

AN ICONOCLAST.

By Elizabeth Pallen.

Young Mr. Broughton was, unawares and gradually, in process of evolution from the journalist to the newspaper man. It took all sorts of rubs and surprises and meers and disillusionments to form him. That morning he was hurrying through Printing House Square on an assignment when he noticed before him a woman carrying on her head a tray of plaster images, and walking with the stately gait and even poise of the South Italian. She was small, brown; she wore a gown of blue cotton, a woolen shawl, plaided in olive and yellow, and a red kerchief on her head. These glaring colors,



On Her Head a Tray of Images.

however, made her a picture. To observe her Broughton passed by her and then looked back. "She regarded him calmly. 'Buy a lit' San Samuele says-a his oration, signor?'"

Broughton had no particular use for a praying Samuel, but he had various theories about our adopted citizens, and might have acquired something in the plaster cast line if at that moment a broad-shouldered fellow had not

Broughton's assignment had taken him in the direction of Mulberry Bend. As he returned through that quarter he saw a hundred yards in front of him a woman with a tray of images on her head. He quickened his pace and soon was near her. It was the same Italian; she had replenished her tray with more saints and heroes and graces. "So it is," mused young Mr. Broughton—who still trailed clouds of the glory of journalism—"that in this world no one is indispensable. One perishes, another replaces him!"

Just then, swaggering around a corner, appeared the former breaker of images, and again, as if on purpose, he swung his arm rudely against the woman. As before, a crash, lamentations, and a crowd. The dwellers of Mulberry Bend, themselves well acquainted with poverty, gave of their copper coins to her, who sat waiting among the ruins of her wares. They helped her to pick up such of casts as were not irremediably broken, and to replace them on the tray. This time Broughton did not stay to act as consoler. The aggressor had walked off rapidly, and the reporter followed him. After five minutes' chase, they turned into an unspeakably dirty alley, where the Italian entered a doorway, without noticing that any one pursued him. Broughton, having made sure that he should recognize the house again, hastened to the nearest police station and told the story. "She was a quiet, decent little body," he said to the officer. "That great hulking brute struck her on purpose the second time, even admitting that the first time might have been by accident."

Two policemen were detailed to accompany Mr. Broughton, who was known to the chief of the station, and he led them straight to the door where the Italian had entered. Up the dark and broken stairs they climbed. Broughton shrank from contact with the slimy walls; it seemed to him that evil odors were depositing themselves there in a pestilential fungus growth. At last they emerged upon a landing. A child leaned over the baluster of the story above. Broughton tossed him a nickel.

"My little man, is there an Italian living in this house?" The child picked up the coin and stared in silence. "Say, kid, is dere a dago here?" one of the policemen translated. The boy pointed with a thumb to a door at the left of the landing where the three men stood. Broughton felt the thrill of the right-true avenger. The malicious brute who had twice

in—on the work bench of the maker, breaker and mender of images. The Italian looked up with a real Neapolitan smile, radiant, many-toothed, wide and irresponsible. "Tell me all about it," said the reporter. "You not give-a me away, gentlemen cops?" "No; go on." "Look; it like dis. We not see image. And I say, you hear-a me, Marianna, we get more money to break all! She carry de image. Deu I come-a wit' grand-a force-a. Pat-trac! All ruin-a! A-a-a-a-r me! Dat Marianna. A-a-h, poor! Dat people! Somebody take-a money in hat-a. Don't-a cry, poor woman! After, I mend-a what-a can. After, I, Marianna, babies, all eat. See?" All this time the wife stood with four rather clean and very beautiful children clinging to her skirts and peeping shyly at the strangers. How could Broughton or any one else blame this happy family?

Indeed, Broughton has never formulated his views upon the case, although he used to take social arbiter's very seriously. Whenever he meets Pietro in the street they exchange a glance of intelligence. Sometimes the Neapolitan, with a quick gesture, indicates Marianna further along the avenue. And then Broughton, if he has time, assists at the performance of the comedy of the iconoclast.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"SPREAD YO' FEET, BOSS."

