# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By

MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Very well, then. I went over to lunch with Hastings, as you know, and after lunch we had a game of billiards, and then went into the stables to look at the horses. And such horses, too! Well, after we had left the stable and chatted a bit, he ordered the chestnuts round, and we started to come over here. How those horses did fret, and prance, and rear! Hot he took it as coolly as possible, and soothed and quieted them, until they went off like lambs. They continued very quiet for about a mile, when we came to a gate where a girl was standing, and then they shied and reared again, until I thought they would have upset us in the ditch. But Hastings was not a bit disconcerted; he held the reins with one hand, and with the other took off his hat to the girl as if she had been an empress. She was so graceful, and had such lovely eyes! I was anxious to know who she could be, and asked him. Guess, Flo, who it was."

"How should I know?" answered his sister, pettishly. "How provoking you are!"

"Well, then, it was our cousin, Miss Eyre; and I can tell you she is nothing to be ashamed of, either. I could see how much he admired her, and was just going to tell him of our connection with her when the chestnuts bolted, and, by the time he got them in hand again, it had gone out of my mind. However, the information will keep till another time."

"Reginald," cried his sister, white to the lips with rage, "you will not dare to tell him that low-born girl is related to us?—you will not dare?"

"Reginald knows better than to do anything so foolish," interrupted Mrs. Champion. "But in case you should be tempted to do so," she added, turning to her son, "remember that not a tithe of that five hundred pounds I promised you for your last season's debts shall pass into your hands."

"Oh! very well, that's enough," responded Reginald, sullily. "But I can tell you one thing, Flo—I believe he's tremendously cut with that girl, and that he's gone off after her now."

And having uttered this remark with the amiable intention of annoying his sister, he proceeded to quit the room.

"I think Reginald gets more unbearable every day," exclaimed Flora, angrily.

"Twenty-one is not generally a very agreeable age in a young man," remarked her mother.

And so the fates conspired to keep a secret from Errol Hastings, which, as it turned out, was very important he should know.

He called at Hurst Manor the day after Reginald lunched with him, and accepted Mrs. Champion's invitation to stay and dine.

"Mrs. Champion," he said, as they sat together in the drawing room, "I am going to beg a favor of you and Miss Champion."

"I am sure we shall be but too happy to grant it, if it is in our power," she returned, smiling.

"I think of giving a ball at the Court," Mr. Hastings continued, "and before I issue my invitations I want to secure the promise of your presence and co-operation."

"A ball at the Court; that will be charming!" exclaimed Miss Champion, with unusual animation. "Bachelors always give such charming parties; besides, which, it will gratify my long-felt desire to go over your house."

"If you really have any curiosity to see my domain, I trust you will not wait for the ball. Why not ride over this afternoon before dinner? Your brother, I have no doubt, will accompany us."

Miss Champion looked at her mother in a dutiful interrogative manner, and Mrs. Champion replied immediately:

"Certainly, my love, if you persuade Reginald. You look a little pale—a ride will do all the good in the world."

Reginald being agreeable, the horses were ordered round, and Miss Champion left the room to equip.

"Apropos of the ball," said Errol, "I am expecting an influx of visitors to the Court, and I shall beg of your charity to come and help me to entertain them. Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farquhar are coming for a fortnight, until their place at Endon Vale is ready, and she has promised to play hostess for the occasion. Lady St. Ego and her daughters will come up from Hertfordshire. Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, Lady Marion Alton and her niece, and several bachelor friends, so I shall need some assistance in my novel part of host."

"When is the ball to take place?" inquired Mrs. Champion.

"I hardly think I am justified in dignifying my gathering by the name of a ball; but I mean to invite every one round for twelve miles; and as this is such a very quiet time of the year, I do not apprehend many disappointments. Indeed, I only intend giving ten days' notice."

"That will be quite enough," Mrs Champion agreed; "no one thinks of giving parties in the country at this time of year, and a ball will be quite a boon to the young people. I prophesy your entertainment will be a great success."

