

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

It was a beautiful, clear, mild night; and seated on the benches on the terrace there were several groups of people—among them two or three ladies. As Winterbourne passed them, he could not but think of Yolande's complaint that she had never even been in the House of Commons. These were, no doubt, the daughters or wives or sisters of members; why should not Yolande also be sitting there? John Shortlands had sharp eyes; and he instantly guessed from his friend's manner that something had happened.

"More trouble?" said he, regarding him.

"Yes," said the other. "Well, I don't mind—I don't mind, as far as I am concerned. It is no new thing."

"I have told you all along, Winterbourne, that you brought it on yourself. You should have taken the bull by the horns."

"It is too late to talk of it—never mind that now," he said, impatiently. "It is about Yolande I want to speak to you."

"Yes?"

"You won't guess what I am anxious for now," he said with a sort of uncertain laugh. "You won't guess it in a month, Shortlands. I am anxious to see Yolande married."

"Faith, that needn't trouble you," said the big ironmaster bluntly. "There'll be no difficulty about that. Yolande has grown into a thundering handsome girl. And they say," he added, jocosely, "that her father is pretty well off."

"She cannot remain longer at any school, and I don't like leaving her to herself at Outlands Park or any similar place. Poor child! Do you know what her own plans are? She wants to be my private secretary."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man. Of course a girl like Yolande will get married. Your private secretary! How long would it last? Does she look like the sort of a girl who ought to be smothered up in correspondence or listening to debates? And if you're in such a mighty hurry to get rid of her—if you want to get her married at once, I'll tell you a safe and sure way—send her for a voyage on a steamer."

"I think I shall take Yolande away for another long trip somewhere, I don't care where; but the moment I find myself on the deck of a ship, and Yolande beside me, then I feel as if all care had dropped away from me. I feel safe; I can breathe freely. Oh, by the way, I meant to ask if you knew anything of Col. Graham? You have been so often to Scotland shooting. I thought you might know. Inverstry, I think, is the name of his place."

"Oh, that Graham. Yes, I should think so—a lucky beggar. Inverstry fell plump into his hands some three or four years ago—quite unexpectedly—one of the finest estates in Invernesshire. I don't think India will see him again."

"His wife seems a nice sort of woman," said Mr. Winterbourne, with the slightest touch of interrogation.

"I don't know her. She is his second wife. She is a daughter of Lord Lynn."

"They are down at Outlands just now. Yolande has made their acquaintance, and they have been very kind to her. Well, this Col. Graham was saying the other evening that he felt as though he had been long enough in the old country, and would like to take a trip as far as Maluta or Suez or Aden, just to renew his acquaintance with the old route. In fact, they propose that Yolande and I should join them."

"The very thing!" said John Shortlands, facetiously. "What did I say? A voyage will marry off anybody who is willing to marry."

"I meant nothing of the kind," said the other, somewhat out of temper. "Yolande may not marry at all. If I went with these friends of hers, it would not be to get rid of her."

"I hope she'll find a young fellow who is worthy of her, for she is a thundering good girl, that's what I think, and whoever he is he'll get a prize—though I don't imagine you will be over-well disposed toward him, old chap."

"If Yolande is happy, that will be enough for me."

By this time the terrace was quite deserted; and after some little further chat they turned into the House, where they separated, Winterbourne taking his seat below the gangway on the government side, John Shortlands depositing his magnificent bulk on one of the opposition benches.

There was a general hum of conversation. There was also some laborious discourse going forward.

What dreams visited the member for Slagpool, as he sat with his eyes distraught? His getting up some fateful evening to move a vote of want of confidence in the government? His appearance on the platform of the Slagpool Mechanics' Institute, with the great mass of people rising and cheering and waving their handkerchiefs? Or perhaps some day—for who could tell what changes the years might bring—his taking his place on the Treasury bench there?

