

QUEST.

As one who tireless seeks, night after night, Some far-off, nebulous star that doth elude...

C'LISTY.



HE'S coming, boys! she's coming! Clear the way! Make room, and show proper respect!

Dave Howe swung himself over the low paling fence, which surrounded the Gay school, and rushed excitedly toward a group of boys clustered about the west entrance.

"Who is coming?" a half dozen demanded at once. "The Queen of Salmagundi come to school on Monday," shouted Dave, dancing frantically about.

Dave set the example, which was followed by several others—prostrating themselves upon the pavement in the most exaggerated manner as a shy, oddly dressed girl turned the corner and passed in.

"Wouldn't Sue like a polygonation like that to wear?" Jeff Dorr whispered, as she disappeared through the girls' entrance.

"A coat of me-ale!" cried Dave. "Didn't I tell you she was coming. Say, girls, you've got one of the ancients now for sure," as a number of the girls came up.

"Dave Howe, how often has mother told you to stop using slang?" exclaimed his shocked sister Emma.

"And you to stop chewing gum!" retorted Dave. "Oh, my! But won't she, though?"

"Who is it, Jeff?" asked one. "When Dave once gets started with his foolishness you need not expect an attack of sense soon."

"I don't know," laughed Jeff. "Dave got us to salama to her, so I guess she's somebody. What is her name, Dave?"

"Queen of Sal—" "Dave Howe, do have a little sense, if you have lost your manners," his sister interrupted shortly.

"I don't know her from Adam, Miss Peppery," Dave answered with mock humility. "She burst upon my startled vision—oh, stop, Jeff!"

"I can tell you who she is. She is just nobody." Belle Price, who had just come up, gave this information with a tilt of her nose.

"Do you remember old Weston?" she continued. "Old drunken Weston, who used to chase us when we were kids?" queried Dave.

"Yes, she is his girl. Her mother has been somewhere in the backwoods upon a farm until now. She has come here to give C'listy, as she calls her, an education. She takes our washing, and I heard her tell mother she meant to make a teacher of her."

"Does she drink," he asked anxiously in a tragic whisper. "You know what I mean, Dave Howe," she sharply replied. "Folks with such antecedents can't be anybody."

"Oh—oh, my!" Dave collapsed back upon his knees, and his head in his hands gazed at Belle in ludicrous astonishment. The gong struck just then, and all hurried away without seeing a pale face at the classroom window above.

"Neither did they see the figure that darted through the hallway a few minutes later, and thence down the street. "Mother, mother, I couldn't stay! Who are we? Who am I that I can't be anybody? was the passionate inquiry as poor Calista rushed in upon her mother."

"Mrs. Weston looked up from her ironing-board, then sat down trembling. "I didn't think they'd say it to you, C'listy—a girl!"

"Why can't I be?" the girl asked. "Can't you get along and not mind it?"

"Is it because my father was a drunkard—because men sold him drink—because he couldn't keep from drinking—because he died in prison? Have I always got to face it?"

can do right; be a lady and learn. Nobody can keep you down if you're bound to go up. Be somebody in spite of them. Oh, C'listy, try for my sake!"

Calista rushed out of the house, as her mother ended her appeal, with a burst of tears. An hour passed before she arose from beneath the oak tree where she had thrown herself. Then she went back to the house with set lips and pale face.

"I'll do it," she simply said. The next morning she was back in the schoolroom, outwardly unmindful of the cold looks, withdrawn skirts and upturned noses of the girls.

It soon became evident that the Gay school pupils must wake up. It was irritating to think of C'listy Weston's leaving them behind in the race for learning, but she was doing it, and when one day she gained a signal victory over Belle Price, who had always been first, open war was declared. But she pressed bravely on until at last Dave Howe could not resist speaking to her one day as she passed out of the schoolhouse.

"Good for pluck, C'listy!" "What do you care for my pluck?" she flashed back defiantly. "You set them at me from the first."