"I hope so," said Mr. Hastings. "I assure you I shall spare no pains to make everything go off well."

Flora came in at this juncture, looking very handsome in her perfectly fitting habit, and they all walked out of the window to the horses, which were waiting at the door. He placed her in the saddle, mounted himself, and bidding au revoir to Mrs. Champion, they started for their ride.

Reginald usurped the greater part of the conversation on the way, much to his sister's annoyance, but she had no intention of betraying any ill-humor before Mr. Hastings. When they arrived at Hazell Court they dismounted, sent the horses to the stables, and proceeded to explore the house. Miss Champion not only expressed herself, but was in reality, delighted with everything she saw.

Flora was rather silent as she rode home. She was thinking how pleasant it would be to be the wife of a man like Errol Hastings, and the mistress of a place like Hazell Court. He was speaking to her in low, earnest tones; and as he passed the Farm did not turn to look for Winifred. And Winifred, sitting under her favorite clump of beeches, book in hand, looked with wistful eyes after them; and when he had passed out of sight, without once turning to look for her, she hid her face in her hands and cried bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

Poor Winifred! it was only the day before that Errol Hastings had sat with her under those very beeches, and talked to her in the low, fascinating tones peculiar to him when addressing women. And she had fancied she read love in his deep blue eyes. They had met more than once since the adventure in the wood, and he had always stopped to speak to her. And the previous day, as she had been sitting reading in the garden, she had heard the prancing hoofs, and, looking up, had seen him pull up his fiery chestnuts, which had frightened her so an hour before in the lane, and, throwing the reins to the groom, jump down and enter the little gate.

Winifred's heart beat fast as she saw Mr. Hastings coming up the garden toward her.

"I have come to call on Mr. Eyre—is he at home?" Errol asked.

"No," replied Winifred; "he has been out since two o'clock, and I do not expect him until the evening."

"I am sorry," Errol had answered, looking in her face as he always did now; "but if you will allow me to make his absence to-day an excuse for calling again, I shall not regret it too much."

"Can I say anything to him for you?" asked Winifred.

"I am afraid not," Mr. Hastings said, smiling; "it is on a question of a new method of farming, which I fear is too abstruse for me to discuss with you. But I am interrupting your reading—is your book very engrossing?"

And as he spoke he glanced at the cover of the book and observed with some surprise that it was an old French romance.

"Will you let me send you some books to read?" Errol asked, gently. "I make a point of collecting all the best works, both foreign and English, and it would be such a pleasure to me to think some one besides myself would take an interest in reading them."

"Oh, how kind you are!" exclaimed Winifred, eagerly, blushing with delight; "it would be such a treat to have something new to read."

"What shall it be?" asked Mr. Hastings—"history, novels, poetry, or theology? When you read Tennyson, look for my favorite poem, 'Oenone;' I am sure you will agree with me in admiring that. Do you sometimes indulge in romance, Miss Eyre?"

"Sometimes," laughed Winifred. "Do you?"

"Yes," said Errol. "I must plead guilty, although I am long past the age when that youthful folble is permissible. But when I am alone I like to sit and look at a beautiful landscape, until my very power of vision is absorbed in thought; and I like to go back centuries, and live in the past ages, that from their wide distance from us seem golden. Do you ever fancy you would like to have been one of the celebrities of the olden times? I should like to have been Alexander, and conquered the world; or a Leonidas, dying gloriously in battle; an undaunted hero, like Alcibiades; an emperor, like Caesar; a Mark Antony, beloved by Cleopatra; or a Launcelot, if you might have been Guinevere."

His voice had dropped while he was speaking, and as he uttered the last sentence in a low, thrilling whisper, his eyes sought hers with a passionate expression of admiration.