He had got hold of a blue book. It was the Report of a Royal Commission; but of course all the cover of the folio volume was not printed over—there were blank spaces. And the member for Slagpool began idly and yet thoughtfully to pencil certain letters up at one corner of the blue cover. He was a long time about it; perhaps he saw pictures as he slowly and contemplatively formed each letter; perhaps no one but himself could have made out what the uncertain pencilling meant. But it was not of politics he was thinking. The letters that he had faintly pencilled there—that he was still wistfully regarding as though they could show him things far away—formed the word YOLANDE. It was like a lover.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning Mr. Winterbourne's nervous anxiety to get Yolande away at once out of London was almost pitiable to witness. Yolande was greatly disappointed. She had been secretly nursing the hope that at last she might be allowed to remain in London, in some capacity

or another, as the constant companion of her father. Yet, when once they were really on their way from London her father's manner seemed to gain so much in cheerfulness that she could hardly be sorry they had left. She had not noticed that he had been more anxious and nervous that morning than usual; but she could not fail to remark how much brighter his look was now they were out in the clear air.

"Yolande," said he, "I had a talk with John Shortlands last night. I half threatened to throw up my place in Parliament, and then the arrangement would be that you and I, Yolande, should start away together and roam all over the world, amusing ourselves—going just where we liked—you and I all by ourselves."

"You would become tired of being amused. You could not always travel," she said. She put her hand on his hand. "Ah, I see what it is," she said, with a little laugh. "You are concealing. That is your kindness, papa. You think I am too much alone; it is not enough that you sacrifice to-day, to-morrow, next day, to me; but you wish to make a sacrifice altogether; and you pretend you are tired of politics. But you cannot make me blind to it. I see—oh, quite clearly I can see through your pretence!"

A new suggestion entered his mind. He glanced at the girl opposite him—timidly and anxiously.

"Yolande," said he, "I—I wonder now—I suppose at your age—well, have you ever thought of getting married?"

She looked up at him with her clear, frank eyes, and when she was startled like that her mouth had a slight pathetic droop, that made her face sensitive and charming.

"Why, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of times!" she exclaimed, "still with her soft clear eyes wondering. 'Of course, when I say I have thought hundreds of times it is about not getting married that I mean. No. That is my resolution. Oh, many a time I have said that to myself. I shall not marry—never—no one.'"

"Oh, but, Yolande, that is absurd. Of course you will marry. Of course you must marry."

"When you put me away, papa. Yes," she continued quite simply. "That was what madam used to say. She used to say, 'If your papa marries again, that is what you must expect. It will be better for you to leave the house. But your papa is rich; you will have a good portion; then you will find some one to marry you, and give you some an establishment.' 'Very well,' I said, 'but that is going too far, madam; and until my papa tells me to go away I shall not go away, and there is not any necessity that I shall marry any one.'"

"I wish madam had minded her own affairs," Mr. Winterbourne said, angrily. "I am not likely to marry again. I shall not marry again. But as for you—well, don't you see, child—I—I can't live forever; and you have got no very near relatives; and besides, living with relatives isn't always the pleasantest of things; and I should like to see your future quite settled."

He found it was no use trying to talk to her seriously about this matter. She laughed it aside. She did not believe there was any fear about her future. She was as all content with the world as it existed.

The Gramhams were the very first people they saw when they reached Outlands. Col. Graham—a tall, stout, grizzled, good-natured looking man—was lying back in a garden seat, while his wife was standing close by, calling to her baby, which plump small person was vainly trying to walk to her, under the guidance of an ayah, whose dusky skin and silver ornaments and flowing garb of Indian red looked picturesque enough on an English lawn. Mrs. Graham was a pretty woman, of middle height, and professed herself overjoyed when Mr. Winterbourne said there was a chance of his daughter and himself joining her and her husband on their suggested trip; but the lazy, good-humored looking soldier glanced up from his paper and said:

"Look here, Polly, it's too absurd. What would people say? It's all very well for you and me; we are old Indians and don't mind; but if Mr. Winterbourne is coming with us—and you, Miss Winterbourne—we must do something more reasonable and Christian-like than sail out to Suez or Aden and back, all for nothing."

"But nothing could suit us better," Yolande's father said—indeed, he did not mind where or why he went, so long as he got away from England, and Yolande with him.

"Oh, but we must do something," Col. Graham said. "Look here. When we were at Peshawar a young fellow came up there—you remember young Ismat, Polly?—well, I was of some little assistance to him, and he said any time he wanted to see something of the Nile I could have his father's dahabiah—or rather one of them, for his father is Governor of Merhadi, and a bit of a swell, I fancy. There you are, now. That would be something to do. People wouldn't think we were idiots. We could have our sail all the same to Suez, and see the old faces at Gib. and Malta; then we could have a skim up the Nile a bit—and, by the way, we shall have it all to ourselves just now."

