

THE BABY OF THE FUTURE.

Nurse. How doth the little baby here improve each shining hour, And gather honey all the day From every opening flower!

Baby (cuddly). How does the little he do this? Why, by an impulse blind, Cease, then, to do good works of such An automatic kind.

Nurse. Let doct delight to bark and bite, For heaven hath made them so. Let bears and lions growl and fight, For 'tis their nature so.

Baby (ironically). Indeed! A brutal nature, then, Excuse brutal ways, Unthinking girl you little know The problems that you raise.

Nurse (continuing). But, children, you should never let Your angry passions rise, Your little hands were never made To tear each other's eyes.

Baby (contemptuously). Not "made to tear," well, what of that? No more, at first, were claws. All comes by evolution, too! No need of final cause, And if we use the hands to tear, Just as the nose to smell good things, Ere many ages have gone by They'll do it very well.

Nurse. Tom, Tom, the Piper's son, stole a pig, and away he ran!

Baby (reproachfully). Come, come! Away he ran! Grammar condemns what you've just done.

Nurse. Should we not read, "The Piper's man stole a pig, and away he ran?"

Nurse. Hush-a-by, baby, On the tree-top, When the wind blows 'Tis cradles will rock. When the bough breaks The cradle will fall. Down will come baby, Cradle and all.

Baby (slyly). This, but a truth So familiar, you see, To us who are used to illustrations in me.

Nurse. Twinkle, twinkle, little star! How I wonder what you are!

Baby (pittily). Do you really wonder, Jane? And to me all seems so plain! Go down stairs, my girl, and find Books wherever to improve your mind; And if heavenly bodies then Still remain beyond your ken, You had better go and see Good Professor Parallax.

Nurse. Bye, baby-bunting, Father's gone a-hunting, All to get a rabbit skin To wrap the baby-bunting in.

Baby (sternly). The cruel sport of hunting To moral sense is stunning; And since papa's objection To use vivisection Convicts him, as it seems to me, Of signal inconsistency, I'm not to thank you for the skin For wrapping baby-bunting in. [Puts nurse to bed. Scene closes.]

YIK KEE.

After father died, some ten years ago, I found that for three years we had been living on credit. I was eighteen, strong and well, but did not know how to work. In the little back room of the New Park tenement house (by the way, the landlady seized my clothes for our rent) I considered my future. I had inherited a great faith in relatives from my father, so I wrote to seven. I received six polite notes, telling me to go to work, and the following letter:

Jonesboro, Col., Jackson's Ranch—Dear Nell: I'm your Cousin Jack. Your father once gave me money to come West. I've took up land, got a comfortable home, no style or frills, but good folks to live with and healthy grub. I've got the best wife you ever saw youngsters. The city ain't no place for a friendless girl. Wife wants you to come. She'll be a mother to you. Come right off. I'll meet you at Denver.

I was closed a check sufficient to defray expenses; so started. Denver was then only a large town, and the depot a barn-like structure. I got out of the cars and stood bewildered among all the emigrants and their bundles. Some one touched me on the shoulder—a roughly dressed, broad shouldered man, with long blonde beard and big blue eyes.

"Are you Nell?" he said.

"Yes; and your Cousin Jack."

"I knew you," he said, as he led the way, "by your black clothes and sorrowful look, an' them big, blue eyes, like yer father's as two peas. We'll git the shadder outer 'em when we git home. Yer father was a mighty good man. Bless yer dear heart, don't let them tears come. This 'ere's a dry country; we don't waste water."

Comforting me in his kind, rough way, he reached his team, a big green wagon, drawn by two wild-looking steeds, which I afterward knew to be bronchos. A fat, blonde boy, about twelve years old, held the reins.

"That's Ted," said cousin Jack. "Ted, this is Miss Nell, your cousin; give her a hug." The fat boy solemnly obeyed.

After this he seemed to have a special claim on my affections because met me first. Jack's wife was a jolly, plump woman, with brown eyes and curly hair. She always had a baby in her arms and another at her heels. She adored Jack. I never knew them to have a quarrel. I soon grew to love the life at the ranch. I liked the big, half-finished house, its untidiness and comfort; its pleasant, healthy atmosphere. I loved the children, the household pets; sheep, the sagacious dog; Thad, the clever cat; the hens and sheep; the horses, Dolly, Dot and Daisy, that did the plowing and the marketing at Denver, twelve miles away, and were so gentle and kind we used to ride them without saddle or bridle.

