

EX-EMPRESS CARLOTTA OF MEXICO, MAD FOR MANY YEARS, IS NOW DYING

Ever Since 1867 She Has Kept Mock Court in a Chateau Near Brussels, Belgium, Believing That the Murdered Maximilian, Her Lover-Husband, Still Lives.

A GAIN comes word that Carlotta, ex-empress, but to-day little more than a crazed and pitiful reminder of an almost forgotten international tragedy, is dying at her chateau in the environs of Brussels, Belgium. Death to her would be a mercy.

A bride at 17, an empress at 24, a mad-woman at 26, Carlotta represents in her own person not only the tragedy of a chimerical empire, but the traditional misfortunes of the luckless house of the Hapsburgs, and the vanity of earthly ambitions.

Thirty-seven years ago the beautiful young empress of Mexico parted with the lover-husband, to whom she had been married only ten years, to sail across seas and invoke for him the aid of princes, temporal and spiritual. They never met again, and neither ever knew why Maximilian, led out with bandaged eyes to



EX-EMPRESS CARLOTTA.
(Widow of the Unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.)

the "Hill of the Bells" on June 19, 1867, to die by the pistol shots of revolutionists, never knew that the splendid mental powers of his devoted wife had given way under their strain, and that she was by that time a babbling maniac holding mock court behind barred doors and asking: "Why does not the emperor come?"

Carlotta had for 37 years continued to ask: "Why does he not come?" never having been told what happened to Maximilian's first emperor.

Shakespeare would have done justice to a story like Maximilian and Carlotta's. His pen could have drawn their happiness in paradise, of their early married life, and then the hideous entrance of the serpent of ambition, introduced by scheming statesmen with the cold-hearted Third Napoleon at their head. It

pleased the powers that Mexico should be an empire. So, like the tempter of old they took Maximilian up on an exceedingly high mountain, showed him that kingdom and all the glories thereof, and promised "all these will I give unto thee."

Fate's last most exquisite touch of irony in the situation was, that had they continued the idyllic, unpretentious life at Miramar, the crown of all the Austrians would have come to them through the suicide in 1889 of Maximilian's nephew, Crown Prince Rudolf, which would have made Ferdinand the next heir had he then been living.

Carlotta, as empress of a country which wished to be a republic, played her losing game bravely, and even brilliantly. In magnificence of her court, in personal extravagance, she was almost a second Eugenie. She was sincerely interested in her people, gave Maximilian sage counsel in state matters, restored the semi-ruined Chapultepec, palace of the Aztec kings, and rebuilt the celebrated "Montezuma bath."

When the climax of the ill-fated Mexican empire came, Maximilian was ill with fever, and his presence at the seat of trouble was imperative. The empress undertook to return to Europe to invoke aid of Napoleon III., and of the pope. But Napoleon, who had gotten them into this predicament, was not going to help them out. Then it was that the first mad symptoms manifested themselves. She left Napoleon in despair, and arriving at the Grand hotel in Paris, she had an attack of insanity.

In many quarters in Mexico to-day a more sinister cause for her mental breakdown is implicitly believed in. It is asserted that a decoction of the "loco root," which produces insanity, was secretly introduced into her food by some disaffected subject. But whatever the cause of her madness, it has never left her. Reports of her death were sent to her husband shortly before his own execution, thus sparing him one torment.

The ex-empress has been confined for many years in the Chateau de Bonchat near Brussels. For years she has made pathetic pretense of holding court, ordering the pictures taken down from the walls, that she might give them to her attendants—who would quietly replace them—and excited by all visitors save her sister-in-law, the late Queen Henrietta of Belgium. Between her brother King Leopold, and herself, a coldness existed, as even her disordered brain had received the impressions, current in Belgium, that he had gambled away a large portion of her once splendid fortune, which he held for her in trust.

In 37 years she had just on a moment of happiness. That was when she was told of the death of Napoleon III.

WILD FISHERS OF TROUT.

Birds, Beasts and Reptiles That Rival the Human Angler in Point of Skill.

