

Farm Notes.

The Old Bone Man.

A curious character resided near an inland city of New York state. He was known by everybody as "the old bone man," but I never heard his real name. He was a German, and employed several men and teams in the pursuit of his business, which was to gather up the carcasses of dead animals in a circuit of ten miles or more. These he took to his establishment, which was located in a lonely swamp a few miles out of town. Here he prepared the different portions of the carcasses for market. The hides went to the tanners, the short hair to the plasterers, the long hair to furniture makers, the fat to soap factories, the bones to fertilizer manufacturers, the hoofs to glue makers, the lean flesh was cooked and fed to his fowls and the refuse was used to enrich his own land, and he became famous for growing excellent cabbages and making fine sauerkraut. He cleared that swamp and made it blossom like a rose by cheap German labor which he imported on contract, paid their passage and kept them until they learned the English language and Yankee ways sufficiently to command letter wages elsewhere. His fowls were fat and plump and his eggs numerous, and they found ready market in the adjacent city.

After a while it was noted about his poultry and eggs smelled like carrion. An investigation was made, the fact proven and the city authorities prohibited him from selling any more of his eggs and dressed poultry within the city limits. When the facts were made public dressed poultry, eggs and sauerkraut generally "took a tumble," people fearing that some of the "bone man's" products might be smuggled into the general lot. Some people with delicate stomachs could not, therefore, rely any of these products, no matter where grown. This article is a roundabout way to prove that feed flavors both eggs and flesh. What, then, shall be said of farmers' eggs and poultry whose fowls pass their time on dung-hills?—National Stockman.

Sulphuring Fruit.

When freshly sliced fruit is sulphured for a short time, gas penetrates only "skin deep," and when the fruit is afterward dried, whether in the sun or drier, most of the gas escapes and few persons would note the difference in taste produced thereby. Insects, nevertheless, are to a very material extent deterred from touching such fruit.

But when the latter is dried and then thoroughly sulphured, as is too commonly done, the effect is much more serious. The gas then penetrates the entire spongy mass, bleaching it, so that carefully dried fruit, too dark to be marketable, can thus be made to appear more or less inviting to the eye. Not, however, to the nostrils or to the taste, for with the color, the flavor has also suffered correspondingly; and upon opening a package of such fruit, instead of the natural aroma, there appears the flavor familiar to those who visit a chemical laboratory or acid manufactory.

The consumer then has reason to object to dry-sulphured fruit on two counts, either of which is sufficient to condemn the practice. One is that dirty, ill-prepared or damaged fruit may thus be imposed upon him for good quality; the other, that the natural flavor of the fruit is either seriously impaired or sometimes almost completely destroyed, and its acidity greatly increased.

There is another and very serious count in the indictment, namely, that such fruit is unhealthy because containing an antiseptic that impedes digestion, and while the fruit is relatively fresh, causes headaches just as will sulphured wine. After some time, the "sulphurous" acid originally introduced becomes converted into "sulphuric" acid, a condiment that few will desire to consume in their daily food.—Professor Hilgard in Rural Press.

Pertinent Paragraphs.

The Los Angeles horticultural commissioners have much faith in sprays and washes and have long held against the claim that the twice-stabbed lady-bug would eradicate the red scale, but they are at last convinced. The lady-bug and the lace-winged fly have pretty nearly cleaned San Gabriel valley of red scale, which had nearly ruined orange orchards there.

Do not overtax your fruit trees. With well-rooted trees in a good soil a tree can carry all the fruit it can bring to the best maturity. Nature has a way of remedying the evil of overbearing, which is the breaking off of overladen branches, a sort of natural pruning. When you prop up these overladen branches you defeat nature and compel the tree to give imperfect sustenance to too great a quantity, with the result that you have more pounds of fruit but it brings in fewer dollars.

Poisons have come to be necessities on the farm. Fruit, vegetables and even cereals cannot be successfully grown without them, the insect pests in all branches have so far developed with the development of agriculture and horticulture. Too much care cannot be taken to keep these poisons safely out of reach. Hardly a week passes without a case of the poisoning either of human beings or of stock through carelessness in the use of poisons.