I learned that cattle grew fat on the dry looking grass, and gave the best of milk. I learned to love the broad plains and the glorious sunsets, and to watch the distant bands of Indians with half fear, half interest. I helped cousin Jack, sewed, cooked, kept the house and children neat, and lifted many burdens from her weary shoulders. We were so happy. The children and I took long walks over the plains, and Ted and I took many rides on Dolly and Dot, and in the long winter evenings I told the children stories. Occasionally Harry White came over to visit us from his ranch, five miles away. He lived with his old mother; he and Jack were dear friends. Harry needed a wife, Jack used to say, winking at me.

One day Jack went to Denver for supplies. He went alone, and coming home later than usual, Ted and I and baby Mame went out to meet him. Jack looked sober and guilty, and seemed ill at ease. If he ever drank, I should have thought him intoxicated. In the wagon was a queer shaped heap under a horse blanket. I was sure it moved. When we got behind the barn Jack said sheepishly, avoiding my eye:

"Well, Ted, I calculate I've got something that there waggin' that'll astonish yer marm."

Little Mame pulled the blanket off the heap; she had been peeping under it all the while she was in the back of the wagon. There lay a human being, such an object; short and squat, dressed in a queer blue blouse with flowing sleeves, wide trousers, and queer wooden shoes. He had small black eyes, a shaven poll, from which depended a long, thin cue. His countenance was battered and bruised, his clothes torn and bloody.

"There was a row 'down to Denver," said Jack; "the Christian folk store in these 'ere heathen's winders, tore their cleaved out as soon as I could. When I got half way home I heard a noise back o' me, and out crawled this thing. I was so dumfounded I couldn't speak. He thought I was going ter send him back, an' he fell ter cryin' and jabberin' in that yap of his, an' clingin' onto my han' an' kissin' of it. It sorter turned my stomach. I told him ter set down, give him some crackers ter eat, covered him up an' told him he could live with me. What do you s'pose marm'll say?"

"Oh! Cousin Jack," I said, "of course she will not care. Your home is a refuge for all the wretched and unfortunate."

"Now, don't, Nell," he said, turning as red as a rose, and busying himself about the harness. The Celestial looked at us solemnly; Mame toddled up to him. He looked at her curiously but did not move.

"Get out, John," said Jack, "you need not be scared any more; we're at home."

He got out stiffly, and to my surprise, turned and lifted the baby down. She took his pig-tail and pulled it in wild delight. He seemed grieved when I took her away. When Jack told Mary, the good soul found a thousand reasons why he should stay, and hurried to make him a bed in the attic. The Celestial did not say much, but when Jack called him "John" he smiled a sad smile.

"Melican man callee John. Hump. Yik Kee."

So with due consideration for his feelings we addressed him as Yik Kee. He was of great use. He helped to take care of the children, did the washing (Mary did not fancy his method of sprinkling clothes), and helped Jack on the farm. We made him one of the family. He was always pleasant and smiling, but was a man of few words.

Cousin Jack added much to his income by trading in hides. Ranchmen living at a distance sold their hides to him and Jack sold them to traders, who came around at certain times in the year. Harry White was a partner in the business. He used to go around on a sort of round-up and visit the ranches all over the country. The cattle of the ranchmen roamed in vast herds over the plains protected only by the brand of the owner. Cattle stealing was frequently practiced. Offenders in this respect were shown no mercy. They were convicted, tried, and executed only in the Court of Judge Lynch. I never blamed the ranchmen for this; it was impossible to guard the herds in the vast area over which they traversed, and the cattle must be protected in some way. Gil Mead was a wealthy ranchman, who lived about ten miles from us. He owned the largest herd of cattle on the plains. They were branded with the vowels of his name, E.A., which could be recognized anywhere. He always shipped his cattle East to his brother in Chicago. I feared the man. He was tall and gaunt, with deep-set black eyes and low forehead. His home was unhappy, his wife cross and ugly, and his children wild and unruly. This made him more than commonly disagreeable.

I think it was in the fall of '74 that Harry White brought the big load of hides to Jack. Both were much pleased at the bargain they made. Harry gave glowing accounts of a new customer—a ranchman from Chicago who had taken up an abandoned homestead. He had purchased many cattle from his cousin, Gil Mead, and hoped to rival him in the number and quality of his herd. Jack packed the hides away to keep till December, when he expected the dealer.