"Any one who can suppress for a while his eagerness with the rod on a trout stream, and summon patience to lie in wait and watch the ways of beasts and birds," said one who had evidently been able to do so, relates the New York Sun, "will discover that he is not the only fisher in those waters. Chief among the other fishers are the heron, the kingfisher, the mink, the water snake and the snapping turtle.

"An angler passing down a brook, intent on his rod, will rarely see any of these fishers at their work, for they are all wary and shy, perhaps with the exception of the water snake. No angler has ever fished between the elder-skirted banks of any trout stream without discovering one or more of these reptiles—harmless except as to their voracious appetite for trout—twisted around some overhanging branch, watching for prey.

"One day, while fishing on a Sullivan county brook, I lay down in the shade of a maple to eat my lunch and smoke a pipe. While thus in quietude I saw a blue heron drop down on the edge of the brook, only a rod or two away. After a few minutes of staccato watching, the long-legged bird darted its head down into the water, with a draw it with a large trout in its bill, and flew away.

"Not more than five minutes after the heron had disappeared, a mink came swimming up the brook. In a pool, nearly within my reach, the mink dived. A moment later it appeared with a good half-pound trout in its mouth.

"This expert fished had scarcely gone its way, when a harsh-voiced kingfisher alighted on a dead limb overhanging the brook twenty yards from where I lay. The bird was not long on the limb before down it went in the water, and came up with a trout. I was trying to figure out what the probable drain on the trout population of the country might be from the inroads of these wild marauders, when a water snake came gliding up the stream, carrying a trout in its mouth that was big enough to talk about. Then I thought it was time for me to get to fishing again, before these expert and persistent fishers had robbed me of any chance for sport.

"Herons, like snapping turtles, select the largest trout for their prey. They usually fish at the foot of some deep pool. Poised on one long, slender leg, the heron, as immovable as if it were carved from stone, waits patiently the passing of some lusty trout from the rapid water below into the pool.

"The wait is seldom a long one. Suddenly the long neck shoots out like an arrow, and the great bill is buried in an instant in the water. The aim is rarely at fault, and when the bird's head appears in sight again a large trout usually comes up with it. The heron rises lazily from the creek, trailing its spindling legs, and flies home with its savory burden.

"Late in the season when trout begin to congregate where small spring runs empty into the stream, the heron will be found fishing there, as it seems to know well, as does the kingfisher, all the habits of the fish it loves so well to feed upon. One heron, with free scope on a trout stream, will likely take from it a thousand trout, during the time they heavy with spawn, during the time the ice leaves the creeks in the spring until it forms on them again the following winter.

"The mink fishes all winter long, as well as in the summer. In fact, it is during the ice-bound period that it is most destructive to trout.

"The kingfisher is not so certain in its aim as the heron, but one failure never discourages this winged marauder. It will resume its perch on the dead limb—an outlook it seems to prefer—settle down with its watchman's rattle cry and watch and dive until the prize is won.

"The kingfisher is no stickler for size in trout, but tries for the first that comes along. It is a greedy fisher—rather, perhaps, the family that it feeds has an insatiable appetite, for the bird has been known to return ten times to the same place within an hour, and carry away a trout every time. A catch which it makes in that length of time the best of anglers, nowadays, would consider something to boast of.

"Kingfishers are common along all streams, and it is hard to estimate the number of trout they fish from the creeks during the time they fish there.

"Water snakes, basking by the hundreds along every trout stream, fish with so much tact and cunning that they number their prey by thousands from the time they come out of their hibernating places, which is as soon as the weather begins to get warm, until the approach of winter drives them back into their holes.

"There is no knowing to how great a degree the trout retaliate on the snakes for their warfare, but that they do make reprisals is known to every angler, for many a big trout when dressed is found to have from one to three young water snakes in its stomach.

"It is fortunate, not only for the trout, but for all kinds of brook, pond and river fishes, that the snapping turtle is of extremely slow growth, and that its eggs are themselves the prey of birds, snakes, muskrats, and various predaceous things, for it is one of the deadliest of foes to the fishy tribe. Bulky and apparently clumsy as these formidable creatures are, they are so quick, wily and active when hunting a stream that no trout that a snapping turtle darts for ever escapes."

