A LITTLE LEARNING.

The Young College Graduate Comes Home to His Untutored Folk.

Mr. Gillifoodle believed he was a far-seeing man. He is the father of a large family of boys and girls. When most of his children were small he foresaw that it would require a large amount of money to put all of them through college, and so he decided that the oldest of them should become a college graduate, and that after his education was complete he could then give the rest of the family the benefit of his superior knowledge and culture. Several of the boys had positions in the common walks of life and girls are assisting in dressmaking and the like.

Last Friday was a great day at the Gillifoodle home. On that day the boy whom they had put through college came back. It may as well be stated that the rest of the family were not highly pleased with the result. They felt that the expenditure of the money which they had all worked hard to contribute had not been wisely looked after. After Mr. Gillifoodle, who drives a dray, had finished eating a hearty supper he went out on the front stoop, where the college graduate was smoking a cigarette.

"Well, I reckon you know a heap," said the father.

"Yes, par, I have acquired a considerable fund of erudition," replied the youth between the puffs of cigarette smoke.

"Par?" said his father. "Is that how it orter be? That's somethin' new, ain't it?"

"Well, yes, it is new to you, but there is much which I shall introduce to the family with which you are unacquainted. It fact, it pains it me to know that your education and that of my brothers and sisters has been so painfully neglected. I should hestitate to bring my college chums here. I greatly fear that my vocabulary will become contaminated through associating with such uncouth tongues," said the youth.

"New to me, eh?" said the father, as the happy dream of years faded from his eyes. "Yes, I've already seen lot's new to me, my young man; the smokin' of them there nasty cigarettes is new to me; the wearin' of an eyeglass, cream-colored pants, and red shoes is all new me. An, mebby you mean ter interduce that there dude drawl an' high - toned sneerin' way o' your'n inter the fambly. But, my young feller, it don't take yer unedicated old dad more'n a year ter see through a millstone 'at has a hole through it bigger'n a circus. I sent you ter college ter git ter be a sensible man, an' here ye come back home a striped jackass, with ribbons in yer tail an' a dodo 'round yer ears. Yes, indeed, there's lots about you 'at's new ter me. Ye're all new ter me, in fact—so new I don't know yer a tall! Git out o' this before ye spile the rest o' the fambly!"

And the college graduate suddenly found himself an outcast in the wide, cold world. After he had been gone awhile the father said to the mother: "Marthy, we orter thank the Lord that we had only money enough ter make jest one fool in the fambly."—Chicago Times.

PUSH AND PULL.

Success Does Not Come to Him Who Waits for It.

The old proverb that all things come to him who waits advances a very pretty and pleasant theory, but its literal interpretation makes it capable of great misconstruction; for if it is in one sense true, its reverse is equally true. Nothing comes to him who waits and does no more. There is nothing in the world that is of any value that has not to be struggled for; and those who sit down and fold their hands, expecting fate and fortune to bring them what they most desire, will meet with the disappointment they deserve.

We have to be governed very largely by the analogies of nature whenever we venture into the realm of the possibilities and the unknown, and there is no analogy in nature of something being given for nothing. The seed has to push through the ground to find the sun; the tree has to draw its sap up from unseen sources to whirl forth its buds; the bud itself has to force its way through obstacles of bark and fiber; the bird has to build its nest with careful endeavor and many journeys ere it feeds the little wings beneath its breast; the gold has to be mined, the precious stone dug from the matrix, the diamond has to undergo fierce processes of grinding and scouring before its facets shine like living light. Struggle is the rule of life; were it otherwise, it would seem as though we might all of us have been put upon the planet in conditions of luxury and ease and eminence that would require no effort on our part, and leave us free for all the enjoyment the world affords. But what soft, untempered, worthless metal we should be in such a case! It is the fire that tempers the steel, it is the hammer that welds it, the grinding, whirling stone that brings it to an edge.

