SHELBY'S BRIGADE.

Gala Time at Higginsville at the Ex-Confederate Reunion.

The G. A. R. Take Part and the Best of Feeling Prevails—Eloquent and Patriotic Speeches by Senator Cockrell and Others.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., August 25.—To-day was a gala day for Lafayette County in general and Higginsville in particular in the reunion of General Joseph O. Shelby's Confederate brigade. Higginsville was crowded to overflowing, there being large numbers of people here. Much disappointment was occasioned however, by the absence of General Shelby and why he remained away is a mystery, as hundreds of letters were written him and a purse of $600 made up to pay his expenses. His absence was widely commented on, and on no side could any excuse for him be heard. When the last train arrived and the soldiers who were among its passengers had been provided with badges, the line of march was formed as follows: Butler's Band, ex-Confederates, Richmond Band, Shelby's Brigade, Slater Band, ex-Confederates, Lexington drum corps, Schaeffer Post, G. A. R., of Concordia; Odessa Band, Mulligan Post, G. A. R., of Lexington; ex-Confederates, Mayview Band, ex-Confederates, Norborne Band. Russell street is two miles long. It was on this street that the line was formed, and it was as long as the street. Upon either side the pavements were thronged to witness the parade. Upon reaching the fair grounds the exercises there were opened with music by the Richmond Band, after which Major E. A. Hickman read the following:

"ASHLAND, KY., August 12, 1885.

"*Major E. A. Hickman, Independence, Mo.:*

"Yours of the 10th inst. just received, asking for the battlefling of the Sixth Missouri Regiment, C. S. A., to be used at the Confederate reunion in Lafayette County on the 25th of the present month. It gives me pleasure to comply with your request. I can well imagine the great desire the survivors feel to see again the flag they fought so gallantly under and the natural pride in showing to their children a relic made sacred by its baptism in the fire and smoke of battle. I feel happy in being instrumental in its preservation. Being requested by Colonel Irwin to embroider the name of William Huff, ensign, upon it, I obtained it for that purpose from Adjutant Harwood. It was with me during the siege of Vicksburg, at which time I was favored with a guard furnished through the politeness of General Ferrell, of Burnside's corps.

"Respectfully,

"JOSEPHINE CLAY."

Mr. Ed Payne, of the Independence *Sentinel*, then unfurled the flag, which was received amid the wildest enthusiasm and cheers for the Union. It bore the following inscription:

Sixth Missouri Infantry, C. S. A. Eugene Irwin, Colonel commanding. This regiment, was the first to charge upon the intrenchments at Corinth, Miss., and twenty-six of its thirty commissioned officers and twenty-two of its twenty-eight non-commissioned officers were killed or wounded. Wm. Huff, the ensign, received nine wounds in defense of this flag before resigning it to the keeping of a comrade. Of the 300 men who went into the battle only thirty answered roll-call afterward.

This was followed by music, after which Mr. A. J. Hall delivered a stirring speech, making most tender and pathetic allusions to the soldiers of either side who were numbered with the slain, and congratulating the survivors upon the friendship which had been cemented between the two sides, each of which was so largely represented.

Colonel Jacob T. Child, of the Richmond *Conservator*, followed with a poem entitled "Shelby," of which the following is one verse:

And ever around him in danger and gloom
There gathered the bravest, though facing their doom;
Bohanan, Gates, Edwards, Clark, Crispin and all
The proud names of the land to stand there or fall;
To go where he led them, to ride at his call.

Hon. Xen Ryland next followed in a masterly oration, which held the closest attention of his vast audience. He prefaced his remarks by calling attention to the G. A. R. reunion to be held at St. Joseph, September 24th, 25th and 26th.

Senator Cockrell was next introduced. He said in substance: I am glad to meet with you, my old friends, and shake you by the hand. Twenty years have rolled by since the last hostile gun was fired in the greatest civil war the world has ever seen. Thank God, we have at last come to a period born of gratitude and love. As in affairs of business to be tolerant and forbearing is to be wise and prudent, we can now talk about the war without malice. The soldiers, Union and Confederate, sit side by side and talk of that war, a war on the part of the men of the North for the perpetuity of the Union, and a war on the part of the South for the establishment and perpetuity of a seperate government, yet one which had almost identically the same constitution. It was a war between 7,000,000 of white population in the South, and 20,000,000 white population in the North. Exclude from the South the States of Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, and the figures would read 5,500,000 and 21,000,000 in the North.

Human wisdom never devised any mode for the amicable adjustment of the affairs which precipitated the war. To-day no rational man, no sane man, North or South, can with his hand upon his heart, and in the presence of his God say that the men of the Union who followed the star spangled banner were not honest. No man can say that the men who espoused the South and followed the stars and bars until suffering, dangers and privations which the human language can never adequately portray, were not honest and conscientious. Henceforth from the union of the states there can be no secession. The colored people are free, and none of you would restore them to slavery, if you could do so, without shedding a drop of blood or the expenditure of a penny. When every issue involved in the war was settled, when peace extended her gentle wings, then it was that the soundest Statesmanship and the purest Christianity demanded reconciliation.