"Now, C'listy," drawled Dave, planting himself before her, "I'm a bigger barker than biter any day. I've got to make fun of somebody. I'd give you Emma Howe herself. And you know you did look as odd as Dick's hatband that day. But you've changed mightily and I do admire pluck anywhere. Just you stick to it, C'listy, and you'll pull through. Girls are queer animals."

"And boys, too," C'listy could not help saying to herself, with a queer feeling compounded of anger and gladness. It was something at least, to have gained one friendly word. She would keep on.

But Belle Price succeeded perfectly in making her miserable. She looked upon the despised girl as her rival now and her influence was all-powerful with the others.

Then came the offer of prizes to the girls for the best essay. C'listy knew that she could write, and the prize meant so much pecuniarily. So she set to work. Belle Price was also one of the contestants and a determined rival.

The day was rapidly approaching, and Belle's admirers took occasion to state openly that their friend's production was not to be excelled. The afternoon before the day set for the exercises Calista was about discouraged. Of what use to strive longer?

Suddenly a cry rang through the school-room. "Fire! fire!" There was a mad rush for the doors. The teachers' presence of mind enabled them to get out safely the occupants of the rooms; but, once outside, it was discovered that C'listy and Belle were missing.

For a minute, as the lines passed out rapidly, C'listy hesitated. She knew that Belle had slipped off secretly to the lecture-room on the first floor for a final rehearsal by herself. But what if she had? It was none of her business. C'listy thought. Some one would look her up, and Belle would not trouble to save her from anything, she bitterly thought, as she remembered the many slights she had endured.

She had reached the foot of the stairway with others when suddenly she started aside unheeded, and up the stairs through the hall, so rapidly filling with smoke from some unknown quarter.

"What are you following me here for?" Belle haughtily asked, as C'listy entered the room. "It's a fire!" C'listy answered, with a quick clenching of her teeth at the tone.

Belle dropped her essay and rushed for the door, but C'listy caught her by the arm, picked up the paper and hurried her from the room. At the door Belle hung back in terror at the cloud of smoke.

"Come with me. We can get down if we hurry. Hold your breath. Come!" And she fairly dragged the terrified girl after her through the blinding smoke rolling up toward them. "Get down!" she commanded, hoarsely. "We've got to go down backward on our hands and knees or we'll choke. Come on!"

C'listy clutched Belle firmly and forced her to her side on the floor. "And that's the way I found 'em—half way down the last flight of stairs," said the fireman who had dashed into the building when the two were missed.

"The only thing that saved them, too, in all that smoke, getting close to the floor; sensible thing to do, for smoke alters rises. Mighty lucky for them the gal thought on't," said another.

"They will come out all right. It is only the fright and reaction," said the doctor, as he examined the half-stupefied girls, who were hastily carried to their homes.

"Bell's essay—it's in my pocket, mother," said C'listy that night. "Send it right to her. She'll take the prize. It is best, I know, I shall not go. My essay is burned."

"No it isn't!" Dave Howe exclaimed, bursting in at the open door. "The desks were only just scorched and I found it. Here it is; and the exercises will go on at the hall, and Mr. Price told me to give you their thanks, and he would send for you tomorrow."

"That was all, then yet C'listy felt that it was more than she expected, and when she reached the hall the next day late, and was hurriedly assigned a seat at the end of the long row of classmates upon the stage. Neither could she fail to notice that, as usual, the seat next to hers was vacant. The girls still avoided her, she thought, bitterly, though Emma Howe smiled pleasantly from the seat beyond. Belle was not anywhere to be seen.

The exercises proceeded, each speaker being gracefully conducted to the front by the one at her right; and C'listy felt a lump rise in her throat as she saw there was no one to perform that office for her. It would be

so always. Her eyes filled so that she could not see distinctly as her own name was called; but she arose, struggling for composure, some one took her hand and accompanied her to the front, where a loud burst of applause greeted her, and gave her time to regain self-control. Yet, her voice was pathetically tremulous to the close of the impassioned plea she put forth for "Recognition"; and, when she closed, she found her seat amid renewed applause.

