

TALKING ABOUT HENS.

How a Decided Coolness Sprang Up Between Two Old Friends.

A Rochester man named Muggs has been out in the town of Wheatland visiting some friends who live on a farm.

Mr. Muggs is not only a man of more than average intelligence, but he is also of an inquiring turn of mind; and while he was visiting on the farm he managed to pick up a good deal of information by asking questions about things.

"This must be a hen," said Muggs, confidently. "It is," said the farmer. "She seems to be taking life pretty easy," ventured Muggs.

"Quite the contrary," said the farmer. "She is busy." "Laying an egg, probably," suggested Muggs.

"Probably not," said the farmer. "She is setting." Then Muggs made some patronizing remark to the hen and reached down to stroke the fur on her neck.

The hen was busy, but not too busy to keep an eye on Muggs, and when his hand came within reach she picked a small piece of skin off from it.

"There is a difference in hens," said the farmer. "Some hens set harder than others and hatch chickens faster. I have got one that hatched out a brood of chickens last summer in ten days.

"I suppose, now," said Muggs, "that in industrious, persistent hen like that will hatch out a chicken every day, and not to let it."

"There is a difference in hens," said the farmer. "Some hens set harder than others and hatch chickens faster. I have got one that hatched out a brood of chickens last summer in ten days.

"I should think," said Muggs, thoughtfully, "that chicken hatched so fast as that would be apt to mature quickly—get old while they are young, as it were."

"Exactly—they do," said the farmer. "You remember that I bought a couple of spring chickens from you last fall," said Muggs, still more thoughtfully, as if an idea had occurred to him.

"Yes, I remember," said the farmer, who was also beginning to have an idea. "What of it?"

"O, nothing; only I thought perhaps they belonged to this brood that you have been speaking about. We broiled them a couple of days and then gave them to my boy to cut up into lean-senders."

A coolness has since existed between Muggs and the farmer.—Rochester Herald.

Evils of Deforestation as Seen on the Once Fertile Plains of Spain.

The evils of deforestation have been so many times rehearsed that it is only necessary to mention them briefly here.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Why a Detroit Tax-Payer Preferred a Wheatstone to a Patent Door-Spring.

He slid quietly into a Jefferson avenue hardware store yesterday forenoon, unrolled a paper on the counter, and as he held up a patent door-spring he said:

"I buy him two days ago, and I like to exchange him for a wheatstone." "What's the matter?" "Well, I can't make him fit on my screen door."

"Why, that's the easiest thing in the world. See here: This end screws on the door, and that end on the casing." "I tried him dot vhay, and he doan work."

"When it is on you take this metal pin and turn the spring. See the holes there?" "I does dot vhay, and my screen doors flies open."

"You turned the wrong way." "I turns him eafery way. Sometimes der door vhas wide open, and all der flies in Michigan go in, and sometimes he vash shut oop so tight I can't get in my own house. I begin on him in der morning, and I doan leave off till night, but he won't work right."

"That's curious. What tools did you have?" "I use a hammer and screw-driver and cold-shisel and saw and auger and crow-bar and lots of more, but he doan spring for me. My wife works at him, too, and my hired man he lose half a day, and I vash discouraged. I guess I trade him for a wheatstone."

"Well, I'll exchange with you, but I'm sure I can show you how to adjust it." "I guess I doan't try any more. You see, my life vhas short, and I can't spare so mooch time mit machinery. If I got a wheatstone I doan't haf to screw him on nor turn him around. Dere vhas no pins or ratchets in his stomach. He vhas all right both ends oop. Maybe he doan't keep oodt flies, but he makes no troubles for me."

The exchange was made, and the man went away light-hearted, calling back from the door:

"I can make out a wheatstone all right, and I vvas obliged mit you. A wheatstone winds oop only one vhay." —Detroit Free Press.

SWEEPING DAY. How It Can Be Robbed of Some of Its Most Disagreeable Features.

If you look at your house-work as the means to a delightful home, it will not seem hard or hateful; even the dreaded sweeping day, which I own to liking worse than wash day, leads to the repose of fresh, fragrant rooms, and a sanctity from dust and defacement.

It need not be quite so much a penance if you have proper aids. (These are covers of glazed cambric for large furniture, carpet sweeper, brushes, patience, care, etc.)

If you sweep with a broom, use damp tea leaves, bran, coarse meal, saw-dust or dry snow, to keep down the dust, remembering to have these things damp, not wet; to sprinkle only a yard or two where you mean to sweep at once, and to take it up with the sweepings before you go to the next place.

Brushing a damp mass of dust and trash over a whole carpet is not the way to improve it. Fine carpets like Wilton or Moquette should be swept with the pile to keep them from wearing; and dusters say that Brussels should be swept only one way. It is a good rule always to begin at the corner farthest from the door, taking up the dust every yard or two.

Take rags up, bringing opposite sides together, not to spill the dust; lay them face down on green sward, or hang them so out of windows, and beat the backs till all the dust is out. Beating on the face sends the dust into the firm woven ground of the rug.—Baptist Weekly.