Thank God, I have lived to see the Confederate soldiers of Shelby's brigade meet in reunion, extending to the Union men whom they have met upon many an ensanguined field an invitation which has been accepted, and both commingling and celebrating together. Did any of you think in the wildest flight of your imagination in 1865 you would witness such a scene as this in 1885? We are all now citizens of the grandest country the world has ever seen. We are all interested in the indissolubility of the Union and the indestructibility of the States composing it. When the trump of the archangel shall sound the reveille of the resurrection morn all will come before the throne and be judged for the deeds done in the body. Some man says look up North and see how the South is vilified. Another says look down South and see how the North is reviled. Even birds have various natures. Take the lark, the dove, the mocking bird. They are delighted with the green pastures, the grazing flocks and lowing herds. If they had the gift of speech they would sing of the beautiful objects seen above the landscape.

But take the buzzard. It sees no beauty and takes no delight in the grand objects presented to his view. But should there be in the broad expanse a dead mule or a putrid rat, the buzzard would discern it. We can't kill the buzzards. We can't destroy the human scavengers. You can not keep men from thirsting for blood, when they refused to taste it when it was offered to them. These doughty men remind me of the dogs—and I beg the pardon of the dogs for making the confession. When a lion or a panther invades the farm precincts the faithful watch dog rushes to the rescue of the flocks, and when the intruder is driven away returns to the house to peaceful slumber. But just about the time all the danger is over we see emerging from under the barns the cowardly curs, snarling and barking as though anxious to eat up half a dozen lions or panthers. When the war raged these doughty warriors could not have been seen. They were invisible in war and invincible in peace. If one of those braggarts were to hear the whistling of a bullet or the bursting of a shell he would hug mother Earth with a sweetheart embrace or take to his heels. These exceptions only prove the rule of the existing fraternity to-day.

General Grant trusted the ex-rebel Ackerman. Hayes trusted Key. Longstreet and the guerilla, Mosby, were lifted to high places by Union men, and I challenge anyone to point out a Confederate who has betrayed his trust. There was no truer mourner around the bier of General Grant than the two Confederates among the pall-bearers. Great God, we thank thee for this home, the beauteous birthland of the free, where wanderers from afar may come and breathe the air of liberty.

Ex-Governor Crittenden spoke next, his remarks being in the nature of an appeal for contributions to the Fort Leavenworth Grant monument fund.

A meeting of Shelby's brigade is being held to-night for the purpose of taking steps looking to the improvement of the Confederate Cemetery at Springfield. The fireworks to-night were witnessed by thousands, though the greater part of the crowd has gone.

Late to-night it is learned here that the next meeting of the brigade will be held at Marshall next year on the opening day of the fair.

INOFFENSIVE PARTISANS.

Last fall the Bourbon scorners hereabouts in Jotham Corners
After Brother Blaine was beaten, told me that my goose was cooked;
Long and loudly kept announcing that the time had come for bounc'ng—
That a good, old, solid Democrat for my P.-O. was booked;
And they sent in their petitions, and they went on special m sions
To Cleveland and to \..... t ey hadn't made me go;
Nor care I how much they try it, for I kept uncommon quiet—
Inoffensively inactive in the last campaign, d'ye know?
They may kick, kick, kick, but I'll stick, stick, stick,
While I can,
And I am not apprehensive, for I am an inoffensive—
A very inoffensive partisan.

I made my contribution to that noble institution,
The G. O. P., but not as large as usual, d'ye see?
And of course my neighbors noted that for Brother Blaine I voted.
But I only voted once, and that's unusual with me,
For I never quite expected that he would be elected,
And so very gently whooped her up for Brother B.;
O, very, very gently, for my mind was fixed intently
On higher things than politics—namely: my salaree.

I have put up Cleveland's picture as a handsome office fixture,
Hanging from the self-same wall where Blaine's was won't to smile;
And I take a mugwump paper, as a very proper caper
For a P.-M. somewhat demi-Democratic for awhile.
There's a powerful lot of growling and of animated howling
Among my fellow-citizens at what they call my gall;
And the Democrats are pensive because I'm inoffensive,
Or at least have learned to be so since Blaine was licked last fall.
But they may kick, kick, kick, and I'll stick, stick, stick,
If I can;
And I am not apprehensive, I am such an inoffensive—
Such a very inoffensive partisan.

—*New York Sun.*

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

The Brave Words and Noble Sentiments of the Executive.