Then Bell Price's name was called, and she saw that it was Belle who now occupied the seat next to her. Was it she who had escorted her? The question asked itself again and again as she listened to the essay in a tumult of feeling.

But she was not prepared for what followed. As Belle took her seat, Mr. Price arose to award the prize. "In awarding the prize," he said, "the judges have considered it as lying between the last two contestants; but one has honorably withdrawn, stating to the committee that her effort was assisted by the criticism of another. Therefore, we feel that the prize is due in all respects to—Calista Weston."

C'listy stared at Belle in amazement, but the latter only nodded; while Mr. Price continued, after the storm of hand-clapping had ceased— "This is not all. A gold medal has been privately prepared for the one who has led her class in scholarship and deportment as she also leads it from her seat today upon this stage, in magnanimity and heroism—Calista Weston."

There was no doubt this time. It certainly was Belle who escorted her to the front to receive her honors. It was Belle who stood by her through the misty closing ceremonies, and it was Belle who afterward introduced her to those who gathered round for congratulations, as— "My friend, Calista Weston."

"Can such people be anybody?" whispered Dave Howe, mischievously, in Belle's ear, later. "Being somebody rests with the person, after all," she quickly replied; "and Calista has proven that true worth will compel recognition."—S. P. S.

FOREIGN PAPER MONEY. Bank Note Currency of Various Countries in the Old and New Worlds. The Bank of England note is five inches by eight in dimensions, and is printed in black ink on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white, with ragged edges. The notes of the Banque de France are made of white, water-lined paper, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denomination from the 25f note to the 1,000f. South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and appearance of American bills except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors, and that Spanish and Portuguese are the prevailing language engraved on the face. The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black. They run in denominations from five to 1,000 marks. Their later bills are printed on silk fibre paper.

The Chinese paper currency is red, white and yellow, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand-drawn devices. The bills to the ordinary financier, might pass for washing bills, but they are worth good money in the flowery kingdom. Italian notes are of all sizes, shapes and colors. The smaller bills—five and ten lire notes—are printed on white paper in pink, blue, and carmine inks and ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert. The 100 ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center, in bold relief, stands a large finely vignette of the Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks. The Australian bill is printed on light-colored thick paper, which shows none of the silk fibre marks or geometric lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting.—Golden Days.

Unpleasantly Affectionate. An English traveller in Persia had arrived at Abadeh, where a European telegraph official, Mr. G—, welcomed him hospitably, and invited him to remain for the night. The prospect of a dinner and a bed was attractive to the wayfarer, and he gladly accepted the invitation. He says: "An hour later I was comfortably settled upon the sofa, dozing over a volume of Punch, when my rest was suddenly disturbed by a loud bang at the sitting-room door, which, flying open, admitted two enormous animals, which I at first took for dogs."

Both of them made at once for my sofa, and while the larger one curled comfortably round my feet and composed itself to sleep, the smaller one, evidently of a more affectionate disposition, seated itself on the floor and commenced licking my face and hands, an operation which, had I dared, I should strongly have resented. But the white, gleaming eyes and cruel-looking green eyes inspired me with respect, to use no stronger term; for I had by this time discovered that these domestic pets were panthers! To my great relief, Mr. G— entered at this juncture.

"Making friends with the panthers, I see," he remarked, pleasantly. "They are, nice, companionable beasts." That may have been true at the time. The fact remains, however, that three months afterward a "affectionate one" half-devoured a native child! The neighborhood of Abadeh, Mr. G— informed me, swarms with these animals.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN.

VALUABLE POINTS OF INFORMATION FOR FARMERS.

Flax Statistics—Disposing of Surplus Fowls—Cultivating Sweet Potatoes—Profits of Timber Planting—Some Hints.

Flax Statistics.