AT THE AUCTION. Veracious Account of a Meeting Between Smarty and the Auctioneer.

And it came to pass after the going down of the sun that young Smarty was passing the mart where a certain man cried out in a loud voice: "Two am I offered; do I hear two and a half?"

MASCULINE MEDDLERS.

Why a Snappish Woman Carried a Flake of Soot on Her Cheek.

In one of the parlor cars on a west-bound Northwestern train sat a woman who was not as young as she had been and whose temper was, apparently, not as sunny as it might be.

For she scowled and looked sour and tried to read a bit and slammed the book down and banged the window up and then banged it down again when she found the wind played hob with the carefully trained bangs on her forehead.

Taking it all around she was in a fine state of mind, and there was a big piece of soot on her cheek of whose presence she did not seem to be aware, but which was observed and commented on by all of the passengers.

Soon a traveling man came out of the smoking-room, took a look at the state of things and accosted her in so low a tone that his fellow-passengers were bitterly disappointed in not being able to hear his remarks or the reply thereto.

The reply, however, was apparently very short and quite conclusive, for the traveling man retired about as quick as he knew how and with something on his face which resembled a blush remarkably close, considering that he was a traveling man.

Presently an oldish gentleman—not too old to snooze in public when it is warm, but yet old enough to be laboring under the delusion that he is yet something of a lady-killer—presently an oldish man of this sort woke out of a nap, looked about the car to see if there was anybody he could scrape an acquaintance with, spied the sour and spluttering female, and immediately began arranging his necktie and mopping off his face.

Then he happened to notice the piece of soot, and, as he left his seat and approached the woman, the passengers all watched him fleetly.

"I beg pardon, miss," he began with a smile meant to be charming, "but did you know there was a flake of soot on your face?"

"Yes, I did," was the reply, snapped out like the cracker on an old ship. This rather staggered the old party, but he partially recovered himself and remarked:

"But don't you want to wipe it off?" "No, I don't," the snapper-like jaws rattled out again, as the passengers tittered.

"And may I ask why you wish to carry that soot on your face, madam?" "Because you are the fourth meddling old fool who has told me it was there since I left Chicago, and I want to keep it on long enough to find out how many more there are of you." —Chicago Herald.

QUAINT OLD LUBECK. A Visit to the Market-Place of the Once Famous Hanseatic City.

The market place is a large quadrangle, entered only by narrow passageways at the corners, and through the colonnade under the Rathaus.

The scene in this enclosure is, every morning of the week, a very characteristic and lively one. The pavement is covered with farm produce and merchandise of all descriptions.

Robust peasant women sell the freshest of vegetables and the most delicious dairy produce; fish women, ranged in rows, tacked away in a box to keep the draughts off, attract by their vigorous cries, customers to select from their stock of live fish swimming about in trays; carts are crowded together in one corner, piled full of great leaves of bread; pigs squeal and fowls clatter in yards of cages; tables creak with a burden of quivering cheeses that thicken the surrounding air; it is a Babel of sights and sounds and odors, which the multitude appear to enjoy and thrive upon, while the stranger, if at all fastidious, holds his ears and his nose, or takes a speedy flight.

At noon time the shadows of the house gables fall upon a clean swept pavement, with only a couple of fruit booths to remind one of the tumult of the early morning. This is the hour to sit on the well-worn bench under some overhanging story, and imagine the scene when merchants of every important town, from Novgorod to Bergen, from Wisby to London, sought this their commercial capital, in the days before the discovery of the New World, with its immeasurable resources, gave a new direction to trade, and made the greatest commercial partnership in history no longer a necessity.

A Lutheran priest in long black robe and high ruff hurrying through the colonnade, completes the illusion of the past induced by this unique picture of its grandeur. Two little children in latest Paris fashion trip along with their nurse, and the spell is broken.—Christian at Work.

Glimpses of Detroit Life.

Want your sidewalk cleared off? He asked of a citizen of Woodward avenue.

"Just got a man." "Have any badges on?" "I believe he has five or six." "Then let him keep the job. I'm a tramp and hand up, but them roller skating champions has got to earn a living somehow, and I'm not the man to stand in their way. They are entitled to public sympathy and assistance."

LIME KILN CLUB RULES. On motion of Waydown Babas by-law No. 63,894 was amended so as to read: "Any person coming before this club with a salve shall not be permitted to experiment until he has given bonds in the sum of \$25, and the first experiments shall be made on the feet of members who are in arrears for dues."

Chancery Jones attorney general for the club, then announced that he had looked over the law in the case, and satisfied himself that any member who, by accident or mistake, dropped a silver quarter into the combustion box instead of a button, could not reclaim the same except by burglarizing the safe.

The meeting then went home. A DOG WHICH CAUGHT ON. "Yes, that 'ere dog belongs to me, I s'pose," replied a farmer at the market yesterday, when rallied in regard to an ungainly cur which was lying under his wagon.

"Is he any good?" "Not the least bit. I've tried to give him away, and I've tried to drive him off, but it's no go."

