



**Y**OU are a horrid brute," said Tabby, the cat, to Snip, the little terrier, who lay just in front of the fire on a soft rug, his head resting on his paws and his eyes blinking, as he lazily contemplated pussy.

"Well," he said, "I am too comfortable here to bother about catching rats. You wouldn't have told me anything about it anyway, if you could have managed the job by yourself."

"Oh," said Tabby, "as for that, I can catch rats by the dozen myself; only I thought you might like the sport."

Snip yawned and stretched himself, and showed signs of relenting; but



"Well," he said, "I am too comfortable here to bother about catching rats."

pussy pretended utter indifference to his proceedings, and with a sigh she lay down and feigned sleep.

"Come on, then," said Snip, giving a final stretch to his cramped limbs, "now you have got a fellow on to his pins, you let on you don't care."

Pussy, taking no notice, just waited till Snip had vacated his place by the fire. Then with one spring she gained the long-coveted position, and with a sigh she lay down in the place which knew Snip no more.

"You silly dog," she said, "your conceit does want taking down a peg. Do you really imagine for one moment that I'd call you to help me catching rats? Ha! ha! ha! Go and catch them by yourself if you can. I am far too comfortable here to bother my head about them."

Snip regarded her with supreme contempt. It was not the first time by



Smoker came forward to show himself off, and seemed a promising pup of the bulldog order.

many that Tabby had made a fool of him.

"Well," he said, "there is no getting even with a cat. It passeth the understanding of an honest dog, and yet, and yet—"

Longingly he looked at her, wondering whether he could not manage to get a fair bite at her, but remembering her sharp claws, with which he had made acquaintance on previous occasions, he desisted, and, with anger in his heart, he took himself off to seek consolation in a visit to the next-door dog.

"Good day, Mrs. Snap," he said, as he approached the box in which she was reclining, surrounded by her four children. "I was hoping to induce you to come for a walk with me."

"Walk, indeed," she growled, "I can't leave this unruly brood for a minute, and as for my eldest son, Smoker, he



Tabby looked upon the newcomer as an intruder.

is getting such a bully that I would gladly part with him, if a good home could be found."

Snip became thoughtful.

"Which is Smoker?" he said; "let me have a look at him."

"This one," said Snip, "in the black and tan coat."

Smoker came forward to show himself off, and seemed a promising pup of the bulldog order. "He'll do," said

**Squirrels Like Pine Seeds.**

Everybody is familiar with the fondness which squirrels entertain for nuts; there is, however, upon our furry little friend's bill of fare another item which is less generally known as having a place there, and that is pine seeds. The seeds of the pine are borne naked in the heart of the cone, snugly laid away at the base of the cone scales. When a squirrel has his mouth set for that sort of a repast he gathers a cone in his paws and strips off the scales one by one thus exposing successively the seeds.

**Fully Equipped.**

He—Are you sure that you are fitted to be a poor man's wife?

She—Sure. Why, my love, I know every bargain counter in town.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Won by Waiting.**

She—Father's salary is to be doubled the first of the year.

He—Good! At last we can afford to get married.—Chicago Daily News.

Snip; "let me take him home with me. I'll smuggle him into the house, and when my little master, Jack, sees him he is sure to want to keep him."

It was not altogether an unselfish motive that made Snip want to rid Mrs. Snap of her chief anxiety. "In union lies strength!" he said to himself. "One dog may not be able to get even with a cat, but what about two dogs?"

He smiled a sinister smile when he thought of how they would give Mrs. Tabby "rats" in future.

Now that it came to parting with her firstborn, Mrs. Snap only remembered his good qualities, and wiping away a tear she begged him not to forget her, and to come and see her often. Smoker wiggled himself out of the maternal embrace and scampered off with his new friend and protector.

On the way home, Snip gave him a few hints as to his behavior, strongly advising him not to have anything to do with the cat. Unobserved they managed to get into Snip's kennel, and when Jack found them there later on he was so delighted with Smoker that he obtained permission to keep him, and so far Snip's plan was quite successful.

Tabby looked upon the newcomer as an intruder, and took a great dislike to him at first sight. "I can't imagine what Jack wants another dog for," she



One day Snip and Smoker caught a fine big rat.

said to herself; "I shan't have half such a good time now." And her misgivings proved quite correct.

Snip and Smoker became the greatest of chums, and took no notice whatever of Tabby, so that the latter, as time went on, became sad and depressed.

One day Snip and Smoker caught a fine big rat, which they worried till he was about half dead; then they put him on the top of a waterbut, which was covered by boards loosely laid across the top. The middle board they removed altogether, and put the rat close behind this opening.

