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IOLA, - - - - - - KANSAS

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

An Interesting Tale of Reversed Identities.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Before Dick had time to say a word, the door was opened, and the maid-of-all-work's voice was heard, saying: "This is Mr. Frob'sher's room, mum."

"My aunt!" exclaimed Dick, as he started to his feet.

"As I said before, an excellent creature, but deficient in culture," whispered Pebworth in a stage "aside."

Scarcely had the words left his lips, when Mrs. Pebworth entered. She was homely-looking, certainly, and plainly dressed; but she had a pleasant good-tempered face, and pretension or affectation of any kind was evidently altogether foreign to her.

Mr. Pebworth advanced a step. "Leonora, my love," he exclaimed, in his most unctuous tones, "behold your long-lost nephew!" His arm took a sweep through the air and his finger pointed directly at Dick.

Mrs. Pebworth stopped short in utter surprise. "What! that young man with the red hair my nephew Frank! Wonders will never cease."

CHAPTER III.

Eight weeks had come and gone since Frank Frobisher had heard the news of his good fortune from the lips of Mr. Gimp. Eight weeks had come and gone since Dick Drummond's assumption of his friend's name and position, and the secret had not yet oozed out. To the world at large, including Mr. Pebworth, Dick was the lucky Mr. Frobisher who had dropped in for a fortune of eight thousand a year; while Frank was Mr. Frobisher's secretary and humble friend. By this time they were settled at Waylands, a charming country-house among the Surrey hills, which Mr. Askew had bought ready furnished a few months before his death, but which he had not lived to inhabit. Thither, too, the Pebworth's had been invited.

It was a lovely midsummer morning, and breakfast at Waylands was just over, when Mr. Pebworth sauntered across the lawn, his arms laden with letters, newspapers and prospectuses. The post-bag had just arrived, and he was anxious to secure a first glance at the *Times*. He selected a rustic seat and table that were sheltered from the sun by the branches of a large elm, and there he sat down and proceeded to unfold his newspaper. Scarcely had he skimmed the first lines of the money article when a young lady in white and rose color, with a straw hat, and a book under her arm, came stepping out through the open French windows of the breakfast-room, and after pausing for a moment or two, put up her sunshade and walked slowly in the direction of Mr. Pebworth.

The lady in question was that gentleman's only daughter, Miss Clunie Pebworth. She was a tall, thin young woman, the angularities of whose figure not all the art of her dressmaker could effectually conceal. She had fluffy light flaxen hair, large prominent blue eyes, a well-shaped nose, and an excellent set of teeth, which she took every opportunity of displaying. The normal expression of her features when she was alone, or in the company of no one for whose opinion she cared, was one of querulous discontent and incipient ill-temper. You see, she was five-and-twenty, and had not yet found a suitable partner for life. Some one had once told her that she looked "arch" when she smiled; the consequence was that she smiled a great deal, but her smiles rarely extended as far as her cold blue eyes. Miss Pebworth was not one of those foolish virgins who believe in simplicity of attire. It may be that she knew her own deficiencies, and was aware that it would not suit her to play the part of the Shepherdess of the Plain. In any case, even on this hot June morning, her white dress, with its rose-colored underskirt, was befrilled and befurbelowed beyond anything to be found in the Book of Fashions of which she was an assiduous student. Whatever was exaggerated in that, became still more exaggerated when adopted by Miss Pebworth. For the life of her, Clunie could not come down to breakfast without four or five dress-rings on her fingers; but then, as she herself would have said, where's the use of having a lot of jewelry if you don't take every opportunity of showing it off?

Mr. Pebworth, when at home, lived in the pleasant suburb of Bayswater. His house was a highly-rented one in a semi-fashionable square; but it was essential to Mr. Pebworth's schemes that he should make a good appearance before the world; while it was not needful to tell every one that the rich old General and his unmarried sister occupied the best rooms in the house, and thereby helped materially to lessen the expenses of the establishment.

Mr. Pebworth's offices were up an old-fashioned court in one of the busiest parts of the city, the said offices consisting of one large room divided by a glass-and-mahogany partition into two small ones. There were several other offices in the same building, a massive edifice which dated back to the period of William and Mary, and had evidently at one time been the home of some notable city magnate. Among other legends inscribed on the broad baken door-jambs might be read this one: "MR. ALGERNON PEBWORTH, General Agent, etc."

