

OPTIMISM.

The west winds blow, and, singing low, I hear the glad streams run; The windows of my soul I throw Wide open to the sun.



If you should see bronzed men or men with soldierly bearing frequenting a certain office in a small street in San Francisco, and if you knew who the men were or what they represented, you could predict to a nicety the next Central American revolution, its leaders, and its outcome.

Three years ago the present government of Guatemala missed overthrow by just a hair. As the man who had been financing the insurrection said bitterly when the bottom fell out: "If it weren't for women there'd be no revolutions, and if it weren't for a woman every revolution would be successful."

The other man kept on smiling. "That's the way you fellows look at it. If you can't win, sell out at a good price. But that don't win in the long run. One woman can spoil the scheme."

Two years before this a young woman landed from the Pacific Mail steamer City of Para, and registered at the Palace as from Mazatlan. She had a little maid who giggled and talked Mexican, some luggage with Vienna and Paris hotel labels over it, and the manner of a deposed queen.

In due time Senorita Rivas left the hotel for quiet lodgings on Vallejo street. But before she disappeared from the court, a gentlemanly old man with knobby hands, called and introduced a companion. "This is the young man I spoke to your excellency about. I present Senor Thomas Vincent."

She let him stand while she glanced him over. Vincent drew himself up at her somewhat insolent manner, and was rewarded by a smile.

"Will you accept an invitation to supper to-night if I press you very hard?" she asked him in smooth English.

Vincent turned his eyes about the court. Then he looked down at her again, and nodded curtly. "Certainly, madam." He flushed, and went on. "But I failed to catch your name. I am awfully embarrassed."

She got to her feet, and held out a slender hand. "I am Miss Mary Rivas," she said, quietly. "My father was formerly the president of Honduras. I went to school at Bryn Mawr, and I met your sister there. That's why, when I found you were in San Francisco, I asked to have you brought and introduced."

Vincent looked at her very soberly, almost pitiably. Then he offered her his arm, and they went into the supper-room, where everybody turned to watch their progress, knowing neither of them.

When she removed to the flat on Vallejo street, Miss Mary Rivas told Vincent to come and take the first dinner with her. "We'll christen the new place," she said, gayly, "and, besides, I hope you'll find that I'm really American and can cook."

That night at 9 o'clock when the Mexican maid had departed giggling to the kitchen, Vincent's hostess leaned forward over the table at which they sat, and rested her elbows on it. Her bare arms framed her face in a sudden way that took Vincent's heart out of its regular beat. He leaped to his feet

when Maria Rivas, dropping her head, burst into a torrent of sobs, her white shoulders heaving as her agony got the better of her.

As he stood there biting his lips she threw back her head and darted up and to the window. He heard her moan, as if she saw and heard something too awful to comprehend. He walked over and stood back of her till she swung round, and he saw the tear-stained face relax and the swimming eyes close. He carried her to the table, and laid her down across it, and rubbed her hands. Then the maid came in, still giggling hysterically, and together they revived her until she sat up between Vincent's arms and slid from the big table to the floor. Vincent sent the astonished maid out by a gesture of command.

"Now what's the matter?" he demanded, hoarsely. "If you're in trouble tell me."

She panted before him. "It was what I remembered," she replied. "How can I forget?"

"After I had been five years in the States papa sent for me to meet him in Colon. I got off the steamer, and he was waiting on the wharf. I knew he would do it just that way. He put on his glasses with both hands, and looked at me as if he were very glad, and oh! I loved it, for it was just like it was when I was a little girl and ran into the big room.

"But trouble came in Panama, and papa thought we'd better come up to San Francisco. I've been so busy down here one way and another," he said, "that I'm always suspected of conspiracy. Your mother is dead, and the fun of life is out of it. We will live peaceably as befits an old man and his daughter."

Vincent's voice broke in on her story. "When was this?"

"Five years ago. And everything went all right till we got to Amapala. There a friend of papa's came on board and showed me a paper. It said papa was not to be allowed to land in Honduras, as he was plotting an insurrection. He put on his glasses to read it. When he looked up at me, he said: 'We shan't see where your mother is buried, nor the place where you were



CARRIED HER TO THE TABLE.

born." He shook hands with the friend, and said nothing more.

