

The St. Evening Tribune

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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THE LITTLE AUTOCRAT.

Three years ago you could not find upon our pleasant streets another little home like ours. Our baby boy had changed all that. But we are quite resigned, if not a little amused, to see the little autocrat in his misrule.

It may indeed seem rather strange to unaccustomed eyes. To see the parlor chairs returned, the dining table rearranged all that. But when we see, within the cab, a curly head appear. We can but throw a kiss to him. The rough engineer.

And off in military zeal The sofa he'll invade. And with the downy cushions laid A sultan barricade. Then if at times within the room He'll sit upon the floor. We find upon the fortress walls The general's report.

For him we read the willing knee In lowly sports and games. Content if by our loving wife He has a happy day. And with content the care Of work of any kind. If but the little autocrat Is easy in his mind.

—Anna E. Treat, in Good Housekeeping.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

By Gwendolen Overton.

THAT Miss Foster was different from and more charming than all the rest of her sex might have been proved from many a man to whom she had been engaged in the two years since she had come back from school, beginning with Cadet Ferris and ending with Cady.

That Capt. Foster was exactly like all the rest of the men of his class, the blessing he had in his daughter, was manifested by his drawing from his pocket a letter, and saying as he gave it to her: "By the bye, Kitty, this came for you yesterday while you were riding with Cady, and I forgot to give it to you."

Miss Foster looked at the postmark and at the almost feminine chirography, and knew that the letter was from Fort Bowie, and from Gloucester. She laid it beside her plate and finished her breakfast. Afterward she took it up to her own room and read it. Then she sat with folded hands and looked, unseeing, at the photographs of the 15 upon the wall before her. She was very young.

The most astute woman will frequently stake everything and play all her game of honor in man. When that chance to fail, her calculations are set at naught, and the bottom falls out of her universe.

And Gloucester's honor had failed. He wrote—Kitty read it again—"So you tell me you are engaged to Cady. That means little to you. But it may mean much to him. Therefore, to prevent his being made a fool of, I have been, I have taken the liberty of sending him by this mail the letters you have written to me within the last month—four in number—that he may know with what manner of woman he has to deal."

Now, 14 times before, Miss Foster had not been in earnest. But this time she was. Unfortunately, the fact that she cared greatly for Cady had not prevented her from writing to Gloucester more affectionately than presently, in order to keep him from "other dear charms" who was away—upon her string, so long as it would hold him without snapping. And the letters, sent while she was actually engaged to Cady, were going to fall into his hands. It was a desperate situation. But, for all her big eyes, and curls, and bewitching ways, Miss Foster was to her work and to her feet.

After a time she rose to her feet and set her lips to a peculiarly firm Cupid's bow lips that they can set, upon occasion. She knew that Cady had not yet received those letters. And she determined that he never should. She would rob the stage.

Gloucester mounting was just over, and the stage was not due until noon. Kitty set a big hat a-sitting upon her curls and walked down to the post office. Fate, with her partiality for the leave and fair, willed that the postmaster should have left his desk. Miss Foster pushed open the gate and went behind the rail. The keys to the mail-bag hung upon her book. She was pleased to see the clean blotter with the letter stamp.

"If you please, Mr. Jones," she said, "I want this letter registered."

An hour later Miss Foster reined up, her horse on the flat of a rise and looked across the flat stretch of greenwood and across the hills. Far away a tiny speck was crawling toward her along the plains, and she had an unfailing eye for its distances. There would be full half an hour to wait. She cast about for some way of killing time, and found a deep, wide fissure in the parched earth. It appeared to her daring. She put her horse to a run and jumped it time and again until he was winded. Then she rode again to the crest of the slope. The stage was near. She dismounted, felt of the girls, and sat down, hugging the tiny noontide shade of a mesquite bush, for the sun was burning down from a hard, blue sky. A big red ant was carrying a beetle's spiny many legs larger than the rattle of traces as the stage climbed the other side of the slope. Then she commanded her soul to Heaven and brought her quiet down upon the horse's back flanks.

