THE ANNUAL MEETING HELD

Board of Trade Tells People What It Has Been Doing the Past Year.

The Annual Address of President Erwin Read and the Secretary's Report Submitted—Prosperity of the City.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trade occurred last night. Owing to the excitement of the day and the absence from the city of a great many of the members there was not a very large attendance. As usual, the most important matter was the address of the president and the annual report of the secretary. Neither the president nor vice-president being present, Mr. Michael Sells presided. The address of President Erwin was read by Secretary Smith. He said:

"I desire at the end of my term in retiring as president of your honorable body to thank you for your uniform courtesy and consideration. The year just closing will stand as one of the most fruitful our city has ever experienced. To the gradual development from boyhood to manhood—from the immature bud to the full blown rose—may be likened our advancement as a city and of the bodies that go to make it up. Our character, our capacity, energy, strength and prosperity as a community is now recognized in quarters heretofore slow in its praise. Our merchants, manufacturers, artisans and our municipal charter are not in second place any longer, but are in the best form and entitled to the highest consideration and respect. We have attracted larger manufacturing interests to our already large family of manufacturers than ever before in one year. Larger investments of foreign capital have been made in our midst and more confidence shown for the future than we have heretofore enjoyed. We have improved our streets, added to our conveniences and comfort, beautified and extended the limits of our city and adopted plans to still further add to these which upon completion will make Indianapolis most desirable as a place of residence.

"Our bank clearances for the past year were larger than ever before, and our present bank balances have never before been reached—that tells the story of increased business, and is an advertisement in every Associated Press paper every Saturday morning worthy of consideration. Our superior location relative to the population of the United States and the many physical advantages presented by our State, and immediately surrounding us is a guarantee of our continued prosperity and progress. It only remains for the Board of Trade, with such assistance as other organizations and interested individuals can render, to bring us to the very front rank of America's enterprising, prosperous and most attractive cities.

"I beg to call your attention to the fact that within the year of our administration active steps have been taken to add three new railroad lines to our present superb list. The Chicago, Logansport & Indianapolis road has been surveyed, and work we are assured will now commence upon its construction. The Indianapolis & Chattanooga Southern has been partially surveyed, and if it is built will undoubtedly prove the best road for Indianapolis that we may possess. My position as president of your honorable body made me ambitious to secure this road, and upon presentation of the route and survey I was easily induced to accept the presidency of the new corporation until such time as a competent railroad man could be secured for it. The road contemplates running from Indianapolis to Rockport, on the Ohio river, thence via Owensboro, Ky., to Chattanooga and the South. The Indiana country through which it runs is almost entirely without railroad facilities, and abounds with coal and building stone of the highest class in greatest abundance. Its building will bring to Indianapolis millions of dollars of new business in all departments now controlled by other and distant markets.

"A company is also being formed to build a direct route to Detroit via Fort Wayne—running through the gas belt and best agricultural districts of Indiana, and opening up a northern trade that should properly belong to Indianapolis. Neither of these enterprises have asked for any assistance at our hands, other than what I have personally rendered the Southern road, but I have assured them that we stand ready to do all in our power to forward the matter, when presented to us properly, as far as we can consistently and with all our energy, and to that end I bespeak the cooperation of the new officers and board of governors. I am happy in congratulating the board on the condition of its finances, as shown by the report of the finance committee before you tonight. I will hope the surplus may be allowed to accumulate and that no division of it will be made among our members as has heretofore been done. In this connection I beg your attention to the growing necessity for a new building and the possibility of needing our surplus in that direction; especially so if an opportunity to dispose of our present property advantageously arises. It is also gratifying to report that our membership is full—not a vacancy exists—notwithstanding the unusual mortality among our members the past year."

The secretary's report was a very voluminous affair, and contained valuable information that will be published later in book form. The summary of receipts and disbursements for the year ending June 1, 1892, was as follows:

General Fund.

Balance on hand last annual report	$3,602.35
Receipts	16,465.13
Receipts, including balance	$20,067.48
Disbursements	14,484.54
Balance on hand	$5,582.94

Mortuary Fund.

Balance on hand last annual report	$1,818.00
Receipts	8,018.00
Receipts, including balance	$9,836.00
Disbursements	9,813.00
Balance on hand	$23.00

DO WOMEN READ NEWSPAPERS?

All Intelligent Women Do, as Their Conversation Proves.

New Orleans Picayune.