One afternoon, not long after this, Gil Mead rode up to the house looking very agreeable and pleasant. A couple of strangers, also ranchmen, were with him. They wanted to look at the hides, one of them being a trader, Gil said. Jack was in Denver, so Yik Kee and I went to the barn with them. They looked the hides over carefully, and conversed in low tones, Gil with a suppressed oath. Finally they thanked us courteously, and took their leave. "Humph; no goodies," said Yik Kee, but he would say no more.

About 5 o'clock that evening, when we were at supper, a crowd of twenty-five or thirty men rode up on horseback. Jack came out and met them, inviting them in to take supper, in his generous, hospitable way. They wanted him to go to Denver with them; there was to be a meeting there of importance to ranchmen. The meeting would be at 8 o'clock. They had brought with them an extra horse for Jack. Mary looked around for Yik Kee to help her, but he had disappeared. I faintly remembered seeing his white, horrified face peering around the corner of the barn at the horses. I noted the visitors ate little—the food seemed to choke them. Some of them watched Mary and the baby in a queer sort of way. When Jack, as was his custom, kissed his wife and babies goodbye, one of the visitors, an oldish man, coughed huskily, and said: "Blest if I kin stan' this." They all rode off, Jack the merriest of all, waving his hat till he was out of sight.

When we were clearing the unusual quantity of dishes Yik Kee appeared at the end window and beckoned me. I followed him out. Ted was with him. Behind the barn were the three horses saddled. Sheep were with them, released from confinement, where he had been secured from following his master.

"Foller 'em," said Ted, in an excited whisper. "Yik's afraid they're up to something."

"What is it Yik?" I said sternly. "No fooling now."

For answer he twisted his long pig-tail around his neck, tying it under his left ear in a significant manner.

"Humph, he hange; steal cow."

"Oh, Mary," I sobbed, remembering Gil Mead's visit and his strange actions, and dimly seeing what Yik Kee meant, "I must tell Mary," I said wildly.

"Hump, no," said Yik Kee. "Yelliee sick," and he closed his eyes in a dead way sort of manner. "Go now—too late."

We mounted.

"Mother'll think we're gone to ride," said Ted, as we galloped over the plains. He was deathly pale, poor little fellow, but he sat erect and firm. I saw his father's big Colt's revolver sticking out

of his pocket. He was a handsome boy. Even in my despair, I would have hoped that I could save Jack by begging on my knees, that I could cling to him, and that they would have to kill me first. I could not help a smile at the comical figure Yik Kee presented on horseback. His loose garments flapped in the wind, his long pigtail flew out behind, and he bobbed up and down like a kernel of corn in a corn-popper.

It was a soft, warm night, lighted only by the pale young moon and the twinkling stars. We rode so fast as our horses could gallop. Shep was close at our heels, the bridge, when it reached the top of a little hill, we saw the crowd of horsemen. They were riding toward Denver. We galloped on with renewed zeal. They turned into a cross road leading to Mead's ranch. On this road was a bridge over Dry Gulch, which was in the Spring a roaring torrent. Beyond the bridge, across the fields, was the haystack of Mead, where was stowed sufficient to feed his domestic cattle through the winter. We at last reached the turn of the road. They were three miles in advance, riding rapidly. Yik Kee stopped at the turn. "Humph! Can't catchee. Hange at bridge. You goe!" He turned his horse and sped across the field, deserting us basely.

We rode on, Ted and I. He was pale and still; his cheeks were burning. We neared the bridge. The high mound of earth before us hid them from sight. We stopped our horses and listened. The men had lighted torches, some were preparing a rough gallows under the bridge; two were uncoiling a rope; some held the horses of the others beyond the bridge. The men were masked now, and I could see by the lighted torches that their number was increased. Jack was very white and sad, but he showed no fear.

"I am innocent, gentlemen," he said slowly, "but I refuse to tell you of whom I bought the hides."

I understood him. Could Harry White be a cattle thief? I felt as if I were groping in the dark.

"What shall we do?" whispered Ted, cocking his revolver.

Suddenly a bright red light illuminated the heavens followed by clouds of black smoke and a queer crackling noise. A yell from the men, Gil Mead's voice above the rest. The haystack was on fire. It seemed to me in the glare around it that I could see a foreign-looking human vanishing across the plain.

The men mounted their horses, Gil Mead at their head, and set out across the fields at a mad gallop. They must have saved the stack. They left Jack bound hand and foot and guarded by one man.

