

Dowie apparently has joined the long procession of disgraced emotionalists.

Venustus merely emphasizes the fact that it is never a good thing to slop over.

It will keep George J. Gould hustling to buy princes and dukes for all of his gria.

Pretty soon the trust magnates may be asking if they haven't any rights the Supreme Court is bound to observe.

A bride has made sofa cushions out of her courtship love letters. It would probably be difficult to find a softer filling.

The czar has just returned unopened another resignation by Witte. Perhaps the old man is bluffing for a raise of salary.

It should be some comfort to Dowie to reflect that in any event nobody can get those magnificent whiskers away from him.

Incidentally it is pertinent to inquire why the Zionites didn't fire Dowie long ago if they knew all those iniquitous things against him.

Legislatures are getting more careful about giving to unknown companies charters to do everything on earth and in the waters beneath.

A Cincinnati man has named his baby Ananias. Perhaps he intends to make it necessary for the child to be truthful in self-defense.

A New Jersey minister wants to know if heaven will be crowded. Not by the men folks, unless it differs a good deal from the average church.

A Pennsylvania named Weeks, with a chronic habit of pulling punches, has been given the time of his life by the judge, who sent him up for ten years.

John D. Rockefeller is going to build a \$1,000,000 palace for his grandson, but an extra bottle or two would probably give John D. III. greater satisfaction just now.

The secret of wealth, according to one of the comic weeklies, lies in making a quarter look like thirty cents. That is a good illustration of the expressive compactness of modern slang.

Members of the English Parliament, we are told, don't get any salary and can't even send their mail free. To think of the difference makes an American Congressman proud of his country.

George Gould says he put \$1,000,000 into the Western Maryland syndicate merely as a favor to a friend. George should not be surprised now to hear that some of the rest of his friends are starting up syndicates.

The mar with the hoe has not been much in evidence for several years, although he once created as much discussion as the man with the muck rake is arousing now. How soon we pass from one form of excitement to another.

It is a curious fact that the average age of Senators is far in excess of the constitutional requirement. The youngest man in the Senate is 39 years old, and hence is nine years older than the minimum age required by the Constitution, while the two oldest members of the Senate have exceeded the minimum age limit by more than fifty years, being above 80 years old.

Charles E. Hughes, speaking before the Ethical Culture Society recently, found an admirably terse expression for the causes of corporate malfeasance. He said: "When we say a corporation has or has not done a certain thing we mean that the directors have attended to or neglected a duty." In other words, the responsibility is always personal. To attack the corporation as such is so much sword play wasted. The officers and directors constitute the soul under the ribs of death. Since they are subject to the usual moral and judicial penalties, they alone are really worthy of a reformer's effort.

A loafer on the street, whose wife was probably at home getting out a neighbor's washing to make money to buy the children shoes, asked a busy man the other day if he ever saw a bald-headed woman. "No, I never did," replied the busy man. "And I never saw a woman waiting around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar in her teeth and running into every saloon she saw. Neither did I ever see a woman sitting all day at the street corner on a dry goods box telling people how the Secretary of the Treasury should run the national finances. I have never seen a woman go fishing with a bottle in her pocket, sit on the bank all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have I ever seen a woman yank off her coat and say she could lick any man in town."

What are said to be the first mural paintings ever ordered for a free public school in America have recently been completed. They were painted for the DeWitt Clinton high school in New York, and are to be placed on the walls in the same way as the decorations are affixed in the Congressional Library, the Minnesota State Capitol, and other public buildings noted for their adornment. They represent the opening of the Erie canal in October, 1825, and the meeting of the waters of the lakes with the ocean, a ceremony which concluded the opening celebration. A small barrel of the water of Lake Erie was taken from the canal and carried down the Hudson and out into the ocean by DeWitt Clinton, Governor of the State, to whose efforts the construction of the

canal was largely due. Bottles of water from the Thames, the Rhine, the Seine and other noted rivers were also poured into the ocean at the same time.