The woman of ordinary intelligence, and who can afford to buy a newspaper and then take time to read it, has nothing but herself to blame if she is not very well informed concerning everything that is going on in the world. There are some ladies who really boast that they only read the deaths and marriages, but, in fact, the fact is self-advertised in their conversation. They know nothing of the politics of even their own country; they have not heard of the horrors of famine in Russia; and for subjects of conversation they must at least avoid the current events of the world on which they live. The writer has in mind a lady who, somehow, has gained quite a distinction in her own little world as a "smart" woman, who thinks she is doing very well if she reads one or two columns of the Sunday paper. Apparently she has not an atom of interest in the world about her, and passes the morning paper by with as much unconcern as if it was printed in an unknown language. On the other hand there is a handsome minority of thoughtful women who keep in touch with the world by reading the newspaper daily and thoroughly. They take in the telegrams, the local news, the editorials, the selected matter. A woman has only to talk to you ten minutes to unconsciously announce whether she is a newspaper reader or not. There is really not much merit in being well informed concerning the affairs of a dead and gone century while remaining absolutely ignorant of the history that is making now. Such ignorance is nothing to be proud of. It is absolutely essential to the culture of a woman nowadays that she should read a good newspaper, and when she tells you she doesn't know the difference between a mugwump and a Democrat, nor what is going on in Europe or her own country, she tells you that of which—all things being even—she should be heartily ashamed. No woman has a right to live like a solitary silver five-cent piece tied up in the corner of a cambric pocket handkerchief.

A Man of Courage.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. Harrison's contribution of $200 to the Oil City relief fund at the present moment marks him as a man of courage, who defies his enemies to put an improper construction upon his beneficence. There is no reason why every other candidate should not telegraph a similar amount to Governor Pattison, Harrisburg, Pa. The aggregate would make a handsome nucleus.

SUMMER FANCY WORK.

Latest Fabrics and Freshest Designs in Use—Linen Embroidery.

Philadelphia Record.

Never has the use of embroidery for ornamental purposes been so universal as at the present time. While it cannot be said that there is anything absolutely new in the way of stitches, the old ones are modified and adapted to new designs and new fabrics. Ancient methods in the reproducing of patterns and colors softened to represent the processes of time are revived, and quaint tapestries with knights and maidens, scenes of the chase and mythological subjects are now embroidered to hang on walls as simple panels or over mantel decorations. Much of this work is done on canvas, with the ground entirely filled in, or plush or velvet, the canvas being placed over the fabric, and after the needle work is done the threads of the canvas pulled out one by one. Portieres and curtains are made in this way, the grandiose designs of the sixteenth century being in high favor. But we live in a rapid age, and only here and there is to be found a needle-worker with the leisure and patience to undertake such a large piece of work as a tapestry of solid cross or Gobelin stitches, and the impatient ones resort to dyes scrubbed in with stiff bristle brushes to form some part of the design. This is especially used to take the place of stitches to represent flesh and very delicate draperies, the stitches being reserved for coarser parts of the work.

Embroidery on linen is more then ever before the fashion. This has been a notable revival and has filled many houses with dainty and beautiful pieces of work in this line, meanwhile giving occupation and employment, either for pleasure or profit, to myriads of women. What needle-workers know as German embroidery is in high favor for table and carving-cloths, ornamental squares, etc. This work is invariably done in soft cotton or linen floss, and the colors used are red, white and blue. In the matter of design one may follow one's own inclination for anything and everything is admissible. Buffet scarfs are likewise worked in the same style with washable flaxes and cottons. The work is not so dainty as when executed in silks, but it possesses the advantage of greater durability.

French renaissance designs are used on many tea-cloths and bed spreads. These show scrolls and arabesques, garlands and suspended baskets of flowers, nosegays and bow-knots and are executed in satin-stitch outline and French knots. The favorite fabrics for bed spreads, bedroom curtains, portieres and table covers is linen, either white, cream or dull blue, worked with Bargarren flax. The colors and fabric are best when alike, but the designs may be as varied as one desires. Crewels are sometimes used in place of the flax, especially where the design is to be worked solidly. A lovely beadspread and curtain may be simply and quickly made of white linen with stripes of four-inch wide satin ribbon placed six inches apart. Over each strip of ribbon is placed an insertion of Irish guipure, held in place by irregular stitches of silk of the same color as the ribbon. An edge of Irish guipure finished the edge. Charming curtains are made in the same manner.

Novel designs for table cloths are bees, birds, butterflies, etc., arranged in flights or powdered irregularly over the cloth. The bees are invariably worked in shades of gold and golden brown, with touches here and there of gold thread. The same colors are used for the birds and butterflies. These patterns are quite new as applied to napery, and the taste which prefers to them scrolls or conventional designs may be questioned.

A great variety of doyleys are shown, and the amount of work bestowed upon some of them is appalling, notably some that are entirely of fine drawn work, separated only by narrow lines of the linen, which is worked in fine feather stitch with white silk. Others less elaborate show sprays of flowers embroidered in colored silks, and geometrical patterns executed in gold-colored silks or the real gold thread. The patterns and colors seen on Dresden china are also reproduced with the needle on some exquisite doyleys, which are edged with a border of drawn work above the quarter-inch hem, or are simply hemstitched and fringed.