The stage driver drew up his stock, and the one passenger put out his head and shoulders and gazed at the slender gray figure rising alone in the midst of the prairie.

"What ever was that?" the driver stopped short. He saw the horse grazing on a bunch of stumpy grass, a hundred yards away. Kitty went a step nearer and laid her hand on the wheel. She had seen that there was no woman in the stage. A woman would have upset all her calculations. She raised her big blue eyes. The men who could have resisted them were few. Those in the stage listened now to a tale calculated to lead a heart of stone.

"It was just out for a little ride," said Kitty. "and my girls were loose, so I dismounted to cinch up, and that border Dandy got away. If you had not come I don't know whether I should have done."

THE NEGRO IN WAR.

Their Conduct at El Cancey Proves Them to Be Good Soldiers.

What doubt there may have lurked concerning the qualities of the American negro as a fighting soldier had been swept away by the magnificent conduct of all the colored troops, infantry and cavalry, when led into fire by their white officers. The quality of the leadership may be inferred from the heavy proportion of losses among the officers. The gallant Twenty-fourth alone lost 40 per cent. of its officers in the charge on El Cancey. The losses among the men were almost equally heavy. This was the same regiment which afterward furnished 80 volunteer nurses for the yellow fever hospital at Siboney, and when 35 of these had been stricken down replaced them by 25 more.

How these same troops would have behaved without the inspiration of their white leaders must remain an open question. As an experiment, I fancy, it would be scarcely worth trying. Those who insist that the fights of those days were soldiers' battles, meaning battles in which strategy and leadership counted for little, must give credit to the colored soldiers for their part in the achievement of victory. One of the Englishmen serring with us, I recollect, who had watched the conduct of our black troops with professional curiosity, reached the conclusion that they were just as good as some of the best soldiers in India, and commented on the fact that these troops invariably do better when led, in part at least, by officers of their own color and blood.

Our colored soldiers certainly contained many men who showed themselves possessed of the first and most important instinct of leadership. I recall the feat of one negro—a color sergeant of the Tenth cavalry, I believe. He, the charge on San Juan Hill, carried the guidon of his troops, and was ordered by his captain to keep near him, holding the guidon aloft, where it would be well in view. From that time on the captain and all the following troops were found it hard to keep up with their guidon, plunging ahead through the high spear grass, up the steep hill, straight for the pitiless Spanish fire from the hilltops. When the old negro reached the crest of the hill, together with the rest of the rough riders, he waved his tattered red and white guidon aloft as an encouragement to his fellow-troopers, and he stood there with his little flag, his figure clearly silhouetted against the sky, until the inevitable happened, and he fell wounded twice. For this act of conspicuous gallantry this particular colored soldier was recommended by his superior officers for promotion. He had been in the war, and he had been promoted to a lieutenant on the spot.—Collier's Weekly.

THE TRAGEDY OF AN EMPIRE.

True Story of the Downfall and Disgraceful Death of Prince Rudolph of Austria.

The carnival was at its height in gay Vienna. The noisy masquerades were returning from their revels, and were making the old city ring with shouts and laughter. The sun was struggling through the mists of the January morning, but almost before it had risen high enough to melt the golden cross of St. Stephen's cathedral all Vienna knew that there would be no more dancing during that carnival. The word had gone round that the crown prince was dead; murdered, some declared—fallen in a duel, others conjectured—accidentally killed, said the papers.

