

DAKOTA RAILROADS.

A Country Where Public Enterprises Grow Thick and Fast. We were driving past a Dakota settler's house, when he came out and said: "Survein' nother railroad?"

"Ain't? I swar, I told the old woman we got to move the house again."

"Had trouble with the railroad surveyors?"

"Yes—been snakin' my house 'round all summer. First some men come along in a buggy, set up some cone, slim, barber-pole-lookin' sticks, stuck down an' squinted through it, an' then says they: 'Old hoss, you got to move your house 'bout four rods, 'cause we're goin' to run the track of the Dakota & Gum-Weed Fork railroad right through here!'"

"So you moved it?"

"Pulled her right out o' the way. I ain't the man to hinder no public improvements! Then some more come along an' squinted an' peeked around, an' says they: 'Mister Granger, we're sorry; but we'll have to trouble you to yank your house 'round 'bout six rods to the south.' I made a bee an' we yanked her."

"Didn't that settle it?"

"No. In 'bout a week I caught some more men squintin' an' I called the boys an' we put jack-screws under the house an' then I asked the fellers where she should go. 'Jes' haul her 'bout a quarter of a mile due west, old man, says they, an' 'fore night me an' the boys had her hauled. I left the wheels right under it that time an' told 'em not to unyoke the oxen."

THE PEANUT'S USES.

Divers Ways in Which It Proves Itself a Friend of Mankind. The peanut is a thorough democrat. He is not fair to look upon, not half so pretty as his much-abused brother, the old and ever-loddering chestnut, yet he is equally at home in the Fifth Avenue palace as he is in the tenement on the East, and is equally loved and respected in both, although he is often sneered in the more fashionable quarter.

No one for a moment would suspect it, but really "there's millions in it." Not only does the peanut afford a comfortable living for thousands of gentlemen who quit sunny Italy for Italy's good, to bloom out as merchants at the street corners of Gotham, but it aids in giving employment to other thousands on three continents—Europe, Africa and America.

From Virginia southward to the Gulf of Mexico it grows in great abundance, and millions of bushels are dug up annually to provide strength for people who attend the circus and are compelled to listen to the ancient jokes of the clown. When Jack Frost first makes himself acquainted with the beautiful autumn then the peanut farmer is in his glory. He hies himself at early dawn to the field armed with a pronged hoe and digs up the modest peanut. For the peanut is modest and hides from the vulgar gaze. Indeed it is a peculiarity of this nut to push its pods into instead of out of the ground. Hence it requires digging to obtain the crop. The farmer with his pronged hoe pulls out the vine with the peanuts attached, and leaves them on the ground for two or three days to dry. Then he removes them to a shed, where they quietly rest for two weeks. The nuts are then picked from the vine and are ready for the fanning mill.

One hundred bushels of the nut is a fair estimate, and good peanuts are worth one dollar a bushel. If a man or woman, for that matter—a hundred-acre farm he can have a great quantity of peanuts, which when exchanged for dollars, even trade dollars, will net him a handsome return for his outlay and labor.

Virginia, the "mother of Presidents," may be also called the mother of American peanuts. That State alone furnishes over two million bushels. The Carolinas send their quota, and so does Tennessee, though the peanuts from the latter State are not as white as those of the other Southern States, and hence not as high priced.

The nuts are sent to the peanut factory, as callow youths are sent to college, to be dusted, coming out as white as snow—not Broadway snow, but just common every-day snow. The farmers used to do the dusting and polishing at home, but now they find it cheaper to send the peanuts to the "peanut factory."

At Norfolk, Va., there are nine of these factories, where a million bushels—often more—of the nuts are cleaned, polished and sorted by colored women.

Of course, all the peanuts are not large and handsome. Those with only one kernel are placed in the shell, which quickly removes the "covercoat," and the lonely peanut slips through to find lots of company in the separator below, which sorts them into three sizes: "extra large," No. 1, and "No. 2." Then the nuts are packed up, sent North and go into the hands of the confectioner, the man who gives his customers taffy.

SHAKE!

The Science of Palmistry. What Shaking Hands Reveals. "George Francis Train is as loony as a wild cat on many subjects, no doubt," remarked a physician the other day, "but there is a good deal of method in his madness about one thing."