In running for a race, in seeking any athletic distinction, it is training that strips the muscles of all demoralizing incumbrance and lets that muscle strive for all it is worth, and training, discipline, effort, are the steps to success of any sort that amounts to much. That which is gained without effort comes to unawakened nerve and flaccid fiber, and is enjoyed in a spirit of indolence hardly better than that of the dormouse in his sleep, and mentally and morally the recipient is hurt rather than helped by it. Struggle brightens, sharpens, rounds and perfects the nature. We are born of it; the very worlds struggle into life, and shape themselves by means of it from gaseous masses of fire out to green fields, blue skies and pleasant waters; and why should we expect to escape our conditions? Be assured that that which is worth having is worth working for, and that the poet's famous line, "They also serve who only stand and wait," refers to no such waiting as inglorious quiesence would imply, but to a waiting which itself is the hardest struggle of an impatient spirit. For the familiar line is true enough:

The waiting time, my brotner,
Is the hardest time of all
—Detroit Free Press.

A Delightful Trip.

Friend—Did you enjoy your sojourn in Europe?

Relic Hunter—Enjoy it? I should say so! I cut some gold fringe from the emperor's throne in Berlin, hooked a door knob from the vatican, broke an ear off an old statue in Italy, and chipped off a piece of Shakespere's tomb I wouldn't take one thousand dollars for 'em.—Puck.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—To kill a corn or bunion dip a sock in kerosene oil, put it on the afflicted foot upon going to bed, placing the foot thus treated in a thick quilted cotton sack, or oil-cloth bag. It will effectually cure the very worst bunion.—Detroit Free Press.

—Kisses.—Take one tablespoonful of sugar to the white of an egg. Flavor with vanilla, and beat with a spoon until quite light. Drop in little heaps on white paper and bake in a cool oven. They must not get brown, nor even yellow, but must be hard on top.—Boston Budget.

—Forced-Meat Balls: Take half a pound of veal, half a pound suet, cut fine and beat well together in a mortar. Take a few sweet herbs beaten fine, a small nutmeg, a little mace, a little lemon peel cut very fine, pepper, salt, and yolks of two eggs. Mix all together, then roll in flour and fry brown. If to be used for white sauce, put a little water on in a saucepan, and when the water boils, drop in, and let them cook for a few minutes.—Harper's Bazar.

—Impromptu Pudding: Place in a double boiler or saucepan three cupfuls of milk, a lump of butter and a pinch of salt. While it is heating, beat two eggs light, whites and yelks together; gradually stir in three level tablespoonfuls of flour and six of sweet milk. Stir this into the boiling milk and cook until thickened. Serve warm with sweetened cream. A tumblerful of quince or apple jelly turned out in the center of the dish will be found a great improvement.—Country Gentleman.

—Chicken Croquettes: Thicken half a pint of boiling milk with two tablespoonfuls of flour, wet in cold milk; season with one tablespoonful of butter, one of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of finely-minced onion, a quarter of a teaspoonful of mace, salt and pepper to taste. Boil these ingredients together, add a pint or chopped chicken, and when cold form into croquettes, dip in beaten egg, then in sifted bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. Drain on paper, and serve on hot dish.—N. Y. Observer.

—Cream Spice Cake: Two teacupfuls each of light brown sugar and flour, one-half teacupful each of butter and milk, the yolks of four eggs and the whites of three, well beaten, one large teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and nutmeg, and two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in layers. For the Cream: Dissolve one-quarter teacupful of granulated sugar in a teacupful water Set it where it will cook quickly after it is dissolved. Try it by dropping a little in water and when it stiffens a little, beat it quickly into the white of one egg. When cold flavor with vanilla and spread evenly between the layers of the cake.—Orange Judd Farmer.

QUICK PRESERVES.

An Easy Way to Put Up Fruit So It Will Keep for Winter.

Canning, according to the old-fashioned idea of doing it, is so fatiguing and tedious that the modern housewife, with her modern idea of labor-saving, shrinks from undertaking it, and declares that she prefers to buy her fruit already canned or to go without rather than spend hours and hours over a hot stove.