"On the day we were at Ocos, in the afternoon, I saw the comandante come on the steamer with some soldiers. He said he wanted to arrest papa, but that if he came along willingly he would not use force.

"I am under the American flag," papa said. "I know who has done this. It would mean my death if I went with you." Suddenly I heard a shot and then another. I hurried to papa's room. Outside there were two soldiers aiming into it. I saw papa sitting on his camp-stool and his two revolvers were in his lap. He was hunting for his glasses, but the chain had slipped down. He could not see to shoot. One of the soldiers, after a long time, fired his gun again, and father suddenly picked up his revolvers, and I cried out again. He didn't shoot, and I know now that he was afraid of hitting me. Then he fell. The soldiers fired again and ran away, panting and yelling to each other. I went in to papa, and he asked for his glasses, sitting up on the floor very weakly. When I found them and gave them to him, the blood was running very fast down his breast. He put on his glasses with both hands, wrinkling up his forehead in the old way, and looked at me very

—He looked. * * * He said, 'I am glad I could see you, little one * * * before I go.' That was all."

She went to the window and stayed there, immobile, while Vincent walked up and down behind her. At last she turned around. "That was five years ago. No one has done anything to punish them."

Vincent, because she was suddenly to him the woman, did what every man once in his life will do for one woman: he sacrificed his sense of humor. With all seriousness he stiffened up. "It was under my flag he was shot down. I've served under it. Give me another flag for Guatemala and I'll go down there and those murderers shall die against a wall, with your flag flying over their heads, its shadow wavering at their feet on the yellow sand."

Maria Rivas, because she was the woman in this case, understood perfectly. "A revolution?" she said, very quietly. He went over her hand gravely and youthfully. His manner was confident, as if he saw very clearly what was to be done and knew how to do it, not as if he had promised a girl with tear stains on her cheeks to overturn a government because of a murder one hot afternoon on a steamer in a foreign port.

This was the beginning of the affair.

Its continuation was in a little town on the Guatemalan coast, where Vincent landed with a ton of munitions of war, marked "Manufactures of Metal," and thirty ragged soldiers. A month later he had a thousand insurgents and twenty tons of munitions, and his blood had drunk in the fever that burns up the years in hours. The first thing Vincent did under its spell was to march on Ocos and take it. When the town was his and the comandante in Irons, the young man took out of his pocketbook a little list of names, made out in Maria Rivas' hand. He compared this list with the list of prisoners, and ordered out a firing squad. Half an hour later the shadow of the flag made by the woman in the Vallejo street flat wavered over the sand on which lay six men in a tangle. Generalissimo Thomas Vincent went out into the sun and looked at the last postures of the six, and then out across the brimming waters of the Pacific. A small steamer lay out there in the midst of a cluster of canoes, the American flag drooping from her staff.

An Irishman in a major's uniform came out of the cool of the barracks and stopped beside Vincent. "Another week ought to see us in the capital," he said slowly. "But I don't like this business, general. These beggars don't amount to anything. Why did you order them shot?"

A barefoot girl of some ten years crept around the corner of the sun-baked wall. She picked her way over the sand, darting hot glances fearfully at the two officers. Suddenly she stooped over the crooked body of one of the motionless ones. She tugged at the sleeve of a shirt, and as the face turned slightly upward to her effort, she fell to beating on the ground with both hands, and sobbed in the heat, dry eye.

Vincent strode over to her, and gently picked her up. Her quick sobs did not cease as he carried her into the shade, his own face drawn and white. He looked over at the major, who stood gnawing on his stubby mustache. He did not reply to the question until the major repeated it angrily. "It was because * * * they deserved it. * * *"

Vincent stopped, and then went on, almost inaudibly. "God knows why I did it, and then there's * * * the—"

He stopped once more, for the girl's hard sobs had ceased, and her lithe hand had darted from the folds of her scanty gown to the young general's throat, and the major saw him set the burden softly down, and then fall forward, the blood pouring around the blade of a knife deep in his throat.

With an oath the major leaped over to him and lifted his head. Vincent's eyes looked clearly into his. Then the wounded man looked over at the little girl, poised for flight a dozen feet away. He nodded at her with an air of absolute comprehension, and then died.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Riley's Partner in Sign Painting.