The Dresden china embroidery is of a class not to be undertaken except by expert needle-workers. In some examples there is only one flower, with two or three tiny leaves and fine stems; and even where clusters of blossoms are used they are kept about a uniform size on each piece of work. From an inch to an inch and a half is the preferred size.

The Dresden embroidery is likewise applied to dainty tea-cloths and breakfast cloths to be used with Dresden china service. The effect is beautiful, but the work must be equisitely done and the colors used understandingly. When the worker wishes to carry out the idea in a thoroughly artistic manner the designs and colors should be accurately copied from the china to be used with it. The Kensington stitch, with variations, is employed for this work.

Photograph frames of fine white linen, Suede, satin, crepe or broadcloth are embroidered with little knots of flowers after the Dresden fashion, and are very dainty. If linen is used it may be repeatedly renovated by careful laundering.

The decorative art societies in the various cities display many novelties in embroidery, or in the articles embroidered, many of them useful, many ornamental, and many of them too ornamental to be useful. Think of lavishing exquisite flowers executed with delicate silks upon linen bags to hold wet sponges and brushes, and then packing the dainty thing in a hand-bag while traveling. To be sure, it is lined with rubber cloth, but is incongruous all the same. Fancy a hearth-brush with a handle thirty inches long wound closely with white satin ribbon embroidered with a running wreath of violets. The brush is further beautified by painting the top of the bristles white and piecing to fall over them a delicate silver fringe. Why not bestow such ornamentation upon some article that is ornamental of itself, and allow the useful to fulfill its intent?

THE CZAR'S QUEER SUIT.

It Is Nothing More than a Homespun, and the Colors Lichen and Indigo.

Buffalo Enquirer.

The Czar of all the Russias has had made for him a rather queer suit, nothing less than a suit of homespun tweed. The cloth is of the usual Highland kind—a homely-looking tartan, in which the prevailing colors are lichen and indigo. The Czar gave the order for the suit because his father, the late Czar, had for a nurse a Ross or Mull girl named Catherine McKinnon, who, by some stroke of luck, found her way into the imperial family of Russia, and so commended herself to her royal employers that recollections of her services remain in the family to this day. So it happened that the Czar ordered the Mull-spun tweed suit woven within a few miles of the cot where Catherine McKinnon spent her childhood. Had Catherine lived in an earlier age she might have been Czarina and the mother, not the nurse, of emperors, for the great Catherine was of as lowly origin as this cotter girl from Mull.

How Pleased She Will Be!

South Australian Chronicle.

"I'm going to have a party on mamma's birthday,' remarked Ethel, "and I've invited twenty-five boys and girls."

"What a nice mamma you must have," said the visitor.

"Oh, mamma doesn't know anything about it," answered Ethel; "it's going to be a surprise party for her."

The Beautiful in Art.

Have you ever seen a genuine Hogarth, Dore or Rembrandt? One need not go to the Vernon Gallery or the Louvre. In the show windows of Emil Wulschner & Son, 42 and 44 North Pennsylvania, are heads with all the lights and shadows of a Rembrandt—faces whose grotesqueness suggest only Hogarth, others more varied than any conceptions of Dore, and neither in oil nor in water, but etched on the gloriously-tinted natural wood by the master hand. The Knabes have always been noted for the exquisite tone of their pianos, and now it seems they are to surpass the world in the elegance of their cases. No casket can be too fine for such a gem. The greatest musicians praise them for their tone, and their beauty appeals to the senses of every one. In homes of taste and refinement there will always be found the Knabe.

DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON

Four Melodramas Condensed Into a Brief but Comprehensive Narrative.

Killing of Bob Ford, the Slayer of Jesse James, the Leader of a Gang Who Killed a Thousand People and Stole $10,000,000.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Bob" Ford kept a dance hall at Creede, Col. "Kept" is in the past tense. Its use implies not that the dance-hall is no more, but that "Bob" Ford is no more. A dispatch from Creede tells that on Wednesday "Deputy Sheriff Kelly was seen standing at the door of Ford's saloon. A man handed him a shotgun. He took it and entered the saloon, saying as he entered: 'Hello, Bob.' On that 'Bob' turned round with his hand on his hip pocket to draw his pistol, but he was too late, for Kelley discharged the contents of the gun into his neck. The gun was loaded with buckshot. Ford's jugular vein and other veins were cut in two. He died instantly. Kelly surrendered himself to a police justice and refuses to be interviewed."

About four melodramas are condensed in that story. Those who know what the antecedents to it are would probably increase the number of the melodramas by eight or ten. "Bob" Ford was the brother of the late "Charley" Ford. The late "Charley" Ford, about four years ago, blew his brains out in a Kansas City hotel. He did so because he was constantly pursued by those intent on killing him and because his memory held with graphic tenacity the details of a deed extraordinary in the annals of Missouri—but that is another story.