Many persons were killed by a hurricane which swept over Hungary June 9. A spoonful of fine salt or horse-radish will keep a can of milk sweet for several days.

The wheat area this year is 95 per cent of that of last year and the average condition 84.

It must be a bitter humiliation for the men who opposed giving women any privileges at the old university of Cambridge to see a young woman bear off the best honors in the mathematical tripos. It is a pretty convincing demonstration that intellectual ability cannot be ranked according to sex, although we have no doubt the number of double senior wranglers who wear petticoats will always be small.—Chronicle.

Woman's World.

Here's Attractive.

Mr. Editor, I have been reading an article from the Rural Press entitled "Harassed From Home," and I think it contains a great deal of good sense. I confess I have not treated my own children as I should. I have sometimes been petulant with them when weary with a hard day's work and I have denied them their little wishes many times without thinking that it would cost nothing to gratify them and would increase the tie that binds and by cannot be too strong. As I read that article I resolved to do better, and I believe the reading has done me good. I wish every mother of young children could read it.

We cannot make home too pleasant to our children. We ought to remember that they, as well as we, think and reason and form opinions as to what is fair and what is unfair. They can realize an act of injustice as well as we. They are young Americans, and therefore are born with the disposition to question the correctness of the decisions of those who make and enforce laws. Their parents are to them what our legislators, officers and courts are to us, and we are free to call in question the acts of these servants of the people.

I was getting Tommy a pair of shoes. He asked for laced shoes, but I got buttoned ones. I know no reason why he could not have had his choice, but did not at the moment think his preference worth considering. Now I now I was wrong. He had set his heart on the laced shoes and his pleasure in wearing new shoes is dampened by a regret. I could have added to his happiness and did not. I shall try and not offend in a similar way again. I hope all mothers will try with me. The world will be the better for it. Mrs. A. A. M.

Woman and the Ballot.

The Forum for April says: "There is nothing in the declaration or in the constitution of the United States to indicate that women were to be excluded from participating in the affairs of government. When the Constitution was formed, suffrage was limited to males in the constitutions of all the states but one; yet, with these examples before them, the framers of the federal constitution omit all reference to the sex of the federal electors, and vest the right on 'the people of the several states,' neither men nor women, as such, being alluded to. This omission could not have been accidental. Manifestly, if it had been the intention to limit federal suffrage to males that intention would have been expressed. As women constitute one-half the 'people' will it be pretended they have no interest in a government of the people? The ballot alone gives expression to that intent. Every man who casts a vote for a member of congress, derives his right to do so from this clause of the constitution, and yet the clause has no reference to the sex of the voter. His right is based on the fact that he is one of the people. He can show no other title to his franchise, and woman occupies exactly the same position. Beyond all controversy, it is now settled that women are citizens. The 'fourteenth amendment' declares that 'all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States, and of the state wherein they reside,' while the supreme court in the minor case expressly affirms that women are citizens. It would be easy to multiply citations to this effect, but it is not necessary to do so. That this citizenship carries with it the ballot is equally clear. The supreme court decides that the right to vote for members of congress is based upon the constitution of the United States. Men and women constitute the people. Men and women, therefore, are federal electors. The right that exists for one citizen, exists for all. To deny women, therefore, the right to vote for members of congress, is to deny to citizens of the United States a constitutional right.

Attorney C. C. Babcock is a very honest-looking young gentleman, and yet this morning he was twice taken for a thief and once for a dead-bat. Mr. Babcock went into a restaurant on Third street and deposited his umbrella in the rack and hung his handsome black Derby hat on a nickel-plated hat hook. When the disciple of Babel stone had finished his repast he walked over to the wall and took what he supposed was his hat, put it on and started toward the counter to pay for his breakfast.

An athletic gentleman, who was eating his morning repast and watching his portable property, roared out for "Come back here, sir, and leave my hat." All the ladies and gentlemen in the restaurant watched Mr. Babcock as he replaced the hat and took his own. The young lawyer was as mad as a hornet and somewhat confused at the counterpane. Then he walked over to the umbrella rack and picked up an umbrella. The observant gentleman whose hat Mr. Babcock had taken notice that it was his umbrella that was being carried off, and he shouted in stentorian tones: "Drop that umbrella or I'll land you over to the police."