Winifred colored deeply, and the tone of her voice was haughty as she made answer, looking far away into the woods:

"I would not have been Guinevere to the noblest Launcelot who ever breathed. Had I been chosen by such a godlike knight as King Arthur, I think I could have appreciated him too well to requite his love with falseness."

"I beg your pardon, I ought to have remembered; but for the moment I did not think of her falseness, I only recollected that she was beautiful and charming."

Errol had never once taken his eyes off Winifred's face while he had been speaking. And as he watched her, he thought that of all the women he had ever known, none had such a sweet grace of womanliness as this one. He rose suddenly to flee the temptation.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Eyre; I have detained you already too long."

And Errol Hastings held out his hand to her. She put her own timidly into it, and he clasped it for a moment with a strong, passionate clasp, looking into her eyes the while with a look that brought the blood rushing to her face. Then he turned slowly, and went back to his phaeton, her eyes looking dreamily into the distance. Her reverie was diverted by seeing a young farmer, Mr. Tom Fenner, sauntering leisurely down the road, hitting off the tops of the grass idiously with his stick. She had seen him pass before, when she was talking with Mr. Hastings, and his presence annoyed her. He came deliberately in at the garden gate, and walked up to where she sat.

"Good afternoon, Miss Eyre," he said, putting out his great coarse hand to her. "I suppose I may come in now you are disengaged?"

Winifred was compelled to give him her hand, sorely as it chafed her that his coarse, heavy touch should brush off the tender clasp of Mr. Hastings' lithe fingers.

"Certainly you may come in," she answered, coldly; "you might have done so when you pleased before. I was not particularly engaged."

"Oh! you did see me, then? I thought you were too much occupied with your fine new friend to look at me."

Winifred was beginning to get angry; this man had never presumed to use such a tone to her before.

"Do you want to see my father?" she asked abruptly.

"No, I don't; I left him not an hour ago in the turnip field—I want to see you."

"Oh, very well," remarked Winifred; "but please let me know at once what you want of me, it is time to go in and see about the tea."

"Oh, you weren't in such a hurry just now, when you had that puppy of a Hastings here," said Mr. Fenner, wrathfully.

Winifred rose like a young Juno, with such an imperial air of amazed indignation that her companion quailed.

"Mr. Fenner," she said "have you any idea of what you are talking about?"

"Look here, Miss Winifred!" uttered Fenner, with great earnestness—"it's no use your pretending not to understand me, because you can't have mistaken my meaning this last month. I've loved you for this year back. And so to-day, in the turnip field, I spoke to Mr. Eyre, and he said he had no objection, provided you liked me, and [illegible] a't afraid of that, for you ha[illegible] been so kind in your ways to me, which you wouldn't have been if you hadn't meant as I did."

"How dare you say I know what you meant or gave you encouragement!" she exclaimed, passionately.

"Because you did!" he returned, with temper. "If you didn't mean anything by your smiles, and tricks, and ways, you must be as false as fair."

"Enough of this!" cried Winifred, imperiously, "understand, once for all, that I never had and never shall have, the remotest feeling of love for you; and if you wish me to entertain the slightest regard for you, you will never again adopt such a tone to me as you have done to-day."

"So," he said, in an insolent tone, "you could be all very well to Tom Fenner, the farmer, until your fine new lover came along; but you must turn high and mighty directly you've been seen with a London swell. But I can tell you one thing, Miss Winifred," he added, with an insulting air that was indescribable, "Hastings of Hazel Court don't mate with farmers' daughters."

"You insolent, mean-spirited coward!" she cried, stamping her foot; "leave this place immediately, and never presume to enter it again!" and she turned into the house and shut the door. Then she ran up to her room and, throwing herself on her knees by her bedside, she sobbed and cried passionately.

At last she rose and went to her piano. She sat there until it grew quite dark, singing low, sweet songs to herself, until at last the cloud was chased away from her face, and bright thoughts began to bring smiles in place of tears.