There is a world of meaning in the words of the President addressed to the person who deceived him by endorsing the application of an unworthy person to office. He and his Cabinet are engaged in a hand to hand fight with the worst representatives of the spoils system, and at the same time are subjected to a fire of criticism such as no Administration ever encountered before. Mr. Charles Nordhoff, whose experience in Washington affairs and facilities for observation of events at the capital are unequaled, gives a very interesting review of the situation and of the difficulties in the path of the President, in his commendable, sincere desire to give the country an honest, economical and lawful administration. During the first five months he has been in office his time has been mainly employed in remedying abuses and purifying the public service. He courts rather than fears criticism, as he assured Mr. Nordhoff. "I do not think any Administration for many years has been so closely and jealously watched by the people as this one," he said, "and I am glad of it. If any of us were tempted by pressure or by our own weakness to go wrong, I believe we should not dare to do it, for it seems to me the eyes of the whole world are fixed on us. Every smallest public act of mine or of the Cabinet is talked of and discussed. If we make mistakes, as can't be helped, we hear of them at once; and I say for myself that this kind of a close watch is a help to my endeavors to do my duty. It shows that the people are alive; that they want good government; they are not inattentive, and if sometimes wrong judgments come out against us we must bear them and try to do the best we know how."

These are noble sentiments and brave words which illustrate in a most vivid manner the character of the man and show his single-minded adherence to duty and his ante-election promises of reforming the Government. Yet there are unscrupulous and malicious members of his own party, who, although aware of the great difficulties he has to encounter in carrying out his resolution to give the people good government, endeavor to thwart his efforts by signing recommendations for office for men who on examination prove to be utterly and glaringly unfit. Others, like the bumptious Eustis, of Louisiana, turn on him savagely because he refuses to make a clean sweep of Republican office-holders. When urged to do this in a Western State and assured that the State would go Democratic in consequence, the President asked what benefit would that be ultimately to the party. "By precisely the same method," he said, "the Republicans, when their turn comes, would make it Republican again. That is not the way to keep a party in power and make it strong."

He takes the high ground of administering the Government for the benefit of the people at large, and not for any narrow, partisan motives. His principal aim is to have every branch of his Administration on a business basis, the best men in office and all abuses abolished. This is what gives him such strength with the thinking men of both parties, and strengthens him daily with the country. While, by this course, he may offend a few spoilsmen and office-seekers, he rises to a plane of policy far above them, and wins the admiration and cordial support of the best people in the Union. It has taken some time for the clerks in the departments to realize that this Administration was sincere in its professions of reform, and that it means to fulfill its promises to the letter. Those who have been in office under Republican administrations were accustomed to see such promises treated as pleasant fictions when the election was over, and therefore paid no regard to them. They find a very different system in practice now.—*Albany Argus.*

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

Striking Similarities Between the Political Situation Then and Now.

There are some striking similarities between the present political situation and the situation of affairs during Jefferson's first Presidential term.

Like the Republican party of to-day, the Federalists had been for some time in power. They were largely identified, too, with the successful leaders of the Revolution, with Washington and Hamilton, and its military heroes, just as the Republican party is with Lincoln, Grant and the heroes of the Civil War.

Like the Republican party, they were allied with the more wealthy and aristocratic elements of the day, and attracted to them the extravagant and the ostentatious. If they did not despise economy in the public service, they disregarded it. They disdained simplicity. They preferred excessive and unnecessary machinery in Government. They exaggerated, as the party in power is apt to do, the functions of the Federal Government, and belittled the State Governments.

Like the Republicans of to-day the Federalists believed that nearly one-half of the people of the United States were incapable of governing. Some of them looked with real, others with pretended, horror at the prospect of their opponents getting control of the Government. They believed, as the Republicans of to-day have believed, that the country would rush to ruin if their rival placed his profane hand upon the ark of the Constitution. They had so long looked upon themselves as the divinely chosen and appointed rulers of the people that they could not imagine the possibility of such a calamity's ever happening.

When it did happen the leaders and spokesmen of the Federalists were wild with rage, apprehension and disappointment. Like the Republicans of to-day they felt as if they had been cheated out of their birthright. They could not bring themselves to admit for a moment that there was any hope for a nation that had so far forgotten itself and its history as to turn them out of power and put their rivals in.

The success of Jefferson's Administration aggravated their misery. They were so unreasonable that they alienated their own followers, and built up their enemy's party. Mr. McMaster, in his second volume of the "History of the People of the United States," which has just been published, is unfriendly to Jefferson. Although fair and just in his statement of facts, his sympathies seem to run with the Federalists rather than with their opponents. Of extreme interest just now, therefore, in his review of the results of the Federalist injustice toward Jefferson, ending in their bitter attack upon him for the Louisiana purchase from the French. He declares that "nothing so fully illustrates the low state to which the once prosperous Federalists were fallen as the turbulent and factious opposition they now made to the acquisition of Louisiana."

"But a remnant of the great party remained," he continues, "tens of thousands of independent thinkers, to whom good government was better than political strife, who were under the lash of no political chief, who believed that the duty of every honest man in the party of the minority was to uphold, not pull down, the government of the majority, so long as that government labored for the common good, had drawn off from the party of Hamilton, and now gave a warm support to the Republican cause. To them the Administration of Jefferson deserved support.

