues the writer in Farm and Home. I cut off the projecting part of sheet iron where the stovepipe fitted on and left it on the foundation, while I moved the tank about and used it for various purposes. For a time I used it in a sheep pasture, then to mix mortar in while building, then as a pond for little ducks, as I could easily tip it over and put in fresh water with a hose every day.

Shredded Corn. When corn is husked and the stover shredded at a very slight increase in cost over that of husking by hand, the practice must commend itself to every farmer on account of the greater convenience with which the material may be handled and fed, and the ability to preserve the material from damage by rains, etc., says Director H. J. Waters, Missouri experiment station. Not only so, but the greatest single objection to the present method of handling stover is the difficulty of getting it out of the field during the winter and early spring months without injury to the land and the growing wheat crop, which is often sown in the corn in autumn.

Moreover, shredding undoubtedly relieves the farmer of one of the most disagreeable tasks on the farm—the handling of the coarse stalks in bad weather, and relief from the necessity of digging this material out of the snow in winter. Likewise, it also makes it possible to feed the material under a shed or in the barn, using the portion refused by stock for bedding, and still have the manure in a condition to be handled easily by a manure spreader.

The Educated Farmer. A farmer needs more education than either a physician or a lawyer, for he has need in his business of a knowledge more or less complete of all the natural sciences, and his is the only occupation that deals with the sciences. That education drives the young man from the farm proves nothing except that all men cannot be farmers, for we must have all the trades and professions filled. But agriculture is more important than all the other callings combined, for the farmer feeds and clothes the world. Therefore the better the farmer knows his business the better will the world be clothed and fed.

Farm Notes. Cream kept too long may become bitter and be full of white flakes. Oats are good for laying hens. Do not be afraid they will eat too many of them. Sheep are a persistent agency of improvement to the land on the farms where they are kept. Success in livestock raising depends on producing a better strain of animals with each breeding. The price of a bone grinder is not great, but it is sometimes unhandy or impossible to get a good supply of bones. It is a good scheme to make arrangements with a butcher for bones before buying the grinder.

Rainfall Estimate. An acre contains 6,272,640 square inches of surface, and an inch of rain means, therefore, the same number of cubic inches of water. A gallon contains 277.27 cubic inches of water, and an inch of rainfall means 22,622 gallons of water to the acre, and, as a gallon of water weighs ten pounds, the rainfall of an acre is 226,220 pounds.

she? You must give my love to them both." "How is it that you have never been to see us?" Tom asked reproachfully. "Mr. Girdlestone thinks that I have been too idle lately, and that I should stay at home. I am afraid it will be some little time before I can steal away to Kensington."

Tom consoled her guardian under his breath to a region warmer even than the scene of that gentleman's commercial speculations. "Which way are you going?" he asked. "I was going to Victoria street to change my book, and then to Ford street."

"What a strange thing!" the young man exclaimed, "was going in that direction too." It seemed the more strange as he was walking in the opposite direction when she met him. Neither seemed inclined to make any comment upon the fact.

As they walked on, threading their way among the vehicles, Tom took his companion's hand in his, and they exchanged one firm grip, which each felt to be of the nature of a pledge. How sunny and bright the dull brick-lined streets seemed to those two young people that afternoon. They were both looking into a future which seemed to be one long vista of happiness. So light-hearted were these two lovers that it was not until they found themselves in Warwick street once more that they came down from the clouds, and realized that there were some commonplace details which must be dealt with in one way or another.

"Of course, I may tell my own people, dearest, about our engagement?" Tom said. "I wonder what your mother will say?" answered Kate laughing merrily. "She will be awfully astonished."

"How about Girdlestone?" asked Tom. The thought of the guardian had never occurred to either of them before. They stared at each other and Kate's face assumed such an expression of dismay that her companion burst out laughing. "Don't be frightened, darling," he said. "If you like I'll go in and beard the lion in his den. There is no time like the present."

"No, no, dear Tom," she cried eagerly. "You must not do that." It was impossible for her to tell him how especially Girdlestone had cautioned her against him, but she felt that it would never do to allow the two to meet. "We must conceal our engagement from Mr. Girdlestone."