It may not be generally known that James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, was at one time a sign painter and a good one, it is said. His place of business was at Peru, Ind., and his partner was W. J. Ethel, later for many years an employe of the United States Senate.

Riley forsook paints and oils for the painting of wood pictures, but Ethel could never get over his fondness for brush and colors. One of his duties in the Senate was to put out the weather map. On blustering winter days senators used to find the map's borders decorated with scenes from tropical jungles, and when the sessions were prolonged and the weather got hot icebergs used to surround the map which told of depressing heat. Senators used to make mock bets as to whether it was hot enough to "melt Ethel's icebergs."

One day Riley, who had not heard from his former partner for years, was a caller at the capitol. Vice-President (then senator) Fairbanks was showing him the sights. They stopped in front of the weather map.

"Ethel, by thunder!" exclaimed Riley. There was a joyful reunion.

How Wasps Preserve Fresh Meat.

That remarkably self-sufficient insect, the huntress wasp, knew how to preserve fresh meat for the use of her children long before man invented his canning processes. "The huntress wasp" capture spiders, administer to them an anesthetic sting that leaves them alive but unconscious for a period of about two weeks, and then "cans" them in the tubular cell where she deposits her eggs. The preserved spider lives just long enough to furnish fresh meat to the young wasps. These mother wasps are not only skilled in the arts and sciences, but are most valiant hunters. Even the dreaded tarantula succumbs in fear to a wasp of a large and handsome species known as tarantula killers.

Past Aid.

A woman who can "fun" in the face of uncertainties has been discovered by the New York Sun.

She had a telephone in her apartment, and called up the telephone company and asked that the service be discontinued.

"We are sorry to lose you," said the man who took her message. "Are you dissatisfied with anything?"

"I am," said the woman, emphatically.

"I am very sorry," said the man. "Perhaps we can help you. What is it you do not like?"

"Single blessedness," said the woman. "I am going to be married tomorrow."



Farm Law.

Laws governing the ownership of real estate have been evolved from the mutual rights of man to the soil and his relations to his fellow man and the public welfare. Ownership of land is one of the great upholding forces of modern civilization. No man, however, acquires a right to real estate that he can maintain against the public welfare, which has the power to condemn property needed for public use, or that is a menace to public life and health. All men's rights in real estate are circumscribed by the rights of adjoining owners and the paramount interests of the general government, which can take possession of the property after appraisal and condemnation for the general welfare. If the government did not retain the right to condemn and take property belonging to private parties, then the individual holding would be an empire in itself and block all progress and public improvements.

All real estate is defined and circumscribed by boundary corners and lines as established by government survey. The States are divided into counties, and the counties subdivided into townships, and the townships into sections of 36 acres. Each section is divided into quarter sections with appropriate descriptions in the conveyance of the property. The meridian lines were used in description of real estate, and in the government survey section and quarter section corners are established to mark the boundaries of public lands.

In purchasing land it is well in the preliminary examination to ascertain the corners and boundary lines of the property and ascertain if the adjoining owner is satisfied with the division fences. If one purchases eighty acres and he apprehends that the land is short measure it would be better to have the property surveyed before the transfer is made. The government corners should be marked by a stone not easily removed, and if the corner is so designated subsequent surveys may make the property more or less than the description, but cannot change the monumental corners established by the original government survey.

Farms are occupied individually and not in severity, and the new purchaser should ascertain before closing the purchase the division of the line fences which inclose the property and discover if such division is satisfactory to adjoining property holders, as expensive litigation has often grown out of a misunderstanding of land boundaries and division fences. Every purchase of real estate should be hedged about by the removal of every obstacle that might cause a misunderstanding between neighbors.—Goodall's Farmer.

Unique Vegetable Digger.

Something new and novel in the way of vegetable diggers has been devised by a Kentucky farmer, the object of the contrivance being to catch up onions and similar vegetables and the necessarily accompanying dirt and by slight shaking separate the dirt from the vegetable. It can readily be carried in the hands of the operator, who can easily shake the digger after he has taken up a quantity of the soil and vegetable. In construction the digger resembles a miniature wheelbarrow, the receptacle forming the body being made of sheet metal containing innumerable perforations. At the front or small end of the receptacle is a swinging door, beneath which is a small shovel. In operation the digger is used as a shovel in lifting the vegetable and the surrounding soil. The digger is then shaken, separating the vegetable from the soil, and allowing the latter to pass out through the perforations.