Now, the phrase "General Agent, etc.," is one capable of a somewhat wide application, as Mr. Pebworth when he adopted it was probably quite aware. What Mr. Pebworth's particular line of business might be, and from what sources the bulk of his income was derived, were things probably known to himself alone. It is quite certain that neither his wife nor daughter had any fixed ideas on the subject. It was generally understood that he was more or less mixed up with the promotion and launching of sundry joint-stock companies and speculative associations of greater or lesser repute—not unfrequently the latter; while those who were supposed to be best informed in such matters averred that he was merely a catspaw and go-between for certain big financiers, who did not always care to let their names go forth to the world until the golden eggs with which they strove to tempt the public should be successfully hatched, there being sometimes a risk that the eggs in question might turn out to be addled. Be this as it may, Mr. Pebworth had hitherto contrived, by hook or by crook, to keep his head above water, and the Bayswater establishment showed as good a face to the world as most of its neighbors.

Elma Deene had been an inmate of her uncle's house about six months when we first made her acquaintance. Previously to that time, she had been living with some of her father's relatives in Devonshire.

It was essential to the due carrying out of Frank Frobisher's scheme that he and his new-found relatives should be brought into frequent, if not daily contact. There was only one mode by which this could be effected, and that was by having them as guests at Waylands. Fortunately, the rich old General and his sister were away in Scotland at this time, so that the pressing invitation, of which Drummond in his assumed character was the mouthpiece, had met with a ready response. Mr. Pebworth found a convenient service of trains for running backward and forward between Waylands and the city as often as he might feel so inclined; Miss Pebworth cherished certain matrimonial designs against her rich cousin; while Mrs. Pebworth, though often troubled inwardly when she called to mind that her own house was left in sole charge of a cook and parlor-maid, both of whom doubtless had followers—however strenuously they might deny the soft impeachment—did not fail to derive a genuine housewifely pleasure in arranging and putting in order her bachelor nephew's new establishment.

Mr. Dempsey and Captain Downes Dyson, whose acquaintance we shall make later on, were business friends of Mr. Pebworth; and after a dinner at Simpson's, at which Dick had been present one day when in town, had been invited down to Waylands, on a hint thrown out by that astute individual.

Having stated these necessary preliminaries, we will return to Miss Pebworth, who, by this time, had seated herself on a rustic chair opposite her father. "Do you want to speak to me, papa?" she asked.

"I do want to speak to you," answered Mr. Pebworth, as he laid down his paper and removed his eye-glasses. "I want to know what progress you are making with your cousin."

"I am making no progress at all. I never shall make any progress with him. I told you so a fortnight ago."

"Then all your attractions are thrown away upon him—all your pretty, coaxing ways are of no avail?"

"Of no avail whatever. Mr. Frank Frobisher might be made of mahogany, for any impression I can make on him. I've tried him with half-a-dozen things—with painting first of all. I got Vasari's Lives and a volume of Ruskin, and was for ever talking to him about chiaro-oscuro, backgrounds, foregrounds, middle distances, and mellow tones. At last Frank burst out laughing in my face, and called me a little goose, and said I didn't know a bit what I was talking about."

"Very rude of him, to say the least."

"I've tried him with other things—racing, hunting, shooting, poetry, landscape-gardening; but all to no purpose. He listens to all I say, agrees with me in everything; but all the time I feel that he is laughing at me in his sleeve."

"Any signs of a prior attachment!" asked Mr. Pebworth, after a pause.

"Not that I have been able to discover. He seems utterly indifferent to female society, and to have no enthusiasm about anything."

"Has probably been jilted, and still feels the smart."

"I have given up the case as hopeless."

"Why not make one more effort?"

"It would be quite useless, papa."

"One more effort, Clunie. Think how magnificent will be the prize if you succeed! Eight thousand a year!" Then laying one hand earnestly on her arm, he added: "It would be *my* salvation, girl, as well as yours."

For a few moments they gazed into each other's eyes.

"To please you, papa, I will try once more," said Clunie, at last; "but I feel how useless it will be."

"It is a forlorn hope, I grant; but a forlorn hope sometimes succeeds through sheer audacity."

"You have told me nothing yet about the fresh arrivals, Mr. Dempsey and Captain Dyson."

"I can catalogue them for you in a very few words. They are both rich, both unmarried; consequently, both eligible. Dempsey is bordering on sixty years of age; Dyson is about thirty. If Dempsey were not a rich man he would be a traveling showman. His house in Essex is quite a menagerie. Talk natural history to him. Tell him that whenever you go to town you never fail to spend a long day at the Zoo, and that to you even the hippopotamus is a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"I won't forget."

"Dyson's mania is for telling long-winded stories about his adventures as a traveler. You must profess to be deeply interested in his narratives, and accept them all as simple statements of fact. Do this, and you can hardly fail to win the heart of Captain Dyson."

"I understand, papa."

"Make one more effort with your cousin. If it fail, give him up for a time and try your hand on Dyson. He is younger, simpler, and will be more easily manipulated than Dempsey. It will be time enough to try the latter when you fail with Dyson. My blessing will accompany your efforts. Hem! We are no longer alone."