"He must care a little for me," she thought, "or he would not have held my hand so long, and looked into my face as he did."

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a ring at the bell, and she paused in her playing.

"Some books for Miss Eyre, with Mr. Hastings' compliments," said a man's voice, to the servant who answered the door.

When it was closed again she jumped up and called:

"Elizabeth!"

"Yes, miss."

"Give them to me, and bring the lamp, please."

And she began with eager delight to examine the handsomely bound volumes. It was a happy evening; her new occupation chased all unpleasant memories away, and when she went to bed she had even forgotten the existence of Mr. Fenner.

But the next day poor Winifred was plunged into the depths of sadness again, for Mr. Hastings passed, bending over his saddle to talk to her stately cousin, and had never once turned to look for her.

(To be continued.)

## THE PASSPORT IN RUSSIA.

**You Cannot Move About the Country Without the Document.**

The train slows down as it crosses the frontier, and creeps gently up to the platform of the first station on Russian soil. Furtively peeping out of the window, you behold a number of stalwart men uniformed in the Russian style, and wearing the peculiarly Russian top boots. The polite conductor comes to the compartment and bids you get the passport ready. After a few minutes of waiting, during which anxiety is not diminished, an officer in smart gray-blue uniform comes along, attended by a soldier with a wallet. He demands the precious document, and, noting its foreign origin, casts upon its possessor a keen, searching glance. Then he looks for the all-important visa or indorsement of the Russian official in the country of issue; and on finding it he passes coldly on without a word. All this is very formal and impressive; you feel as a prisoner feels when the chain of evidence is tightening around him; your thoughts wander back to the past, and you wonder whether any indiscretion of your insignificant youth may not now be brought up in testimony against you.

The utmost care is taken in the study and registration of these documents; every Russian must have his passport; every foreigner entering or leaving the country must have it, too. Whether native or alien, you cannot move about the country without the document; when you arrive in a town it must be submitted to the local police; when you leave that town the police must indorse the passport with their sanction to the journey. The system gives the authorities the firmest hold over the people; and wise is the stranger who complies carefully with every part of the formality.—Chambers' Journal.

## DREADS FIRST INHALATION.

**A Cigarette Victim Describes Effects Caused by the Habit.**

"Sometimes I wonder if all cigarette smokers have the same symptoms as myself," said a rather robust young man, according to the Philadelphia Record. "I put off the lighting of my first cigarette to as late an hour in the day as possible; often it is evening before I begin to smoke. And this I do because I dread the day's first inhalation. For that introductory whiff, going down into my lungs, gives me an instant and unbearable sensation of unhappiness and of weakness—almost of collapse. Soon it passes away, but it is horrible while it lasts, and day after day it must be endured before I get properly, so to speak, into my smoking harness.

"Another thing I suffer from is a cold perspiration of the palms of my hands, a sure sign that I am exceeding my temperate allowance of eight cigarettes daily.

"At times I give up smoking for a week or two. My appetite then becomes immense. I can eat a square meal every three hours, and in one week, without smoking, I have often gained as much as eight pounds. My spirits, too, get very high when I don't smoke. I want to take lots of exercise, and I feel extremely happy and industrious. But it is impossible for me to give up cigarettes altogether, though I have no doubt that they do me a great deal of harm."

**Regular Thing Now.**

Stranger (in Pacific coast photograph gallery)—Why have you got this enormous stuffed fish hanging here?

Photographer—That is for the use of persons who wish to send to their friends in the East a picture of the 250-pound sea bass they have just caught with a hook and line.—Chicago Tribune.

Gaiety is not a proof that the heart is at ease, for often in the midst of laughter the heart is sad.—De Gealis

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE.