"They had seen promised reforms become actual reforms. They had seen the Federalists add $3,000,000 to the public debt in five years. They had seen the Republicans reduce the debt by $5,000,000 in two years. They had seen the Federalists go to the very limit of constitutional taxation in the levying of a direct tax. They had seen the Republicans dry every source of internal revenue and still have money to spare. Never had the Government been so smoothly, so savingly carried on.

"With such an Administration they could find no fault. Government by the old friends of Washington was not worth the money wrung from the people by the grinding taxes it imposed. Not a State election, therefore, took place out of New England but showed large Republican gains."

The likeness between the Republican irreconcilables of to-day and Federal irreconcilables of eighty years ago is still further emphasized by the attitude of each toward the President in office.

"To the narrow partisans who remained in the Federal ranks," says the historian, "the good which Jefferson accomplished went for nothing. It was a maxim with them that nothing which Thomas Jefferson did was right; and that until the day came round when they should again be placed in power, the Government never would be stable, the country never would be safe. They ceased to contend for principle and began to contend for place. They became mere obstructionists, a sect of the political world which of all other sects is the most to be despised. They received the news of the best and wisest act of Jefferson's whole Administration with a roar of execration they ought to have been ashamed to set up."

The deliberate cultivation of a like temper in the Republican party of to-day is likely to have the result which it had upon the fortunes of Federalists at the beginning of the century. In times of war and great excitement men will overlook injustice toward their party opponents, because the necessity of keeping their own party in power seems so great that any weapons are pardonable. But in a time of peace and partisan temperance the people will desert that party which is unreasonable and unjust in its assaults upon an administration that is evidently trying to do its duty honestly and conscientiously in behalf of the citizens and the nation it seeks to serve. The Federalists disappeared from history.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOURTH CLASS POST-OFFICES.

Convincing Proof That the Party Will Control the Governmental Machinery.

President Cleveland's policy in regard to fourth-class post-offices will certainly prove most beneficial to the country. Changes in these offices are now being made rapidly, the Republican incumbents being removed and their places filled with Democrats. Statistics from Washington show that during the month of July over two thousand changes in the fourth-class offices were made in the time from March 4 to June 30, inclusive. Not only does this policy insure an honest and efficient service, but it equally insures a harmonious and united Democracy. When the Administration manifests so decidedly its confidence in the party it represents, and its adherence to the principles of that party, the effort of Republicans who call themselves "reformers" to create false impressions and foster Democratic discontent, will prove fruitless. During the twenty-five years the Republican party was in power it used the fourth-class post-offices as a part of its political machine to maintain its supremacy. As such they exerted a great and harmful influence. Every Republican postmaster was the agent for Republican campaign papers and political documents. Many of them were themselves editors of Republican papers. In every possible way they opposed Democracy.

President Cleveland's firm and manly course in regard to them is a convincing proof that the Democratic party will control the machinery of Government, and administer public affairs on a basis of correct ideas. It establishes the fact that the right of the people to change their servants by voting out of power the party to which those servants belong has not been for a moment lost sight of.

Desirable as are immediate changes in the class of offices over which the Senate claims a certain amount of joint jurisdiction, it has become manifest that the delay proceeds from other causes than the President's willingness to make the changes.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE "HIKER."

An Aquatic Racehorse Whose Habitat is on the Delaware.

The "hiker" is an aquatic racehorse not more than fifteen feet long, without a deck, with a mast away up in the bow, and with a single sail big enough for a good-sized yacht. The "hiker" does not carry any ballast except that which can move about on two legs. In other words, her crew of four or five men are her ballast. In order to utilize their weight so as to prevent capsizing, the unknown genius who invented the "hiker" devised the following sceme: Fastened to the center-board the mast and the lower yard of the sail are five or six ropes, which are long enough to hand over one side into the water. On the ends which go over the side are fastened bars of wood, and on these bars of wood hang the human ballast.

An admirable illustration of the working of this simple but rather moist device is afforded during every regatta of the Southwark Yacht Club. The Southwark is composed entirely of "hikers," either with a double or a single bow. When the starting gun is fired, from thirty to fifty racers dip across the line as their crews frantically haul up the sails. They continue hauling until such a spread of canvas is displayed that any spectator who was not acquainted with the use of the apparently useless ropes and wooden bars, which seem to be only in the way of the men, would say at once that the unballasted little boats would go over before the first quarter-mile was finished.

On they glide down the river, gathering increased momentum with each moment. Still their progress is comparatively slow, there being but a breath of air. The crews all sit staring at the sail and the river behind. Suddenly the ruffling of the water tells of the coming of a puff of wind. The crew of each "hiker" scramble over to the windward side and perch themselves on the gunwales with the bars of wood in their hands. Perhaps the wind blows steadily—perhaps it strikes them in a gush. If the former, then the men sit where they are, balancing the craft simply by their all being on one side. But, if especially while tacking, the "hiker's" spread of canvas above proves too much for her and she plunges over, the Captain yells frantically "hike over."