The Walter feared the Bandman Would Go Through the Floor. Sometimes the fitness of things asserts itself even in a circus band. In the big orchestra presided over by Carl Clair the man who plays the big bass horn is himself the biggest man in the band. He is built on the same generous plan as his instrument, and is seven feet six inches high and weighs nearly 400 pounds.

The other day he wandered down into the lower end of New York and chance took him into a little combination bar and lunch counter restaurant just back of the city hall. The building inspectors had been very busy down that way, and had generally dispensed their judgment of the old wooden structures that still abound in that region. On the wall of this little restaurant had been placed a placard warning the occupants that the floor would safely hold up only 175 pounds to the square foot, if evenly distributed. As the tall and bulky "wind-jammer"—that's circus slang for musician—entered, the negro attendant at the lunch counter sized him up carefully, turned and read the placard, and then took another look at the horn-blowing giant. Then he leaned over the counter and in agonizing tones cried: "For Gawd's sake, boss, spread yo' feet! Spread yo' feet!" Somehow the story got back to the show, and the bass horn player is now called by his fellow musicians "Spread Yo' Feet."—Pittsburg Leader.

A CAT UP A TREE.

Gallant Policemen Sent to Its Rescue the Relict of the Ladies.

A singular request was made to Chief of Police Willard yesterday. A woman who lives in the neighborhood of 169 Hamilton street called up police headquarters, and this is the conversation that followed: "Hello! Is this police headquarters?" "Yes." "Is Chief Willard in?" "Yes I am the chief." "Well, chief, have you got a policeman who can climb a tree?" "Wh-what? A policeman who can climb a tree? For what purpose?" "There is a cat up in a tree opposite 169 Hamilton street, and it has been up there for four days. All the women and girls are in hysterics over it, and I wish something could be done about it. I thought that you could send a policeman up to climb the tree and bring the poor cat down." "I am afraid our policemen are not very good at the art of climbing, but I will see what I can do." "Can't you get a fire department ladder?" "We will attend to that all right."

Capt. Davidson sent a couple of his men to the tree where the cat was roosting. The cat was rescued, however, and the hearts of all the neighborhood beat regularly again.—Albany Argus.

THE COCKNEY IS KING.

May Have the World at His Feet for a Sovereign.

The centralization of the more pleasurable interests, while it seems narrowing in its tendency, is, in reality, precisely the reverse. London having become the universal provider for such delights, it is but a railway journey, and all is ready to your hand in measureless abundance. A man who had to collect his recreation by samples gathered here and there, and everywhere, would, as a rule, have but a beggarly store. Life would not be long enough for it, nor his pocket, if he had to go to the end of the kingdom for his art, to another for his drama, and all over the place for his sports and his minor diversions. In respect of such advantages the cockney with a pound in his pocket and a day to call his own ought to be as enviable as an Athenian of the time of Pericles. He is a citizen of no mean city. If he knows his way about he may take his morning walk through avenues of palaces bordered by some of the loveliest gardens in the world. While the pound lasts it is positively bewildering to think of the multitude of diversions that are open to him. When it is gone he is by no means without resource. His picture galleries and museums are incomparably finer than any in private ownership, and they enable him to feel a tender pity for the millionaire. These are all to be had for nothing. And, while a penny is left there is always the incomparable spectacle of London from the top of a "bus."—London News.



He Followed Him.

least he will stick until he takes another tumble." So that was their trick! A piece of real Neapolitan cunning. Broughton decided that he ought to have seen through it sooner. The woman caught sight of the visitors, and ran forward with hands clasped: "We ain't done-a noddin'," she pleaded. "Dis our beez-a-ness. We all-a right-a." "Yes, you're all right," said Broughton, impulsively. "It was my mistake. I owe you a dollar for it." And he laid a legal tender coin—65 cents' worth of silver and 35 of faith, which is pretty well for the times we live

SOME FARM TOPICS.

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Some Observations About Planning Farm Work—Listing Corn—Shelter for Chickens—Eggs in Canada—Some Short Farm Notes.