Mr. Pebworth was right. Quite a little group of people, after standing for a few moments in the cool shade of the veranda, were now adventuring across the sunlit lawn. First of all came our long-legged friend Dick Drummond, who was believed by all there to be their host Mr. Frank Frobisher. Next to him came Mr. Dempsey and Captain Dyson, deep in conversation. Last of all came Elma Deene with her sunny face and lithe, graceful figure.

Our friend Richard no longer looked like the same man whose acquaintance we made in Soho. His leonine locks had been shorn away till no more was left of them than would have commanded the critical approval of any military barber. For several days after the operation, Dick averred that he felt quite light-headed. The mathematically straight line down the middle was a source of much trouble to him every morning. His once ragged sandy mustache had not been neglected, but had been trimmed, and waxed, and coaxed till it would not have done discredit to a captain of dragoons. His threadbare velveteen jacket, his baggy trousers, and his down-at-heel boots were as things that had never been. The dark tweed suit that he now wore had been constructed by a West End artist; while his patent shoes and snowy gaiters instinctively carried the mind back to the pavements of Piccadilly and Bond Street. In the matter of collars, cuffs, and scarfs, Dick was elaborately got up, while it was a strange experience to him to know that there was no laundress's account in arrear, and that he might indulge in clean linen every day, were he so minded. If he took out of his pocket once a day the gold chronometer which Frank had made him a present of, he took it out forty times. Only two months ago he rather despised a man who carried a watch. As for the splendid brilliant which he wore on the third finger of his left hand, all that can be said is, that when one has a mustache, one generally twists it, or tugs at it, or strokes it, as the case may be, with the left hand.

Mr. Dempsey, who had been a great dandy once on a time, would fain have persuaded the world that he had not yet forfeited all claim to the appellation. He was thin and tall, and remarkably upright for his years. It was whispered that he wore stays, but that was probably a calumny. His complexion was of that tint which is usually associated with too free indulgence in old port. He wore a brown curly wig, and his mustache and imperial were dyed to match. He wore his hat jauntily on one side, after the fashion of days gone by. This June morning he had on a long blue frock-coat, a white vest, fancy trousers and patent boots with straps, not forgetting a moss rosebud and a sprig of maidenhair fern in his button-hole. When he sat down, he sat down with deliberation; and when he got up he got up with deliberation. Either his clothes fitted him too well, or he was slightly stiff in the joints.

Captain Downes Dyson was a little innocent-looking, fair-complexioned man, with a small fluffy mustache, weak eyes, a thin piping voice, and an eyeglass which was a perpetual source of trouble to him. He was dressed quietly and like a gentleman.

Dick came to a stand in the middle of the lawn and drew forth his chronometer. "Remember, ladies and gentlemen," he called out with an air of authority, "that the drag will be round in two hours from now. Vivat Regina!"

"What place are we going to visit to-day?" asked Dyson.

"The ruins of Belfont Abbey," answered Dick.

"Ruins again—always ruins," muttered Mr. Dempsey, discontentedly. "I can't see what there is to interest anybody in a heap of old stones."

Miss Deene overheard the remark. "A sad state of things when one ruin has no respect for another," she whispered mischievously to Dick.

Dempsey and Dyson had brought their newspapers and letters with them, and they now sat down at the same table with Pebworth, who was deep again in the *Times*. Clunie had moved away to a seat on the opposite side of the lawn, and there Elma joined her. Dick had found a garden-chair for himself somewhat in the background. Here he sat down, and, leaning back, tilted his hat over his eyes, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and—cigar in mouth—went off into a brown study.

"Time seems of no value in the country," remarked Mr. Pebworth, in a casual sort of a way. "Past ten o'clock, and breakfast only just over. A clear loss of two hours per diem."

"You can easily make up for it by sitting up two hours later at night," responded the little Captain, who was addicted to post-prandial billiards.

"For my part, I think breakfast a mistake altogether," said Dempsey. "Why not follow the example of the great carnivora, and feed once in twenty-four hours?"

"First catching your food, and then killing it," interpolated Pebworth.

"And afterward eating it uncooked," piped Dyson. "It would save something in coal and servants."

"Another mining catastrophe—another hundred or so of widows and orphans thrown on the world," remarked Pebworth a minute later. Dempsey was waiting with ill-concealed impatience till he should have done with the *Times*. Certainly Pebworth was keeping it an unconscionable time.

"Why don't those mining fellows insure their lives?" asked Dyson.

"As a director of one of the largest insurance companies, I echo the question: Why don't they insure their lives?" This from Dempsey.

"To subscribe to any fund for the benefit of their widows and orphans is an encouragement of willful improvidence," resumed Pebworth. "They won't get a penny of my money."

"Nor of mine," asseverated Dempsey.