In an instant the ropes are stretched taut and the wooden bars disappear into the water, followed by the men or the posterior part of them. Only their legs remain in the boat as they sit on the transverse bars and hold on to the ropes. Every other wave surges up to their necks, and often a dip to windward submerges them completely, with the exception of their legs, which flourish wildly up over the side of the boat, but when they reappear again the craft has been saved from capsizing by this sudden hanging out of from 800 to over 1,000 pounds on the windward side. Sometimes an entire tack across the river is made with the crew "hiking out" in this manner.

Sometimes, as they come about, in spite of their efforts, the wind proves too strong for them and the side they are sitting over is raised high in the air. Then for a few brief seconds every nerve is strained as they pull on the ropes and hang, almost head downward, over the side. They may succeed and keep the boat from capsizing, or they may all execute a grand flying leap as the "hiker" goes over and they are thrown forward into the sail. This, however, happens only when there is an unusually strong wind or when bad management is shown in "coming about" at the wrong time. And, even if they do capsize, there is no harm done. Of course, they are out of the race, but that is all. The tugs and steamers that follow pick them up and tow the half submerged boat back home again, where she is righted and bailed out.

On many of the races at least ten men are taken in each boat. They serve to keep her steady as long as the breeze is too stiff or the cruise is against the wind. But if, after the buoy is rounded and the wind dies away, the captain glances significantly at one of the crew, the yachtsman grins, pulls off his boots and drops overboard. Perhaps he is picked up, perhaps he is not noticed in the excitement of the race, and is left to take care of himself. In this case he calmly strikes out for the shore, half a mile away. Sometimes half a dozen men are dropped over in this manner from one boat, in order to lighten her and keep her rivals from crawling ahead. But woe to the captain who sacrifices too many of his men. There may come up an unforeseen wind and bowl over the too-lightly ballasted boat in the twinkling of an eye.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A RANCH FOR CHICKENS.

A New Industry in Which Thousands of Dollars are Invested.

"The outlook for the incubator and poultry supply business is first-rate," said a well-known dealer in response to inquiries made by a reporter. "There are many new parties coming in every day now looking at machines who intend starting in the chicken-raising business this fall to make a regular trade of it. Incubators increasing in number? Yes, sir; there are in the market from twelve to fifteen machines of different patents. We have here in our store eight of the leading ones in constant operation night and day. The prices range from $20 to $300 each, with a varying capacity from fifty to 2,000 eggs. As a rule, a first-class incubator hatches from eighty to ninety per cent. of the fertile eggs that are put into it. Most of the machines are automatic in their regulation, so that they require very little care."

"How much capital does it require to start in the chicken-raising business?" was asked.

"I know of one party whose capital is $100, and of another who we fitted out the capital for whose stock was $40,000. All the eight machines that we keep are hatching chickens every day. These we send to our chicken ranch at Franklin, N. J. Some days our machines hatch out as many as three hundred chicks. Yes, the chicken-raising business is a new industry that has sprung up within the last two years. But aside from those who go into the business as a business there are many wealthy men, owners of country seats, who have gone into it for the novelty of the thing. But you will be surprised when I tell you, and statistics will prove the truth of the statement, that the poultry industry has become one of the largest industries in this country, and amounts to more than even the trade in wheat. Even now there is not a sufficient supply of eggs in the market, and it is necessary to import them in large quantities."

"Has not this growth of the business increased the demand for poultry supplies?"

"Yes, very largely. Among the articles in great demand are ground bone and oyster shells, which are fed to the chicks. Why, we sell at least fifty tons of this material a year, and the demand has made a new way of disposing of bones and oyster shells. Not long ago a man started a manufactory at Yonkers for the special purpose of grinding bones and oyster shells for the chicken trade, and has a big trade in it already. It has also made a great demand for wire netting for fences to poultry-yards. The other day we sold and put up for one party a mile of this wire netting."

"You spoke of a chicken ranch. What is it like?"

"Ours at Franklin covers six acres of ground. It is inclosed by a fence about six feet high. It contains a number of wooden buildings, built especially for chicken-raising. One of these measures sixty by eighty feet and is twenty feet high. It was originally built for the fattening of poultry. It is divided into pens for flocks of chickens of different breeds. The pen measures about ten by twenty feet, and each contains nest boxes, roots, and feeding-troughs. Another building on the ground is long and narrow, 100 feet by ten, and is divided into pens, the same as the other. Still another is forty by fifteen feet, which we use principally for ducks. It has a small pond adjoining. On a knoll back of these buildings we keep a large number of the artificial brooders for young chicks taken from the incubators at the store. They are kept in these brooders four weeks, and are then old enough to be put in with the larger stock."