This is the time in the year when farm work is very pressing and often it seems hard to determine what should be done first. If the work is well planned it is much easier to make things go smoothly than it is where the work is attempted without any definite plan of campaign. No man can lay down a hard and fast plan that can be lived up to through the entire season for the weather has much to do with farm work in most of the states, and will interfere with the most elaborate plans in such a manner that material changes must often be made. It is well to arrange the work so that it can be attended to in a systematic manner making calculations as to what will be done in the event the weather prevents the plans from being carried out. There are many days when a rain will prevent corn plowing or harvesting for a part of the day, and many farmers do not pretend to do anything during this time. Such days and pieces of days, may be profitably spent in cleaning up the fields, cutting stubs, or if the weather prevents this, there are always things that may be done under shelter, such as oiling harness, cleaning up the barn floor, going over the granary and cleaning out the bins ready for the coming crop. I have heard a farmer boast that he had not seen the bottom of his wheat bins for ten years. It struck me that that was not just the thing to boast about for every granary should be thoroughly cleaned out every year. If there is a surplus, it should be taken out and put into another bin while the one it occupies is being cleared. Last year's crop should not be covered by the one of this year as the older crop should be used first, and this matter can be attended to when no other farm work can be done. If all the little things that need doing about a farm are attended to when the general work of the farm is suspended on account of stress of weather, the time spent at it will not be missed and when good weather prevails the out-of-door work can be pushed without being liable to interruptions by the small things that sometimes interfere so much with important work. The good farmer can always find enough to do during the summer, and if his work is well planned he can find time to go to picnics, conventions, shows and other gatherings and go with a consciousness that he is not neglecting something that needs immediate attention.—Farm News.

Eggs in Canada.

A. G. Gilbert, manager of the poultry department of the central experiment farm, Ontario, in a recent report has the following to say about prices of eggs in Canada: "In Montreal new-laid eggs command a higher figure during the months of December, January and the earlier portion of March. Mr. Thomas Hall, poultry breeder and market gardener of Outermont, a suburb of Montreal, says he has no trouble in obtaining 45 to 50 cents per dozen from choice customers for new laid eggs during the months mentioned. It is to be remembered that there is a great difference in the 'fresh' of the grocer, which may be several months old, but good for cooking purposes, and the 'new laid' article only a few days old. The flavor of the first named is seriously affected, while it is perfect in the new laid article. In Toronto new laid eggs are quoted at 30 cents per dozen by retailers during winter months. In Ottawa the farmers who bring new laid eggs into the city during December, January and February have no trouble in obtaining 30 to 35 cents per dozen from dealers. In London, Ontario, the wholesale price during January and February is from 20 to 22 cents per dozen. In the Maritime provinces prices during winter range from 22 to 35 cents per dozen." He gives the following advice to make hens lay in winter: "A good plan whereby a farmer may utilize more waste is to have a pot set aside into which all the kitchen and table waste in the shape of meat scraps, pieces of bread, unseasoned vegetables, etc., may be thrown. Heat this up in the morning with boiling water and mix in bran, shorts, provender or whatever is cheapest and most abundant on the farm, until the whole is a crumbly mess. A small quantity of black or red pepper should be dusted in before mixing. Let the mixture stand for a few minutes until partially cooled and feed in a narrow, clean trough to the layers in the morning. A light feed of oats at noon and a liberal ration of wheat, buckwheat or other grain for the evening meal should bring plenty of eggs. Each layer should be sent to roost with a full crop to carry her over the long night fast. It is imperative that green food in the shape of unmarketable vegetables, clover hay or lawn clippings, the two latter dried in summer and put away to be steamed for winter use, should be supplied. If green bones are fed they may be given in lieu of any regular rations, reducing the quantity of grain in proportion to the quantity of bone used."

Shelter for Chickens.

Where there is no shelter for little chicks in the way of shade, or open sheds which they can resort to during rains, a shelter can be made for them at a very small cost. Lay four blocks of wood on a stone a foot thick down at the proper distance to build a rail pen on, having the blocks for corners. Build the pen four or five rails high and cover with grass or straw topping it out so the rains of summer will not run through. This should be moved every few weeks to fresh ground which is the work of but a few minutes and serves capably for shelter from sun and storm and the attacks of hawks. Under such a shelter the chicks and older fowls will take delight in wallowing and will enjoy themselves during the heated parts of the day. In many parts of the country where other shelter is not available this will answer every purpose and the materials are always at hand.