The census bureau has just issued a bulletin on flax production in this country, prepared by Mr. Hyde, the special agent. It shows the total area of land devoted to the cultivation of flax in the United States in 1889 to have been 1,318,698 acres, the production of flax seed 10,250,410 bushels, the production of fiber 241,389 pounds, the amount of flax straw sold or so utilized as to have, a determinable value, 207,757 tons, and the total value of the flax products \$10,436,229. Although flax seed is reported from 31 states, Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska produced 80.06 per cent of the total amount, or 1,035,615 bushels in excess of the entire production of the United States at the census of 1880.

Flax is now cultivated almost exclusively for seed, and in the old fiber producing states its cultivation is almost entirely abandoned. South Dakota had the largest acreage in 1889 and Minnesota the largest production of seed. Of the states containing 1,000 acres or upwards in flax, Wisconsin had the highest average yield of flax seed per acre, 11.42 bushels, and the highest average value per acre of all flax products, \$13.39. The average yield for the entire country was 7.77 bushels per acre. Throughout the greater portion of the principal flax producing region flax straw is of little or no value, and much of the so-called fiber is only an inferior quality of tow, used chiefly for upholstering purposes.

There are indications, however, of the revival in the United States of a linen industry that will afford a market for fine flax fibre of domestic production and revive a branch of agriculture that has been for many years almost extinct. No previous census report contained any statistics of the acreage in flax of the value of flax products.

Disposing of Surplus Fowls. If extra stock is sold it should be done in May or June, or deferred to January. In May the best chicks can be retained for next year and the surplus sold at a time when the prices are well up. This applies also to fowls, as prices are so low in the summer and fall as to make it a matter of doubt whether they are sold or given away, if cost of transportation, commissions, etc., are deducted. The expense of retaining the surplus until late in the season more than balances the eggs received, if a large number of chicks have been hatched. The best prices are obtained for chicks, and the largest profits derived when the chicks are forced into market in a short time. Every day they are kept after May only adds to the cost, while prices are constantly on the decline until January. It is no gain at all to have the prices go down as the weights go up, but it is a loss of time, however. The hens and pullets that are selected to be kept over for another year will thrive better and give a larger proportionate profit than when the surplus stock is retained and the fowls and chicks crowded. From this time to January those selling fowls will be fortunate if they secure the cost of the food, but after Christmas prices usually advance, and the market is then never fully supplied. If the flock is still crowded use the surplus on the table for the family.

Feeding Pigs. To have good, strong pigs, says a writer in Farm and Home, the sow should be in good flesh, but not overfat when the pigs are farrowed. After farrowing, the sows must be liberally fed on corn, bran and shipstuf, or the oats may be used instead of the bran and shipstuf. As soon as the pigs begin to eat, which will be about three weeks old, give them a trough where the sow can get at it, and put a little sweet milk in it. Give them but little at a time at first, as what is left will get sour, and not be liked by very young pigs. As soon as the youngsters get to coming regularly to their feed, stir in some shipstuf and bran, with a little linseed meal, increasing the shipstuf and bran as the pigs require. Whole oats is an excellent feed, and pigs will learn to eat it while quite young. It is well to feed some corn say one-third of their feed, and, if the weather is cold, one-half. To make good growth, pigs should have about all they can eat, and if not more than one-third of the feed is corn, they will not get too fat to grow well. Feed equal quantities, by measure, of bran and shipstuf, made into a thick slop with milk or water, and feed it before it sours. Feed corn and oats whole and dry after the slop. Pigs ought to have a warm and dry place to sleep; it must be dry. To kill lice rub petroleum where you see nits. Lastly, don't expect pigs to grow without liberal feeding, for that is impossible.