Six years prior to this unhappy night Crown Prince Rudolph was forced by the circumstances of his station to marry Stephanie, the daughter of the king of Belgium, whom he did not love, while his heart was given to Baroness Vetsera, the most beautiful woman in Vienna. What her character was I do not pretend to know, but the favor of a crown prince is enough to make the head of almost any Austrian woman, particularly if she has been reared in Vienna, under the demoralizing influence of its court. His disappointment drove him to despair; the crown princess went mad; and the city was scandalized, and the emperor had to seek a way out of the difficulty. Count Hlovas, an officer in the Austrian army, and one of the numerous admirers of the young baroness, was promoted to command the army and the assistance of the emperor if he would gain her consent to marry him. This the count succeeded in doing. Then came the end. The count and his fiancée were invited to spend the evening of January 20, 1889, with the crown prince, in his hunting lodge at Meyerling. Wine flowed freely, and the hours were full of mirth. But suddenly, without warning, Rudolph drew a revolver, shot the count, then the baroness, and then laid a bullet through his own heart. Edward A. Steiner, in Woman's Home Companion.

RECENT HIM.

A large, self-possessed woman, certainly past the age of 23, stepped into a Dearborn street barber shop, with a small, blinking, rose-eyed god under her arm.

Every barber not at work on a customer instantly came to attention. "I don't know whether I have come to the right place or not," she said. "I was told there was a shop somewhere along here where I could have my little dog shampooed. Can you give it here?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the operator presiding at the chair nearest the front door, with dignity. "Alembades," he added, turning stiffly to the boy who "give the lady's dog a shampoo," "Chicago Tribune.

DIDN'T SEE CADDIS FOR THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Jackson (indignantly)—"Ye say 'ye haven't got anything to be thankful for.' Why, jess look at Ab Johnson! He has jess lost his wife by consumption and four children by diphtheria."

Mr. Jackson—But dat don't do me any good! Johnson ain't me!—Judge.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

He was a soldier of fortune and a prisoner of war.

"Come," they said, "sign the parole!"

But he only shook his head.

"Sever!" he said, "sign the parole!"

"Sever!" he said, "sign the parole!"

No, he wasn't in the war business for sanitary reasons.—N. Y. Journal.

HUMOROUS.

"The rane on the church steeple says the wind is east." "Well, that is pretty high authority."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Trainer—"Hit him like a rail." Pugilist—"The hat cut to go; the head, 't."—Syracuse Herald.

"And yet, I trow," the actor cried, Emerging from the wing— But the gallery it rose on masses, —Detroit Journal.

"We are worried about Dulin; he got out of a sick bed to go to the matinee." "How could she?" "She had to go; she had a ticket."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A West Union woman called in the doctor to see her husband, not because he seemed sick, but because he didn't want to go to the circus.—West Union Gazette.

"I have never met," he said, "more than two really lovely women." "Ah!" she said, looking up innocently into his face, "who was the other?"—Chicago Journal.

The Day After—Grogan—"I'm feeling terrible to-day." Hogan—"Congratulations, old boy. You must have had a mighty good dinner yesterday."—Boston Transcript.

A Play on Words—"Yes," she said, bitterly, "you loved me then—and now?" "I never loved you," he calmly replied. "I still love you now and then."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Caller—"That was a fine editorial you had this morning on the 'Theater.'" Assistant Editor—"Yes, the old man wrote it himself, after one of our best poets notified him that we would get no more verse unless we paid something for it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NO MARKET FOR STOLEN HAIR.

A Dealer's View of the Stories of Girls Whose Hair Disappeared Suddenly.

A reporter for the Sun asked a dealer in human hair whether men in the line bought the braids reported from young girls' heads in the streets and elsewhere. He smiled and said: "Many people think so, but they are mistaken. If I did purchase the hair, we would not give 50 cents for the product. Some people labor under the impression that a head of beautiful tresses is worth \$25 or \$30. There are in the large cities houses that buy women's hair, but it is my opinion that very few are used in the hair trade. A woman's hair finds its way to them. The prices paid for such goods are so small that it would not pay a person to rob women of their hair. I have frequently been asked whether tramps offer us for sale hair that might have been slashed from a woman's head. None has ever entered our place. Persons with hair gotten legitimately sometimes bring it to sell, but we cannot give their hair in this way. Lock at this hair. That is the only form in which we buy it. Most of the hair used in this country comes from France. There is no hair cut in the United States for the purpose of selling it. Agents go from house to house to pay trivial sums for it, and then skillfully cut it off. Then it is sent to factories, where it goes through various processes before it is ready for the market. The hair I have in my hand is all of the same length. The fine and strong hair and the coarser and most feeble and the long and short must be separated. All must be uniform. These are the reasons. If we could not utilize hair just cut off."