The convention of chiefs of police at Hot Springs expressed the wish that the law would establish the death penalty for burglars who carry deadly weapons with them and that it would restore the whipping post for wife beaters and minor offenders against children.

Chief Collins of Chicago heartily indorses both these suggestions, and from the policeman's point of view he makes a good argument for them. But he does not state the whole case by any means.

Take burglary with deadly weapons. That burglar has murder in his heart, or, more properly, that he reckons with possible murder as one of the details in his business, is perfectly clear. That he might be properly punished as a murderer is also manifest. That such punishment, strictly enforced, would make life much safer for city residents we may well believe. But against all this there is a practical certainty that the death penalty will not be established for such a crime. The tendency is away from hanging, not toward it.

Only a riot of crimes, due to some great loosening of the social bonds, will restore it. And there is no reason to expect that the case will become so bad as that. Instead of recommending greater severity of punishment, the police would do well to urge greater discrimination. They would do well to emphasize professional crime as needing special treatment for the protection of society.

Our laws make practically no distinction at all between the professional criminal and the chance criminal or first offender. The board of pardons will turn a professional loose under the International sentence.

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For the Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Sylvia uttered a little cry. She had become fond of her dumb companion. "Kill Nanny! Oh, Mr. Dawes! What for?"

"I am going to make a boat for you," he said, "and I want hides and thread, and I want you to help me."

A few weeks back Maurice Freere would have laughed at such a sentence; but he had begun now to comprehend that this convicted convict was not a man to be laughed at, and though he detested him for his superiority, he could not but admit that he was superior.

"You can't get more than one hide off a goat, man," he said, with an inquiring tone in his voice—as though it were just possible that such a marvelous being as Dawes could get a second hide by virtue of some secret process known only to himself.

"I am going to catch other goats at the pilot station," he said.

"But how are you going to get there?" "Float across. Come, there is no time for questioning. Go and cut down some saplings, and let us begin."

The lieutenant master looked at the convict prisoner with astonishment, and then gave way to the power of knowledge, and did as he was ordered. Before sundown that evening, the carcass of poor Nanny, broken into various most unwholesome fragments, was on the nearest tree, and Freere, returning with as many young saplings as he could drag together, found Rufus Dawes engaged in a curious occupation. He had killed the goat, and having cut off its head, he was endeavoring to extract the carcass through a slit, which slit he had now sewed together with strings. This proceeding gave him a rough bag, and he was busily engaged in filling this bag with such coarse grass as he could collect.

Freere observed, also, that the fat of the animal was carefully preserved, and the intestines had been placed in a pool of water to soak.

The convict, however, declined to give information as to what he intended to do. "It's my own notion," he said. "Let me alone. I may make a failure of it."

Freere, on being pressed by Sylvia, affected to know all about the scheme. He was, however, experienced in the art of concealment, and he would not say a word which should contain a mystery which he could not share.

On the next day, by Rufus Dawes' directions, Freere cut down some rushes that grew about a mile from the camping ground, and laid them in a row on the bank. This took him nearly half a day to accomplish. Short rushes were beginning to tell upon his physical powers. The convict, on the other hand, trained by his long experience in the art of endurance of hardship, was slowly recovering his original strength.

"What are they for?" asked Freere, as he hung the bundles down.

"To make a boat. You are very dull, Mr. Freere. I am going to swim over to the pilot station and catch some of those goats. I can get across on the stuffed skin, but I must float them back on the reeds."

Freere said that his companion was cleaning the intestine of a goat. The outer membrane having been peeled off, Rufus Dawes was turning them inside out. This he did by turning up a coat sleeve, and dipping the turned-up sleeve into a pool of water. The weight of the water, pressing between the cuff and the rest of it, bore down a further portion; and so, by repeated dippings, the whole length was turned inside out. The inner membrane having been scraped off, there remained a fine transparent tube, which was tightly twisted and set to dry in the sun.

"There is the catgut for the noose," said Dawes. "I learned that trick at the regiment. Now, come here." Freere, following, saw that a fire had been made between two stones, and that the kettle was partly sunk in the ground near it. On approaching the kettle, he found it full of smooth pebbles.