Mr. Babcock saw that he had made a second mistake, and soon fished his own rain shielder from among the many others that were in the rack. Then he left the restaurant, and he was called back by the cashier, who came to the door and excitedly said: "Haven't you better come back and pay for your breakfast? You will at least avoid being handed over to the police."

As he still had his check for a 50 cent breakfast in his hand, Mr. Babcock walked back and paid his bill, with the eyes of every lady and gentleman in the place fixed suspiciously upon him.

One elderly lady audibly remarked: "He doesn't look like a thief, but you can't tell by looks nowadays, what a person is, as good clothes don't cost much."—Seattle Press.

A certain town successive high school classes tried to outdo each other in the glory and extravagance attendant upon their graduation, and for weeks the preparations were the topic and sensation of the place. The dresses, music and flowers were costly, and to these were added the expenses of a reception. Finally one courageous class announced that they would neither have new dresses nor a reception. They were greatly criticised, but they fought a battle with selves and public opinion that was worth more to them than floridly written essays or blue ribboned diplomas.

Some girls possess a particular knack of arranging their hair with hardly any trouble, but these are seldom the owners of tresses that are tortured upward out of the natural line. On the contrary, the hair has for all the years of its existence been softly used and vigorously brushed back from the ears and downward in the direction that nature gave it. In this way it falls into little ripples and waves, and, being very soft and manageable, it is easily rolled up into pretty knots and plaits.

The servants of the Hudson Bay company live for years upon a diet composed of lean meat and fish alone. Some of them have lived on this for thirty years, and are well and strong. This gives a black eye to vegetarianism.

TEACHING A CHINAMAN.

A Little Girl Artlessly Relates Her Experience With a Heavily-learned.

"Oh, say," she exclaimed to a Washington Star reporter, throwing a great emphasis on the "say," and her face beaming with a sudden recollection, "have I told you about my Chinaman? She was a modest little school-girl, and her question seemed a trifle odd, and so the Star man expressed an appropriate amount of genuine surprise, and told her that he had never heard of 'her Chinaman.'"

"Well, let me tell you," she continued, and as her auditor did not protest she proceeded: "He is just too cute for anything, and he is so bright that I am sure he will learn to speak real good English very soon, and then I am going to have him teach me Chinese. Won't that be nice?"

"But you have not told me who and what he is," suggested the reporter. "Haven't I? Well, he is my pupil at the Chinese Sunday-school at the Ascension Church—and my own—and I am teaching him. You see, we have got to teach them to speak English, before we try to teach them any religion, and so I am now trying to make him understand me. It is pretty hard sometimes, but I am sure that he is going to learn."

"How many lessons have you given him," asked the reporter. "Only one, but he can say several things already and he is real bright. You see there is a little primer book that we use that is written partly in English and partly in Chinese—just like one of those horrid Latin books, you know. First there is a line at the top, where there are given some English words, you know, and opposite these are the same words in Chinese. Down below, at the bottom of the page, there is a little story that brings in these words and so he learns. He is very eager to learn, but he can not pronounce some of the words, for he has trouble with his 'r,' which he will persist in calling an 'l.' I can't break him of the habit. I said he was bright, didn't I? Well, he is in some things, but he was so stupid last Sunday. The word 'hand' was in the copy and I wanted to illustrate its use to him, and so I just stretched out my hand and said: 'My hand.' What does the stupid do but reach over and take my hand and say: 'My hand.' Of course, he did not mean to be rude, but it sounded so presumptuous that it made me mad for a minute. But the more I tried to show him his error the more he persisted in saying that my 'hand' was his. At last I took hold of his hand and said: 'Your hand,' and then he did the same for me and said: 'Your hand.' It was a little provoking, but I am hoping he will know better next Sunday."