## IMPROVE THE NEGRO'S CONDITION.

*By Ex-President Grover Cleveland.*

GROVER CLEVELAND

It is foolish for us to blind our eyes to the fact that more should be done to improve the condition of our negro population. And it should be entirely plain to all of us that the sooner this is undertaken the sooner will a serious duty be discharged and the more surely will we guard ourselves against future trouble and danger. If we are to be just and fair toward our colored fellow citizens, and if they are to be more completely made self respecting, useful and safe members of our body politic, they must be taught to do something more than to hew wood and draw water. The way must be opened for them to engage in something better than menial service, and their interests must be aroused to rewards of intelligent occupation and careful thrift.

I believe that the exigency can only be adequately met through the instrumentality of well equipped manual training and industrial schools, conducted either independently or in connection with ordinary educational institutions. I am convinced that good citizenship, an orderly, contented life and a proper conception of civic virtue and obligations are almost certain to grow out of a fair chance to earn an honest, hopeful livelihood and a satisfied sense of secure protection and considerate treatment.

## WORK OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

*By David S. Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University.*

The twentieth century will be strenuous, complex and democratic. Strenuous it must be, as we can all see. Our century has a host of things to do—bold things, noble things, tedious things, difficult things, enduring things.

More than any of the others, the twentieth century will be democratic. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century was that of the reality of external things. That of the twentieth century will be this axiom in geometry: "The straightest line is the shortest distance between two points." If something needs doing, do it; the more plainly, directly, honestly, the better.

Democracy does not mean equality—just the reverse of this. It means individual responsibility, equality before the law, of course, equality of opportunity, but no other equality save that won by faithful service. The social system that bids men rise must also let them fall if they cannot maintain themselves. To become the right man means the dismissal of the wrong.

The weak, the incompetent, the untrained, the dissipated find no growing welcome in the century which is coming. It will have no place for the unskilled laborer. A bucket of water and a basket of coal will do all that the unskilled laborer can do if we have skilled men for their direction. The unskilled laborer is no product of democracy." He exists in spite of democracy.

The lawyers of the future will not be pleaders before juries. They will save their clients from need of a judge or jury. In every civilized nation the lawyers must be the lawgivers. The sword has given place to the green bag. The demand of the twentieth century will be that the statutes coincide with equity. This condition educated lawyers can bring about.

In politics the demand for serious service must grow. As we have to do with wise men and clean men, statesmen instead of vote manipulators, we shall feel more and more the need for them. We shall demand not only men who can lead in action, but men who can prevent unwise action. Often the policy which seems most attractive to the majority is full of danger for the future. We need men who can face popular opinion and if need be to face it down.

The need of the teacher will not grow less as the century goes on. The history of the future is written in the schools of to-day, and the reform which gives us better schools is the greatest of reforms. Free should the scholar be—free and brave, and to such as these the twentieth century will bring the reward of the scholar.

The twentieth century will mark an epoch in the history of religion. Some say idly that religion is losing her hold in these strenuous days. But she is not. She is simply changing her grip. The religion of this century will be more practical, more real. It will deal with the days of the week as well as with the Sabbath. It will be as potent in the markets of trade as in the walls of a cathedral, for man's religion is his working hypothesis of life, not of life in some future world, but of life right here to-day, the only day we have in which to build a life.

## STRIKES HELP WORKINGMAN'S CONDITION.

*By Bishop Potter, of New York.*

BISHOP POTTER.

I believe in strikes, shocking as the statement may seem. I believe in the conservative value of the organizations from which the strikes come. The condition of the working man was never improved until in reply to the demands of a labor organization itself or by the interposition of persons not interested as capitalists or laborers. The real value of the labor organization is that it appears to be the only method by which the great interests which serve themselves best by exacting most can be obliged to yield some consideration to those over whom they have control.

## DEMOCRACY OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

*By Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University.*

State schools are, so far as mental training and the acquisition of knowledge go, vastly superior to either church schools or private schools. Private and church schools tend to breed caste and division among the children of the community. The public school, on the other hand, is the mirror of the republic. In the public schools of a town you have the purest democracy in the world. When we look at hard facts, we see that it is folly to blame the schools for defects of blood, lapses of virtue and blight of character, which neither our laws nor our policy requires the schools to combat. You must blame the church, you must blame the offenders, you must blame yourselves, when your children become the victims of intemperance, vice or impiety.