"Nor of mine," echoed the Captain.

CHAPTER IV.

Clunie and Elma sat for a little while in silence. The former had brought a book with her, the latter her embroidery. At length Clunie could contain herself no longer. "Elma, you really ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she burst out.

"I dare say I ought, dear, but I'm not," responded Elma, with provoking placidity of tone.

"The way you carry on with that odious Mr. Drummond is outrageous."

"Whose feelings have I outraged?"

"You were actually seen walking out with that man before breakfast!"

"I like somebody to walk out with, and 'that man' is very amusing. Some people are not amusing."

"He's a pauper—an absolute pauper."

"Yes, poor fellow. It's a terrible crime."

"Some people are poor, but still agreeable; but Mr. Drummond is thoroughly odious. He seems to be always taking people off behind their backs."

"He is rather clever as a mimic. You should have heard his imitation of the conversation between you and Charley Sargeant the other evening on the terrace."

"What impertinence!"

"You spoke rather loudly, you know, and Mr. Drummond and I were close behind you. Pointing to the stars you said to Charley: 'Mark how those starry globes of liquid light are swimming earthward one by one.' This was rather too far-fetched for Charley. All he could say in his usual haw-haw style was: 'Ah—yes—vewy good—just as if there was some fellow up there lighting 'em up one after another, you know.'"

"You are as bad as Mr. Drummond," said Clunie, disdainfully, and with that she flounced away to the other end of the seat.

Neither of them spoke for full five minutes. Then Elma said: "Clunie!" Her cousin took no notice; so, after waiting a minute, she said coaxingly: "Clunie, dear!"

"What do you want?" asked Clunie, ungraciously.

"I want to ask your advice, dear."

"My advice, Elma?" answered her cousin, turning half round. "You know you are always welcome to that. I only wish you would follow it more frequently."

"A friend of mine," began Elma, keeping her eyes studiously fixed on her embroidery—"a girl whom I knew at school, has lately got married to some one very much below her in position; but they love each other very devotedly. Her husband is a clerk in the city, with a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and they live in apartments. My friend has written to me to go and see her. What would you do, if you were me?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Enjoyment in a Lumber Camp.

I have just returned from a little impromptu farewell tour in the lumber camps toward Lake Superior. It was my idea to wade around in the snow for a few weeks and swallow baked beans and ozone on the half shell. The trip was a success. I put up at Boot Jack camp on the raging Willow River, where the gay plumaged chipmunk and the spruce gum have their home.

Winter in the pine woods is fraught with fun and frolic. It is more fraught with fatigue than funds, however. This winter a man in the Michigan and Wisconsin lumber camps could arise at 4:30 a. m., eat a patent pail full of dried apples soaked with Young Hyson and sweetened with Persian glucose, go out to the timber with a lantern, hew down the giants of the forest, with the snow up to the pit of his stomach, till the gray owl in the gathering gloom whooped and hooted in derision, and all for twelve dollars per month and stewed prunes. I did not try to accumulate wealth while I was in camp. I just allowed others to enter into the mad rush and wrench a fortune from the hand of fate while I studied human nature and the cook. I had a good many pleasant days there, too. I read such literary works as I could find around the camp, and smoked the royal Havana smoking tobacco of the cookie. Those who have not lumbered much do not know much of true joy and sylvan smoking tobacco.

They are not using a very good grade of the weed in the lumber regions this winter. When I say lumber regions I do not refer entirely to the circumstances of a weak back. (Monkey-wrench, oil-can and screw-driver sent with this joke; also rules for working it in all kinds of goods.) The tobacco used by the pine-choppers of the northern forest is called the Scandihoovian. I do not know why they call it that unless it is because you can smoke it in Wisconsin and smell it in Scandihoovia.

When night came we would gather around the blazing fire and talk over old times and smoke this tobacco. I smoked it till last week, then I bought a new mouth and resolved to lead a different life. I shall never forget the evenings we spent together in that log shack in the heart of the forest. They are graven on my memory where time's effacing fingers cannot monkey with them. We would most always converse. The crew talked the Norwegian language, and I am using the English language mostly this winter. So each enjoyed himself in his own quiet way. This seemed to throw the Norwegians a good deal together. It also threw me a good deal together. The Scandinavians soon learn our ways and our language, but prior to that they are quite clannish.

The cook, however, was an Ohio man. He spoke the Sandusky dialect with a rich, nut-brown flavor that did me much good, so that after I had talked with the crew for a few hours in English and received their harsh, corduroy replies in Norske, I gladly fled to the cook shanty. There I could rapidly change to the smoothly flowing sentences peculiar to the Ohio tongue, and while I ate the common twisted doughnut of commerce, we would talk on and on of the pleasant days we had spent in our own native land. I don't know how many hours I have thus spent bringing the glad light into the eye of the cook. I talked to him of his old home till the tears would unbidden start, as he rolled out the dough with a common Budweiser beer bottle, and shed them scalding into the flour barrel. Tears are always unavailing, but sometimes I think they are more so when they are shed into a barrel of flour. He was an easy weeper. He would shed tears on the slightest provocation or anything else. Once I told him something so touchful that his eyes were blinded with tears for the nonce. Then I took a pie, and stole away so that he could be alone with his sorrow.