"Take out the steam," said Dawes. Freere obeyed, and saw at the bottom of the kettle a quantity of sparkling white powder, and the sides of the vessel crusted with the same material.

"What's that?" he asked.

"How did you get it?" "I filled the kettle with sea water, and then heated those pebbles red hot in the fire, dropped them into it. We could have caught the steam, and cloth and wrung out fresh water, had we wished to do so."

Freere burst into a sudden, frantic admiration: "What a fellow you are, Dawes! What are you—mean, what have you got there?"

"A triumphant light came into the other's face, and for the instant he seemed about to reply by some startling revelation. But the light faded, and he checked himself with a gesture of pain.

"I am a connoisseur in salt," said Dawes. "I have been a sailor, shipbuilder, prodigal, vagabond—what does it matter? It won't alter my fate, will it?"

"If we get safely back," says Freere, "I'll ask for a free pardon for you. You deserve it."

"I don't want favor at your hands. Let us get to work. Bring up the rushes here, and tie them with a fishing line." At this instant Sylvia came up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Dawes. Hard at work? Oh! what's this in the kettle?"

The voice of the child acted like a charm upon Rufus Dawes. He smiled quite cheerfully.

"Salt, miss. I am going to catch the goats with that."

"Catch the goats? How? Put it on their tails?" she cried merrily.

He replied, "I am going to catch other goats at the pilot station." "But how are you going to get there?" "Float across. Come, there is no time for questioning. Go and cut down some saplings, and let us begin."

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At this instant Sylvia came up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Dawes. Hard at work? Oh! what's this in the kettle?"

"This made me work when I couldn't stand, Maurice Freere. It is wonderful what spirit the cat gives a man. There's nothing like work to get rid of aching muscles—so they used to tell me."

"Well, what's to be done now?" "Cover the boat. There, you can set the fat to melt, and sew these hides together, see and this. As you see? and then sew the pair at the necks. There is plenty of catgut round."

"Don't talk to me as if I were a dog!" says Freere, suddenly. "Be civil, can't you?"

But the other, busily trimming and cutting at the projecting pieces of sapling, made no reply. It is possible that he thought the fatigued lieutenant beneath his notice. About an hour before sundown the hides were ready, and Rufus Dawes, having in the meantime interlarded the ribs of the skeleton with wattles, stretched the skins over it, with the hairy side toward the water.

Along the edges of this covering he bored holes at intervals, and fastened through these holes things of twisted skin, he drew the whole to the top of the boat. One last precaution remained. Dipping the panikula into the melted tallow, he plentifully anointed the seams of the several pieces. The boat, thus turned topsy-turvy, looked like a huge walnut shell covered with red and reeking hides, or the skull of some Titan who had been scalped.

"There!" cried Rufus Dawes, triumphant. "Twelve hours in the sun will dry the hides, and she'll swim like a duck."

The next day was spent in minor preparations. The jerked goat-meat was packed securely into as small a compass as possible. Water bags were improvised out of portions of the intestines of the goats. Rufus Dawes, having filled these with water, ran a wooden skewer through their mouths, and twisted it tight, tourniquet fashion. He also stripped cylindrical pieces of bark, and having sewed each cylinder at the side, fitted it to a bottom of the same material, and called the seams with gum and pine tree resin. Thus four tolerable buckets were obtained. One goat skin yet remained, and out of this it was determined to make a sail.

"The current was strong," said Rufus Dawes, "and we shall not be able to row far with such oars as we have got. If we get a breeze it may save our lives. It was impossible to 'step' a mast in the frail has-let structure, but this difficulty was overcome by a simple contrivance. From thwart to thwart two poles were placed, and the mast, lashed between these poles with things of rawhide, was secured by shrouds of twisted fishing line running fore and aft. Sheets of bark were placed at the bottom of the craft, and made a safe flooring. It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day that these preparations were completed, and it was decided that on the morrow they should adventure the journey."

"We will coast down to the bar," said Rufus Dawes, "and wait for the slack of the tide. I can do no more now."