Farm Notes.

Corn and turkeys have a place on every well stocked farm. Both are profitable, and neither very hard to rear. Cultivate the onions frequently but not deeply. Just stir the surface half an inch deep and keep every weed down. Remember that lettuce requires abundant moisture to make it crisp, and if the weather is dry give it water liberally. No man owning a flock of sheep can afford to refuse to dip at the earliest possible moment. Prevention is better than cure, and safety is found only in taking time for the forelock. Feather pulling eggs eating and similar vices are the results of idleness. If penned fowls are given something to scratch in, they will rarely pick any of the little vices up. Turkeys require and must have a considerable range, and they must also be allowed full liberty with their young after they begin to feather, else they will surely not be kept in good health. The same may be said of pea and guinea fowl.

Pastures.

To provide and maintain in good condition sufficient pasturage for the stock usually kept on the farm is a matter of great importance, and one frequently involving difficulties. Fortunately are those who include in their possession a low, springy tract on which June grass has gained a foothold; for such makes a permanent pasture amply supported through the severest drouth from the underlying reservoirs. I spent one of the hottest, driest summers on record on a farm thus located in Branch county. Every morning the ground was moist from the capillary attraction of the previous night, the feed fresh and dewy, while on the neighboring uplands the grass was dry and parched.

BUT FEW COMPARETIVELY ARE THIS BLESSED, AND TO SUPPLY THE LACK FREQUENT RESEEDING OF PASTURES IS NECESSARY.

In the choice of grasses, location and soil should largely govern. A variety of dwarf perennial kinds maturing at different periods, some suited to dry, others to wet seasons, is more likely to insure good feed throughout the season than one or two kinds alone. Would some fail to grow others would use the vacancy and prevent losing the use of the field. The mixtures sent out by some of the seed houses are gaining great popularity and materially aiding the dairy interests. The combinations are made with reference to elevation and character of soil. To make permanent pasture on a light soil of high dry ground the following mixture of natural and artificial grasses is prepared, twenty-two pounds of which will sow an acre: Hard fescue, a small hardy, drouth resisting variety, choosing a light soil, ripening in June; red fescue, a hardy perennial with deeply penetrating roots, from one to two feet high; red top, orchard grass, English rye-grass, which resists drouth, remaining green all summer and adapted to the northwestern states; crested dog's-tail, growing thick, with an evergreen foliage, always tender and nutritious; yellow oat-grass, an early variety making good hay and producing a large aftermath, is adapted to high soil, but should be sown with other kinds; lucern, or alfalfa, a great fertilizer and foliage plant, deep rooted and capable of resisting protracted drouth, thrives where other grasses refuse to grow, yields abundantly and is sweet and nutritious; red and white clovers. It is best to divide large areas of pasture into small tracts of five to eight acres, using one for a week then another, etc., establishing a circuit which allows a frequent renewal. Milch cows should be in small lots where, with little effort they can crop the needed sustenance and have much time to quietly chew the cud. Different kinds of stock do better in separate pastures. A heterogeneous collection of stock will soil and trample down more feed than they eat. Cows are especially dainty in their taste. Mears, Mich. —M. A. Hoyt

Listing Corn.

I have tried different modes of planting corn during the past forty-five years, and prefer listing to any other method. Prefer a combined lister and drill. Prefer listing as it is more easily and quickly done takes less cultivation stands drouth better, and yields more to the acre than plowing and check rowing. Soil and weather favorably, fifty acres can be listed in a week. Usually use three horses, but have planted six to seven acres a day with two good horses. Run the lister four to four and a half inches deep, and the subsoiler two and a half to three inches deeper. Set the drill to drop one grain every fourteen inches. Can raise more corn with one stalk every fourteen inches than three stalks in a hill forty-two inches apart. When listed use a float which mashes the clods and pulverizes the soil. When the corn is up a few inches go through with a go-devil or lister cultivator, which will roll a little soil in the furrow around the plants. Twice more through will fill the furrows, leaving a level surface and land clean if thorough work is done from the first.