The story is this: During the war, near the town of Sedalia, in southwestern Missouri, lived a Baptist preacher named James, whose family comprised a wife, a daughter and two sons, named Jesse and Frank. Jesse was fifteen and Frank thirteen years old. That country was borderland between the Union and the Confederacy. Vile creatures, who called themselves guerrillas, raided and robbed the country in the name of the Confederacy. Creatures as vile who called themselves jayhawkers raided and robbed the country in the name of the Union. A horse was worth a good deal more than a man, so life-taking and horse-stealing were the occupations of both sets of land pirates. One day some jay hawkers swooped down on the James place. The father was killed. Better for the sister that she had been killed. The boys were whipped, kicked and told to get out. The remonstrating mother was knocked down and made hear the foulest language that [could be addressed to her. What horses were there were stolen. In the country of which the boast was the consideration shown to women, this occurrence might be thought exceptional, but it was not.

TRAINING UNDER QUANTRELL.

The boys did as they were told. They got out. They joined a guerrilla gang, headed by a man infamous for his ferocity, named Quantrell. Under him they grew to manhood, coolness and brutality, by the close of the war. An incident will explain this assertion. At the town of St. Joseph, near the western extreme of Missouri, was a hospital for the soldiers of the Union army. As fast as they improved they were taken across the State by railroad to a convalescent camp on one of the islands in the Mississippi below St. Louis. On an occasion sixty-two of such convalescents were put on a train and the train was captured by Quantrell's gang at the town of Mexico, Mo. The sixty-two prisoners were placed in a line on their knees blindfolded, on a green sward which stretches out in front of the pretty little station at that town. Thus placed, they were all killed by pistol shots, and to Jesse Jame, at his own request, was awarded the right to kill all of them. When he had shot a little over forty the older men of the gang, sickened at his ferocity, pulled him back, and finished the job themselves. His brother Frank was his constant companion in this guerrilla service.

At the close of the war the two brothers, Jesse James as the leader, organized the most famous band of robbers which this country has ever known. They held Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian Territory in terror from 1867 to about 1882-83. Excepting Jesse and Frank James, the personnel of the gang, which was never large, changed about every five years. In that time the members would either get killed off, in conflict with authority or among themselves, or Jesse James would take them one by one out in the woods alone and sudenly shoot them. Dead men told no tales. His theory was that after a certain time his associates would learn enough about him to render the rewards everywhere offered for him, dead or alive, a temptation which they could not resist. To preserve their fidelity, or his security, he could not take their lives. The operations of this gang extended southeast as far as Nashville, and northwest into Nebraska and up to Stillwater, Minn. The favorite occupation was to hold up railroad trains, so as to rob the money car, the express safe and the passengers. Another method was to ride into a small town, terrorize the inhabitants and seize all the deposits in any bank or banking house there, killing such as opposed them.

By the year 1883 it was statistically calculated that the Jesse James gang had acquired or destroyed more than $10,000,000 of property, had killed quite a thousand people and had put on Missouri an embargo against intending investment and settlement which the railroad men and the government rated would have been worth $800,000,000 to the State. Governor Crittenden in vain tried to break up and capture the gang. He pressed it so hard, however, that it temporarily dispersed itself, and all but four of it went into retirement.

WHO THEY WERE.

The four were Frank James, who lived in seclusion in Kansas City, and Jesse James, "Bob" Ford and "Charley" Ford, who took a house outside of St. Joseph, Mo., which stood on quite a high hill and which commanded a view from every quarter, a view which was unobstructed by the fact that no other habitation was near. The three lived here under assumed names in apparent peace and harmlessness. They were planning, however, to rob a bank in Omaha and to hold up a pay train in the Indian Territory. A lawyer in St. Joseph at this time received a letter from "Bob" Ford and got on treaty terms with him and "Charley." He contracted with them for Governor Crittenden to hand over the body of Jesse James, dead or alive, to the authorities, stipulating to them a pardon in full and $10,500 reward. The $500 was all the State constitution permitted the Governor to offer. The $10,000 was some of the sum put in his hands by the railroad companies, who wanted to exterminate Jesse James.

One morning, while Jesse James was on a step-ladder adjusting the hanging of a cheap lithograph-picture to the wall, "Charley" Ford shot him through the neck with a revolver, while "Bob" stood by, pistol in hand, to finish the job or to defend his brother, if necessary. Prompt as their action was, the click of "Charley" Ford's pistol caused Jesse James to turn half way round on the step-ladder, and in the act of turning, to whip out his own pistol, which his adversaries gave him no time to discharge. This incident illustrates the distrustful terms on which at the last the three were living. The two Ford brothers surrendered themselves to the police, were formally tried and acquitted, and received the blood money. Instead of disappearing from observation and Missouri, they joined a traveling variety troop to exhibit their skill as marksmen. They retired, however, when they found that the property rifles with which they were wont to fire blank cartridges at one another in mythical conflicts would every now and then be loaded with real bullets. Some avenger of Jesse James would be on their track everywhere. They had many affrays and with difficulty avoided many more. They felt they were doomed men. "Charley" at last, in a despair of fatigue and apprehension, blew his brains out. "Bob" Ford long disappeared on the plains, only lately to head up in Creede, Col., as the most modern hot-bed of adventure, there to die by an even worse wound in the neck than the one he helped inflict on Jesse James. Frank James for a while threatened to avenge his brother, but either thought better of it or let the laws of retribution take their course in the action of others. Frank was for a while a commonplace clerk in an insignificant shoe store in Dallas, Tex. He got consumption and religion simultaneously, and died not long ago in Kansas City.