"What's that?"

"Shaking hands. I don't blame him for disliking promiscuous hand shaking, it has many unpleasant features."

"What can you tell by the shake of a man's hand?"

"A good deal." Why, I can pick out the people in a crowd with whom I shake hands, who have kidney disease, and they don't know it.

"I don't understand you. Do you pretend to say there is anything peculiar in their 'shake'?"

"No, not in the 'shake,' but in the 'feel' of the hand.

"Please explain what you mean."

DECADENCE OF DIAMONDS.

Why Precious Stones Are No Longer Considered the Proper Thing. The decadence of the diamond daily grows more marked. It has long been a badge of vulgarity when worn by men, and its indiscriminate use by their own sex has brought it into disrepute with women who are really fastidious.

With any thing else except an object which confers distinction on its possessor, the greater its popularity the greater its triumph, but the diamond—once the most princely of gems, and the possession of which was almost the unique privilege of royalty—has lost its ascendancy through its very popularity as an article of adornment.

In our day it is in no sense unique, nor are its associates such as to give it distinction. It thrusts its glitter on the eye in the street, in the railroad car, in every public and unsuitable place, and usually with a background of fatness and ugliness which it only serves to bring into unpleasant prominence.

When a human being makes one thing an ambition and turns every effort to the realization of that ambition in a pretty certain accomplishment. With many women the possession of a pair of solitaire diamonds is the one thing in life desired and to be secured. The realization of the ambition may come late, but young or old, the woman who has compassed her object is so proud in that fact that she does not propose to hide the light of her diamonds under a bushel, with the result that she brings discredit on herself and on what she considers her most valuable possession.

The love of the gem itself, although savoring of childishness and of the barbarous taste which still survives in civilized humanity, is one thing; the love of displaying the diamond in public another. There are women, and men, too, who have a mania for diamonds almost like that of the miser for gold. They love the glitter and sparkle, and delight to feast their sight and touch on the precious baubles.

But these are not the people who flaunt their treasures in the gaze of the public. It is the better half of the lucky speculator, the matrimonially promoted shop-girl, the gambler's "lady," and the obese wife of the retired pawnbroker, who never feel entirely clothed unless somewhere on their person scintillates the ever-present diamond. The wearer is not to be somewhat down at the heel and out at elbow, and a thorough acquaintance with soap and water may have never been in her experience, but the diamond stones for all. In our time the burden of vulgarity is too great for the queen of gems, and in cultured estimation she sinks beneath the weight.—Chicago Tribune.

COST OF A COW. An Estimate Which is Entitled to Careful Consideration. But very few statistics on the cost of any thing lie along the road of daily thought. We have been a nation of guessers on pretty much every thing connected with farm work. What does it cost to raise a cow? is a question that we have heard hundreds of men guess at, but very few had facts and figures to back their judgment. Hon. Josiah Shull, secretary of the New York State Dairyman's Association, has been figuring on the problem, and the following is the result as his hands:

FIRST YEAR—First five days sucking the cow, no cost. Next twenty days, skim-milk after setting 12 hours, 8 quarts per day, 160 quarts @ 1 cent, \$1.60. Next twenty days—Skim after 24 hours, 169 quarts @ 1/2 cent per quart, 80 cents. Then full skim for balance of season, \$2.25. Pasturage for the season, \$2.00; 182 pounds of meal and shorts, till one year old, cost \$1.00 per pound, \$1.82; 800 pounds of hay, \$4.00. These estimates result in a total of \$12.47.

CONSUMPTION.

Wheeler's Squirrel and Gopher Exterminator. Try it, and prove the best is the cheapest. Wheeler & Co., San Francisco.

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GET RID OF THAT BAD TASTE. When you wake up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth, with your throat and tongue dry and a yellow coating on your teeth and gums, don't imagine it was all caused by what you ate the night before.

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ELLY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. I was surprised after using Elly's Cream Balm two months to find the right nostril which was closed for 20 years was open and free as the other. I feel ver- tha-ful.—R. H. Cressingham, 275 3rd St., Brooklyn.

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