Now, if the modern housewife only knew it, there are ways of preserving fruit not at all difficult and just as good even as "the good old ways" of our grandparents. And since the modern housewife likes to know of new and good things let her read and learn. Here is an excellent way to preserve fall fruit, such as plums, pears, peaches and apples.

Take a gallon of cider vinegar and dissolve, with heating, enough sugar in it to make a thick sirup. Dry the fruit carefully and fill an earthen jar or "crock" with it. Pour over all the sirup—still without heating—put on a cover and stand in a cool, dry place until wanted next winter.—N. Y. World.

The New Long Coats.

Long belted coats that fall below the knee form part of new costumes that combine wool and silk. The coat is fitted to the figure, yet has but few seams—one down the back, others under the arms and a single dart each side of the front—and a Russian belt of dark gilt or bronze is added, more for ornament than for use. Pingat makes this long slender overdress of dark-green serge of very wide wale, with sleeves, blouse vest and skirt of ombre peau de soie of two colors, green and brown, shaded in each breadth, and plaited at intervals of eight or ten inches by bars of gilt. The belt is of bronzed gilt galloon, studded with colored stones, and fastened by an oval brooch with pendants. The long green coat opens below the waist in the back, while the fronts turn back in revers that are bound with galloon, and trimmed with four bronze buttons of graduated sizes. The blouse vest of the silken plaid has a row of galloon down the middle, and a collar band of galloon. Large gigot sleeves are of the plaid. The skirt has four breadths of plaid, those in front joined by a seam down the middle, and each widened at the foot on the side by a gusset ten inches wide. In the back are two straight breadths in full plaits at the top. The rich fabric needs no lining or trimming, and is simply faced with silk in the old-fashioned way without a binding of braid.—Harper's Bazar.

Meat for Children.

It is the opinion of a celebrated doctor that children under five years should not eat meat more than once a day, and that in the morning or at noon. "An almost ideal dietetic schedule for most children," it is said, would include eggs at breakfast, meat at noon and bread and milk at night, "appropriate cereals" being given with the milk and eggs. For younger children, or those between the ages of two and five, it is not advisable to give eggs and meat at the same time, for fear that the digestive powers may be overtaxed.—N. Y. Post.

—The benevolent work begun among the Zulus by the late Bishop Colenso, renowned alike for his heterodoxy and his arithmetic, is continued by his daughter. She has translated much of the Bible into the Zulu tongue, and has taught a number of the chiefs to speak English. It is to her intercession for Cetewayo and his people with the queen and Mr. Gladstone that the former owe many concessions.

—Husband—"How about the new cook—can she make a good many fancy dishes?" Wife—"I hope she can, but so far she has only succeeded in breaking a great many.

THE FARMING WORLD.

CORN MEAL FOR HENS.

Notes of Timely Interest to Farmers Who Raise Poultry.

Very often we see in our exchanges articles advising the feeding of corn meal, scalded until it will stick together. This is poor advice, for the hen that is fed on such food will be compelled to swallow more water than is at all necessary. The very best way to feed corn to hens is whole, and if it is to be fed to chicks it may be cracked. When we first got in the notion of feeding cracked corn we had no means of cracking it, and we went to our miller and asked him if he could help us out. He was perfectly willing to do so, and we had him raise his buhrs till the corn when it went through was just coarsely broken, say about like grains of wheat. As the corn was dry, a considerable part of it was much finer than we wanted it. This we sifted out and fed to the youngest chicks, and the effect was so beneficial that we have kept up the custom for three or four years, and the demand for this cracked corn has grown to such proportions that now our flouring mills keep it regularly for the sole purpose of feeding chickens. Chickens cannot be grown to the best advantage in country places without being fed corn as a large part of their food. Some there are who are constantly decrying the use of corn, but they are those who base their teachings largely on theory, and the best practical breeders agree that corn is one of the essentials. The chemist tells us what elements go to make up corn, and from their analyses we are led to think that corn is not the best food, but it is with corn like it is with root crops. The writer once asked a noted dairyman why it was that mangels, which analyze so low in value, were so valuable when fed to cows, and he replied that there was something in them that the chemist did not find. So it is with corn. There is something in it that makes chickens do well on it in spite of chemical analyses. We do not advocate a clear corn diet by any means, but believe in a variety, consisting of anything edible, for the digestion of any kind of poultry is good, but if we were confined to one kind of feed, corn would be our choice, and we would feed it dry, even if we had to feed meal.—Farmers' Voice.