"What is the capacity of such a ranch?"

"Without crowding, it will accommodate nicely one thousand full-grown fowls, five thousand young chicks and one thousand ducks. The cost of such a ranch complete, without the land, is about $5,000. One man and a boy can attend to it nicely. Their duties are to feed and water the fowls regularly and keep the buildings thoroughly cleaned. If this is properly done it keeps the fowls in perfectly good health. Such a business, properly carried on, will yield a profit of at least 100 per cent. on the capital invested, and even that is a low estimate. Take fancy bred fowls and they bring from $1 to $10 apiece, and I know a man who has a partridge cochin cock which $100 couldn't buy. Then take broilers. They are worth to-day, and it is the dull season, twenty-two cents a pound, live weight. Each one will weigh two and one-half pounds, and the cost to raise it is not over fifteen cents. In winter they bring from fifty to sixty cents a pound, or $2 a pair.

The demand for eggs for hatching is great, and a large part of our business is to supply eggs for this purpose. In fact, our ranch is carried on for raising thoroughbreds, not for market poultry. Do we allow visitors? Yes, we set apart Fridays for any who want to see the place. But there have been a number of such ranches lately started in the neighborhood of this city. One on Long Island and conducted by a stock company is the largest. The capital invested is $40,000, and the place is conducted for the exclusive production of broilers. It now has a capacity for hatching seven thousand eggs, and they are putting up more buildings, so that the place will have a capacity for hatching out one thousand chickens a day. They find the business profitable, and their trade is in this city. Another somewhat different ranch is in New Jersey, which is devoted to the production of eggs exclusively, its owner having contracts with parties in this city. The man who owns it started the business three years ago with a capital of just $25. He has now one thousand laying hens, and his present buildings cost him $5,000, all of which he made out of the business. Yet, all this time he has been engaged in regular business in this city, and has come in every day.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

GIRL TYPE SETTERS.

Not so Accurate, But as Nimble-Fingered and More Trustworthy Than Men.

At the tall type cases that were ranged on the top floor of a William street law and newspaper printing office, side by side with the male compositors, who were busy at work with their sleeves rolled up, a score of young women stood swiftly sticking type in burnished composing sticks. They worked with great dexterity, and a bystander who looked on critically could not have detected that the men excelled them any in the swiftness with which they picked the types from the case and dropped them in place in the sticks. Their ages ranged from seventeen to twenty-three years, and they were all plainly but neatly dressed. They kept their eyes on the copy before them, and attended strictly to business all day long.

"They are all first-class compositors," the proprietor of the place said—and some of them earn more than the men, because they stick closer to their work." The proprietor was a veteran printer himself, and said he had taught lots and lots of girls to stick type in his office during the last ten years. "There must be somewhere in the neighborhood of 500 girl compositors in the town now," he added, "and most of them make a good living at it. Harper Brothers and other big firms employ squads of them in their composing rooms on certain grades of work."

"How does their work compare with the men's?"

"Very favorably. A little more care has to be expended in reviewing the proofs than in the case of the men, but in other respects the women's work is just about the same. The need of watching the proofs more closely, though, makes a difference in the rates of compensation, but as a rule the difference is not more than two or three cents per thousand ems less than the rate paid to the men. You know, male printers are like sailors in their roving dispositions, and they like to go off and have a good time sometimes, and they have the good time irrespective of the demands of business. They change about from office to office a great deal, too, and for this reason boss printers very often prefer to employ girls, especially when the job on hand is something to be done with a rush within a stipulated time. You can depend upon the girls every time to come to work promptly and regularly every day."

"Is there any jealousy among the men on account of the employment of women?"

"Not the least. I never heard a compositor utter a word of complaint against the competition of women."—*N. Y. Sun.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

MY JOLLY PONY.

Did you ever see in your life such a fine
Old fellow as this jolly pony of mine?
(Get up, Master Neddy, ho! ho!)
Now see how he dances and prances away
As hard as he can, till I'm ready to say:
"Whoa, whoa, Master Neddy! Whoa! Whoa!"

He'll trot or he'll canter, or gallop or pace,
He'll walk if I tell him, or dash in a race
And beat everything on the way.
And then he will stand, if I want him to wait
Without being tied, at the door or the gate,
As quiet, the whole of the day.

He never gives trouble, nor wants any care.
No one ever feeds him nor curries his hair
Or makes him a bed when 'tis night.
He never is skittish, nor balky—nor kicks,
Nor has a bad temper, nor any sly tricks,
But acts as a gentleman might.

There's only one thing I can tell you beside,
He's never a pony except when I ride;
But stands, till I want him again
Without ever moving, all day on the floor
Right there in the corner behind the hall door—
And then he is Grandpa's cane.

—*Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE FIRE-ALARM.

How the Kitchen-Clock Happened to Get Cleaned.

Up in grandma's attic, one bright, sunny day, Lulu and Hetty were playing with their dolls.