To Fatten Fowls.

A good method for fattening fowls is given by a reader: Shute the fowls up in a dark place, with just enough light for them to see to eat, and supply them well with grit and water. Corn meal, ground oats, cracked wheat and shorts mixed in equal portions should be fed. Feed them as often during the day as they will clean up the food, and bear in mind the importance of "stuffing" them. They should be fed after dark every evening, as well as very early each morning. Half a dozen fowls together will fatten more rapidly than a large number, and if it is practical to pen them off, six to a pen is the right number. Give no green stuff to these fowls, but rations of cooked potatoes, rice, corn bread, cracked corn and whole wheat may be given. Fowls crowded and stuffed in this way should be in fine condition in three weeks.

How to Load a Wagon.

It is generally believed that the load pulls easier if put well forward on the wagon. But this is not so on the ordinary wagon, where the hind wheels are larger than the front ones. Should the wheels be equal in size, the load should be equally distributed. If the trucks are so low down that the horses have an upward pull on the load, then it would be all right to put the load well forward. The load should be proportioned to the surface contact of the wheels. A large wheel sinks less than a small one; therefore, the load should be heaviest on the hind wheels. Distribute the weight so that no one wheel or no one side is carrying the greater share, lest it make the draft excessive for the tonnage carried.

Plant Trees.

Plan now your home forest. In this twentieth century there is no large farm so valuable in its products but that it can afford an artificial grove.

We must not now judge by past experience, but by the light of the present.

But the forest you are about to plant may be more or less valuable. Make it more so by wise selections. The day of the box-elder and cottonwood is over. It might pay to plant them rather than nothing, but you may do better. Plant the ash, the catalpa, the larch. Plant nut trees and the oaks.

Blind Stagers.

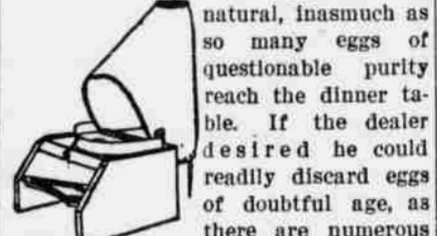
The Louisiana Experiment Station has been studying blind stagers in horses, its cause and cure. But nothing definite could be found. It is their opinion that the cause of the disease is in some way associated with the conditions of the feeding materials, such as grass, or cured products of corn, brought about by the attacks of mold or fungus.

Feed for Cows.

The cow likes a variety of food, and it pays to give it to her. For the stimulation of the appetite and aid in digestion, some of her feeds should be green and succulent, such as roots and silage for winter. Some linseed meal should be given at frequent intervals. It is not only a rich feed, but an excellent regulator of the digestive organs. Clover and alfalfa hay are both rich in milk-forming elements, and give bulk to the ration. Some corn should be given daily, especially through the cold months, as cows greatly relish the grain, and it helps in forming butter fat and in producing animal fat. Give the cows about all they will eat up clean of each feed, but shift changes often, not only the kinds, but the amounts of each kind, at different times. This change gives a stimulating variety to feeds, and the cows thrive and produce on it.

Simple Egg-Tester.

The average person evidently imagines that it is impossible for the dealer to distinguish bad eggs and good eggs. This supposition is natural, inasmuch as so many eggs of questionable purity reach the dinner table. If the dealer desired he could readily discard eggs of doubtful age, as there are numerous devices for testing them. One of the



EGG TESTER.

most recent is shown in the accompanying illustration, patented by a Minnesota farmer. It consists of a wooden frame, or casing, across the top of which is a leather support for the eggs, the latter resting in flexible apertures. In the bottom of the casing is an inclined mirror. Mounted on the upper part of the frame is a light-reflecting hood in which is placed a lamp or other suitable illuminant. In operation eggs are placed over the aperture and the light falling on the eggs will cast a shadow upon the mirror if they are unsound. The soundness of the eggs is indicated by the clearness of the light that falls through them upon the mirror.

The Frozen-Meat Trade.