END OF THE DRAMA OF BLOOD.

With the killing of "Bob" Ford should close a drama of blood and the blood should seal up a channel of barbarism and violence which nothing should ever reopen. The Ford brothers, both muchtoo young to have taken any part in the war, were the last persons to join the last of the many mutable gangs which Jesse James organized. They were Missouri farmer boys. They looked like poor actors, or suppressed drummers or underfed theological students, but belonged to a family in which there were more horses than cows, more dogs than hogs and more guns than spades. Night riding and day robbing came easy to them, and the traditions of the Confederacy which hung around Jesse James, with the fact that he was the object of pursuit by the national government, lent an idea of romance to the nefarious work they wrought. The gang were discriminating. They robbed railroads and banks and stopped stealing horses. That commended them to the farmers, among whom they lavished some of their quickly scattered gains and who always left their stables unlocked at night when the gang were around. If a worn-out horse was found in the stall of a fresh one that had disappeared that was a token that the Jesse James boys had been through, close pressed, the night before, but had given their pursuers the slip. Pretty soon the missing horse would be found in his accustomed stall and the strange horse would no more be seen. There was absolutely a political sentiment in Missouri in favor of Jesse James. "He robbed the rich and gave to the poor." He had been a rebel and his family had been massacred by jayhawkers. That was enough to make for him at least a faction in the State, and he thrived on it. His capture was resented, his killing was denounced, his obsequies were attended by weeping hundreds, and a hard-shell Baptist preacher eulogized his valor and his other virtues, and closed the services by giving out the hymn:

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

It is not believed that "Bob" Ford will have anything like so fine a funeral.

CHASING A RUNAWAY ENGINE.

An Old Railroad Man Relates an Exciting Experience.

Exchange.

"The liveliest time I ever experienced was in chasing a runaway engine," said an old railroad man to a party of friends recently. "I was an engineer on the Northern Michigan & Lake Superior line at the time," he continued, "and pulled a fast freight between Michigamme and Menomonee. We stopped at a little station called Maple Ridge one afternoon, as usual, for water, but had to wait awhile for an engine which was taking water at the time. The fireman was on the tender guiding the spout from the tank and the engineer stepped down from the cab to do some oiling. The engine was ready to go out on a passenger train and had a high pressure of steam on. Suddenly there was a rush of steam, the smoke belched from the stack and the locomotive gave a leap forward as a horse would if prodded with a sharp stick. The fireman was thrown off and the engineer jumped aside to see the engine start down the track at an alarming rate of speed.

"We knew instantly what had happened. The pressure of steam had been so great as to blow the throttle open and let the steam into the cylinders full force. She was now running away, and we knew that she would go on at that alarming rate of speed until the fire died out under her boiler or she collided with some obstacle. What to do was evident. The runaway must be caught, and every second lost was valuable, probably lives depending on it. The operator had seen the engine start and was already pounding desperately on his key to clear the track and notify the superintendent. Uncoupling our engine from our train, I pulled the throttle open, the fireman shoveled in the coal, and we started in pursuit. We had enough water in our tank to last for some time, and trusting in Providence to bring us out safely, we began the fastest ride I ever experienced. The runaway had about two minutes the start of us, and for the first few miles at least would gain on us. Our hope lay in keeping pace with her for some distance, and then gradually closing up the gap between us. If we passed the first five stations safely, it was quite probable that the track would be clear for us after that.

"Campbell was the first station, and we whizzed by at a rate of speed which made the station appear like a little streak of brown. Five miles had been covered, and we felt sure we were holding our own in the exciting race. Three miles further we sped by the little town of Beaver, and Perkins, which is one mile further, seemed to be a part of the same place, and thus the race continued. As we proceeded we saw crowds of people gathered about the stations, who cheered us as we passed, but their cheers scarcely reached our ears above the thundering of our locomotive. After we reached Narenta, thirty-three miles from Maple Ridge, we began to expect some trace of the fugitive. We did not let up on our speed, and as there were no sharp curves we had a view of the track for a mile ahead. Finally, from behind a patch of timber, we sighted her bowling along at a very sharp rate, but I knew we were gaining on her fast. A piece of up-grade was ahead and we now felt that our prey was in our grasp.