THE CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

They Breed Readily and Furnish a Rare Table Dish.

Our illustration, which we reengrave from the Poultry World, is a correct representation of the California quail. They are a fine game bird, in size and shape not unlike the common quail of

THE CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

the north and east, but slightly heavier and carry plumes upon the crest. They closely assimilate in their general habits to other quails. They run in the cover of low bushes and thickets, build their nests upon the ground and migrate to a warmer climate in winter time. They are easily bred, however, and thousands of them have been domesticated, both in California and other states. When grown under cover, as the Englishman raises his pheasants, they breed kindly and prolificly.

They go in large flocks in California—two to three hundred together being seen very frequently there. They are killed in various ways in their native forests or prairie retreats, and their flesh has been found very toothsome in flavor. Several fanciers not only breed them in considerable numbers, but export them alive to Europe and send a great many overland to the states south and west. They are easily handled, taking kindly to domestic treatment, and furnish the epicure with a rare dish when in condition and served in proper way at table.

LIVE STOCK DON'TS.

DON'T give impure water to any class of stock on the farm.

DON'T let your scrub bull—if you own one—run in the roads.

DON'T sell the heifer calves from cows that you know to be good.

DON'T be surprised to find that diseased feet precede founder.

DON'T use the cruel check rein to jerk a horse's head up out of a natural position.

DON'T forget when inclined to drive fast that you are riding and the horse is on foot.

DON'T trust to the grass of very early spring to keep the herds and flocks up in condition.

DON'T neglect to provide shade for the pasture in which the cows will run next summer.

DON'T breed scrub stock. You desire to make your farm pay. Scrub stock will never make it pay.

DON'T feed too much corn to any class of stock. Even fattening animals are benefited by some bone and muscle forming foods.—Farmers' Voice.

Setting Out Trees.

If an early benefit is desired, trees may be set two feet apart, and the branches will interlock in three years; but if more permanent result is looked for, three or four feet asunder will be better, and an efficient screen nine or ten feet high may be expected in five or six years. Trees set six feet apart may reach twenty or twenty-five feet high in ten years. For permanent, lifelong screens, a greater distance asunder may be sufficient. To prevent injury to the young trees before they attain the sufficient size it would be better to set them back two or three feet from the yard fence. When they become as large as stout fence posts, a single rail may be fastened to them horizontally, and if the cattle browse them moderately it will not hurt the screen, as it will cause them rather to thicken in growth than otherwise. Or a barb wire stretched upon them will prevent any injury.

Wake Them Up!

That's what should be done with the kidneys when they grow sleepy. Their inaction precedes their disease That capital diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, gives exactly the right impetus when they become sluggish. Use it and keep out of danger, for you are "in it" if your kidneys don't act. This medicine is also adapted to malarial and rheumatic ailments, want of vigor and irregularity of bowels, liver and stomach.

IT COSTS NOTHING.—Advice is the cheapest thing in the world, which is why so many people are so fond of giving it away.—Brooklyn Eagle.