I selected fourteen acres of smooth, level land, soil all alike, rich loam; plowed three acres with two horses, three with three horses deep. The patch was all listed in two days, and the result was seven bushels per acre more on the land plowed without plowing. Another year I selected ten acres, level soil all alike, rich soil, plowed five acres, the other five were not; all listed at the same time; corn grew faster on the land plowed but yielded more on the land not plowed. As a lister is a double mold-board plow it throws a furrow both to the right and left at the same time, and thus carries weeds seeds away from the corn row and deposits them under the furrows. Came here thirteen years ago and commenced to raise corn the old way, but for ten years past have used a lister, William Coleman in Farm, Field & Fireside.

Before Dr. Depew Was Bald.

How the Railroad President Looked Nearly Forty Years Ago. When Chauncey M. Depew was graduated from Yale College, says the New York Press, he wore flowing side

VALKYRIE III. AFLOAT.

Lord Dunraven's New Yacht Successfully Launched at Glasgow.

Lord Dunraven's yacht, Valkyrie III, was successfully launched at Glasgow recently. It was learned that the yacht might be launched on the night tide. When it was found that the water would be sufficiently high it was decided that the launching should take place on the top of the flood tide.

The representative of the press arrived at Patrick shortly before midnight and found Henderson's yard lit up brilliantly. A squad of carpenters was ready at the ship. The Valkyrie was lit up from stem to



Valkyrie III.

(As she will look when the masts and sails are in.) The signal was given at 12:45 to lower away, and the yacht moved slowly down toward the water. The lowering was continued a foot at a time until 1:30. At 1:45 the chain was let go with a rush, and the cradle in which the yacht rested ran down to the end of the slip, where the water reached to the boat's bilge.

Here the yacht was lowered to remain while the tide rose. At 2:05 o'clock it was top-high water and daylight was just breaking. The work of breaking the cradle was soon finished and at 2:15 o'clock the Valkyrie was afloat.

There was no cheering or excitement in the yard as the yacht took the water. The place was almost deserted of visitors. Besides Designer Watson, the workmen, three spectators on the railway and about twenty on the ferry wharf, no one saw the launching of the craft of which so much is expected.

The night was perfect for putting the yacht into the water. There was scarcely a breath of wind and no moon was shining. The stars alone were out. The lighting of the yard was so effective that all the proceedings could be easily seen.

The new yacht sits high in the water, showing a good piece of her black bottom. She looks to be right for holding her head up nicely. A tug was in waiting to take the boat to her dock at once for the stepping of her mast, which lies ready in the yard. A new boom is being made of steel, clad on the outside with wood. A boom of Oregon pine had been made, but the idea of using steel occurred to Mr. Watson two weeks ago the idea was adopted. The platers are now setting the plates for this boom.

There were no ladies present at the launching, and there was no christening ceremony.

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Depew in 1857.

whiskers and had an abundant supply of hair on his head, which was brushed, with graceful carelessness, from a point at the extreme left side of his forehead down over the right ear. His face at that time presented a decidedly ministerial aspect. Yet his thoughts and ambitions were not then focused upon the pulpit but upon the bar. Mr. Depew's appearance when he began the study of the law in 1857 is faithfully depicted in the picture here given.

Relic of Martin Luther.

A curious relic of Martin Luther has been found folded up between the leaves of a book, the property of the late Lord Zouche, of England. Examined recently, it was discovered that the folded paper was what might be called to-day a poster, and there is fair evidence that it had been used by Luther for a special purpose. It was the reformer's habit to travel over the country challenging disputants. The paper is printed in gothic type and consists of two leaves, which have been pasted together so as to form one strip. The translation from the German reads: "Dr. Martin Luther, preacher of the Holy Church, of Wittenberg, will maintain the following theses against the whole school of Satan and all gates of hell (wider die ganze Satansschule und alle Porten der Hoelle)." It must have been Luther's habit to affix this challenge by means of a wire to a church door. It might have been that the poster, having served once or more, was preserved by Luther for some future occasion.