"The very thing," exclaimed Mr. Winterbourne, eagerly for his imagination seemed easily captured by the suggestion of anything remote. "Nothing could be more admirable. Yolande, what do you say?"

Indeed, she seemed greatly pleased; and when they went in to lunch, they had a table to themselves, so as to secure a full and free discussion of plan. Mrs. Graham talked in the most motherly way to Yolande, and petted her. But she was a shrewd-headed little woman. Very soon after lunch she found an opportunity of talking with her husband alone. "I think Yolande Winterbourne prettier and prettier the longer I see her," she said, carelessly.

"She is a good-looking girl. You'll have to look out, Polly. You won't have

the whole ship waiting on you this time." "And very rich—quite an heiress, they say."

"I suppose Winterbourne is pretty well off. Making engines is quite respectable. Nobody could complain of that." "Oh," she said blithely, "I haven't heard from Archie for a long time. I wonder what he is about—watching the nesting of the grouse, I suppose. Jim, I wish you'd let me ask him to go with us. It's rather dull for him up there; my father isn't easy to live with. May I ask him?"

"He'll have to pay his own fare to Suez and back, then," her husband answered rather roughly.

"Oh, yes; why not?" she said, with great innocence; "I am sure poor Archie is always willing to pay when he can; and I do wish my father would be a little more liberal."

Then Mrs. Graham, smoothing her pretty short curls, and with much pleasant visible in her pretty dark-gray eyes, went to her own room and sat down, and wrote as follows:

"Dear Archie—Jim's good nature is beyond anything. We are going to have a look at Malta, just for auld lang syne; and then Jim talks of taking us up the Nile a bit; and he says you ought to go with us, and you will only have to pay your passage to Suez and back—which you could easily save out of your hats and boots if you would only be a little less extravagant. Mr. Winterbourne, the member for Slagpool, is going with us; and he and Jim will have the expenses of the Nile voyage. Mr. Winterbourne's daughter makes up the party. She is rather nice, I think; but only a child. Let me know at once. Your loving sister, POLLY."

She folded up the letter, put it in an envelope; and addressed it so:

The Hon. the Master of Lynn, Lynn Towers.

CHAPTER IV.

The usual small crowd of passengers was assembled in Liverpool street station—hurrying, talking, laughing and scanning possible ship companions with an eager curiosity; and in the midst of them, Yolande found herself for the moment alone. A woman came into this wide, hollow-sounding station, and timidly and yet anxiously scanned the faces of the various people who were on the platform adjoining the special train. She carried a small basket. After an anxious scrutiny she went up to Yolande.

"I beg your pardon, miss—" And with that her trembling hands opened the basket, which was filled with flowers.

"No, thank you; I don't want any," said Yolande, civilly. But there was something in the woman's imploring eyes that said something to her. She was startled; and stood still.

"Are—are you going further than Gibraltar, miss?"

"Yes, Yes, I think so," said Yolande, wondering.

There were tears running down the woman's face. For a second or two she tried to speak, ineffectually, then she said:

"Two days out from—from Gibraltar—would you be so kind, miss, as to put these flowers—on the water? My little girl was buried at sea—two days out."

"Oh, I understand you," said Yolande, quickly—with a big lump in her throat. "Oh, yes, I will! I am so sorry for you."

She took the basket. The woman burst out crying; and hid her face in her hands; and then turned to go away. She was so distracted with her grief that she had forgotten even to say "Thank you." At the same moment Mr. Winterbourne came up—hastily and angrily.

"What is this?"

"Hush, papa! The poor woman had a little girl buried at sea—these are some flowers."

Yolande went quickly after her, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Tell me," she said, "what was your daughter's name?"

The woman raised her tear-stained face.

"Jane. We called her Janie; she was only three years old; she would have been ten by now. You won't forget, miss—it was—it was two days beyond Gibraltar—that—that we buried her."

"Oh, no; do you think I could forget?" Yolande said, and she offered her hand. The woman took her hand, and pressed it; and said, "God bless you, miss—I thought I could trust your face;" then she hurried away.

(To be continued.)

The Wet Tablecloth.

The underlayer in setting the table poured a half glass of water on the clean white cloth and placed a dish of fruit on the puddle he had made. He made another puddle and placed on it the carafe. On a third puddle he placed the butter dish, and so on.

"Why do you spoil the cloth with all that water?" asked a passenger.