"Why don't you lose him here in town?" "I've tried it in vain. Lemme tell ye what I did in September. I brought that cur up here with me, and I got on the street cars and rode around for half a day. Away up Jefferson avenue he got into a row with some other dogs and lost the car, and I went home feeling that he was done for. Next morning I went at it with my boys and painted the front fence and the house, so he wouldn't know the place if he came along. I tied up a calf in the front yard, cut down all the weeds and so changed the general looks of things that my neighbors didn't hardly dare come in. On the third day we saw the cur coming down the road from town and everybody got inside. He came up, looked around in great astonishment, and his tail dropped as if somebody had tied a brick to it. In his bones he felt that it was the old place, but the painting up sorter paraded him. He sat down to think it over, and all at once he came over the fence and began to gambol around as if tickled to death. He had got on to something and it was no use trying any longer to fool him."

"What did a discover?" "Why, there had been three panes of glass out of the garage window for over two years and he'd forg't to put 'em in. As soon as he raised his eyes and saw that window he knewed the house belonged to me, and a dozen of your best lawyers couldn't have made him believe I'd sold out and moved away. Dogs is no fools, and don't you forget it."

Where He Was Struck. (Philadelphia Call.) Witness—Yes, sir; he struck me on the bridge. Lawyer (sharply interrupting)—How is that? You said a while ago that he struck you on the balcony. Witness—So he did, sir. I'm telling you no lie. Lawyer—Did he strike you more than once? Witness—Only once, sir. Begorra, I was quite satisfied. Lawyer—How, then, could he strike you on the bridge and on the balcony at the same time, and with one blow? Witness—Anyhow, he did, sir. Judge (inter-erog)—On what balcony? Witness—The balcony of the hotel, your honor. Judge—And on what bridge? Witness—The bridge of my nose, sir. Had the spoonman waited I'd told him.

Stories from Detroit. "A LADY FROM WAY BACK." A Montana woman had a neighbor woman arrested on charge of slander. The trial took place before a justice of the peace. The slandered woman, being duly sworn, took the witness stand and began:

"I'll tell ye in dorned few words how it was, Judge. That lyn' old thing that give it out cold that I wa'n't no lady, be gosh! An' if she or any other old slouch thinks I'm agoin' to lay low an swaller that kind 'ere 'ere badly lie, I'm a lady from 'way back, Judge, and I've got the papers for it! And I kin jist everlastingly lick the—"

"Verdict for the defendant!" roared the judge. SOLOMON IN TENNESSEE. A certain justice of the peace, who lived in Tennessee, was once trying a negro for stealing. Among the defendant's witnesses was a girl. It was very evident that she was not telling the truth.

The magistrate stopped her in the midst of her testimony and said, "Do you know whar you'll go if you swear a lie?" "Yes, sir," she replied. "Whar?" "I'll goter torment!" "Torment! You'll goter jail, en from thar you'll goter the plenipotentiary, that's whar you'll go!"

During the rest of the trial she spoke the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. For the jail had more terrors for her than "torment."

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OUR BREAD IN DANGER.

The Alarming Increase in Baking Powder Adulterations.

Among recent important discoveries by the food analysts is that by Prof. MOTT, U. S. Government Chemist, of large amounts of lime and alum in the cheap baking powders. It is a startling fact that of over one hundred different brands of baking powder so far analyzed, comprising all those sold in this vicinity, not one, with the single exception of Royal Baking Powder, was found free from both lime and alum.

The use of alum is to produce a cheap baking powder. It costs less than two cents a pound, whereas pure cream of tartar costs forty. Its effect upon the system has been ascertained to be poisonous, and overdoses have been attended with fatal results. Lime is the most useless adulterant yet found in baking powders. It is true that when subjected to heat a certain amount of carbonic acid gas is given off, but a quicklime is left, a caustic so powerful that it is used by tanners to more quickly rot the flesh from the bones of dead subjects.

The effect of lime upon the delicate membranes of the stomach, intestines and kidneys, more particularly of infants and children, and especially when taken into the system day after day, and with almost every meal, is pernicious in the extreme, and is said by physicians to be one of the chief causes of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the kidneys. Chemists have found 12 per cent., or one-eighth of the weight, of some of the baking powders prominently sold in this vicinity, to be lime. The wickedness of this adulteration is apparent.

The absolute purity and wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder—now affirmed by every chemist and food analyst of prominence, and conceded by all manufacturers of other brands—arises from the exclusive use of cream of tartar specially refined by patent processes, which remove totally the lime and all other impurities. These facilities are possessed by no other manufacturer. The Chemist of the Department of Health of Brooklyn, N. Y., in which city the works of the Royal Baking Powder Company are situated, after recent numerous experiments, reports:

"I subjected several samples of the Royal Baking Powder, purchased from dealers in Brooklyn, to chemical analysis, and I take pleasure in stating that this powder has attained a most remarkable purity. I am unable to detect the slightest trace of lime tartrate in it, while all its constituents are pure and of the highest quality. The 'Royal' is a baking powder undoubtedly of the greatest leavening power, and perfectly wholesome. DR. O. GROTHE, Chemist Department of Health, Brooklyn, N. Y."

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