## INSECT TRAP FOR NIGHT USE.

**An Inexpensive Method for Killing Insects That Fly.**

The Government Bureau of Statistics is authority for a statement containing figures reaching into the hundreds of millions of dollars as indicating the expenditure applied directly to fighting the insects and worms which damage the cotton, wheat, corn and other crops which form such a substantial part of our revenues. A large portion of this amount, no doubt, goes for the introduction of new ideas which have been devised to aid in the work of destroying these pests, and perhaps this latest

FLAME ATTRACTS PESTS.

trap, the invention of a Kentuckian, will receive a share of attention and serve its purpose in many a field. The inventor takes advantage of the well-known propensity of insects to fly toward a light, the flame in this instance being mounted within a metallic casing, to which entrance is gained through four funnels pointing in different directions. Once within the hood, the insect soon falls to the reservoir beneath, wherein a quantity of insecticide has been placed to complete the destruction of those which escape the actual contact with the flame. Mention is also made of the fumes rising from the liquid and impregnating the atmosphere around the flame to overcome the insects and cause them to fall into the liquid.

## MEXICAN ARMY.

**Will Soon Number 200,000 Perfectly Equipped Soldiers.**

Mexico, which next to the United States, is the most orderly and stable of all the American republic, is pursuing a policy of military expansion which seems likely to develop a highly efficient system of national defense. It is the desire of President Diaz that within two years the Mexican government shall be able on short notice to mobilize an army of 200,000 thoroughly trained and perfectly equipped soldiers. To make this result possible more than 300,000 boys and young men are now receiving regular daily military instruction in 11,000 public schools of Mexico, and the army will be recruited from their number. This program for the creation of a greater Mexican army is supplemented with plans for a larger naval establishment, two vessels for which are now under construction at the Crescent shipyard, Elizabethtown, N. J. In this development of her military resources Mexico is following the natural policy of enlightened nations. It is believed in some quarters that the integrity of Mexican institutions will be severely tested when President Diaz retires from office, and that a strong government, including an effective military establishment, will be needed to protect the republic against

## THREE MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEMSELVES WEALTHY AT FARMING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

ONE of the most successful millionaire farmers in the West is David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., who has made $1,000,000 in farming, and who actually owns the largest farm in the world. Rankin has 23,000 acres under his personal supervision, all of which is under cultivation. He began farming with a colt which his father gave him when a lad. He traded the colt for a pair of oxen and with them tilled eighty acres of rented land, until he had accumulated enough to buy a small tract. He had been living in Illinois, but thought better of Missouri as a farming country. So for $8 an acre he bought great tracts of ground, adding to his fields as the income of the other fields would permit, until he had surrounded himself in thirty years with 23,000 acres, all of which is sown to crops every year. He employs 200 men on the farm. He has 700 teams, and in good seasons he makes $100,000 clear money. He buys 8,000 to 10,000 head of steers every year and feeds them. He keeps these cattle, not in pastures, but in clean stables and lots, where they are fed from the products of his fields until he is ready to ship to the markets.

Take the Forsha ranch, in Kansas, for instance, where another system is carried on entirely. Mr. Forsha is a believer in the raising of alfalfa, and he has 15,000 acres sown to that. He also raises and feeds cattle for the markets, but he never raises cereals. He has a mill on his ranch, and he buys the wheat from other farmers, makes it into flour, but he raises little wheat himself. He makes from $10 to $100 net profit an acre from the alfalfa, and the fields in the fall and winter furnish pasture for his herds. Forsha began ranching and farming in Kansas only a few years ago. To-day he is worth several hundred thousand dollars.