How to Fall With Poultry. To fail in the chicken business, clean your hen house once a year. If your chickens have lice, let them alone. If you can find only one kind borrow from your neighbor and start right. If there are any cracks in the house, don't close them, as you may wish to ascertain what roop and sore head are. In case the roop appears,

just let it run; it will stop after a while and so will the chickens, and then you can boast that chickens don't pay. For drink in the summer, keep a cess-pool on hand; if you have none, by all means make one. If your fowls get cholera, simply give nothing; perhaps they will get on all right; can't insure this but it is a part of how to fail, says a correspondent of Farm and Home. Let your fowls roost in trees and if you have no trees put up poles 10 or 12 feet from the ground, as the higher you get the purer and colder the air. Again, you need not pay any attention to the nests; the hens will look out for themselves. If one should hatch abroad let her hover near a pasture so the little chick can go out in the dew and catch the gapes; you then save feed, for they will not eat for some time, as it will require all their time to open and shut their mouths.

Cultivating Sweet Potatoes. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives the following instructions in regard to the setting out and cultivating of sweet potatoes: "Open furrows three feet apart with a one-horse plow; in these, to every 100 yards, sow twenty-five pounds of cotton seed meal; then throw a furrow on top from each side, leaving it precisely as a drill where you have planted Irish potatoes. On this top drop your 'draws' sixteen inches apart, and plant like cabbages. When they cover the ground, let a boy or woman run a stick under them and throw them over; this prevents the runners taking root. In June, cut these back or off, making cuttings of them eighteen inches long. On other drills prepared as above, drop these. Your men, women and boys have sticks three or four feet long, with a notch cut in the end; with the notched end, shove into the soil this cutting, placing the notched end about four inches above the cut-off end of cutting. As the stitch is withdrawn, give the ground a tap with it as you do in planting cabbages, and your planting is done. A cloudy day or wet day is best, and rest assured you will not lose 1 per cent of them."

Profits of Timber Planting. A correspondent in Western New York gives to the Prairie Farmer the result of a timber plantation made seventeen years ago. He planted eight acres with European larch on rough and poor land, worth \$50 an acre, some with steep banks that could not be plowed. Lately, he has been cutting every third row. The growth is too dense for the young growth which will die unless it is thinned. The following is the cost: Fifty dollars an acre, and \$25 for the trees and planting—interest 5 per cent—and \$3 an acre annually for cultivation. All expenses have made \$208 an acre; two thousand trees standing on an acre are worth 15 cents each for fencing, or \$300 an acre. The thinned plantation is worth with the land, \$108 an acre. If the remaining plantation were taken it would give a profit of \$92 an acre over and above the 6 per cent. It is but just to add that many planters would not succeed, not because of trees poor and injured when set, and setting carelessly done, the soil unadapted, and the trees uncultivated and expected to take care of themselves.

Where to Spend a Rainy Day. You might as well try to live without a kitchen as without a shop, and could more than save the interest on the investment in one year, saying nothing about time lost in going to town to get a breakage mended, while teams and men were idle. If there had been a shop and a few tools, the same work could have been done by some one present. Build a shop according to your needs, and put the old cook stove into it, and buy your wife a new one; it is far better than a heating stove for oiling harness, melting glue, popping corn and making molasses candy.

Miscellaneous Notes. Land thoroughly drained is said to be 10 deg. warmer than when undrained. Put sawdust around your current and gooseberry bushes. They need good manure also and will pay for it.

A recent bulletin of the Ohio agricultural station gives the cost of raising an acre of beets at the station as \$44.84. A government commission has been appointed in Ontario to obtain all possible information in regard to the practice of deboning cattle.

It is estimated that 15 per cent of the food product of the United States is adulteration. This rate indicates a loss to consumers of about \$700,000,000 per annum. The Missouri State Poultry Association has been permanently organized by about fifty poultry dealers from various parts of the state. Arrangements have been made for a poultry show in Sedalia the second Tuesday in December.

The capital invested in sheep raising in the United States would buy all the woolen factories of the nation and probably all the cotton factories besides. The wool grower is the senior and larger partner in this great business of wool and woolsens.