"Because the weather's rough, sir," said the steward, and then, making another puddle, he went on:

"We stewards on ocean liners must not be merely good waiters—we must be good wet weather waiters. And we have a number of tricks."

"One of our tricks is to set the heavy dishes upon wet spots. If we were to set them on dry spots in the ordinary way they would slide to and fro with every lurch of the ship. But if the cloth is wetted they don't slide. They adhere to the wet place as though glued to it."

"One of the first things a steward learns is to set a stormy weather table—to spill water on the cloth at each place where a heavy dish is to stand. This water serves its purpose thoroughly, and it doesn't look bad, either, for the dish covers it. No one knows of the wet spot underneath."—New York Press.

A Doubtful State.

"Your wife is doing some baking to-day," said Mrs. Nabor. "What is it, bread or cake?"

"She doesn't know," replied Newell. "She hasn't finished yet."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Good Place.

"I got a haircut to-day."

"What! In cold weather like this?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wouldn't tell anybody."

"No, I'm keeping it under my hat."

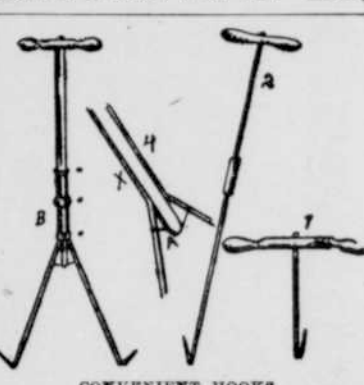
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The world's navies number 2,291 warships.



Some Convenient Hooks.

Where there is more or less hauling of bags of grain or other bulky articles on the farm a number of books attached to handles will be found exceedingly useful. Several hooks may be formed by the local blacksmith at small cost in the labor saved in a single season. The illustration shows several of the hooks that will be found the most useful. The hook shown at Figure 1 is the one familiar to city people, used as it is by truckmen who handle heavy bags and boxes. Figure 2 represents a longer hook made of iron with a sharp hook end and a short handle of wood; a piece of hardwood is fastened around the middle of the bar of iron which permits one to get a firm grip with the other hand. Figure 3 represents the double hook fastened to a handle of hardwood by ferules indicated at a, o, o. Figure 4 shows the details of construction of the hook 3, the manner of flattening the ends of the iron rods and fastening them to stout handle by rivets, if so desired. A indicates a stout wire run through



small auger hole near end of handle and securely wrapped around rods to give strength and firmness to the fastening.—Indianapolis News.

Relieving Calves from Flies.

During the summer months flies are a constant torment to young calves. The entomological department of the Kansas State Agricultural College has been experimenting and compounding various substances in order to produce an effective and economical mixture, which, when applied to the surface of an animal would ward off the flies. As a result of these experiments, it has succeeded in producing the following formula, which seems to answer the purpose reasonably well: Resin, 1½ pounds; laundry soap, 2 cakes; fish-oil, 1½ pint; enough water to make three gallons. Dissolve the resin in a solution of soap and water by heating; add the fish-oil and the rest of the water. Apply with a brush. It to be used as a spray, add ¼ pint of kerosene. This mixture will cost from 7 to 8 cents per gallon, and may be used on either calves or cows. One-half pint of this mixture is considered enough for one application for a cow; a calf, of course, would require considerably less. It will be more economical to apply this only to the parts of the animal not reached by the tail. At first it will perhaps be necessary to give two or three applications per week, until the outer ends of the hair become coated with resin; after that, re-touch those parts where the resin is rubbed off.

Spraying Potatoes.

To get the best of the blight on potatoes the work of spraying must be started when the plants are a few inches high and continued throughout the season, doing the work thoroughly every ten days or two weeks at most, oftener if the rain washes off the spray. While opinions differ, experience has shown that the following formula is the most effective one for use in spraying potatoes: Dissolve six pounds of blue vitriol and four pounds of best stone lime in fifty gallons of water and when the plants are small apply at the rate of fifty gallons per acre, increasing the quantity as the plants grow until in midsummer 100 gallons to the acre are used.

When it is necessary to use something for the destruction of potato bugs, dissolve Paris green in the Bordeaux mixture as indicated, at the rate of one pound to each seventy-five gallons of the mixture, spraying the combined mixture together. While several other mediums are used, we feel that the Bordeaux mixture compounded as indicated, will do the business better than anything else. If the best methods are followed in conjunction with this spraying, there ought to be comparatively little trouble in obtaining a good crop of potatoes in a normal season.