John Stewart began farming in Kansas without a dollar. He was working in a real estate office as a salesman. He bought some homesteaders' rights to deserted quarter sections for a mere pittance. A boom came, and in three years he was worth $8,000. Then he went to Sumner County, Kansas, and began ranching and raising wheat. To-day Sumner County produces 8,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and holds the world's record in quantity for its size. Stewart bought additional land every year there was a drouth, thereby getting it at a reduction. He has made a large fortune in less than thirty years.

serious internal disorder. It is possibly with a view of providing for such an emergency that the present movement for a large and trustworthy army has been instituted.—Army and Navy Journal.

## A Farmer's Daughter: What She Can Do.

In a paper read before the thirteenth annual convention of the Indiana State Dairy Association, Miss Edith Parsons, a student in Purdue University, gave an interesting account of her experience in dairying. Miss Parsons began with the three or four cows kept to supply their own family, and is now selling the product of between fifteen and twenty cows at a profitable price, because of its uniform excellence and regularity of supply.

After recounting her difficulties in getting a good herd, she said: "After you decide to begin dairying, the question arises: Who shall care for the milk and the butter? Shall it be the farmer and his sons who toil in the field all day, or shall it be the tired mother and wife who shall do this work, thinking it one of her many duties, instead of a source of pleasure to her? No!

"In my opinion, it should be the farmer's daughter who should come forward and say, I am young and know that I would enjoy taking full charge of the dairy work. How proud I will feel to think that I am making gilt-edged butter.

"Many mothers persist in saying that the work in a dairy is too hard for their daughters and would soon become a drudgery to them, but I believe mothers of this opinion forget that any work, no matter how hard, if entered into with the soul and willing hands, ceases to be drudgery and becomes an art.

"The dark side to dairying for the farmer's daughter is that it is an every day business that can not be put into inexperienced hands, without getting things out of balance, and that whole days off must be few. But a girl who has tact and judgment enough to get the best results from a Jersey cow, is well qualified to win by persuasive measure any favor she may covet.

"So I would say to the farmer's daughters, stick to the farm, keep up some profession that can be practiced on the farm, whether it be dairying or poultry raising, don't for a single moment let the tempter have possession of you, but think of your health, and of those little gold mines on the farm and remember that with health comes happiness and with happiness wealth."

**Life Subscriptions.**

A Century subscriber recently wrote to the publishers inquiring what the charge would be for a life subscription to the Century for a man 33 years of age. The question was submitted to one of the large life insurance companies, who reported that by the American experience table of mortality, assuming money to earn three per cent annual interest, a man 33 years of age should pay $81.64 for a life subscription to the Century. The publishers do not think it is worth while to open a department for life subscriptions, but it is interesting to know that a man of 33 can look forward to the probable enjoyment of over eighty dollars' worth of future Century Magazines.

**High Freight Rates.**

It costs almost twice as much to send boxed goods from New York to San Francisco by rail direct as it does via London, the Suez Canal, Hongkong and Yokohama by steamer.

Miss Flyrt—Oh, yes, I've had nine proposals since I saw you last. Miss Newitt—Indeed! And did you finally reward his perseverance by accepting him?—Philadelphia Catholic Standard.

Fresh men usually tell stale stories.

## THE "BORE WAR."

**Why Famous Correspondent Was Getting Sick of It.**

The late Julian Ralph, one of the best known reporters and war correspondents, began his career as a copy-holder in a printing office, thence passed into the office of a weekly newspaper as a printer's apprentice, and afterward formed a connection with the New York Sun. Of his experience as a war correspondent, Mr. Ralph wrote, in May, 1900:

Battered externally, disordered inside, unable to digest food for weeks, nursing bruises and ailments a half-dozen at once, I look upon this war as having ill-repaid me for the kindly and jubilant tone in which I have dealt with it. And oh, how sick of it I am! How deadly, unutterably sick I am of it!