Shep, the wonderful dog, had kept by us until now, slinking in the dark shadows. Now, gliding sideways and still, he reached the man on guard, whose back was to us, and with no warning growl caught him by the throat with strong white teeth that could choke a coyote in a second. The man, who was in a sitting posture, fell back with a groan. Ted struck him over the head with the butt of the revolver, and pulled off the dog. I cut Jack's bonds with a knife. He looked at us wonderingly, and staggered to his feet.

"Never mind how we came, Jack," I said. "Quick, mount the horse beyond the bridge, and ride to Denver for your life. They will not harm a woman and child."

"Harry White," he muttered, the loyal soul that even could think of another's danger.

"I will tell him."

"No, no; not of this—only say, if he stole the cattle to fly the country. They will find it out sooner or later."

He galloped down the road. Ted and I mounted, calling off Shep, who sat on his haunches watching the unconscious man, and we, too, sped down the road. The haystack was giving out great volumes of black smoke, but the fire was dead.

Ahead of us was a riderless horse, Dolly, who greeted her master with a joyful whinny. Where was Yik Kee? Then Dot, my horse, shied from the road at a recumbent black figure. It was the indomitable Yik Kee, who had crawled all the way from the stack on his stomach, so that he could not be seen, after lying in the ditch until the blaze had died out.

"Humph! no catchee Chinese; heep sore," he said laconically, rubbing his stomach.

He mounted Dolly, and we rode on to White's ranch. Harry rushed out at the sound of horses' feet, at midnight. There, under the twinkling stars, I looked into his eyes, and told him the whole story. He showed no guilt, but only said we must stay the night at his ranch, for the men would come back to Jack's for him, and then mounting his fleet colt rode off down the road. I comforted his mother as best I could. At daybreak we rode home.

Mary was in a wild state of alarm. Where had we been? Where was Jack? and how cruel we were to leave her alone. She said that at 1 o'clock three masked men had come to the house and searched it and the premises, but had not molested her or the children, only asking where Jack was very sternly and sharply.

At noon Jack, Harry, the Sheriff, and a party of armed men from Denver rode up, stopping only a moment to tell me that they would be back at night. I dared not tell Mary, and she worried all the afternoon at their strange conduct. At night Jack and Harry came home, looking tired but happy. Then Jack told Mary, and she cried and clung to him as though she could never let him go.

It seemed the pleasing ranchman from Chicago was one of a band of cattle thieves. He sold the hides to Harry, who bought and open himself was slow to suspect wrong dealings in other. The Sheriff had caught the men skinning a cow that belonged to Mead, and had captured the gang and taken them to Denver.

The men concerned in the attempt to lynch Jack were sincerely sorry. Their regrets would not have availed much, however, if they had succeeded in their purpose. They gave each of their children ten acres of land; they gave Ted sixty-five, and me, whom they pleased to consider very plucky, 150 acres. I felt rich enough, and time has made it very valuable land. The man on guard was our warmest admirer. He thought Ted, Shep, and I wonders of courage. He said when I came down on the bridge with the open knife, he thought his last hour had come.

Gil Mead committed suicide not long after this. He was always quiet. No one ever knew that Yik Kee set the stack afire. I tell you Jack rewarded the faithful fellow—gave him a good farm, taught him to work it, and built him a house. The funniest thing was Yik Kee had a wife and three queer little children in

Chicago. I can't start for them, and Yik Kee and his family are as happy as they can be. The children play with Jack's (they have twelve now), and get along finely together.

In 1875 I married Harry White, which, I suppose, was foreseen from the beginning—at least Jack says anybody could have seen it. The most serene and satisfied face at the wedding was the Celestial's. In my inner consciousness, notwithstanding he is a "heathen Chinese," I have the conviction that as great a hero as is seen in modern times is the man of few words—Yik Kee.—Our Continent.

A MATERIALIZED SPIRIT.

The Sensational Statements of a Lady of Mason, Ga.—Marrying Her Dead Husband. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"You are an attorney as well as a magistrate," said a lady in Justice W. A. Poe's office, as she glanced nervously around the room.

"Yes, madam; how can I serve you," said the Justice.

"Do you keep a record of the marriage ceremonies you perform?" she inquired, after some hesitation. Her manner was still excited, and her fingers played rapidly with a handkerchief which she held.

"Only a partial one. It is not very accurate."

"Get the book and look at the date two years ago," she demanded.

The order was obeyed, and the following entry read from the record: "Married, March 23, Fannie Howard and James F. Sterling."