"Conceal our engagement?" "Yes, Tom. He has warned me so often against anything of the sort, that really I don't know what he would do if he knew about it. He would certainly make it very uncomfortable for me to live with him. Remember I am nearly twenty now, so in a little more than a year I shall be entirely free. That is not very long."

"I don't know about that," Tom said, doubtfully. "However, if you will be more comfortable, of course, that settles the question. It seems rather hard, though, that we should have to conceal it, simply in order to pacify this old bear." "It's only for a time, Tom; and you may tell them at home by all means. Now, good-by, dear, they will see you from the windows if you come nearer." "Good-by, my darling." They shook hands and parted, he hurrying away with the glad tidings to Phillimore Gardens, she tripping back to her captivity with the lightest heart that she had felt for a weary time. Passers-by glanced back at the bright little face under the bright little bonnet, and Ezra Girdlestone looking down at her from the drawing room window, bethought him that if the diamond speculation should fail it would be no hardship to turn to his father's ward.

(To be continued.)

Paper with Dual Opinions. The oddest newspaper in the world is one named the Wo-chenblatt, which is published in Gruningen, a small town of some 1,200 inhabitants in the canton of Zurich, in Switzerland. It is the only newspaper in the place and is at one and the same time the organ of the Liberal Conservatives and of the Social Democrats. Pages 1 and 2 belong to the Liberals and pages 3 and 4 to the Socialists, and the two parties abuse one another heartily in its pages.

Charge It to the Bill. "Doctor," said a shrewd-looking man, "how many feet of gas does it take to kill a man?" "That's a queer question," replied the doctor. "Why do you wish to know?"

"One of the guests in my hotel used enough of it to kill himself, and I want to send in a proper bill to his executors."—London Tit-Bits.

Hindoo Women Smuggled In. One hundred Hindoo laborers in the frontier towns of British Columbia have been discovered to be women dressed in men's clothing. They are expert woodcutters and the timekeepers say that the women are more painstaking and industrious than their husbands.

Broad Hint. "Yes," boasted Mrs. Newcomb, "when my husband returned from Europe he weighed just fifty pounds more than when he started."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. De Style, with a yawn. "Did the customs officers forget to search him?"

What It Leads To. Wife (reading)—A scientist claims that cryptococcusanthogenicus causes yellow fever. Husband—Indeed! I always imagined it was something of that kind that caused lockjaw.

His One Secret. Singleton—Do you believe it possible for a man to keep secrets from his wife? Wedderly—Yes, I guess so. Anyway, I never let my wife know what I really think of her.

Slow Trains in Europe. In the matter of train speed Austria, Italy and Spain are at the bottom of the list.

your ships, year after year. Look at the Leopard; it is put at more than twice what she was worth as new. And the Black Eagle, I dare say, is about the same. Yet you never have an accident with them, while your two new uninsuredippers run each other down."

"Well, what more can I do?" replied the merchant. "They are thoroughly rotten. I have done nothing for them for years. Sooner or later they must go. I cannot do any more."

"I'll make 'em go down quick enough," muttered Ezra with an oath. "Why don't you make old Miggs bore a hole in them, or put a light to a barrel of paraffin? The thing's done every day. What's the use of being milk-and-water about it?"

"No, no, Ezra!" cried his father. "Not that, not that. It's one thing letting matters take their course, and it is another thing giving positive orders to scuttle a ship. Besides, it would put us in Miggs' power. It would be too dangerous."

"Please yourself," said Ezra with a sneer. "You've got us into the mess and you must take us out again. If the worst comes to the worst I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll marry Kate Harston, wash my hands of the firm, leave you to settle matters with the creditors, and retire with the forty thousand pounds," with which threat the junior partner took up his hat and swaggered out of the office.

After his departure John Girdlestone spent an hour in anxious thought, arranging the details of the scheme which he had just submitted to his son. As he sat his eye chanced to fall upon the two letters lying on his desk, and it struck him that they had better be attended to. It did not suit his plans to fall back upon his credit just yet. It has been already shown that Ezra was a man of ready resource. He rang the bell and summoned his senior clerk.