CAMELS HARBOR HATRED.

The Ungainly and Ugly Beasts Will Wait a Long Time to Average a Wrong.

The camel is stupid, slow and angry, and then seems to become suddenly possessed of an intelligence almost supernatural in carrying out itsvengeful designs. Patigue relates the following story of a camel's revenge, which serves to illustrate this point: "A lad of 14 had conducted a large camel laden with wood from one village to another at a half hour's distance. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way its conductor struck it repeatedly, and he said that it seemed to have thought he had a right to do. But not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate quills, it 'bode his time.' That time came when the camel, on the fifth day after the same lad had reconducted the beast, but unladen, to his own village. When they were about half way on the road and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looking deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was in sight, and, finding the road clear of passers-by, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head by the neck of his turban, and, lifting him up in the air, flung him down again on the earth with the upper part of his skull completely torn off. Having thus satisfied its revenge the brute quietly resumed its pace toward the village at the same time the speaker addressed the following words to the camel, which he said, 'I tell you, men, who had observed the whole, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it.'—London Telegraph.

CLOAKS FOR GIRLS.

These Now Worn Are Superior in Style and Finish and Varied in Color.

Small cloaks for small girls are very superior in style and finish this season and as varied in color and mode of trimming as any existing little maiden could wish. Smooth finished cloths, Venetian cloths, camel hair, ribbed and plain velvets, bengalines and corded silks are the materials most employed, while green, red, blue, brown, fawn and white are the popular colors. The coats are made half fitting, both double and single breasted, and the really new feature in cut is the circular flounce, fully nine inches deep, which forms part of the skirt. Some of the coats are made with a waist, the lower part being set on to the body with fullness like a skirt, but they all have deep collars, which are the foundation for all of the trimming. These are covered with velvet, either matching the color of the cloth or in a contrasting color, and are of applique lace and a band of fur. Narrow white and black braid, sewn in rows on the collars cut with battlement-shaped edges or wadded lines, is a very effective and inexpensive trimming. White lace, especially pretty and a narrow white belt adds much to the effect. Shirred silk is sometimes used to cover the revers and a smaller turnover collar, with a row of buttons, is also used. The triple capes very pretty. One that caught our eye was a wide red velvet collar of white silk edged with a ruffle of the silk, which also had an edging of narrow satin ribbon. This collar turns back from a V-shaped top of the silk, and both are decorated with medallions of applique lace. For very small girls the prettiest cloaks are made of white corded silk, green and blue, and in the latter a lower fur. Applique designs of white silk trim one red velvet collar edged with swansdown, and the cloak is of soft, dull red cloth. A green cloth cloak shown in the illustration has a green and white corded silk trim with bands of satin ribbon with rosettes at the waist in the back, and bows and ends in front. A black velvet yoke with fur trimming is the special feature of a red velvet cloak, and the pretty bow coat with plain in the back is of white corded silk, trimmed with lace. Some of these little garments have the circular flounce at the bottom, narrow circular frills over the shoulders, and a trimming of Tulle for the wrists with lace applique trim. The plainer cloak with triple shoulder capes edged with piping, are quite as good style as the more dressy ones, which, however, seem to be especially intended for the young girls of the country. The white silk coats has quite a deep cape smoothed in points around the neck and edged with white fox fur, with applique lace above.—N. Y. Sun.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

"Paw" Was Present and Provided His Male Progeny with Plectoral Patronymics.