An agricultural writer makes the statement that one of the neighbors planted some cabbage plants among his corn, where the corn missed, and the butterfies did not find them. He has therefore come to the conclusion that if the cabbage patch were in the middle of the corn field the butterfies would not find them, as they fly low and like plain sailing.

HE DIDN'T NEED IT.

The Manual of Courtship Was Not of Use to This Man.

He was sitting on the platform at the railway station in a deep study, while two men stood near him watching. He had sat thus for ten minutes when a hustling individual swooped down on him. "You are looking sad this morning," he said.

The sifter lifted his face, but said nothing. "I've got something here that is just the thing you want," continued the hustler. "It is a little volume, price only 25 cents, on 'Love, Courtship and Marriage.' It explains how maidens may become happy wives and bachelors happy husbands in brief space of time. Also contains complete directions for declaring intentions, accepting vows, and retaining affections, both before and after marriage."

The man on the truck shook his head sadly. "It also," went on the hustler, "includes a treatise on the etiquette of marriage, describing the invitations, the dresses, the ceremony and the proper behavior of the bride and groom. It also tells plainly how to begin courting, the way to get over bashfulness, the way to write a love letter, the way to easily win a girl's consent, the way to pop the question, the way to accept or decline an offer, the way to make yourself agreeable during an engagement, and the way you should act and things you should do at a wedding. This is just the book that has long been wanted. It speaks in plain honest words—"

The man on the truck spoke. "I'm very sorry," he said in earnest tones, according to the Detroit Free Press, "that I must decline to purchase your book. But really I have no use for it at present, as I am on the way to the penitentiary to serve a ten-year sentence for compound bigamy. If you will call around—"

It was the hustler's turn now, and the way he made himself scarce beggars description.

A BURGLAR'S STORY. "Occasionally," said a retired burglar to the New York Sun reporter, "a man transfers to himself in a single night the accumulations of another man's lifetime, but these instances are very rare, and nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that burglary is a quick and easy road to wealth. The fact is that the great majority of burglars make but a scant living, and to make even that they must encounter many difficulties and dangers. The burglar's reward, whatever it may be, is never commensurate to the risks he takes."

"I have myself acquired some property, but if I had my life to live over again I should choose some other occupation than burglary. Indeed, when you come to consider the inconvenient hours and the general worry and uncertainty of that business, the wonder is that anybody should ever go into it. If a man is at all inclined to be sensitive he should certainly keep out of it."

"I remember, a long time ago, going late one night into a room in which there was one man sleeping. His clothes were on a chair near the head of the bed. I was bending over those clothes and was about to take them out into the hall, when the man suddenly woke up.

"Without an instant's hesitation he threw his arms around me. I was young then and strong, but this man was four times as strong as I was. I think he could have crushed me if he wanted to, and he put me out of the house with the greatest ease. But before he did that he carried me over to the bureau and turned up the light. As he looked at me my watch-chain caught his eye, and do you know that that man took my watch and chain and kept them?"

INSPIRED THE "CABIN." A New Story as to the Origin of Mrs. Stowe's Great Novel. It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe got the inception of her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" while on a visit to the family of the late Colonel Marshall Key, at Washington, this county, says a Maysville, Ky., special to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

She had become acquainted with one of Colonel Key's daughters while she was attending school in the city in which the great novelist resided. Afterward Mrs. Stowe visited Miss Key and spent the summer with her. Her predilections being against slavery, she was on the outlook for anything she could make use of against it. Frequent sales of slaves took place in the old court house yard, and Mrs. Stowe had a good opportunity to see and hear how such affairs were conducted and from other things to note the working of the institution of slavery. Her fertile imagination soon seized upon such a fruitful theme, and the result was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a story that had such a run as few works of fiction have ever attained.

When the dramatized play was first produced in New York city, part of the scenic performance embraced a reproduction of the old Court-house yard at Washington, as well as Taylor's store on the adjoining corner, with the old sign of "Taylor & Green" over the door.