"Yes, yes," she said. "I am now convinced the man to whom you married me was my dead husband. You may not believe it, but as sure as I am a living woman, the ceremony you performed bound in wedlock a live woman and a man who had been dead for three years. Listen to what I say: You married me to a materialized spirit. I see you do not believe in spiritualism. I do, and on oath I declare that in this room, on the 23d day of March, 1883, you married me, Fannie Howard, to James Franklin Howard, and not to J. F. Sterling. There is not, and never was, a J. F. Sterling, who married me in this room, on that 23d of March, two years ago. I will prove it to you, on testimony that a jury of twelve men can not doubt. Eleven years ago, in the county of Monroe, this State, I, Fannie Westbrook, married James Franklin Howard, my husband. We lived together twelve months, when he was taken sick and died. Shortly afterward I went North. The 1st of my husband's materialized spirit. I talked with him, and enjoyed the happiness his presence gave me. I left the medium-room with new life and hope, and in a short time returned home. The quiet neighborhood of a country home is seldom broken by the appearance of a visitor. One day, however, there came to our house a stranger. He had been in the neighborhood several days, and his striking resemblance to my husband had been noted by many of my friends who had seen him. He came to our home at the invitation of my father, who had requested him to dine with us. I did not enter his dining-room until all had taken seats around the table. My eyes rested upon the stranger, and in a moment I felt before me my dead husband, as distinctly, sir, as I see you. I do not know what passed afterward. Memory deserted me. I seemed to be under the influence of some spiritual power. Mr. Sterling came to my house often afterward. I was never so impressed in my life as I was at our first meeting. His resemblance to my dead husband was startling. In time he addressed me, and I accepted his offer against my father's consent. We came to this city, and in an hour after we arrived you married us. We left your office for the hotel. My husband left me at the room door. I partially closed the door, and instantly opened it. He was not in the hall, as he was a moment before. He had not entered the office and no one saw him leave the hotel. It was a mystery. He never returned. I was advised by the proprietor to consult the police. I did so, but never afterward heard of him."

"You were cruelly deserted, madam, by a cowardly villain," suggested the Justice.

"Deserted!" she repeated, with an incredulous smile. "No. Let me tell you a man of flesh and blood could not cover 200 feet of a hallway in the short space of five seconds. No one saw him pass. Besides, it is likely the police force could have failed to find him if he had been in the city. His motive for deserting me must furnish a key to the mystery. From the facts, I firmly believe I married the materialized spirit of my husband; that his spirit came back to earth and assumed a form like that he wore on earth; that for a season he made me happy, forgetting his spiritualized life. He overstepped the bounds of that existence, and was recalled peremptorily to the spirit land. With this knowledge I can swear that I married in this room, on the 23d of March, 1883, James Franklin Howard. If ever I can believe as you do, sir, I will call again.ardon my intrusion. I will bid you good day."

And the strange visitor glided out of the door as if she herself might have been a materialized spirit.

Rapid Speakers.

The three most voluble Senators, Beck, Morgan and Plumb, neither write nor specially prepare their speeches, excepting to gather the facts. None of these three, however, makes any claim to the possession of oratorical powers, though each is singular in one respect. Mr. Plumb is the most rapid speaker who has been in the Senate for many years. He and Senator Beck are the only men who ever taxed Mr. Murphy's power as a stenographer to the fullest, and many think Mr. Murphy is the most rapid stenographer in the world. Mr. Plumb's words are emitted with terrific speed. He sometimes utters as many as 250 in a minute. Mr. Beck, while scarcely less rapid, speaks less clearly than Mr. Plumb, so that his words sound just as a man sitting at the window of a lightning express. Mr. Morgan's speech is rapid, bows as continuously as a running brook, and much the same pleasantly bubbling sound. He never prepares or revises his speeches. They appear in the Record precisely as he delivers them, and yet Mr. Murphy says that he never yet has found in them an error of grammar or diction, and that as specimens of pure, classic English, that are unexcelled by the speeches of any Senator. Mr. Bayard does not read his speeches, but, with these exceptions, at most all others do.