LARGE hats, it is said, will rage this winter, and so will the people who sit behind them.—Inter Ocean.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK. Nov. 14, 1892.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	$3 80	@	5 00
COTTON—Middling	8⅞	@	9
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 00	@	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	76½	@	78¼
CORN—No. 2	50	@	51¼
OATS—Western Mixed	36	@	37½
PORK—New Mess	13 25	@	13 50
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	8¾
BEEVES—Choice Steers	4 90	@	5 50
Medium	3 00	@	4 85
HOGS—Fair to Select	5 25	@	5 65
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 75	@	5 75
FLOUR—Patents	3 40	@	3 60
Fancy to Extra Do	2 50	@	3 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	67⅝	@	68
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	41½	@	41¾
OATS—No. 2	....	@	30
RYE—No. 2	48	@	48½
TOBACCO—Logs	1 10	@	8 10
Leaf Burley	4 50	@	7 10
HAY—Clear Timothy (new)	8 50	@	11 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	23	@	27
EGGS—Fresh	....	@	20
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	....	@	12 80
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	8½
LARD—Prime Steam	...	@	9
WOOL—Choice Tub	32	@	33
CHICAGO			
CATTLE—Shipping	3 75	@	5 75
HOGS—Fair to Choice	5 30	@	5 85
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 50	@	4 75
FLOUR—Winter Patents	3 50	@	3 85
Spring Patents	3 55	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	71⅜	@	71½
CORN—No. 2	....	@	42¼
OATS—No. 2	31¼	@	31½
PORK—Mess (New)	12 00	@	12 12½
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 25	@	4 75
HOGS—All Grades	5 10	@	5 52½
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	67½	@	68¼
OATS—No. 2	25	@	27
CORN—No. 2	....	@	34
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	3 60	@	4 00
CORN—No. 2	48	@	49
OATS—Western	....	@	37
HAY—Choice	15 00	@	15 50
PORK—New Mess	....	@	13 00
BACON—Sides	....	@	8⅞
COTTON—Middling	8½	@	8⅝
CINCINNATI			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	70
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	44½
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	33½
PORK—New Mess	....	@	12 25
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	9¼
COTTON—Middling	....	@	8½

DAVID C. COOK.

The Pioneer Publisher of Sunday School Literature.

David C. Cook, of Chicago, the widely-known publisher of Sunday-school literature, was born in East Worcester, New York, in 1850, a son of E. S. Cook, a Methodist minister, and from a child a member of the church and Sunday-school. He began working in the Sunday-school in Chicago at the age of seventeen, teaching in his own church school and at the same time in one, and much of the time two, mission schools meeting at different hours.

DAVID C. COOK.

In 1871, after the great fire, he left home and with three other young men, whom he persuaded to join him, rented rooms in one of the poorest and roughest parts of the burnt district of North Chicago, and gave himself to relief and mission work. Here he started "Everybody's Mission," in a German beer-hall and theater, afterwards removed to a building of its own. This mission, with an attendance of 350 to 450, made up of some of the worst elements, he sustained for five years without financial aid from any church or society. He has since organized and superintended North Avenue Mission, Lake View Mission, and Lake View Union Schools in Chicago, and Grace Sunday School, Elgin, besides several smaller enterprises.

His first publications were prepared only for his own schools; then, to cheapen expense, he solicited orders from others. This was the beginning of a wonderful growth and popularity, which, in sixteen years, has made his name a household word.

A COLLAR button was recently found concealed in a cow, and this has caused a wonder how the cow crawled under the bureau.—Boston Post.

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

MANGLED remains—the part of your shirt that comes back from the steam laundry.—Puck

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

WANTED — several hundred women to scour the country.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT you feel the good that's done by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood. And through the blood, it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the whole system.

In recovering from "La Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, nothing can equal it as an appetizing, restorative tonic to build up needed flesh and strength. It rouses every organ into natural action, promotes all the bodily functions, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease that comes from a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, or Scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so certain that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

For a perfect and permanent cure for Catarrh, take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer $500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh.