Admiral Eloquent Preacher.
The oratorical gift of the preachers of mountain regions of Tennessee is much admired by their simple parishioners, if somewhat too florid for severer tastes. Residents of that part of the country relate many anecdotes of their eloquence, as well as their absurd interpretations of scripture. It is the height of every boy's ambition to be a preacher, although it is an affection among the honey-handed portion of the population to pretend to despise those who do not engage in manual labor.

PRIMATE OF LONDON.

Right Rev. Francis Bourne Promoted by the Propaganda.

Created Archbishop of Westminster and Ex-Oleto Head of Catholic Church in England—Soon to Be Made Cardinal.

Right Rev. Francis Bourne, the Roman Catholic bishop of Southwark, London, has been chosen to succeed the late Cardinal Vaughan as archbishop of Westminster.

Like the pope, Bishop Bourne was born of poor and obscure parents. Before his elevation to be a bishop he had only done parish work in the Southwark diocese and was promoted by right of succession in 1896.

Francis Bourne was born at Clapham, in London, in 1861, and many still remember him as a barefooted boy on Clapham common. He got his early education at the ecclesiastical colleges of St. Albans, Westminster and St. Edmund's, Ware, and the College of St. Subtius in Paris. He spent a year or two at the University of Louvain, and returned home to be ordained a priest in 1884.

He was assigned to several obscure parishes, among which were Grinstead, in Surrey, where he remained until 1889, when he was appointed rector of the diocesan seminary near Guildford, Surrey.

In a few years he succeeded in building a new college and a magnificent chapel. At the instance of the then bishop of Southwark Leo XIII. made him a domestic prelate in 1895, and a year later coadjutor bishop of Southwark, with the right of succession.

He continued to live at the seminary and personally supervise the education of its inmates, seldom mixing with the clergy of the archdiocese.

London is divided into two Roman Catholic dioceses, the one of South-



MOST REV. FRANCIS BOURNE
(Recently Appointed Archbishop of Westminster.)

work including all the territory on the right bank of the Thames, and the archdiocese proper all the district on the left bank, both extending into the county of Essex as far as the sea.

Now Archbishop Bourne will rule in the district of Cardinals Manning and Vaughan and within three months will be made a cardinal, as were his immediate predecessors.

"The appointment of Dr. Bourne," observes the London Tablet (Rom. Cath.), "was not altogether unexpected. For the last two years public opinion had steadily pointed to him as likely some day to fill the position made illustrious by the lives and labors of three great cardinals." The same paper continues:

"The youngest member of the hierarchy, he has been a bishop for seven years, and though only 42 years of age, Bishop Bourne brings to Westminster the reputation of a great administrator. The circumstances of his early life, which caused him to spend a considerable time in France, and his subsequent training in Paris and Louvain, while they left him intimately familiar with the conditions of ecclesiastical life in France and Belgium, also served to make the French language almost as familiar to him as his own. Certainly those who heard his sermon during the celebrations at Aries some years ago know that he can preach as effectively in one language as in the other. But perhaps it is to his descent from a line of successful civil servants that we must look for the secret of that habit of work and concentration of effort which have been among the distinguishing notes of his career.

Let the past speak for the promise of the future. The great seminary at Woburn, St. Ann's House at Watford, the new establishment at Clapham, the affiliation to the Institut Catholique of Paris, the constant stream of promising students to the Procure in Rome—all tell of the way in which Bishop Bourne has ruled his diocese. Whether or not they mean that a new spirit is brooding over the face of the waters, at least they show that so far our new archbishop has not been guided by any rigid conservatism. And beyond and above these considerations we have the fact that at an age when, especially in the ecclesiastical career, men are accustomed to look for qualities rather than for achievements, Bishop Bourne has been called by the wisdom of the holy see to fill the highest position in the English church. Finally, our new archbishop comes to us with what will be the best of all possible recommendations—the fact that he held a high place in the regard and esteem of his great predecessor."