There is in existence a photograph of General Grant which is of peculiar interest at this moment. It was taken during the last winter of the war, while the headquarters of the army of the Potomac were at City Point. The photograph may have been instantaneous, for there is no appearance of posing for it. Grant appears in the door of his tent, with one arm raised grasping the tent-pole. He is in the simplest field uniform, the coat is unbuttoned, and he wears the soft hat with the twisted cord of the service. The face is thin and heavy with care, and the whole figure denotes self-forgetfulness and not dejection. The utter absence of parade, the entire simplicity of the attitude, the rudeness of the surroundings, would advise the spectator that this was the iron commander of great armies, the man upon whom the hopes of the Nation at that moment centered. Upon his skill, coolness, tenacity, unshakable faith, millions reposed implicit trust. It was weary waiting; wealth was wasted in streams, debt was accumulating, foreign powers were threatening, treason was brewing, precious life was poured out like water, and the land was full of mourning. This General, silent, inflexible, stands there at his tent door, apparently unconscious of observation, not so much looking abroad as communing with himself, bearing in every line of face and figure the impress of the heaviest responsibility and of vicarious suffering. No note of complaint, no sign of relenting, no consciousness of the show of power, but just at that moment a patient endurance in his own wasted person of the woes of an anxious Nation. Upon him, at that instant, rested greater responsibility than upon any other living man; upon him centered hopes, entreaties, prayers, curses, bitter criticism, and brutal disparagement. He is in the attitude of suffering and of carrying the burdens of others without complaint which is the mark of greatness. Perhaps if he had failed, perhaps if he had lost his cause and disappointed the hopes set upon him, this picture might to-day have been more utterly pathetic than it is, but remembering what the man had endured and was still to suffer before the final triumph of the people through him, the simple figure is not wanting in any of the heroic elements that touch the hearts of men.

"Judicious and 'Fruiting' Wives.

Boston Globe.

"A judicious wife," says Ruskin, "is always nipping off from her husband's natural nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning." If this is true, there are a few points of minor morals, that is manners, on which I wish some of my married friends would give their husbands a course of instruction. And first of these is something which they were supposed to have learned in dancing schools or in the nursery at home—that is, how to "make a bow to a lady." They acquit themselves pretty creditably on state occasions, during introduction ceremonies, and so forth, but the average man is lamentably careless in the matter of street salutations, and not one in a hundred but would get a new idea or two on the subject if you read him the following paragraph from The Mentor.

In public the bow is the proper mode of salutation, and according to circumstances, it should be familiar, cordial, respectful or formal. An inclination of the head or a gesture with the hand or cane suffices between men, except when one would be specially deferent as to age or position; but in saluting a lady the hat should be removed. A very common mode of doing this at present, particularly by the younger men, is to jerk the hat off and sling it on as hastily as possible. This is not only unbecomingly ungraceful, and as there is an old pantomimic law that "every picture must be held" for a longer or shorter time, the jerk-and-sling manner of removing the hat in salutation is not to be commended. The empressment a man puts into his salutation is graduated by circumstances, the most differential manner being to carry the hat down the full length of the arm, keeping it there until the person saluted has passed. If a man stops to speak to a lady in the street he should remain uncovered, unless the conversation should be protracted, which it never should be if either of the party knows and cares to observe the proprieties. A well-bred man, meeting a lady in a public place, though she is a near relative—wife, mother or sister—and though he may have parted from her but half an hour before, will salute her as differentially as he would salute a near acquaintance. The passers-by are ignorant of the relationship, and to them his differential manner says: "She is a lady."

Then there's the matter of tobacco. Of course you and every other woman agree with Mrs. Frances Harper when she said, at the women's congress not long since, that she thought it the proper thing for a man to keep his mouth nice enough to be kissed. But if your husband will smoke, do not your influence to have him do it like a gentleman, if possible. That is let him put but as much of his cigar in his mouth as is necessary, and never fail to remove it when he talks or passes any one towards whom he would be respectful, especially a lady. Furthermore, convince him if you can that our best bred men never smoke in the street at an hour when it is much frequented, nor any public place where smoking is likely to be offensive to others.

And this suggests another thing; do excuse me for speaking of anything so unpleasant, but won't you please advise Mr. Not to use all creation for a cuspidor? Just remind him that women have to use the public sidewalks, and staircases and cars, and that nothing can prevent dress skirts from brushing stairs or resting on car floors, no matter how vile said stairs and floors may be. If every wife would, to quote Ruskin's figure again, "prune" her husband's evil propensities in this direction, we might have an abatement of what is now an intolerable nuisance.

Still another point—but, on the whole, if you are talking to an average man and wish to keep him good tempered, perhaps 't would be better to change the subject now and have the rest for some other day.

Bureau of Animal Industry.

John M. Stahl, the well-known writer on live stock matters in a communication to the Western Plowman, lately gave the following eminently sound views on certain matters belonging in the great live stock field:

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