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

A. N. K., B. 1422.

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Milk Cans, pans, churns, bottles, everything which is used for milk, even down to the baby's bottle—these are things for which you need **Pearline.** With **Pearline,** they're cleansed more easily, more quickly, more economically, and more thoroughly, than with anything else known. The people who know most about milk say just that. We can't afford to print all the testimonials we hold. They're free expressions of opinion—in conventions, in papers, everywhere where milk folks have a voice. Their enthusiasm about **Pearline** is genuine. And it's natural. For all kinds of washing and cleaning, nothing equals **Pearline.**

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 381 JAMES PYLE, New York.

The Youths Companion

The last year has been the most prosperous of the Sixty-five years of THE COMPANION'S history. It has now over 550,000 subscribers. This support enables it to provide more lavishly than ever for 1893. Only a partial list of Authors, Stories and Articles can be given here.

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The Prizes offered for the Serial Competition of 1892 were the Largest ever given by any periodical.

First Prize, $2,000. **Larry;** "Aunt Mat's" Investment and its Reward; by **Miss Amanda M. Douglas.**
Second Prize, $1,000. **Armajo;** How a very hard Lesson was bravely Learned; by **Charles W. Clarke.**
Third Prize, $1,000. **Cherrycroft;** The Old House and its Tenant; by **Miss Edith E. Stowe (Pauline Wesley).**
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will be described in graphic language by Officers of the United States Army and by famous War Correspondents.

General John Gibbon. **General Wesley Merritt.**
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How Mr. Gladstone Works; by his daughter, **Mrs. Drew.**
Gen. Sherman in his Home; by **Mrs. Minnie Sherman Fitch.**
Gen. McClellan; by his son, **George B. McClellan.**
President Garfield; by his daughter, **Mrs. Molly Garfield Brown.**

Your Work in Life.

What are you going to do? These and other similar articles may offer you some suggestions.

Journalism as a Profession. By the Editor-in-Chief of the New York Times, **Charles R. Miller.**
Why not be a Veterinary Surgeon? An opportunity for Boys; by **Dr. Austin Peters.**
In What Trades and Professions is there most Room? by **Hon. R. P. Porter.**
Shipbuilders Wanted. Chats with great shipbuilders on this Subject; by **Alexander Wainwright.**
Admission to West Point; by the Supt. of U. S. Academy, **Col. John M. Wilson.**
Admission to the Naval Academy; by **Lieut. W. F. Low, U. S. N.**
Young Government Clerks at Washington. **By the Chief Clerks of Six Departments.**

Things to Know.

What is a Patent? by **The Hon. Carroll D. Wright.**
A Chat With Schoolgirls; by **Amelia E. Barr.**
Naval Courts-Martial; by **Admiral S. B. Luce.**
Patents Granted Young Inventors; by **U. S. Com. of Patents.**
The Weather Bureau; by **Jean Gordon Mattill.**
Newly-Married in New York. What will $1.000 a year do? Answered by **Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher** and **Marion Harland.**

Over the Water.

How to See St. Paul's Cathedral; by **The Dean of St. Paul.**
Windsor Castle. A picturesque description by **The Marquis of Lorne.**
A Glimpse of Belgium. **The American Minister at Brussels.**
A Glimpse of Russia; by **The Hon. Charles Emory Smith.**
Adventures in London Fogs; by **Charles Dickens.**
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A Boy's Club in East London. **Frances Wynne.**

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More than One Hundred Short Stories and Adventure Sketches will be given in the volume for 1893.

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In the Death Circle.
A Mountainville Feud.
Mrs. Parshley's First Voyage.
Bain McTickel's "Vast Doog."
An Able Mariner.
Uncle Dan'l's Will.
On the Hadramaut Sands.
An April First Experience.
Riddling Jimmy, and other stories.
Quality's Temptation.
A Bad Night in a Yacht.
Leon Kestrell: Reporter.
Uncle Sim's Clairvoyance.
How I Won my Chevrons. **W. J. Baker.**
The Cats of Cedar Swamp. A Boy's Proof that he was not a Coward; by **Strong "Medicine."** The amusing effect of a brass instrument on a hostile Indian; by **Capt. D. C. Kingman, U. S. A.**

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