The lad was only about four feet high, but he had a coonskin cap and a pair of rawhide boots which looked as if they had been made to order for a giant. The man who was touring through that neighborhood, on government business, had stopped by the horse at the log house to make some inquiries as to the roads. He introduced the conversation with the patronizing inquiry: "What is your name, my little man?" "My name is Jim," said the boy, with a grin at him with stern gravity and answered: "Doctor Hawkins." "Why—how long have you been a doctor?" "After some moments of mental calculation he replied: "About 14 years." "Are you the head of the family?" "No, I reckon you'd call Gen. Hawkins the head of the family. He keeps here down in the gap. Thought Barabara was the best place to stop. Between general and me—helps a lot. He's mighty good to me, Baron is."

WEBBS OF MEMORY.

Strange Misapprehension Woven in the Following Light at the Domestic Fireside.

"Mildred!"

It was the young wife's name which was called, and the husband, sitting in the cozy front parlor of his happy little home, reading by the soft light of the flickering gas burner, and resting his slippers feet upon the burnished brass fender in front of a glowing fire of rag embers.

"Mildred!" he called again, as when a lover he breathed her name, the sweetest in all the world to him.

"Ah!" he murmured, "the dear girl does not hear her husband's voice." And he lay back in his easy chair and watched the blue flames dance in and out among the sparkling coals. At such a time memory weaves cunning webs of softest colors and sweet designs, and the young husband's thoughts flew backward and forward in the loom of the past.

Three years ago he had been a mother's petted darling, with no wish unfulfilled, no comfort neglected, no luxury forgotten. Yet he felt within his heart a tender longing, an empty void, which so far in his happy life had rarely so often been filled. Mildred had come, and the mother's heart knew that the wife was greater than the mother.

A year passed and Mildred was his wife. Gentle, loving, beautiful, he took her to his new home, and for two years she had filled his mother's place, and made his home a beautiful ideal, a four-walled paradise upon earth, yet far above it. He was serenely happy and peacefully comfortable. Mildred had given him her thought, her energy, her heart, her endeavor—and he was at rest. He awoke from his reverie with a start.

"Mildred!" he called.

No answer.

He became alarmed. Was it, then, all a dream? And was he to be rudely awakened from his paradise upon earth?

Alas, for the mutability of human affairs.

"Mildred!" he called for the fourth time.

"Yes, Henry," came the sweet-voiced answer from the kitchen.

"Oh!" he said in a tone of relief. "Are you there, darling?"

"Yes, hubbie mine."

"Well, love, the fire is going out; won't you go and get some more coals. I've been doing the loving-wife state business long enough, and if you want any more coal you'll have to get it yourself!"

Mildred's memory had been weaving a few webs itself while the first was slowly getting cold.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

APPLIES AND BUTTER.

Apples and butter make a good combination. When to be served in the form of fritters, the apples should be peeled, corred and cut in slices a quarter of an inch thick, and then soaked in brandy for a couple of hours. At the time of frying drain each piece of apple in a fine sieve, and then dip it in a bowl of flour, and fry in fat, which must be kept boiling. Be careful to drain the fritters thoroughly before serving, when they should be sprinkled plentifully with sugar.—Boston Globe.

THE LIBERTINE "THEY SAY."

The one liberty which is responsible for the growth of the Irish language and familiarity convert into seemingly bona-fide evidence. One usually hears an exciting bit of gossip leached forth with these words, while at the same time the speaker addresses the listener by declaring that, personally, she does not know it to be true. The man or woman who thus screens himself or herself is nothing short of a coward.—Josephine Hill, in Woman's Home Companion.

OSTYER DRESSING.

To a plain oyster add two dozen raw oysters, previously drained and chopped. If the dressing is too dry, moisten with raw egg.—Good Housekeeping.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are 300,000 Methodists in Ohio, 200,000 in Indiana and 200,000 in Missouri.

Since 1905 the Protestant Episcopal church in this country has added 92,000 members to its churches.

The poorer students at the university of Vienna have a mensa academica, at which they can get dinner and supper for \$4.50 a month.

Abbot Pachomius, of the monastery of St. John at Jericho, controls a steamboat on the river Jordan, which runs from that place to the south end of the Dead sea.