"I suppose he is a high-toned Chinaman, from the legation, perhaps, with lots of silks and other nice clothes?" suggested the reporter. "No, indeed, he is not," was the somewhat indignant reply. "He is not one of those Chinamen, but a real nice, hard-working, poor Chinaman, who washes clothes for a living, and I do not think any the less of him for it. I wouldn't have one of those legation Chinamen, they are so proud and stuck up they think that there is nothing like them. They don't come to Sunday-school; they know enough already."

"Well, do you like to teach Chinamen?" queried the reporter to round off the conversation. "I should say I did. I think it is just too lovely for anything; but I don't want to have him think that my hand is his, for I don't and never will be, and a pair of very black eyes sparkled charmingly. I really don't know what I am going to teach him when I get him so that he can read, but I suppose that it will be something religious."

A Comedy of Errors.

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An Anecdote of Sam Houston.

Houston was beaten for the Senate by Louis Wigfall, who cut such a brilliant and yet inefficient figure at the outbreak of the war. Old Sam Houston was asked what kind of a person this Mr. Wigfall was who had succeeded to his place. Houston said: "Gentlemen, I know him well; he is the most eloquent, brilliant d—fool in all Texas."

When Houston had been beaten by Wigfall it occurred to Iverson, of Georgia, who was not much of a man, to get up in the Senate and laudate the old hero. He called attention to the fact that Houston had been repudiated by the people of his State, and said he hoped that would be the fate of all men who were traitors to the South.

The Senate thought nothing of Iverson, and everybody was curious to know what Houston would say. The old man sat there whittling a piece of wood with a knife. He was six feet five inches high, held himself very erect, was a remarkable actor; and always impressive when he desired to be. Hardly anybody looked at Iverson, for his speech was felt to be in the light of an attack upon human nature. Sam Houston, the hero of Texas, the former Governor of Tennessee, was down, and this little fellow misapprehended he had a chance to injure him.

After Iverson concluded, Houston sat still a while till he concentrated upon himself the attention of the Senate. He then rose, and in a commonplace way, referred to his defeat. "It is true, gentlemen, that I am politically dead. There appears to be no breath in my life, as far as the public service is concerned, hereafter. The condemnation of me at the polls has been condign. I did not think, however, that after my defeat the State of Georgia would be the one to come and taunt me with my disaster."

He changed his manner from the simple to the impressive, and there began to be sensibilities stirred up in every one around the Senate as he continued: "Not the State of Georgia should have thought it necessary to attack me upon this floor," said Houston, "for when I was a boy I shed my blood in Georgia for the people of that State when the tomahawk and the scalping-knife were raised against them. At such a battle [which he named] I was left among the slain, as it was supposed, and I always thought that Georgia at least would have some respect for my memory. But, gentlemen, this is not the first time that a dead lion has been kicked in the face by the heels of a cowardly ass."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Age of Trees.

From an article by Professor F. W. Putnam, on "Prehistoric Remains in the Ohio Valley," in the Century, we quote the following: "Of late years several writers have brought forward many arguments showing anew, what every archaeologist of experience knows, that many of the mounds in the country were made by the historic tribes. This has been dwelt upon so much an extent as to make common belief that all the mounds and earthworks are of recent origin. Some writers even go so far as to imply that tree growth cannot be relied upon, and state that the rings of growth do not represent annual rings. As I am firmly convinced that many of the mounds and earthworks in the Ohio Valley examined by Dr. Metz and myself are far older than the forest growth in Ohio can possibly indicate, it matters little about the age of trees growing over such mounds. However, as such a forest growth gives us the minimum age to know what reliance can be placed on the rings. In his report for 1887, Prof. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Division of Forestry, in the United States Department of Agriculture, discusses the formation of the annual ring, when speaking of tree growth. In a letter recently received from him, in which he points out the probable cause of error in counting the rings of prairie-grown trees, he states that he considers anybody and everybody an incompetent observer of tree growth who would declare that, in the temperate zones, the annual ring is not the rule, its omission or duplication the exception."