"Gradually we drew up behind the runaway until not more than one hundred yards were between us. Both engines were going at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and I called to the fireman to take the throttle. Then I climbed down on the pilot, and waited for us to come up. When we touched there was a jar, and I had a good opportunity to climb on board. Crawling over the coal into the cab I shut off the steam, and the runaway engine was a captive again.

"The return trip was without incident. During the chase neither my fireman nor I had spoken up to the time we sighted the engine ahead of us. How long it took us to cover those thirty odd miles we could only estimate, for neither of us had time to look as our watches; but it was fast enough for us. It was afterwards figured out that we trotted along in the neighborhood of seventy-two miles an hour."

BREAD, AND BUTTER, AMD JAM.

Their Injudicious Distribution One Cause of Trouble in Many Families.

New York Ledger.

"There are certain families," said a woman of fastidious tastes, "of whom I am very fond, but I rarely go to their houses for reasons which may seem rather strange to many mothers, but which, nevertheless, are good and sufficient. I couldn't begin to tell you the number of dresses and wraps that I have had ruined by the injudicious application of bread, and butter, and jam. There is a number of places where I used frequently to visit, where the children are permitted to eat at all hours of the day, and where the darlings think that the reception-room is the nicest place in the world in which to enjoy their between-times lunches. I spoiled two dresses in one season in that house on that account. Now, while I might not feel any particular ill-will toward the children or the families for such an accident, I really can't afford a new suit for every call I make there, and this is practically what it amounts to. And I am not alone in the matter. Several of my friends have suffered the same mishaps, and at least two of them stay away from the house for the same reason. I venture to say that there is scarcely a presentable article of upholstered furniture in that entire house. The mother is always buying tidies and draperies and covers of various sorts, and nobody but the initiated has any idea of the use she makes of them; but they are one and all brought into commission to hide smutches and daubs on the furniture, and the drawing-room suit goes to the cleaner's or upholsterer's about once in six months. The mother of that family seems never to have dreamed that the continual patching and piecing of appetites are not only unnecessary, but positively injurious. A week's visit would drive the most stolid person half mad with vexation and disgust at the manners of those children when meal-time comes. They have nibbled and minced until they haven't a suggestion of an appetite, and when they are seated at the table the trouble begins. There isn't a thing that pleases them; they are fretful, and peevish, and disagreeable; and the father, who hasn't the slightest idea of how they are managed, thinks the poor little things are sick, or that something is the matter with them, and coddles and cosets them till it is wearisome in the extreme. There isn't the slightest necessity for a child over five years of age to eat a mouthful from one meal to another. The practice is injurious to the child, demoralizing to the household and destructive to furniture, clothes, temper and friendships. If a very young child asks for something to eat, it is best to give it a very little, very simple food, but not enough to destroy its appetite for the following meal, and even this should not be given if there is but a short interval to wait. Better by far that the little one go to the table with a keen appetite, than to give it just enough to satisfy it for the time being, and lay the foundation for a later outcry when that little shall have ceased to satisfy. A cookie or a doughnut half an hour before dinner is one of the most demoralizing things that can be given either to a child or an adult. It takes away the relish for the meal, and often causes serious disturbance of the digestion. Sweets, above all things, are ruinous to a regular healthy appetite. With the possible exception of fresh fruit in its season, there is no excuse for eating between meals."

TRACK INSPECTION.

The Dynograph Car Which Is Soon to Go Over the New York Central.

Buffalo Courier.

The dynograph car will soon start from the Grand Central Station in New York on its annual spring inspection trip over the New York Central. This car is the invention and property of P. H. Dudley, and it makes semi-annual trips over three or four Eastern railroads to ascertain and record on paper the exact condition of the rails and road-bed. The car, which is forty feet long, was built expressly for Mr. Dudley, and it is the home of himself and wife, as well as his workshop. It represents in its present state of efficiency the study and development of twenty years.

Mr. Dudley has perfected an ingenious electrical instrument which, by a system of little glass tubes filled with ink and tapering to fine, penlike points, will trace on paper, as the car moves along at any rate of speed, everything that it is desirable to know about the condition of the road-bed. The paper used is about twenty-four inches wide, and it passes from one roller to another, both the rollers moving in connection with the wheels of the car. A strip of this paper, eight feet long, is used to each mile traversed, and the points of the little glass tubes mark on the paper the alignment of each rail, the degree of curvature as well as the elevation of each curve, the speed at which the car is moving, and the condition of the surface of the rail. Every variation of one-sixteenth of an inch and over is recorded.

Connected with the registering and tracing instruments in the car is a contrivance which automatically ejects a drop of blue paint upon each point in the track where the end of one rail is one-sixteenth of an inch or more out of gear. At the end of a trip the exact number of such faulty spots is found recorded on a slip of paper. Trackmen are sent out on the various sections after the car has passed, and the loose joints marked by the blue paint are properly adjusted.