The long months of sand diet and hard faring under Methuen took from me a stomach which an ostrich would have envied, and exchanged for it a second-hand, worn-out apparatus which turns upside down at the approach of any food except diluted milk. A piece of Boer shell which hit me on the chest made me faint and weary for many days, and then a novel method of alighting from a Cape cart into a trench, with the cart on top of me, left me one-legged for five weeks, after which I found myself with a low-class, no-account limb, in which I have no confidence.

Upon my recovering this inferior and makeshift other leg, my horse shot me into a wire fence, which tore both arms into shreds, painted one thigh like an omelet and the other like a South African sunset, and left me an internal fracture which I must keep as a perpetual souvenir of what we are all beginning to speak of as the "bore war."

Try to imagine the spirits of a man who finds himself thus gradually changing into an exhibit for a medical museum, and you begin to obtain a glimpse of the fatigue with which I now view this war.

## TRAGEDY OF A TROUT STREAM.

A big, brown and white bird came sailing up the trout stream, his long wings stretched far out to right and left. He flew slowly, for he was looking for something—something that he wanted very much. He was doing the family marketing. Up in the top of a big pine tree, a mile away, his wife was sitting on a nest full of eggs, and it was both his duty and his pleasure to find a supper for her. Suddenly he stopped short. He had caught sight of the thing for which he was searching—a dusky, shadowy shape with an outline like that of a submarine torpedo boat, lying moveless in the clear water. For just an instant he seemed to hang poised in the air, but it was only long enough to change the direction of his motion; then down he went with a rush and a swoop.

The brook trout saw him coming and tried to dart away, but it was too late.

With a mighty splash the osprey struck the stream and went clear under and out of sight, while the water boiled and surged over him. He could not see for the commotion about him, but him aim had been true, and his outstretched feet touched a slippery, slimy, wriggling body that was just beginning to gather headway.

Quicker than a wink his toes closed about it and his sharp talons sank deep into the trout's flesh. Then up he came rising out of the stream like some fabled monster of old, and shaking the water from his feathers in a shower of flying drops. Every thread of muscle in his wings and breast was working with all its might to lift that heavy trout. Up went the bird's great pinions till they were straight above him; then down they came, lashing the air like whips. Up again and down, up and down, up and down, harder and faster and fiercer; and little by little he and his victim rose above the stream, till at last they were clear of the tree tops. Then straight away to the nest in the old pine, where the wife was waiting to make them both welcome.—Leslie's Monthly.

**Dog Was Disgusted.**

The amateur hunter had very little to say about his experiences. Finally some one turned on him for a story of his hunting trips.

"Nothing to tell," he murmured. But an experienced sportsman, who had many valuable hunting dogs, volunteered to tell the other man's story.

"You see, he borrowed one of my dogs," he said, "and he was eager for the game he was going to get. He said he had never shot very much, but his father was a good shot before him. I loaned him the dog. After an hour's time the animal came back home and a little later our friend here followed, and he was very wrathy.

"'What's the matter with your dog?' he demanded. 'Nice sort of a creature with which to go hunting. What did he come back home for?'

"'Did you shoot several times and miss good game which the dog had stirred up for you?' I asked.

"He was frank enough to say that such was the case.

"'Well,' I said, 'that was the trouble. My dog won't stand for that sort of thing.'"

And the amateur hunter humbly bowed his head, says the New York Times, while the laugh went round.

**Army Lieutenants.**

There are now some 2,000 lieutenants in the army, less than 300 of whom are graduates of West Point. Most of the lieutenants have been appointed since the war with Spain. Six hundred of them were officers of the volunteer army, 400 have been promoted from the ranks for merit and 500 have been drawn directly from civil life. Few of these men, therefore, have a technical military education.

**Spinoza.**

Spinoza's favorite amusement was to set spiders to fighting, and he would laugh immoderately at beholding their ferocious struggles.

When men complain too much of monotony, look out for a cyclone to break it.