He used to grind his coffee at 2 a. m. The coffee mill was nailed up against a partition on the opposite side from my bed. That is one reason I did not stay any longer at the camp. It takes about an hour to grind coffee enough for thirty men, and as my ear was generally against the pine boards when the cook began, it ruffled my slumbers and made me a morose man.

We had three men at the camp who snored. If they had snored in my own language I could have endured it, but it was entirely unintelligible to me as it was. Still, it wasn't bad either. They snored on different keys, and still there was harmony in it—a kind of chime of imported snore as it were. I used to lie and listen to it for hours. Then the cook would begin his coffee mill overture and I would arise. When I got home I slept from Monday morning till Washington's birthday, without food or water.—*Bill Nye, in Denver Opinion.*

Vienna Firemen.

An interesting letter was received by Ald. Van Slyke, who for over a year past has been studying eye and ear diseases in the hospital at Vienna. The writer gives a minute, graphic and interesting description of how the fire department is conducted in Vienna, a city which claims over 1,000,000 inhabitants. For the benefit of our readers, the description is herewith given in full:

I wish you could see the fire department apparatus in Vienna; I know you would enjoy it—at any rate laugh. The building has a population of 1,000,000; most of the buildings are four and five stories in height. They have two very small steamers and a number of hand engines (small). When an alarm of fire is sounded, the first thing to be heard is a great tooting of horns, and the clearing of the street ahead for a block. Soon a wagon trots in sight, with ten or twelve men hanging to it, all in linen clothes and fireman-hat, with a large coil of rope wound about them, a small hatchet in their belt, and each one also having slung over his shoulder a good-sized brass horn. The fireman on the front seat blows his horn all the way to the fire, although they go only at a snail's pace; and the others begin to toot as soon as they sight the fire. After this wagon, which has a bucket or two and a coil of rope on it, comes a steamer or hand-engine, followed by four or five water carts, each having a cask of water about as large as a hogshead mounted upon it—the water supply. There are two men to each cart—one to drive, the other to toot—and they all keep the horns going from the front wagon to the rear, although the distance between them be only a few feet.

At the scene of action each man seizes his timely hung-destroyer and the overture begins. As assistants to the noble firemen, hundreds of policemen and two or three regiments of the regular army are called out generally for no other purpose than to prevent the poor people from getting a glimpse of the fire. At the last fire, on one side the people were not allowed to approach within three or four blocks of it. It is the same with all public displays. The masses see nothing, although they are on hand early and wait patiently; but the police are always on hand at the proper time, and back up the crowd. Well, as to the firemen, the engines are kept as far as possible from the burning matter. As the water-carts roll up, a large tub is placed on the ground to receive the water from the cask, the receiving-pipe of the engine is placed in it, and then what few unlucky creatures have been able to crawl through the lines of police and soldiers at the risk of arrest, to see what a fire is like, are put to work at the pumps, thus relieving the tired firemen who are getting out of wind. By the time the water-works are all set up, the plug-puller pulls the wooden plug from the cask, the water runs, the would-be sightseers pile on muscle, the horns on both ends of the hose now do some good work. Presently a miserable little stream splutters out, breaks into spray, and falls on the building like rain. There was not a stream there that would knock a man down in front of it; and none of them could break a window at seventy-five feet, actually.

About every five minutes the horns at the water-supply send up a despairing sound; has engine broken down? No—only the supply stops while the next barrel of water is being tapped. The real post of danger at a fire is held by the brave man who pulls the plug, as every time he loosens it he gets a bath which puts him in great danger of contracting a cold or putting out his eyes. The same thing happens when he cuts it off, which is necessary three or four times before the supply is exhausted in the hogsheads, as, according to the German system, the water-tub from which the engine gets water is made very small. This naturally keeps the plug man busy, as the water runs in faster that it is taken out by the engine; no waste of the water is allowed at this end of the stream. Perhaps they measure the water in large casks with the small one. There were a great many theories as to the reason why the small one was used at all, principally by strangers. A fool looking on suggested that they put the receiving hose directly into the tub, but he did not last long. I heard the next day that the Government had banished him to America as a dangerous character. They have nothing like a hook-and-ladder truck; but each water-wagon carries an axe or two, and a short ladder to mount the cask and see if the water has all run out or not.