Mr. Dudley has fitted up very comfortable quarters in his car for his wife and himself, including a well-equipped kitchen, library and sitting-room, in which Mrs. Dudley has her piano. Mr. Dudley is an Ohio man, but is well known as a scientific student. He is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and is vice-president of the American Microscopical Society. His dynograph car is of much service to the railroads on which he operates it.

"Sheep vs. Dogs."

Germantown Telegraph.

From all sections of the country there comes up the cry of trouble from dogs where there is an attempt at sheep-raising. In order to make sheep-raising a success, they must be kept quiet, and this is hardly possible where dogs are so plenty that they are continually traversing the fields, for whether they attack the sheep or not, if they enter upon or cross the field in which the flock is grazing, the sheep are frightened and set into a run.

Our observation has been that sheep will not do well in any section where they are subject to the frequent annoyances of disturbance by dogs. A writer in the Southern Planter comes directly to the point when he says: "Do away with so many dogs and sheep will come in by the hundreds, and farmers will see the difference in a financial way between keeping dogs and sheep."

It will be noticed that those sections of the country where sheep-raising is indulged in will be found a minimum number of dogs, and where the dogs prevail there will be less sheep. We have no quarrel with dogs, but we urge upon farmers a course that yields the most profit.

JUST WHAT A CORKER IS.

A Pointer About a Much-Used Word Well Taken.

Chicago News Record.

The word "corker" is a much-abused one, for the reason that its real meaning is unknown to the vast majority of those who use the word. It is derived from the French word "corquer," and that comes from the Latin "corcare," which in turn was born of the Greek word "korka," signifying "incomparable one."

Throughout the Homerian epics the goddess whom well call Venus is referred to as Venus the corker, and the epithet as originally applied seemed to imply not only natural and inherent qualities, but also shining and distinguished accomplishments—personal and intellectual beauty, attractions, charms, gifts and arts.

Our word, perverted by the ribald usage of the profanely heedless, has come to imply a certain disregard of consequences, so that when one speaks of another as a corker the multitude gathers therefrom that he who is designated as a corker must necessarily be a well-meaning but heedless pyrotechnist in speech and action. The word "thoroughbred," corrupted by the brutal familiarity of idle tongues, has come to have a similar meaning.

The Love and Respect of Trees.

Garden and Forest

It is surprising how little most persons really know about the trees among which they have lived from childhood, and almost everybody would be grateful for some accurate information concerning them. If there are people so unfortunate as not to care to know about nature, it is possible, perhaps, to arouse their slumbering senses and to invigorate their faculties by pointing out the beauties and the uses of natural objects, of which, for this purpose, trees are the most available, as being almost everywhere present, of large size, picturesque appearance and general usefulness.

The more people, and especially the more children, there are in the United States who have learned to know and love and respect trees, the better it will be for the future of the Nation. Our prosperity is dependent on the preservation of our forests. A forest is only an aggregated mass of trees. When we come as a people to know and appreciate and love trees we shall learn to love forests, too; and once loving them, we shall appreciate their value, and efforts to preserve and maintain them and make them useful and productive for all time will then be a comparatively easy task. But to do this a whole generation of Americans must be educated. The lesson must begin in the cradle, and it must continue year after year until our people love trees and know their value as well as they know the Constitution of the United States and their rights as citizens. It is for these reasons that every addition to our knowledge on this subject is valuable, and we therefore welcome the appearance of such papers as these Mr. Humphrey is publishing, and which we hope later to see gathered together in a handy volume which will serve as another text-book for the people of New England.

Raising Potatoes Under Straw.

A Berkely county, Virginia, correspondent of the National Stockman and Farmer says that it is quite common in that section to plant potatoes and cover them with straw. We select a piece of land of loamy nature, enriched with manure of some sort, plowing the ground as early in the spring as practicable. Put in fine tilth by repeated harrowing, after which we lay off the ground with a single-shovel plow, rows about two feet wide, and drop the potatoes one piece in a place, cut to one or two eyes, and then cover with hoe or single-shovel plow. It is the better plan to let them remain in this condition for a short time to get a rain on them, but just as soon as it is dry enough to drive over the ground after the rain we cover them with one or two feet of straw. In this way we get fine yields of nice potatoes without any cultivation, and the weeds do not come up through the straw. We plant about the middle of May

Poultry for Orchards.

Poultry Guide.