Crystal Apples with Oats.
This was one of the attractive dishes "demonstrated" at a recent pure food exhibit. Wash, peel, halve and core four large, tender, soft apples. Make a sirup, using one cupful of granulated sugar, and a cup and a half of boiling water. Add the sirup, thicken, drop the apples, and simmer gently until tender. Lift out carefully, roll each piece in granulated sugar, lay in the serving dish, pour the sirup over them, and cover with oatmeal porridge. Serve with cream plain or whipped.—Ulrica Observer.

Winkling Eight Swinkles.
A hotel in Hankow, contracted with an electric light company to put in seven electric lights. After they were in working order, the hotel employed a handy man to tap the wire surreptitiously on the street side of the meter, and add 49 lights more.

ALMOST A CRITENARIAN.

Daniel M. Leal, 96 Years of Age, Still Acts as Judge and Lives up to His Convictions.

"I consider that the marriage ceremony is too sacred to be performed by a justice of the peace. The authority who should unite two souls in the bonds of matrimony is a minister of the Gospel, and one in good standing at that."

So says Justice Daniel M. Leal, who lives at Polo, Ill., and who is the oldest active police magistrate in Illinois, or, for that matter, in the entire middle west. He is now in his ninety-sixth year, and is still holding office in the town where he has been elected to seven four-year terms. Before his first term as police magistrate he served one term as town magistrate, so that he has been in position to perform marriages for over three decades. But he never encouraged anyone to seek his good offices for such a purpose.

"In these days when there are plenty



DANIEL M. LEAL.
(Venerable Illinois Justice Who Puts Principle Above Dollars.)

of ministers about, who are always glad to marry suitable persons, I think that the business should, in all propriety, be left to them," he says. "I know that I never took any stock in this feature of a justice's work. Many applied to me, and some I married, but there has been no time I would not have preferred to have some one else do it.

"I try to practice what I preach. In my lifetime I have been twice married, and in both instances I was married by a minister, and this is the kind of advice I always give to the young people who are about to commence a life of wedded bliss.

"It is my opinion that there are many people who want to get married who should not be married at all, and both license and ceremony should be withheld. This class of people are unsuited to each other, a fact that is plainly evident, if not to them, to those who are acquainted with them. The law should throw a safeguard around the holy institution of marriage for the benefit of posterity and future generations in this grand country of ours."

Justice Leal's married life has been full of happiness. He was first married to Mary Ann Post on October 15, 1829, and later to Aldora Flower on March 23, 1848. He is the father of seven children, and the grandfather of 15 children. He is remarkably active for a man nearly 100 years old. He tried two cases on the day he was 95, and recently disposed of an assault and battery case, writing up his own docket.

ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF.

Russia's Viceroys in the Far East Is Famed as a Diplomat as Well as a Fighter.

That Russia does not choose to loosen her grip in the far east is amply proved by the imperial ukaz creating the Amur district and the Kwan-Tung territory, a special vicereignty. Vice Admiral Alexieff, aide-de-camp general to the emperor, has been appointed the first administrator, has for some time been



ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF.
(Commander in Chief of the Russian Forces in Manchuria.)

superior chief and commander-in-chief of the Russian troops in Kwan-Tung, and of the Russian naval forces in the far east, and he is now vested with supreme authority over all branches of the civil administration. A special committee, under the presidency of the emperor, will see that his policy is in keeping with that of the ministries. Admiral Alexieff has already done much valuable work for his country, and has seen service on land as well as on sea. His most ardent partisans are said to believe that he captured the Taku forts, unaided, relieved Tientsin, and rescued Admiral Seymour. His passion for Russian bridge is extraordinary, and a defect of his favorite game makes him a dangerous master until the fit has passed. It is, perhaps, fortunate that he dearly loves a fight, for his qualities both as warrior and diplomatist are likely to be of value to him in the near future.

Bedbugs Cancel a Lease.
A furnished house was rented in Asbury Park, N. J., and ten days after moving in the tenant was forced to vacate because the domicile was infested with bedbugs. Suit for the rent was brought by the owner, but Judge Hensley decided that the house was unfit for occupancy, and that, therefore, the landlord had no just claim.