"Having received repeated assurances to this effect from other botanists, I recently again asked the question of Prof. C. S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, from whom I received the following reply: 'I have never seen anything to change my belief that in trees growing outside of the tropics each layer of growth represents the growth of one year; and as far as I have been able to verify statements to the contrary, which have appeared of late years, I am unable to place any credence in any of them. The following sentence, quoted from the last edition of Professor Gray's "Structural Botany" covers the case: 'Each layer being the product of only a year's growth, the age of an exogenous tree may in general be correctly estimated by counting the rings of a cross section of the trunk.' I believe, therefore, that you are perfectly safe in thinking that Dr. Cutler's tree is something over four hundred and fifty years old.'"

"Well, father," said the son, "that's what's the matter with me. I didn't have to come over the mountains as you did. The earliest that I can remember was being dressed in clothes so nice that mother wouldn't let me play with other boys in the street. I had every independence, was taught no ideas of independence and no duties were exacted of me. You sent me to college and paid all my bills without a murmur because you were rich and could afford it. Yes, father, it might have been better for me had I come over the mountains, but I didn't have to."

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A Cannibal Bishop.

Every one knows the story of the Frenchman who, while sitting with his face close to the open window of an English railway car, heard a sudden shout of "look out!" and popping out his head accordingly, received a tremendous bump on the forehead from the projecting pole of a scaffolding which the train was just passing; whereupon monsieur exclaimed, indignantly: "Ingrishman big fool! He say 'look out!' when he mean 'look in!'"

A similar misconception occurred during the siege of Sebastopol, when an English Guardsman was "brought up" for having given a severe thrashing to a French grenadier, the Englishman's only explanation being that "he would 'ave it, and so I just ad to 'give it him.' It appeared on inquiry that the Guardsman had accosted the other in what he supposed to be French, and that the puzzled Frenchman had exclaimed in bewilderment: "Comment?" (How?) which John Bull mistook for "Come on," "Come on yourself, then," he roared, "if you will 'ave it!" and forthwith the fistfuls began in earnest.

But more startling than all was the mistake made by a Queen of Denmark during her visit to the Danish colony Iceland, where the good old bishop exalted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and having learned that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had.

Now, it happened that the Danish word for "children" was almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for "sheep"; so the worthy bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood her Majesty to ask how many sheep he owned, and promptly answered, "Two hundred."

"Two hundred children?" cried the Queen, astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?" "Easily enough, please your Majesty," replied the hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them!"—Harper's Magazine.

Address: NIKITA.

A charming pen-picture of Nikita, "the miniature Patti," comes to us from Glasgow, Scotland, says *Democrat's Magazine*, where this wonderfully gifted young songstress appeared recently: "All eyes are expectantly fixed on the platform, and there she comes, a young, slender girl, bowing to the audience in a most bewitching way. She is simply dressed in white, her long, wavy hair tied back with a white ribbon, and, as she opens her lips, we hear a sweet, rippling stream of purest melody, gathering strength and depth as it flows, till it carries us away in a torrent of wild enthusiasm. It is a German song with a wonderful echo in it, and we seem to be among the mountains, hearing the birds sing, and the Alpine horns answering to each other from the heights. It is simply marvelous, and marvelously beautiful. There seems no effort, and there is no flaw or failure in the echo. It sounds far, far away, and yet there is the fair girl singing before us. For a farewell she gives us a birdsong. The voice is like a lark and a liltie, a mavis and a blackbird, and now again like a nightingale. Indeed, it is like a grove full of birds on a spring morning; but the woods are so silent, and it is autumn, and the birds are away. Nikita has gone." And the possessor of this marvelous voice is only in her 17th year, and is a stanch little American, whom we may hope soon to hear in her native land.

Coming Over the Mountains.

"For the life of me," said a rich man in the West to his spendthrift son, "for the life of me I can't see what the matter with the boys of to-day. All they are good for is to spend money, money, money, and they seem utterly ignorant as to its value. They have no ideas of business or economy, and if anything at all they want to begin where their fathers left off. They ignore the rounds of the ladder, and expect to enter business as wholesale merchants or bank presidents. It was not so when I was a boy. I grew up a poor boy among the sand-barrens and rocks of Maine. When I was 18 I slung a slender budget over my shoulder, took a stout stick in my hand and traveled over the Allegheny Mountains to the West in search of employment. On foot, my boy, on foot."

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