The steamers are supplied with coal as the hand engines are with water. The steamers only throw one stream, and no stronger than the hand-engines. The last heard of the department was, that the chief had just invented a double-condensing reservoir back-actioned horn. It is claimed that the same amount of noise as with the old one can be gotten out of it with one-tenth the lung-pressure. This will be a great saving to the city, because the men will live longer to work for poor wages. I believe the city purchased a chemical engine, but the printed directions were lost at the first fire, therefore, has never been in active use, but it is taken to every fire in hopes that some day it may go off accidentally.—*St. Paul Globe.*

A Queer Fish.

"If you want to see sport," said a lover of animals, "watch that cat." The animal had stationed herself in the library door, and was looking intently in the room. In a few moments she began to walk slowly toward a large aquarium that stood in the window, and with a light leap mounted the narrow edge, balancing herself over the water. Next she leaned down, thrust her red tongue into the miniature lake, and began lapping the cooling water. Then came a rush, and a bright speckled object darted. A splash, a clicking, sucking sound, and a wail of feline anguish rose on the air. There was a second of wavering, and a round bunch of hair fell into the water with a sounding splash scrambled out again, and disappeared through the door amid the laughter of the witnesses.

"That," said the host, "happens about every day, with only slight variations. You see, the fish, a sunfish, is perfectly tame—trained, in fact, to rise to my hand and take its food from me by leaping several inches out of the water. Being continually teased the fish has acquired an irritable temper, and attacks everything that approaches the water. Some time ago the cat discovered the fish and leaped upon the tank as you have seen her do, putting her head down to the water. The moment her whiskers touched it the sunfish had her, and hung on like a good one. She started back and fell to the floor, the fish dropping back. The next day she again made be a ttempt, and in balancing upon the side of the narrow rim her tail touched the water. The fish seized it and in she went, but she never seems to learn. Just now the fish mistook her tongue for the meat I feed it with and nipped it well. You know it is sometimes said that fish can not see what is going on out of water; this fellow is an exception, however. Watch it now."

The speaker took a small piece of cloth and held it over the tank and within three feet of the water. In a moment the sharp-eyed and richly hued fish was at the surface. The rag was then lowered and the prisoner leaped clear of its native element in its endeavors to reach it. The experimentalist next placed his hands in the water, and the fish darted at them and passed through his fingers, allowing itself to be touched without the slightest sign of fear.

"The sunfishes," said the fish trainer, "are, I think, the most intelligent of all our fresh water fishes. I train them to perform extraordinary feats, such as jumping over a hurdle on the surface of the water, and then over a series of them. You often see fishes in nature doing the same thing. I have trained my sunfish so that it rings a bell suspended over the aquarium, but, like Barnum's clown elephant, it rings it continually unless a supply of food is kept up. The sunfish has its likes and dislikes, and it has two fast friends in a pair of catfishes. Some time ago I introduced a number of gold fishes, and all but one were accepted in good fellowship. Toward this one unfortunate, that was one of the triple-tailed Japanese fishes, the sunfish showed the greatest aversion, spending the entire time in chasing it around the tank, biting it in the most savage manner, and, seemingly, urging on the catfishes, who, though they would not touch the other fishes, would creep slyly up to the victim and, seizing a fin, cling to it with ferocity. I was obliged to take the poor fish out and place it in an adjoining tank, where the very sight of it still enraged the sunfish, and yet, as I said before, toward the Americans it was perfectly friendly.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There are 349 anthracite collieries in Pennsylvania.

Be Sure You Are Right.