Struck Mother in Midreans.
Cruel must be the son who strikes his mother. We have heard of one, calling on the Campana, traveling east, with his means of wireless telegraphy, "struck" by mother for \$50. She was on the Lucania, traveling west, and the vessels were over 200 miles apart.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

ANGORA GOAT INDUSTRY.

A Comparatively New Channel Through Which Many Southern Farmers Might Acquire Wealth.

A new industry is offering itself to the farmers and manufacturers of the United States. The fact that \$25,000,000 worth of goat skins are now annually imported into the United States, and that her enterprising manufacturers are now utilizing to send halfway around the world for a large share or them, suggests that the farmers of the country have a great opportunity to put a large share of this sum into their own pockets, and that the entire sum may be divided between our producers and manufacturers.

A statement just presented by the department of commerce and labor, through its bureau of statistics, shows that importations of goat skins into the United States are now running at the rate of \$25,000,000 per annum, and that a large share of these are brought from India, China, Arabia and southeastern Russia. The increasing popularity of certain classes of kid leather for footwear, as well as gloves, has increased very greatly the demand for goat skins in the United States within recent years. In 1895 the value of goat skins imported was about \$4,000,000; by 1898 it had grown to \$9,000,000, by 1900 it was \$22,000,000, and in 1903, \$25,000,000, in round numbers.

Of this large sum of money sent out of the country to purchase goat skins, \$7,000,000 went to China, \$2,500,000 to France, \$1,500,000 to Russia, \$1,500,000 to Brazil, \$1,000,000 to Argentina, and another million to Arabia. From India, which took less than \$5,000,000 worth of merchandise of all kinds from the United States last year, and has increased her purchases from us less than \$3,000,000 in a decade, we have increased our importations of goat skins alone from \$2,000,000 in 1892 to \$7,500,000 in 1902. From Brazil, which has reduced her imports from the United States from \$15,000,000 in 1895 to \$10,000,000 in 1903, our purchases of goat skins last year were \$1,500,000. France, Russia, the United Kingdom, Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia, Arabia, China, southern Africa, Argentina and Mexico also contribute liberally to the supply of goat skins to make up the \$25,000,000 worth of this product brought into the United States annually.

The farmers of the United States are apparently making no effort to reap any part of the golden harvest for themselves. The census of 1900 showed the total number of goats in the United States to be less than 2,000,000 in number, and when it is understood that the skins of probably 20,000,000 goats were required to make the \$25,000,000 worth imported last year, it would be seen that the supply from the United States could have formed but a small share of the total consumption. Yet the fact that a large share of our supply of this important import comes from India, China, France and Mexico suggests that there are large areas in the United States which might produce goats successfully and in large numbers to supply the entire home demand.—Farmers Home Journal.

STOCK FEEDING INDUSTRY.

Converting Forage Crops and Grain Into Butchers' Stock a Profitable Business.

The branch of the great agricultural industry known as stock feeding is growing rapidly in popularity all over the west and southwest. This is the outgrowth of the well-developed fact that converting forage crops and grain into butchers' stock is a profitable business, even when the animals and the feed are both purchased in open market. The stock raisers and the feed growers make a profit on their goods, and then the feeder makes a larger profit than either. Of course this condition of affairs has stimulated crop growers to become stock growers and feeders, thus saving to themselves and adding to the profits possible in growing forage and grain, the additional profit of the stock grower and the feeder. Would it not be wise for every farmer who has the land where to grow hay and grain to keep cattle, or hogs, or sheep, or horses, or all of these combined, to the extent of the capacity of the farmer to feed them? Many are doing this, and as all who do find the business profitable they should be looked upon by other farmers as examples worthy of imitation. This problem is reducible to "stock farming," which we have been trying for many years to popularize, because it is the only system of farming certainly profitable while enriching the farm. We were familiar with a case where two intelligent farmers with lands adjoining opened up business about the same time. One gradually accumulated some cows, a few brood mares, some good brood sows and a small flock of sheep, and while his neighbor was busy growing only corn, cotton and sweet potatoes, he grew feed for his stock, whose numbers gradually increased, until his farm was too small. He then bought out his neighbor, paying him cash in full, and he soon made the enlarged farm average 50 to 60 bushels of corn per acre, and other feed crops in proportion. This stock farmer prospered as long as he lived, and finally died, leaving to his children the most productive farm within a radius of ten miles or more.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—It is only fools who whip a horse for shying. Invariably it makes the horse shy more.