Stripped Beetles.

For fighting the stripped cucumber beetles Prof. C. M. Weed finds it necessary to keep the beetles away from the young plants by wire screens in order that their eggs may not be laid about the roots. The young that hatch from these eggs bore through the stalk and base of the roots and do damage. The liberal application of tobacco powder is considered the best remedy.

The Dry Feed System.

The dry feed system is becoming more and more popular for raising chickens. It is claimed that the labor and bother is much reduced and the chickens grow better and the death rate is smaller. Some growers feed only once a day with the grain and

meat mixture, but the more common method is to feed several times daily. The mixture of fine grain and meat scraps can be bought already prepared for use at most poultry supply stores. It is fed mixed with chaff and gravel, to which the chickens have access at all times and look after their own feed and exercise for the most part.

Small Areas, Better Care.

An agricultural paper published in the West is bemoaning the tendency of farmers to reduce the area of working soil. In some localities they are being forced to this by the increasing value of farm property, with the consequent taxation making it too valuable in the one sense, and too expensive in the other, to use for farming purposes. There is, however, another side to the question—a side which farmers in all sections located near good markets have learned—and this is that it is more profitable to till ten acres well than a hundred ill.

Near the great city of New York there are a hundred men or more who raise market stuff on land worth several thousand dollars an acre. They pay the high rent for such land and make a profit simply because they get several big crops from the soil, with the help of hotbeds and cold frames, in a season. It may be claimed that such work is not possible except in such a locality, but those who know say that prices in New York are frequently much less than in many of the smaller cities and towns, which is undoubtedly true. A neighbor of the writer, in Iowa, makes more profit from seven acres in small fruits and about an acre, range and all, devoted to poultry, than do most of his neighbors with farms ranging from fifty to eighty acres in extent.—Indianapolis News.

Farmer's Making Money.

That farmers are receiving more for their products now than they were ten years ago is a matter of congratulation. Statistics show that the people who buy farm products are paying higher prices now than they have at any time since a short time after the Civil War. The following figures are interesting as showing the cost per capita of food products:

	1894.	1904.
Breadstuffs	\$15.115	\$18.244
Meats	9.389	9.033
Dairy and garden	9.814	10.648
Other food	8.487	10.406

On the other hand the cost of clothing and many other things that the farmers buy have increased in price, but not in the proportion their own products have increased. The increase in the price of farm labor is the most important. However, there is no disputing the fact that farmers are better off to-day than they ever have been, and this prosperity is likely to continue owing to the enormous increase in our population. We are now receiving from abroad more than a million emigrants every year, to say nothing of the natural increase of our own population at home. These months must be fed and they will be fed from American farms.

Worms in Swine.

To secure the best results affected hogs should receive individual treatment. Twenty-four hours before administering treatment very little feed should be given them. Then give the following medicine, first recommended by the veterinary department of the Kansas State Experimental Station, as a drachm to each hundred-pound hog (larger or smaller hogs should receive a dose in proportion): Oil of turpentine, four drams; liquor ferri-dysalutis, one-half dram; raw linseed oil, six ounces. If necessary, repeat the dose in four days.

Points on Poultry.

Plant a plum tree in the chicken yard now.

Stop feeding ten or twelve hours before killing.

Feed all fowls confined in the yard green food.

The higher the breed, the greater the care must be. Cut down on the large grain.

No poultry breeder will make the nests for his sitting hens on the ground.

Persian insect powder is a good remedy for lice. It should be dusted over the fowls and nests.

Never allow sick fowls to be with the rest of the flock; many poultry diseases are contagious.

Give cucumbers and squashes plenty of liquid manure and soapuds plenty of the kitchen. Sprinkle thoroughly.

Clean the poultry-house every day.

Do not throw away old broken plaster and mortar. Put it in the poultry yard.

Wood ash is a good fertilizer for the trees, and in the garden, but do not put it in poultry-houses, as it has a tendency to injure the legs of your fowls.

A Little Garden Talk.

Put up strings, trellises or other supports for morning glories, nasturtiums, cobbeas and other runners.

Thin poppy bed or border; you ought to have one; if you have not, thin other annuals. Give them lots of room—it pays to do so.