We commend to everybody the sound advice of Davy Crockett. Bad luck can frequently be traced to a reckless disregard of this advice. People often rush into avocations, without the least regard to existing circumstances, and before they know it they are ruined. The dairy has furnished its full share of victims to such recklessness. People have gone into the business of dairying without first knowing that they were right. Many more will do the same thing, and all who do will stand a good chance of failure. We all do business, partly, at least, to make money. If a business will not yield a profit, we want nothing to do with it. Wherever the dairy can be made profitable, therefore, it deserves attention. But under no consideration should we enter upon it, without knowing that our conditions are such as to warrant success. We have observed with both satisfaction and alarm the dairy boom which seems to exist in Missouri. It is a satisfaction just so far as our friends in Missouri shall be led to make a careful examination of the subject, and so far as they may successfully enter upon the business. It is a source of alarm in that there seems to be a high pressure principle adopted, and there is in some quarters a whoop and a hurrah which may carry into the business many who had much better keep out of it. It is not a good plan to enter a business behind a brass band and blazing torches. That kind of thing does well enough on dress parade, but in actual service we need to proceed calmly. In the first place there are not millions in the dairy. Under favorable circumstances it is a fairly-paying business, and nothing more. If the bogus butter imposition is to be permitted to continue, the dairy is more profitable to-day than it will be in five years. But it should be fairly understood that the dairyman does not get rich enough to retire in a year or two years. Except under extraordinary circumstances it pays no better than other branches of agriculture usually pay; and frequently does not pay as well as some other branches. In the next place it is hard work. We hope that none of the readers of this paper will be deceived into thinking that the business is desirable because it will run itself. It may not be as hard as digging ditches or pitching hay, in the old way of doing these things, but it is quite as hard as these are by the modern methods. In short the manufacture of dairy products is of that delicate character which makes it wearing to the mind that directs it and tiresome to the hands that are directed. It may be well doubted if what are called the lighter branches of farm-work are not, in consequence of the exceeding care which they require, really harder upon the physical system than the roughest work that has ever been done by a farm laborer. At all events the man who expects an easy time in the dairy, and has his expectations met, will never make a farthing in the business. Another fact still deserves the serious attention of him who is tempted by dairy booms. It is a business that is a science. It will require upon the part of those who have been accustomed to old methods a radical change of action. It will be practically a new business to such, and it is probable that failure, under the most favorable circumstances, to a greater or less degree, will result. That must be expected, and it will be very fine luck if it does not happen. It will require a great deal of study and a great deal of patience, and a great deal of practical work. Competent dairy publications will be a necessity, but in the application of the instructions which they will give, the novice must expect to be awkward until he gains experience. Conventions that are largely composed of experienced dairymen will prove invaluable to the novice who attends them, and these conventions are about the only place where the voice of experienced dairymen, who have no private ends to accomplish, can be heard. Usually the men who are willing and have the time to go from place to place to deliver dairy addresses have an ax under their coat which they propose to sharpen up on the grind-stone that they may induce the people to turn. Hence the picture which they present is one without shadows. They speak in glittering general terms, and lead their audiences where flowers are so thick that not a thorn can be seen.

The reader of this journal does not need to listen to speeches to aid deciding whether or not he shall engage in the dairy business. We have pointed out the difficulties, and it is for him to take into consideration all the conditions about him, and decide whether or not he thinks he can overcome the difficulties. He must compete with the best butter that can be made. He must compete with those who thoroughly understand the business, and not only understand the mechanical work necessary, but are masters of the science of feeding the cow and of the general care of her. A successful dairy must have a good supply of food and a good supply of good water. It must have good cows and they must have good care. All these are within the possibilities, if a man's farm is of the proper character. We do not desire to say that anybody properly situated can not be a successful dairyman, but we do wish that everybody shall stop and think, and not rush in rashly, and afterwards repent bitterly of what they have done.—*Western Rural.*

The Lead-Pencil Thief.

There is no meaner thief than the lead-pencil thief. He takes rank below the umbrella snatcher. He never has a pencil, in sight. He asks for yours, "just a minute," to sign a telegraph book, address a card, and then with a business-like air sticks it into his pocket, knowing that nine times out of ten you will never think of the pencil until you want to use it yourself, and then he will be far away, playing his game on some one else. They are shameless fellows, proud of their petty thieving. They throw back their coats to show you the spoils nestling in a vest pocket, and they tell you from whom they stole each pencil. We lost the last pencil we had in this world, not ten minutes ago, by the hands of the pencil thief. A man who makes a business of stealing pencils, ought to be burned at the stake, boiled in oil, beheaded at the block, hung, drawn and quartered, and buried without benefit of clergy, at the solemn hour of midnight, in the dark of the moon, at a lonely place in an awful forest where two roads meet, with a lead pencil thrust through his heart. Here we are, robbed by a soulless villain, not a lead pencil to our back, and it may be half a day before we meet a man from whose confiding hands we can lift a pencil to make good the one we lost. We played poor old Prof. Savitslow for that one, he is so absent minded anybody can get away with his lead pencil, but then he's out of town. The stars in their courses seem to be fighting against us to-day. A plague on all pencil thieves, still we say.—*Hawkeye.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Soap-suds are a valuable fertilizer for small fruits, and in the fruit garden will never be wasted.—*Albany Journal.*

—Cookies Without Eggs: Four cupfuls flour, one and a quarter cupfuls butter, one and a half cupfuls sugar, one cupful sour milk, two tea-spoonfuls soda.—*Toledo Blade.*

—The *American Cultivator* says that however valuable cotton-seed meal may be for feeding farm stock, it is beyond doubt that its use affects the butter product injuriously, making it soft, oily and "off flavor."

—An exchange says that if the pretty pink ginghams now so much worn by children, are dipped in water with enough vinegar in it to give it a sour taste, the pink will be brighter than if rinsed in water alone.