(To be continued.)

SHORTEST TELEGRAPH LINE.

"Fourth Assistant's Short Line" in Postoffice Department.

The fourth assistant postmaster-general possesses the unique distinction of controlling and operating the shortest telegraph line in the world, and as this miniature system connects Mr. McGraw's desk with the one occupied by his private secretary, the latter was able to acquaint him with the contents of the papers without leaving his seat, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The total amount of wire used in the construction of "the postoffice short line" is less than thirty feet. The desk of the fourth assistant is equipped with a complete telegraphic apparatus, as are the desks of his private secretary and his confidential stenographer, Robert H. Prender. As both of the last-named gentlemen are not only expert stenographers but top-notch telegraphers and in addition possess the ability to read each other's notes it can readily be understood that the operation of such a system greatly facilitates the handling of a day's business.

The requirements of the four divisions which comprise the fourth assistant postmaster-general's bureau—appointments, bonds, city free delivery and rural free delivery—include in their jurisdiction upward of 150,000 persons, and the business of the office naturally includes a huge mass of detail. Some such plan for facilitating minor routine duties as therefore necessary. Fourth Assistant DeGraw had a reputation in old days, as a fast telegrapher. Along in the '80s, while managing the Washington bureau of the United Press, he sent 590 words in ten minutes, each word spelled as the record in fast sending. Since that time first-class telegraphers have acquired what is known as the Phillips stenotelegraphy, a code especially adapted to the transmission of newspaper matter, and which is capable of doubling and sometimes trebling the capacity of a wire in comparison with early methods. The sending of code telegraphy was made possible through the adoption of the typewriter for receiving purposes, enabling the receiver to greatly increase his speed.

The telegraphers on the "Postoffice Short Line" are all experienced code men.

While the writer was discussing with Mr. DeGraw in the conference room the advantage of this unique adjunct of a part of the paraphernalia of an up-to-date business office, a page appeared with a message which would have been summoned to take the reply in notes, which he would have had to transcribe, consuming ten, perhaps, ten minutes, and necessitating an interruption to the conference between the assistant postmaster-general and the reporter. Instead of following this stereotyped course Mr. McGraw's wire, his secretary a hasty reply to the message without leaving his chair. This was copied from the wire on the typewriter and in less time than it takes to tell it the incident became a daily recorded and finished official transaction.

Measured by Time. "Do you consider frenzied finance a question of the hour?" "The hour!" echoed the magazine publisher scornfully. "It is the question of several years at least."—Washington Star.



Working Poultry and Strawberries.

When one speaks of poultry in connection with any low-growing plant most people can see only the scratching birds and the ruined plants, but the combination has been and is being profitably carried out. If one selects one of the larger breeds of hens for this combination the scratching part of the proposition will be reduced to a minimum, and if the fowls are not required to obtain their entire living from the patch of strawberry plants, they will do comparatively little damage. It is, of course, understood that the fowls are not allowed on the patch until after the fruit has been gathered, but from that time until they go into winter quarters they will be exceedingly useful, for they will take good care of all the insects, do little damage in the way of scratching which can be readily repaired by going over the plot each day, and their droppings will add materially to the richness of the soil. If the plantation covers a considerable area it will be a good plan to have several small colony houses on the plot so that the hens may have their own quarters and thus work over a smaller area. The profit from this combination is good, and neither will interfere with the other, especially if the fowls are raised for egg production. Try it on a small scale and increase as experience proves it pays.

Keepsake Gooseberries. The main value of this recent introduction from the other side seems to lie in the fact that the variety is very firm, productive and ships well.

Guinea Fowls Should Be Popular. Guinea fowls should find a place on every farm, as they are profitable and useful. They are profitable because, as table fowls, they have few superiors, being in many ways similar to the wild prairie chicken, so much sought for by those who love the gamey flavor of the wild fowl. Their flesh is dark and solid, and no matter how cooked, whether as a roast or in a pie, they are tempting. Their eggs are delightfully flavored, and, though small, they find a ready sale in all the markets. They are useful as guardians, because at the first approach of danger, whether by day or night, they set up their warnings that must frighten the intruder or bring help to their offspring.