—Land too rough for crop growing may be just rough enough for a good sheep or goat pasture.

—Hens that lay while moulting are good ones to breed from, if eggs are wanted, and generally they are. Though it is said that breeders think more of ribbons won at shows than of eggs.

—It is a good plan to plant mulberry trees about the farm, as birds are fond of mulberries, and will come from a distance and will feed and nest there, and the insects they destroy will more than pay for the trouble and expense.

—A tomato plant grafted on potatoes has succeeded in growing plants with a fair crop of potatoes on the roots and good tomatoes on the tops. This has been successfully done at the Minnesota and other experimental stations.

—A good lot of brood sows and a boar or two are good signs of prosperity on a farm. There is always a good market for pigs of almost any age under 12 months. All hogs, except breeding stock, should be short lived.

—How would it result if you trained your children to work because of their interest instead of driving them to it? Of course such training must first begin with self or you will be totally unable to inspire interest in boy or girl.

—The unreliability of individual reports as to the cotton yield grows out of the fact that some farmers make very heavy crops when the average is very low. These good crops are more apt to be published than the partial and total failures.

—Small bones in a large hog is a condition that should not be desired. If the bones are very light, it is a fact that the percentage of flesh covers the deficiency. But would it not be better to have still more flesh supported by still stronger and heavier bones.

ed from peanuts. After the oil is expressed the cake is as good a feed for stock as the original nut. There is practically unlimited market for both the oil and the cake. The nuts are largely used in cakes and candies, and otherwise. There is no better feed for pigs or porkers than that which they can grow up in a peanut patch. They even grow fat gleaming after the harvesters. Every farmer who has even a little piece of good sandy loam should plant this savory nut, and if he should chance to grow more than he could utilize on his own farm, they are a ready sale at a good price, for any person who has none should buy some. Peanuts can be grown on any fairly good soil, though an easy-working loam is best. We have grown heavy crops on Brazos bottom and black, stiff prairie soils, but the best crops we ever made were on sandy hickory ridges. The land should be thoroughly and deeply plowed and smoothly harrowed. Planting may be done from April to July inclusive. Plant in rows three feet apart and two nuts in a hill every 20 inches. Clean, shallow cultivation is needed. Harvest before frost by plowing up with a plow made for the purpose, or by barring off and pulling up by hand, and throwing up in piles. After half a day toss the vines into heaps with a pitchfork where they should remain about two days, when they may be put in shocks or ricks, or hauled to the barn. The nuts may then be picked off and the vines kept for hay. Many people gather the nuts and leave the vines to rot on the ground, which is a clean loss of a value of \$15 to \$20 per ton.—Farm and Ranch.

Not the Fault of the Farmer.
We hear a great deal about "old run-down farms." Whole sections of country have been almost ruined agriculturally by the exhaustion of the fertility of the farms. In the south-west this has occurred—rarely, it is true, but we know farms in Texas that have been abandoned because the owner could no longer subsist upon the yield of the once fairly fertile soil. This result is not the fault of the farm, but of the farmer. One can not continue indefinitely to grow crops and sell them without depleting the land. If a farmer "don't" know the he should quit farming more consistent with his capacity. No man has a right to bankrupt his farm, and make a barren waste of it. It is a fact that some men have too little capacity to farm. They might make able horticorers or ditch diggers, but are beyond their depth when they undertake to farm. A competent farmer will so manage his business that his farm will become more productive every year, for there is where the profit lies.—Farm and Ranch.