It was such a charming place to play, with no end of old spinning-wheels, that the girls called their harps, and a big loom that they called their pipe-organ, and chests full of funny old dresses, that grandma allowed them to dress up in to their hearts' content and bandboxes with the queerest old bonnets.

Each kept house in one end of the attic, and then visited each other back and forth, and they always felt sure that before tea-time Mittie, grandma's help, would come toiling up the steep stairs with a tray full of goodies for a tea-party.

Lulu was sitting in an old, old rocking-chair, singing to sleep her youngest doll, Bonnibel, for Bonnibel had scarlet fever, with a touch of whooping-cough, and was very "worrisome."

As Lulu rocked far back in the old chair, softly singing "Daisy Dale," she chanced to glance up among the brown rafters, and her eye caught sight of a thin place in a shingle, where the sun shone through, making a spot as red as blood.

"Hetty Warren," she said slowly and with emphasis, "this house is a-fire!"

"Where? where?" cried Hetty, rushing along from her end of the attic, leaving a trail of doll's dresses and clothing generally in her wake.

"Up there!" gasped Lulu, pointing with one trembling finger at the red spot.

Hetty looked up and saw; then turning, she fled down stairs as swift as a bird, while Lulu came, panting and breathless, after her.

Into the sitting-room burst Hetty, surprising grandma, as she sat there sewing with the little girls' two mothers, by the startling announcement: "The house is afire! the house is afire!"

"Where? Where is it?" they all cried at once, jumping up.

"Up in the roof!" said Hetty, and Lulu, panting in just then, added her testimony: "The house is all afire up in roof; all red coals!" and Mittie came rushing in from the kitchen to hear what the tumult was about.

"Run out into the street and holler 'Fire!' Mittie," said grandma.

"Tell somebody to ring the fire-bell, Hetty," said her mother, seizing a pail of water and hurrying up-stairs.

Lulu's mother was one of the kind who faint easily, so she dropped into a chair and groaned, and fanned herself with a newspaper, looking all the while as white as a ghost, and Lulu clung tight to her apron.

Grandma took a China cup down off the bracket, and, rushing out into the back-yard, set it down under a big apple-tree, then hurrying in, went to taking down the kitchen clock.

Mittie ran into the middle of the street and stood there trying to scream "Fire!" but though she opened her mouth wide, the "Fire!" only came in a loud, hoarse whisper.

Hetty went tearing along the sidewalk, looking for some one to ring the fire-bell. The first man she met was old Judge Brown.

"O Mr. Brown!" gasped Hetty, "won't you go and ring the fire-bell?"

"What's a-fire?" asked the Judge.

"Grandma's house is a-fire, and grandma's away, and I don't know what we shall do!"

Judge Brown stared hard at the house with no traces of smoke about it, and looked puzzled.

"Where is it a-fire?"

"Up in the roof—it's all live coals—red as blood."

"I'll run along where I can see the other side of the roof," said Judge Brown, and along he ran as fast as his age and flesh would allow, with Hetty still ahead. He ran clear around the house, watching the roof, but no sign or smell of fire could be discovered.

"Must be inside," he said and went in at the front door, and there was Hetty's mother coming down-stairs laughing, with the pail of water in her hand. She explained to the Judge how the little girls at play in the attic had seen a red spot in the roof, and thought it was fire.

"Come in, Mittie!" she called to the girl, who was now leaning against the fence, all in a tremble. "There's no fire, after all."

"Well," said grandma, when they brought the good news into the kitchen. "I've got this clock about taken down, so I'll finish the job, and send it off to be cleaned. It hasn't run for a year."

And that was how the kitchen-clock happened to get cleaned.—*Youth's Companion.*

A PLEASANT WALK.

Miss Sophia and Little Letty's Adventure in the Fields.

"Where are you going, Miss Sophia?" asked Letty, leaning over the gate.

"I am going to walk," answered Miss Sophia. "Would you like to come with me, Letty?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Letty. "I should like to go very much, indeed! Only wait, please, while I get my bonnet!" And Letty danced into the house and danced out again with her brown poke bonnet over her sunny hair. "Here I am, Miss Sophia!" she cried. "Now, where shall we go?"

"Down the lane," said Miss Sophia, "and through the orchard into the fields. Perhaps we may find some wild strawberries!"

So away they went, the young lady walking demurely along, while the little girl frolicked and skipped about, now in front, now behind. It was pretty in the green lane; the ferns were so soft and plumy, and the moss so firm and springy under their feet. The trees bent down and talked to the ferns, and told them stories about the birds that were building in their branches; and the ferns had stories, too, about the black velvet mole who lived under their roots, and who had a star on the end of his nose.

But Letty and Miss Sophia did not hear all this: they only heard a soft whispering, and never thought what it meant.

Presently they came out of the lane, and passed through the orchard, and then came out into the broad, sunny meadow.