While it is an undisputed fact that an orchard is one of the best places in which to establish a poultry yard we have found poultry to be excellent for fruit trees. We have sixteen Shockley apple trees now seven years old standing in and around our poultry yards. Some of these standing directly in the run of the fowls have had as many apples as any five of the trees on the outside. This is conclusive evidence that the one is beneficial to the other. The chickens destroy all bugs and other insects that prey upon the trees and fruit; at the same time they keep down all grass and weeds and keep the surface of the ground scratched up and in a mellow condition, thus promoting the health and vigor of the trees. Some have been literally hanging with nice apples, and so heavily laden that we were compelled to keep the limbs well propped to keep them from breaking down. Shade is one of the indispensables about a poultry establishment during the summer months, and it is certainly better and more profitable to have some variety or fruit. We, at the same time, get the needed shade, while we get a bountiful supply of delicious fruit, if of the right kind. We would certainly advise all to have orchards for poultry and poultry for orchards, for the one will be greatly benefited by the other.

The Farmers Have Learned.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

A notable change in one respect is observable in Western agriculture, and that is that farmers now pay attention to utilizing manure. A few years ago they did not do this. Lands were so cheap that they thought it would not pay to waste labor merely to conserve their fertility. Great heaps of manure lay and rotted and wasted from year to year. Whatever the other conditions may be, farmers of all classes and in all places will find out, eventually, that the first business of the farmer is to care for his soil. This is the one important thing to learn, and when the president of our agricultural college said to us recently that the aim of the college was to teach the students this principle, we concluded they were on the right track, and all the other needful things would follow in due season. When we have learned that we must continually restore to the soil at least as much plant food as the crops take from it, and have found how to do it at the least expense, we shall be on the road to becoming good farmers.

Subsoiling in Kansas.

Farm and Fireside.

A practical example of the value of subsoiling was shown last season on the government experimental grounds at Medicine Lodge, Kan. Forty acres of land, when plowed, were subsoiled to a depth of eighteen inches, and planted with sorghum cane. Another piece of land of the same quality was planted to the usual depth, and planted with the same variety of cane. Both fields received the same cultivation, and the subsoiled land yielded eighteen tons of cane to the acre, while the best yield of the other was only ten tons. The difference was so marked that it shows clearly the money value of subsoiling on that land, and for a crop needing so much moisture as sorghum does. An experiment in this same line, with any special crop, could be undertaken by many farmers with probably valuable results.

Children Cry for It.

New York Weekly.

Agent—You use a type-writer, I see.
Business man—Yep.
"And work it yourself?"
"Yep."
"Well, sir, I am introducing a new form of type-writer. It writes script instead of Roman letters—looks just like ordinary writing."
"What if it does?"
"One of the letters in it is a u with a dot in the middle, so if you don't know whether a word like receive is spelled ei or ie——"
"Cracky! I'll take one."

It Couldn't.

Memphis Appeal.

If Mr. Harrison's administration has been such a triumph of patriotic Americanism, why is it that the possibility of turning him down can be developed in two or three weeks?

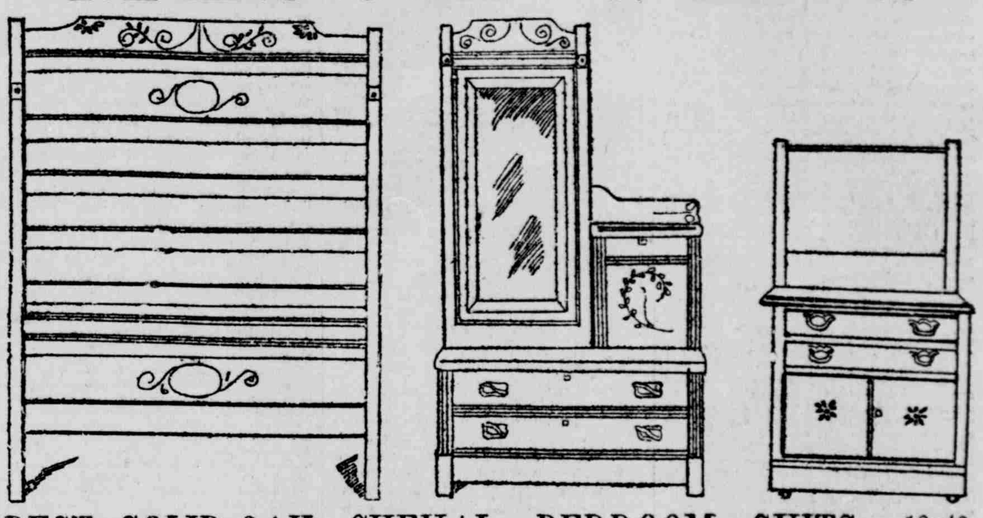
The Greatest Offer Yet

— DRIVE IN —

BEDROOM SUITS

ALL THIS WEEK AT

MESSENGER'S



BEST SOLID-OAK CHEVAL BEDROOM SUITS, 18x40 PLATE

ONLY $20.00.

The GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

SEE OUR $7.50 Refrigerator, best value on the Market. Take a look through the Superb Collection of Sound and Solid values in

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

TO BE FOUND AT

MESSENGER'S,

101 E. Washington St. 13, 15, 17 S. Delaware St.