—Lace curtains should never be ironed. Wash and starch them, using in the rinsing water a table-spoonful of powdered borax; this makes them very stiff; when wet, spread on a sheet, either on a bed or on the floor, and pin down every two or three inches. Let them dry two or three days and they will look very nice.—*The Caterer.*

—Dr. Stuart, in the *Ohio Farmer*, says soft, sloppy or succulent food prevents rumination or cud chewing, while dry grain with bulky food, without the necessary liquid, causes fermentation in the rumen, which also prevents rumination. This points to a union of the two kinds of food as essential to preserve the cow in good health.

—The great scarcity of good seed-corn this year leads a correspondent of the *New England Farmer* to suggest that a plot of ground be devoted on every farm to seed-corn growing, and at the right time, before the tassels fertilize the silks, every imperfect stock should be removed, and no stock be left standing that does not promise to produce at least two ears. If this course is kept up every year, using only this seed for field crops, the farmer will be using seed of increasing vitality and productiveness.

—Nut Cake: Two eggs; one-half cup of butter; one cup of sugar; one-half cup of cold water; one and one-half cup of prepared flour; one cupful of nut kernels freed from bits of shell and rolled in flour. If almonds are used blanch them, let them get cold and cut small with a sharp knife. White or English walnuts must be cut each into several pieces. Mix as with cup cake, the water taking the place of milk and the nuts going in last. Bake in small tins or in one loaf in a steady oven.—*Chicago Journal.*

Feeding and Fattening Systematically.

Systems of feeding must, of course, vary greatly with the locality; the variety of foods used will be governed by quality and price; those costing least money, if of equal value, will have the preference. One proposition should commend itself to everybody in all localities alike—never to allow an animal to get poor in winter or summer, and especially is this important if it is designed for fattening. It seems too plain to be doubted that just in proportion to the loss of flesh in winter, will the animal be reduced in value; it must be brought back to a thriving condition equal to that before shrinking before any profit can be made.

How many farmers act upon this self-evident truth, even in the great grain-producing regions of the United States? Those who do are mostly those who make stock their principle industry. It should commend itself equally to those who make the selling of grain their principle means of profit; these of all farmers, should have a surplus of grain. There can be but one reason why so many of this class starve their stock in winter—they do not reflect that a certain portion of food given goes to supply the daily animal waste, and they "can not afford" to take journals devoted to their interests, from which they might learn.

The stock-breeder and feeder is more a reader of papers devoted to his calling, and also a reader of books upon live-stock. He is not afraid they will conflict with what his father knew "about farming." He rather hopes they will; what his father knew has been pretty well drilled into him, and he wants to know something more.

Forty years ago it was the almost universal practice to allow all, except fattening stock, to shift for themselves in winter with a little hay and an occasional nubbin. There was more reason for it then than now, when cheap transportation carries feed (grain, mill-stuff, bran, etc.) a thousand miles at a slight advance upon its cost where grown. Thus the East has profited by the settlement of the West owing to the cheap freight. Many Eastern farmers have, indeed, been obliged to change or at least to modify their cultivated crops; but not to the lessening of their profits. When the value of the manure is considered, there is money in feeding in the East. There cattle and sheep bring more per pound than stock shipped from the West. The lower freightage on stock, and the manure have been held by intelligent feeders to compensate for the increased cost of feeding.

The general farmer can not too soon learn from the best stock-feeders, if he will not from first-class agricultural journals, lessons in *science*—yes, *science*—of feeding. The feeder who never lets his stock fall off in condition, always has something fat to sell. He buys cattle raised by the men who do not believe in books, or papers, or, at least, who will not profit by their teachings. These cattle, thin in flesh, but with frames capable of being filled up with good meat, he buys at two or three cents less per pound than if they were fat. For instance, he buys a steer weighing 1,000 pounds at the Chicago stock-yards for four cents per pound, $40. He puts on 300 pounds of flesh, largely fat, and sells the same steer for six or seven cents per pound, or $78 to $91. He has not only increased the price by what he put on, but has enhanced the price of the original carcass by two or three cents per pound. Facts are none the less valuable because they happen to be written facts. On the other hand, there is great danger in the opposite extreme; stock taken from a fresh pasture or from the straw-yard can not eat and digest so perfectly as to assimilate all the value of large rations of grain; they must be accustomed to the change gradually, and their stomachs must be kept extended by some coarse feed. The feeder who has learned his business understands this. The man who doesn't, and "who doesn't take much stock in book-larnin', anyway," if he ever gets the idea that there is money in good feeding, generally rushes off in this extreme, stuffs his stock to repletion, causing indigestion, scours, or some other trouble. Oh, yes, he learns a lesson! and too often becomes fixed in the belief that there is no money in "fattening on grain." "Hain't he tried it." Yes but if he had read more, he would have known better how to feed, and would have made money.—*J. Periam, in Rural New Yorker.*