The Aliphed Way.
Those who do not intend to cut their corn or who have delayed the cutting until it is too late, will probably attempt it, crib it and let the weevils eat the best of it. Then they will be so short of feed for a few months that the hogs will be poor, the cows dry up, and the plow teams will not be strong enough to do any good plowing, and as a result next year's crops will be short. But why grumble about short crops when that which is grown is one-third left in the field, and of the balance a large portion is eaten by weevils? Enough bi-sulphide of carbon to protect an entire crib full by killing every insect in it might cost a half dollar. There will be a better use for every bushel of corn saved than feeding weevils. Where weevils prevail, as is the case over half of Texas at least, a few bunches of rags the size of a large peach, saturated with the bi-sulphide and thrust into the corn a foot or so below the surface, will do the work. It is no satisfactory way, but the old way of wetting the corn for while water enough will keep out the weevil, it will damage the corn more or less.—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.
—It is only fools who whip a horse for shying. Invariably it makes the horse shy more.

—Land too rough for crop growing may be just rough enough for a good sheep or goat pasture.

—Hens that lay while moulting are good ones to breed from, if eggs are wanted, and generally they are. Though it is said that breeders think more of ribbons won at shows than of eggs.

—It is a good plan to plant mulberry trees about the farm, as birds are fond of mulberries, and will come from a distance and will feed and nest there, and the insects they destroy will more than pay for the trouble and expense.

—A tomato plant grafted on potatoes has succeeded in growing plants with a fair crop of potatoes on the roots and good tomatoes on the tops. This has been successfully done at the Minnesota and other experimental stations.

—A good lot of brood sows and a boar or two are good signs of prosperity on a farm. There is always a good market for pigs of almost any age under 12 months. All hogs, except breeding stock, should be short lived.

—How would it result if you trained your children to work because of their interest instead of driving them to it? Of course such training must first begin with self or you will be totally unable to inspire interest in boy or girl.

—The unreliability of individual reports as to the cotton yield grows out of the fact that some farmers make very heavy crops when the average is very low. These good crops are more apt to be published than the partial and total failures.

—Small bones in a large hog is a condition that should not be desired. If the bones are very light, it is a fact that the percentage of flesh covers the deficiency. But would it not be better to have still more flesh supported by still stronger and heavier bones.

—Manure from the hen house is worth three times as much as the best stable manure, for it contains three times as much nitrogen. It can be applied anywhere merely as a top dressing, or it can be combined with barnyard manure and thus make a better balanced fertilizer. For the vegetable garden it is no superior.

—Those who would have eggs in winter should provide green feed for the hens. Any fall-sown grain will serve the purpose, or any green refuse is good. Rescue grass is sometimes late starting, but nothing grows is better,

MAY LEAD DEMOCRACY.

Indiana Man Stands Good Show of Becoming Head of Democratic National Committee.

As a result of a number of conferences between leading members of the democratic national committee, it is now believed that Thomas Taggart, committeeman for Indiana, will be the new chairman of the national committee, and the manager of the next national campaign, succeeding Senator Jones.

D. J. Campau, of Michigan; T. E. Ryan, of Wisconsin; Urey Woodson, of Kentucky; Norman E. Mack, of New York; Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, and representatives of Iowa, Missouri and other states in the west have met in Chicago recently.

"I have not entered the field as a candidate for national chairman," said Mr. Taggart. "If the committee decides that I am the man its members want for chairman, I probably should not decline the honor, which in a national campaign is next to being named for president or vice president."

One of the representatives of a far western state said to a New York Herald reporter:

"I believe the selection of Mr. Taggart would be equivalent to the contribution

GIRL SELLS WHISKY.

Miss Short Has Become a Drummer for the Wholesale Liquor House of Mr. Tall.

John Bull has been at some pains to gather figures about queer employment for women in his domain, and the results are surprising. It appears that in England and Wales alone, there are nearly 44,000 women shotmakers, 3,239 rop-makers, 4,730 saddle makers, 5,149 garmenters, 3,850 butchers, 27,707 bartend-



MISS VICTORIA SHORT.
(Young Irish Girl Who Sells Whisky for a Mr. Tall.)

ers, nearly 3,000 cyclemakers, and 117,640 tailors.

It appears that there are female bailiffs, boatmen, boiler makers, bricklayers, iron founders, plumbers, plasterers, slaughterers, and veterinary surgeons. One woman in the kingdom is set down as a dock laborer, and another as a