"Now, Letty," said Miss Sophia, "use your bright eyes and see if you can find any strawberries. I shall sit under a tree and rest a little."

Away danced Letty, and soon she was peeping and peering under every leaf and grass-blade; but no gleam of scarlet, no pretty clusters of red and white could she see. Evidently it was not a strawberry meadow. She came back to the tree and said:

"There are no strawberries at all, Miss Sophia, not even *one*. But I have found something else; wouldn't you like to see it?—something very pretty."

"What is it, dear?" asked Miss Sophia. "A flower? I should like to see it, certainly."

"No, it isn't a flower," said Letty, "it's a cow."

"WHAT?" cried Miss Sophia, springing to her feet.

"A cow," said Letty. "A pretty spotted cow. She's coming after me, I think."

Miss Sophia looked in the direction in which Letty pointed, and there, to be sure, was a cow, moving slowly toward them. She gave a shriek of terror; then, controlling herself, she threw her arms around Letty.

"Be calm, my child!" she said; "I will save you! Be calm!"

"Why, what is the matter, Miss Sophia?" cried Letty, in a arm.

Miss Sophia's face was very pale, and she trembled; but she seized Letty's arm and bade her walk as fast as she could.

"If we should run," she said, in a quivering voice, "it would run after us, and then we could not possibly escape. Walk fast, my child! Don't scream! Try to keep calm!"

"Why, Miss Sophia!" cried the astonished child. "You don't think I'm afraid of that cow, do you? Why, it's"——

"Hush! hush!" whispered Miss Sophia, dragging her along. "You will only enrage the cow by speaking loud. I will save you, dear, if I can! See, we are getting near the fence. Can't you walk a little faster?"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said the cow, which was now following them at a quicker pace.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Miss Sophia, "I shall faint! I know I shall! Letty don't faint, too, dear! Let *one* of us escape. Courage, child! Be calm! Oh, there is the fence. Run, now—run for your life!"

The next minute they both were over the fence. Letty stood panting, with eyes and mouth wide open; but Miss Sophia clasped her in her arms, and burst into tears.

"Safe!" she sobbed. "My dear, brave child! we are safe!"

"Yes I suppose we are safe," said the bewildered Letty. "But what was the matter? It was Uncle George's cow, and she was coming home to be milked!"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said Uncle George's cow, looking over the fence.—*St. Nicholas.*

FEMININE FOLLIES.

Wherein English and American Women Differ in Extravagant Ideas of Dress.

There is one crying sin, however, of which the English women of this generation are more guilty than their American sisters, and that is the sin of tight lacing. The waists of the majority are absurdly drawn in, the more absurdly because it destroys the roundness and perfection of the English figure. The elderly Engliswoman runs to flesh; so does the elderly American; and in time each of them learns to accept the fact, and sinks down into comfortable age with its attendant inches and avoirdupois. But the natural size of a waist to accompany a thirty-six or thirty-eight-inch bust measure would be twenty-three or twenty-four inches, and when it is reduced by compression to from eighteen to twenty inches this is an actual loss of beauty of form as well as detrimental to the health. Doubtless there are some foolish girls and women in America who crowd their breathing apparatus into smaller space than nature intended; but, the average size of the American waist being less, there is perhaps less temptation to reduce it, and the general appearance of women in any large American city shows that the natural standard is more nearly preserved than in London at the present time. On the other hand, we sin more in the matter of bustles and tournures. Such a shelf of projecting bracket at the back of the skirt as may be seen any day and any minute of any day upon Broadway is not visible in any part of London. The extension of the dress is confined to ruffles and two or three steels at the back or to a pair of steels and a pad of small "mattress" fastened on the tailor-made (cloth) gowns to the skirt itself. Women of fashion have quite discontinued the use of the removable excrescence called the bustle nor could one be worn with the close side draperies which are so much used and which so perfectly outline the form.—*London Cor. Minneapolis Press.*

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

Why It Is Improbable That Man Should Be Able to Fly.

Painters who represent angels floating in the air with small wings may make a charming picture, but it is sadly unscientific. To carry the body of even a small woman, weighing, say, one hundred pounds, would require a machine at least four horse-power, as one horse-power would be required to move twenty-five pounds. This would call for wings, supposing we had the machine to work them, of enormous size. The birds found far out at sea, known as Mother Carey's chickens, seem to be large, but when killed, and the body stripped of feathers, it is not much bigger than a canary bird. And so of all birds capable of extended flight. Man's strength, it is estimated, would have to be increased some thirtyfold before he could fly, and then he would be forced to confine himself to dead calm weather. Currents of air have often a velocity of twenty miles per hour, a fact which shows how mighty must be the power man must command before he can launch himself upon the air and compete with even the slowest birds; yet it seems to be settled by scientists that air navigation must be by means of flight—that gas can never solve the problem. There must be an extremely powerful motor, and some apparatus that will do the same service for man that feathers and wings do for birds.—*Demorest's Monthly.*