The public school fund paid to white teachers in North Carolina last year was \$41,574 and to negro teachers \$27,195. The average attendance of both races at school was 110,677 whites and 58,548 negroes.

Within the last three years the government of China has agreed that missionary societies, not only at the ports, but in the interior, may, without hindrance, rent or buy places for residences, chapels, hospitals, schools, etc.

For over 300 years the use of bells has been forbidden to the Christian churches in the Holy Land. Since the dedication of the new church at Jerusalem there are three bells the right to use which is one of the minor concessions of the sultan to his friend, the kaiser.

Dr. Theodore N. Morrison, now bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Iowa, came to the Church of the Epiphany, Chicago, in 1876. The church was a small one with a heavy debt. His church property is worth over \$100,000, and he has a small affair, which can easily be provided for.

It is stated that 989 Mormon missionaries are seeking proselytes in different parts of the United States. They are especially active in Maryland and West Virginia and in the mountain districts of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. There are also missionaries at work in all the countries of northern Europe.

The absence of a child from school in Switzerland, unless in case of illness, is punishable by a fine. The amount of which is daily increased. If it is suspected that the child's illness is shammed a doctor is sent by the school authorities, and when he is convinced that the suspicion is correct the parents have to pay his fee.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

There is Nothing Accidental About It. Every Step in Development is Provided for by Nature's Laws.

The growth of crops is never an accidental circumstance. For every step in the development of vegetable matter, nature has provided laws which must not be broken. With care and attention to particular wants, crops improve both in quality and quantity. This improvement of plants is the underlying principle of agriculture.

Plants are improved in quality and quantity of their products, by surrounding them with conditions most favorable to their growth and development. This may mean simple tillage of the soil, liberal feeding with fertilizers, or other means of protection from injurious diseases and attacks of insects. In a measure, all of these methods of improvements are dependent upon one another. Liberal manuring of itself can not make good work of the soil, and the soil, if not sufficiently cultivated, plants ill-cultivated or scantily fed fall an easy prey to the various plant diseases.

Plants grow, therefore, by giving them the right kind of soil, the right soil conditions of the right kind, and very early in the spring, light soils are not improved by fall plowing. The seed bed must consist of open, porous soil, and this means a deep soil in most cases. No two soils are precisely alike, and the farmer must exercise judgment for his individual conditions. It will never do to let well enough alone. An effort should be made to make each crop an improvement on its predecessor. Each year's work should be planned so that the soil will be strengthened and otherwise helpful.—James L. Baird, in Agricultural Epitomist.

HOW CROPS GROW.

As the horse begins to improve, and will partially do, begin with ground, then advance on the mashes, boiled oats or green food, but no corn until he is pretty well recovered. In the feed may be given two ounces powder of red gentian, one ounce of lobelia, equal parts of castor oil and turpentine, which will be strengthening and otherwise helpful.—James L. Baird, in Agricultural Epitomist.

A NEW FORAGE CROP.

The Velvet Bean and Its Characteristics. Adaptability for Southern Latitudes.

In some of the daily weekly papers, particularly in those published outside the large cities there have appeared glowing accounts of the velvet bean. We are told that this plant will surpass a leguminous crop, even the cow pea. Some of the accounts seem to be written by the persons that are either interested in the introduction of the plant or by reporters who know little about plant growth in general. One article that has been seen in four or five papers says that, "being an air-plant" the velvet bean will thrive on any soil that will grow corn. It is also stated that "no fertilizing is necessary."

No one having any knowledge of plants will believe that they can live on air as stated. Even the air-growing clover, which is a very hardy plant, does not grow on air, but on soil. It is, of course, that the plant gets its nitrogen from the air like clover, peas and beans do. It does not produce its truly ground spread of foliage from mere atmospheric nitrogen, but from the soil. Potash, phosphoric acid, lime, etc., are just as necessary to its development as they are to turnips or onions. It could not exist without them much less produce a crop of fodder.