Don't give vegetation a "lick and a promise;" it's better to soak heavily twice a week than to moisten superficially.

Transplant flower seedlings and water well; sift with a goodly lump of soil and place in new spot after making soil fine and moist. Do the transplanting after sundown.

Prune shrubs as soon as bloom ceases, insuring new wood and flower buds. Don't wait until next spring, when you will probably cut off much of the spring blooming possibilities.



Not long ago a United States Senator called at the Treasury in Washington to offer for redemption the remains of some paper money, believed to amount to sixteen hundred dollars, which the family of one of his constituents had found among the rafters in the attic of their house. After a few days a check for twenty-nine hundred dollars was issued to redeem the old bills, which represented a much larger sum than had been supposed. A citizen of Ohio lately made a needless trip to Washington to tell the story of his putting several hundred dollars into a gas-stove for safety. He desired the government to redeem the fragments remaining after the destruction that naturally followed. Here again the identification was so easily made that he received within ten dollars of what he originally possessed. His carelessness was not too severely punished. But in these cases the Treasury officers were exceptionally successful. Claimants are often astonished and aggrieved because the government will not take their word for losses of this kind. Congress alone can compensate for losses that cannot be proved by a production of some parts of the notes. The Treasury rule is to redeem a bill if its major fraction can be identified, or where, with less than that, affidavits establish conclusively the actual loss of the rest. It costs something to keep money, either metallic or paper, in good condition. Gold coin passes by weight, and if it is under weight the loss falls on the owner. Silver coins are redeemed at their face value, and the loss by abrasion or wear is borne by the government. The constant substitution of new paper bills for old ones entails a considerable expense on the Treasury. Most people think the government should keep money cleaner than it is by more frequent redemptions. This is an improvement that will probably come in time.

The wealth of the United States exceeds that of any other of the five great nations of the world. The real wealth of nations is the difference between assets and liabilities, between property and debts. Mr. Ballard, in the New York Sun, shows that the real wealth of the United States is greater than that of any other nation worthy of comparison, both as a whole and per capita. The following table shows the estimated wealth of the five great nations of the world, their national debts, the difference between the two being the real wealth of each:

Country.	Wealth.	Debt.
United States.....	\$100,000,000,000	\$ 925,000,000
Great Britain.....	50,000,000,000	3,885,000,000
France.....	48,000,000,000	5,550,000,000
Germany.....	40,000,000,000	3,385,000,000
Russia.....	32,000,000,000	3,333,000,000

The following table compares the wealth per capita and the debt per capita of the same five countries, there being excluded from the population of each country its colonies and dependencies:

Country.	Wealth per capita.	Debt per capita.
United States.....	\$1,340	\$11.00
Great Britain.....	1,430	92.00
France.....	1,290	150.00
Germany.....	710	70.00
Russia.....	212	24.00

Thus it will be seen that the real wealth of the United States, calculated both as a whole and on the per capita basis, is larger than that of any one of the five great nations of the world. And when it is taken into consideration that the wealth of the United States has increased to such proportions practically during the last two decades, Lord Salisbury's classification of this country among the growing nations seems fully to be sustained.

Economy in government expenses, made necessary in every department by the large deficit in the revenues, threatens to be applied heroically in the rural free delivery service. Unless the people living on the routes make a vigorous protest, rural free delivery will be placed on a contract basis. It costs the government \$28,000,000 a year to run the rural routes, paying the carriers a maximum compensation of \$720 a year. The average pay is \$300 per carrier, the rate being fixed by the length of the routes. The pruners who are looking for spots where the expenses of the government may be decreased figure that by letting out contracts for the rural service the work can be done at a cost not to exceed two-thirds of what the government is now paying.

Acting under instructions from the Department of Commerce and Labor, the American consuls in Mexico, Central and South America and the West Indies have been making reports on the imports of explosives into those countries. It is the commissioner of immigration who keeps the most dangerous imports of explosives from the United States by sending all anarchists back to Europe.

Odds and Ends.

Bishop Potter has written a book on temperance.

Gov. Hanly of Indiana maintains that he never saw the inside of a saloon.

Postmaster General Cortelyou is one of the finest amateur pianists in the United States.

Judge Pepper of Joplin is the champion whittler of Missouri. After a session the court room looks like a planing mill.

Grover Cleveland's present age of 68 has only been equaled or surpassed by ten men who held the office of President.