Frozen Chinese pork is to be imported into England, which recalls to the mind of a writer in the London Chronicle the fact that the frozen meat trade is nearly a century old. On Jan. 30, 1816, three Eskimos arrived at Harwich, England, by the packet from Gothenburg, bringing five sledges packed with ptarmigan, blackcock and other game, frozen and packed in air-tight cases. The enterprising Northerners had to pay over \$250 duty on the consignment and \$50 for carriage from Harwich to London; but, as the game was in excellent condition, it found a ready sale and brought high prices. The Eskimos did so well out of the speculation that they remained in England for several months, spending their profits in royal fashion; but, despite the success of the experiment, it does not appear to have been repeated.

Wit of the Youngsters.

"I know why women laugh in their sleeves," said little Elmer. "Why, dear?" asked his mother. "Because that's where their funny bone is."

Teacher—Harry, can you explain the difference between "eyes" and "noes?" Harry—Yes, ma'am. You see with your eyes and smell with your nose.

Small Mabel was very restless the other night, and was unable to go to sleep. Finally she said: "Papa, please sing to me; that always makes me tired."

Teacher—How many zones are there? Small Boy—Six. Teacher—No, there are but five. However, you may name six—if you can. Small Boy—Torrif, north temperate, south temperate, north frigid, south frigid and ozone.

Mamma (in pantry)—Who has been drinking the milk, Johnny? Tell the truth now! Johnny—It was me, mamma; I wanted to see if it was sour. Mamma—Well, suppose it had been? Johnny—Why, I wouldn't have drank it.

Little Neil—What does your papa do? Little Bess—He's a horse doctor. Little Neil—Then I guess I'd better not play with you; I'm afraid you don't belong to our set. Little Bess—I don't see why. What does your papa do? Little Neil—He's a veterinary surgeon!

Eye Exercise.

"Have you a high roof?" was the apparent irrelevant question put by the distinguished oculist to the woman who had complained of having bad eyes. "Higher than the roofs of the surrounding houses?" "Oh, yes," said the woman, "a good deal higher."

"Then what I want you to do," said he, "is to go up there every day and look around for half an hour. That will do you more good than glasses. One trouble with your eyes, and with many pairs of eyes in New York, is that you exercise them so little at long range. They are used to looking at short distances only. Long distance looking is good for you. Persons who habitually have a wide expanse of sea or plain to gaze upon very seldom have weak eyes. Of course you cannot move out to the plains, neither can you spend your life on the ocean wave, but you can let your sight travel across the Hudson river every day, and I advise you to do it."—New York Press.

"See here," said the tailor, as he headed the young man off, "do you cross the street every time you see me to keep from paying the bill you owe me?" "I should say not," replied the young man. "Then why do you do it?" asked the knight of the tape. "To keep you from asking for it," answered the other.—Chicago Daily News.

Another thing which makes a "kicker" disagreeable, is that he is usually proud of it.

Some people would rather attend a trial at the court house than a circus.

STUTTERING TO BE CURED.

Vienna Public Schools Give a Special Course for Afflicted Pupils.

An interesting addition to the course of instruction in the public schools of Vienna is to be made in a short time by providing classes in four districts to overcome the defects in speech of children who stutter. United States Consul General Rublee at Vienna, who reports this matter to the State Department, says that the length of the course is five weeks and instruction is to be given during two hours of each weekday. The children are to withdraw from other school attendance, as it is essential that they devote themselves exclusively to the course for the cure of stuttering.

The co-operation of the parents is especially important to the success of the cure. During the period of the special instruction it is necessary that the children have a separate room at home where they can practice the exercises given them without any disturbance whatsoever. The parents must undertake to have the children practice their exercises at home for at least four hours daily, and during the first two weeks not to allow them to speak at all except to practice the exercises prescribed by the course of instruction.

Keeping silent is of such importance that the success of the course depends upon this requirement being strictly observed. Parents are particularly advised never to cast any doubt upon the effectiveness of the course or of the teachers. It is well known that stutters lack self-confidence, and this must be taken in account in the treatment. The children should be encouraged by calling attention to progress that has been made, for stutters are extremely susceptible to praise. Parents, however, should be careful to make no experiments and to make no tests.

At the end of the five weeks' course the instructor brings each pupil back to his regular school and indicates to his teacher what has been accomplished, besides giving advice concerning his further instruction. The teacher is requested to try to encourage and make permanent the new habits acquired. Children who have taken the special course in stuttering are examined afterward each month in order to determine what permanent results have been obtained.

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