The velvet bean is a tropical plant introduced from Brazil to Florida, whence it has been taken to others of the Gulf states. In many of these it has given satisfaction. It does not ripen its seed until it will do well where its corn will grow is therefore inaccurate. It has not, so far as known, been grown upon a large scale north of Mason and Dixon's line. Careful selection may in time give varieties that will ripen in the seed farther north. The present variety does and their may be found useful in the northern States. But the farmer of the north will, unless inclined to experiment, do well to leave it alone until its requirements are better understood.

The above remarks are not intended to brand the velvet bean as a fraud. It is certainly a wonderful plant for the southern states, where it is likely to prove a strong rival of the cow pea, and may even take the place of the splendid plant upon some soils and in certain situations. No plant has yet been tried in the south that gives such promise.—M. G. Kains, in Agricultural Epitomist.

HERE AND THERE.

Recent tests at the Georgia experiment station indicate that subsoiling produces no appreciable effect upon the crops.

Animals confined in barns in diffused daylight increase in weight more rapidly than in full daylight. The increase is greater in case of full-grown animals than with younger ones.—Prof. Henry.

When the object is to have choice table-fowls for home use (not for market) get Langshan hens and mate them with Dorking or Indian Game males. Do not keep any of the young stock, either pullets or cockerels, as the pullets will not prove as good layers as the hens.

The great opportunities of a country home are a series of outbuildings, including a stable, cow-shed, hen-house, etc. While these should be conveniently accessible from the dwelling, they should never be suffered to encroach upon its sanitary requirements.

Enlarge fresh from the silo will bring out rich milk and put flesh on the bones. It is peculiarly adapted to the requirements of dairy cows, maintaining uniform flow of high-testing milk. Silos will become more numerous as the value of ensilage is better understood.

Any plant or crop which possesses nitrogen gathering qualities is very valuable on the farm for spring. Clover is regarded by all farmers of experience as the champion gatherer of nitrogen, the very essential element in which most soils are sadly deficient. Crimson clover, it is reported, surrections the crimson red in the collection of nitrogen.

DISEASES OF HORSES.

Mange and Distemper in Horses—Remedy. Treatment and Food to be Used.

The want of proper grooming, and want of sufficient food, starvation in a word, are the chief causes of mange. The disease is very contagious, hence it is essential that all animals suffering from it should be isolated.

Blankets and other clothing should be soaked or boiled in a solution of soap and carbolic acid; also, the saddle, harness and grooming utensils should be washed with warm water and soap, and it would be all the better to follow this with an application of corrosive sublimate diluted in water, ten grains to the ounce of water; then dry and dry them thoroughly. To follow this washing by sprinkling of sulphur on the parts coming next the horse, is highly recommended. Some of these precautions may seem unnecessary, but where the disease has been long standing the infection is difficult to eradicate.

Among the many remedies for the

BRITANN WHO DO NOT SPEAK ENGLISH.

It is not generally realized that an immense number of Britons born and bred at home have never succeeded in mastering the national language. In fact there are no fewer than 500,000 people who cannot speak English, Welsh being their only language. In Scotland there are 47,738 persons who can speak nothing but Gaelic. And in Ireland, there are 32,121 who can express themselves only in the Irish tongue.—Chicago Tribune.

SAIPTS AND PLUMBERS.

It is said the snipe has a nerve running clear down to the end of its bill. The plumber must be that kind of a bird.—Chicago Daily News.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE TROOP.

There are 300,000 Methodists in Ohio, 200,000 in Indiana and 200,000 in Missouri.

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Dr. Theodore N. Morrison, now bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Iowa, came to the Church of the Epiphany, Chicago, in 1876. The church was a small one with a heavy debt. His church property is worth over \$100,000, and he has a small affair, which can easily be provided for.

It is stated that 989 Mormon missionaries are seeking proselytes in different parts of the United States. They are especially active in Maryland and West Virginia and in the mountain districts of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. There are also missionaries at work in all the countries of northern Europe.