"Good morning, John," he said affably. "Good morning, Mr. Girdlestone, good morning, sir," said wizened little John Gilray, rubbing his thin yellow hands together, as a sign of his gratification.

"I hear, John, that you have come into a legacy lately," Mr. Girdlestone said. "Yes, sir. Fifteen hundred pounds, sir."

"What have you done with the money, John?" "I banked it, sir, in the United Metropolitan."

"In the United Metropolitan, John? Let me see. Their present rate of interest is four and a half?" "Four, s'r," said John.

"Four! Dear me, John, that is poor indeed, very poor indeed. It is most fortunate that I made these inquiries. I was on the point of drawing fourteen hundred pounds from one of my correspondents as a temporary convenience. For this I should pay him five per cent. I have no objection, John, as you are an old servant of the firm, to giving you the preference in this matter. I cannot take more than fourteen hundred—up to that sum at the rate named."

John Gilray was overwhelmed by this thoughtful and considerate act. "It is really too generous and kind, sir," he said. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't mention it, John," the senior partner said grandly. "The firm is always glad to advance the interests of its employees in any reasonable manner. Have you your check book with you? Fill it up for fourteen hundred. No more, John. I cannot oblige you by taking any more."

John Girdlestone's private residence in Eccleston square was a large and substantial house in a district which the wave of fashion had passed over in its westward course. The building was stern and hard, and massive in its external appearance, but the interior was luxury itself, for the old merchant had a due appreciation of the good things of this world. Indeed there was an oriental and almost barbarous splendor about the great rooms, where the richest furniture was interspersed with skins from the Gaboon, hand-worked ivory from Old Calabar, and the thousand other strange valuables which were presented by his agents to the African trader.

After the death of his friend, Girdlestone had been as good as his word. He had taken Kate Harston away from the desolate house at Fulham and brought her to live with him. From the garrets of that palatial edifice to the cellars she was at liberty to roam where she would, and do what she chose. No cares or responsibilities were imposed upon her. The domestic affairs were superintended by a stern housekeeper, who arranged every detail of house-keeping. The young girl had apparently only to exist and to be happy.

John Girdlestone had been by no means overjoyed upon the return of the Dimsdales from Edinburgh to learn that his ward had been thrown into the company of her young cousin. He received her coldly, and forbade her to visit Phillimore Gardens for some time to come. He even took the precaution of telling of a confidential footman to walk behind her on all occasions, and to act either as an escort or as a sentry.

It chanced, however, that one day, a few weeks after her return, Kate found an opportunity of recovering her freedom. The footman had been dispatched upon some other duty. So she bethought herself that a book was to be bought, and some lace to be matched, and several other important feminine duties to be fulfilled. It happened, however, that as she walked sedately down Warwick street her eyes fell upon a very tall and square-shouldered young man, who was lounging in her direction, tapping his stick listlessly against the railings, as is the habit of idle men. At this Kate forgot incontinently all about the book and the lace, while the tall youth ceased to tap the railings, and came striding towards her with long spry footsteps and a smiling face.

"Why, Cousin Tom, who would have thought of meeting you here?" she exclaimed, when the first greetings had been exchanged. "It is a most surprising thing." "It is possible that the incident would not have struck her as so very astonishing after all, had she known that Tom had spent six hours a day for the last fortnight in blockading the entrances to Eccleston square."

"Most remarkable!" said the young hyperite. "You see I haven't anything to do yet, so I walk about London a good deal. It was a lucky chance that sent me in this direction." "And how is the doctor?" Kate asked eagerly. "And Mrs. Dimsdale, how is she?"

The Firm of Girdlestone
BY A CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Now supposing," continued the senior partner, with a smile on his thin lips, "that such a report got about. Suppose, too, that we were at this time, when the market was in a depressed condition, to invest several thousand pounds in them. If these rumors of an alleged discovery turned out to be entirely unfounded, of course the value of the stones which we held would go up once more, and we might very well sell out for double or treble the sum that we invested. Don't you see the sequence of events?"