A Turkey Coop. A turkey coop which has been used with perfect satisfaction is described in American Agriculturist as having several distinct advantages over ordinary coops. It is built out of a large packing case. At the top is a ventilator. Suspended by a cord is a drop door of close boards and beneath this is an ordinary floor party of wire netting. Each is hinged and can be opened independently. On cold nights ventilator and drop door may be closed.

Points on Pruning Shrubs. If those who have shrubbery on their grounds would but remember the simple fact of the period of bloom and that blossoms come on the new growth they would remember when to prune. The blossoms on the spring-blooming shrubs are formed on the wood that was grown after the blooming season of a year ago, hence if these shrubs are pruned in the spring we simply cut off the flower-bearing shoots and no flowers are had. The time to prune spring flowering shrubs is just after they have stopped blooming, so they may have the rest of the summer in which to grow the flower shoots for another spring. The fall-blooming shrubs should be pruned in the spring, for they will then grow the flower shoots for the coming fall period of bloom. One can see how simple it is if they will but remember.

Much Needed Sweet Potato. A sweet potato that will keep as well as the white potato is what Professor E. J. Wickson, of the department of agriculture of the University of California, thinks he has discovered. It was picked up in the Ladronne Islands by a skipper, who took aboard a lot of excellent flavored sweet potatoes last April, and, finding them still in good condition upon his recent arrival in San Francisco, gave specimens of them to Professor Wickson. They will be propagated in the hope of working in the commercial world of potatoes a revolution that will be worth many millions of dollars to California and a boon to mankind.

Grass of the Lawn. Where it is desired to thicken grass, or increase the variety in lawns or dooryards, much may be done by simply sowing seed. The sprouting will be favored by the shade of the grass, and the growth of the young plants by a frequent clipping, so that by late summer or before a good sod will be established. The principle is that cutting prevents shading the young grass and supplies it with sun and air, thus giving it an equal chance with the old grass, if the ground is rich enough, as it generally is in lawns and dooryards.

Value of the Incubator. It is hard to get hens to sit in winter, and it is almost necessary for the farmer to use incubators to raise broilers in times to bring the best prices. The incubator on the farm is being brought to more profitable use every year. There is no doubt that the incubator and brooder method of raising chickens is a wonderful improvement on the hen method. It is cheaper, and a greater number of fowls can be raised from the same number of hens.

Cut-Worms on Wheat. Reports from Canadian and Kingfisher counties state that wheat is being seriously damaged by cut-worms. The entomologist of the Oklahoma experiment station has visited fields where the worms are at work, and recommends spraying a strip of wheat just ahead of the worms with Paris green at the rate of one pound to 100 gallons of water. The spraying should be done while the worms are feeding on the wheat, and of course, no stock should be allowed to pasture on the sprayed wheat.

A Method for an Amateur.

A more ambitious method than that of growing his early flowers in boxes, kept in the house, may be tried by the amateur gardener who is also an amateur carpenter. A hotbed may be built at small expense. Old window sash, or a single sash purchased cheaply, and four boards, one inch thick and one and one-half feet wide, may be put together to form the hotbed, the boards being used for the walls.

Warm stable manure should be put in the bottom, from one-half to three-fourths of a foot deep, and firmly pressed down. The bed should be well drained. Light soil, to a depth of one or two inches should be spread over the manure and after one or two days, when the temperature is cooled down to 70 or 80 degrees, the bed is ready for use.

The plants, in pots or boxes, should be put in the bed. The boxes may be prepared as for indoor use, with ordinary garden soil at the bottom, and lighter soil on top. Large holes should be left to drain the box. The fine seed should be sprinkled on the surface, and fine soil sprinkled over it, and the coarse sash sown in drills, or pressed down into the soil, and covered with a thin layer of earth. The soil should be gently sprinkled with water as soon as the seed is planted and kept moist, without becoming soggy.