The absence of a child from school in Switzerland, unless in case of illness, is punishable by a fine. The amount of which is daily increased. If it is suspected that the child's illness is shammed a doctor is sent by the school authorities, and when he is convinced that the suspicion is correct the parents have to pay his fee.

WEBBS OF MEMORY.

Strange Misapprehension Woven in the Following Light at the Domestic Fireside.

"Mildred!"

It was the young wife's name which was called, and the husband, sitting in the cozy front parlor of his happy little home, reading by the soft light of the flickering gas burner, and resting his slippers feet upon the burnished brass fender in front of a glowing fire of rag embers.

"Mildred!" he called again, as when a lover he breathed her name, the sweetest in all the world to him.

"Ah!" he murmured, "the dear girl does not hear her husband's voice." And he lay back in his easy chair and watched the blue flames dance in and out among the sparkling coals. At such a time memory weaves cunning webs of softest colors and sweet designs, and the young husband's thoughts flew backward and forward in the loom of the past.

Three years ago he had been a mother's petted darling, with no wish unfulfilled, no comfort neglected, no luxury forgotten. Yet he felt within his heart a tender longing, an empty void, which so far in his happy life had rarely so often been filled. Mildred had come, and the mother's heart knew that the wife was greater than the mother.

A year passed and Mildred was his wife. Gentle, loving, beautiful, he took her to his new home, and for two years she had filled his mother's place, and made his home a beautiful ideal, a four-walled paradise upon earth, yet far above it. He was serenely happy and peacefully comfortable. Mildred had given him her thought, her energy, her heart, her endeavor—and he was at rest. He awoke from his reverie with a start.

"Mildred!" he called.

No answer.

He became alarmed. Was it, then, all a dream? And was he to be rudely awakened from his paradise upon earth?

Alas, for the mutability of human affairs.

"Mildred!" he called for the fourth time.

"Yes, Henry," came the sweet-voiced answer from the kitchen.

"Oh!" he said in a tone of relief. "Are you there, darling?"

"Yes, hubbie mine."

"Well, love, the fire is going out; won't you go and get some more coals. I've been doing the loving-wife state business long enough, and if you want any more coal you'll have to get it yourself!"

Mildred's memory had been weaving a few webs itself while the first was slowly getting cold.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

APPLIES AND BUTTER.

Apples and butter make a good combination. When to be served in the form of fritters, the apples should be peeled, corred and cut in slices a quarter of an inch thick, and then soaked in brandy for a couple of hours. At the time of frying drain each piece of apple in a fine sieve, and then dip it in a bowl of flour, and fry in fat, which must be kept boiling. Be careful to drain the fritters thoroughly before serving, when they should be sprinkled plentifully with sugar.—Boston Globe.

THE LIBERTINE "THEY SAY."

The one liberty which is responsible for the growth of the Irish language and familiarity convert into seemingly bona-fide evidence. One usually hears an exciting bit of gossip leached forth with these words, while at the same time the speaker addresses the listener by declaring that, personally, she does not know it to be true. The man or woman who thus screens himself or herself is nothing short of a coward.—Josephine Hill, in Woman's Home Companion.

OSTYER DRESSING.

To a plain oyster add two dozen raw oysters, previously drained and chopped. If the dressing is too dry, moisten with raw egg.—Good Housekeeping.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are 300,000 Methodists in Ohio, 200,000 in Indiana and 200,000 in Missouri.

Since 1905 the Protestant Episcopal church in this country has added 92,000 members to its churches.

The poorer students at the university of Vienna have a mensa academica, at which they can get dinner and supper for \$4.50 a month.

Abbot Pachomius, of the monastery of St. John at Jericho, controls a steamboat on the river Jordan, which runs from that place to the south end of the Dead sea.

The public school fund paid to white teachers in North Carolina last year was \$41,574 and to negro teachers \$27,195. The average attendance of both races at school was 110,677 whites and 58,548 negroes.

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