"There seems to me to be rather too much of the suppose in it," remarked Ezra. "How do we know that such rumors will get about; and if they do, how do we know that they will prove to be unfounded?"

"How are we to know?" the merchant cried, wringing his long lank body with amusement. "Why, my lad, if we spread the rumor ourselves we shall have pretty good reason to believe that they are unfounded. Eh, Ezra! Ha! ha! You see there are some brains in the old man yet."

Ezra looked at his father in considerable surprise and some admiration. "Why," he exclaimed, "it's dishonest. I'm not sure that it's not actionable."

"Dishonest! Pooh!" The merchant snapped his fingers. "It's finesse, my boy, commercial finesse. Who's to trace it, I should like to know. I haven't worked out all the details—I want your cooperation over that—but here's a rough sketch of my plan. We send a man we can depend upon to some distant part of the world, Chimborazo, for example, or the Ural Mountains. It doesn't matter where, as long as it is out of the way. On arriving at this place our agent starts a report that he has discovered a diamond mine. We should even go the length, if he considers it necessary, of hiding a few rough stones in the earth, which he can dig up to give color to his story. Of course the local press would be full of this. He might present one of the diamonds to the editor of the nearest paper. In course of time a pretty colored description of the new diamond fields would find its way to London and thence to the Cape. I'll answer for it that the immediate effect is a great drop in the price of stones. We should have a second agent at the Cape diamond fields, and he would lay our money out by buying in all that he could while the panic lasted. Then, the original scare having proved to be all a mistake, the prices naturally go up once more, and we get a long figure for all that we hold. That's what I mean by 'making a corner in diamonds.' There is no room in it for any miscalculation."

"It sounds very nice," his son remarked, thoughtfully. "I'm not so sure about its working, though."

"It must work well. As far as human calculation can go there is no possibility of failure. Besides, my boy, never lose sight of the fact that we shall be speculating with other people's money. We ourselves have nothing to lose, absolutely nothing."

"I am not likely to lose sight of it," said Ezra angrily, his mind coming back to his grievance.

"I reckon that we can raise from forty to fifty thousand pounds without much difficulty. My name is, as you know, as good as that of any firm in the city. For nearly forty years it has been above stain or suspicion. If we carry on our plans at once, and lay this money out judiciously, all may come right."

"It's Hobson's choice," the young man remarked. "We must try some bold stroke of the sort. Have you chosen the right sort of men for agents? You should have men of some standing to set such reports going. They would have more weight than."

John Girdlestone shook his head dependently. "How am I to get a man of any standing to do such a piece of business?" he said.

"Nothing easier," answered Ezra with a cynical laugh. "I could pick out a score of impetuous fellows from the clubs who would be only too glad to earn a hundred or two in any way you can mention. I shall go myself to the diamond fields. As to our other agent, I have the very man, Major Tobias Clutterbuck. He is a shrewd, clever fellow, and he's always hard up. His social rank would be a great help to our plan. I'll answer for his jumping at the idea."

"Sound him on the subject, then."

"I will." "I am glad," said the old merchant, "that you and I have had this conversation. Ezra, the fact of my having speculated without your knowledge, and deceived you by a false ledger, has often weighed heavily upon my conscience, I assure you. It is a relief to me to have told you all."

"Drop the subject, then," Ezra said, curtly. "I must put up with it, for I have no redress. The thing is done and right can undo it, but I consider that you have willfully wasted the money."

"Believe me, I have tried to act for the best. The good name of our firm is everything to me. I have spent my whole life in building it up, and if the day should come when it must go, I trust that I may have gone myself. There is nothing which I would not do to preserve it."

"I see they want our premiums," Ezra said, glancing at the open letter upon the table. "How is it that none of those ships go down? That would give us help." "Hush! hush!" John Girdlestone cried, imploringly. "Speak in a whisper when you talk of such things." "I can't understand you," said Ezra, curtly. "You persistently over-insure