They went into their kennel, where only their eyes could be seen, like four glowworms, fixed on the wriggling rat. The time passed, and their excitement was beginning to cool down, when it was fanned afresh by the appearance of Tabby, who was evidently suffering greatly from "ennui." She rubbed



A little struggle and cat and rat alike disappeared into the butt.

herself against the wall, yawned and stretched herself, when all at once she caught sight of the rat. Hullo! here was sport! All appearance of "ennui" disappeared! Her hair rose and bristled, and she quivered all over with excitement. Slowly and stealthily she crept nearer and nearer her pray, never for an instant removing her eyes from the coveted object. Now, the long-looked-for moment had arrived. She crouches low and sprang—a little struggle, and cat and rat alike disappeared into the butt!

Snip and Smoker rolled over and over, convulsed with silent laughter.

Later on when the maid came to fetch a jug of water, she gave a little scream and, plunging her arm into the water, brought out Tabby closely embracing the rat, and so strong was that death grip, that together they had to be buried in the hole which Jack had dug under the old apple tree.

Snip and Smoker attended the funeral. Whether their conscience pricked them we know not, but the words "cat" or "rat" were not mentioned between them for months! "LORRAINE."

**Fixing the Wedding Date.**

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in County Donegal, Ireland, and in the Scottish districts of Kinross and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced, the friends of the couple meet at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the ceremony. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness, he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck, and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor the bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen. It would be considered bad luck even to speak of alteration.

**Exacting.**

Miss Gushy—Oh, Mr. Jones, won't you take a chance? We're getting up a raffle for an old lady who is as poor—

Mr. Slim (interrupting)—Excuse me, ladies, but I would prefer—er—some rich young widow.—Columbia Jester.

**MORE OVERSHOES WORN.**

The Number of Persons Who Put on Rubbers in Wet Weather Has Increased.

The men who wear overshoes and the men who wear rubber boots are increasing in number. It may have been commonly supposed that there was a decrease instead of an increase, but the facts show the reverse, says the Chicago Tribune.

There are more men and also more women and children now who never go out on winter days without putting on rubbers or rubber boots than there ever were in the country before. The number of cautious mothers who will not allow their children on the streets without rubbers has increased. The number of men who kick off rubbers when they go into their offices in the morning has increased. The number of men who pull on rubber boots in the morning and sometimes forget to pull them off in the evening has increased.

The person who says that the rubber boot is becoming a thing of the past speaks without reason.

These facts are shown by the in-

**TWINS THE WORLD OVER.**

In Some Countries One Is Killed and in Others a Double Birth Is Regarded as Unholy.

The antiquary, when his son announced that the old man was now the grandfather of twins, looked almost as disappointed and pained as the father himself, relates the Philadelphia Record.

"John, if we belonged to the Khasias or Hindustans, we would kill one of these little strangers," said the antiquary, smiling faintly. "If we were Ainos, we would kill one, too. The world over, John, twins are regarded as a misfortune. In Africa, that but wherein twins are born is looked on as unholy. They burn it to the ground. The twins themselves may not mingle with other children; they are compelled to live a wild and lonely life. On the island of Bali, near Java, the birth of twins in a family means the forced departure of the family to the seashore for six months. They must go to the sea; they must bathe thrice daily; they must say certain prayers. That is the ceremony of purification. They think on Bali Island

**CLARENCE DARROW.**



**CLARENCE DARROW.**

Mr. Darrow, who acted as chief counsel for the miners before the strike commission, is one of the most prominent members of the Chicago bar. Upon his recent return from Philadelphia he was accorded a hearty reception by the union workmen of Chicago, to whom he said: "Labor unions are not perfect. In a sense they are too monopolistic. All the ideal is not contained in labor unions; all that is good is not found there, but still, after all is said and done, labor unions have been the greatest instrument civilization has ever known for the upbuilding of character and the elevation of man."

crease in the number of factories turning out such products. In 1880 there were nine factories in the United States. In 1890 there were 11. Now there are 22. In the past ten years the business has increased 100 per cent. The value of the products of these factories has increased from \$9,000,000 in 1880 to \$41,000,000. In furnishing the rubbers and rubber boots to the public these factories use \$21,000,000 worth of material, and employ nearly 15,000 wage-earners.

**Things That Make England.**

The recent elevation of a certain English nobleman to the peerage was made the occasion of a presentation of silver plate from his tenantry, with an address of congratulation. The oldest tenant on the estates got up and said that he had himself attended 70 rent audits, and that his house had been lived in by people bearing his name for 200 years. It is little things like this that make England so sturdy, substantial and permanent, in comparison with the nervous, volatile, unstable life of this country.

**Singular Snow Columns.**

"Nieves penitentes," slightly inclined snow columns resembling shrouded figures doing penance, are a peculiar phenomenon of the Andes to which Sir M. Conway has given attention. They are the last remnants of drifts or slides which have become hardened in nearly vertical strata of different densities.

that purification is needed after the birth of twins. Here in Philadelphia, John," the antiquary ended, "the punishment of the father of twins is inflicted in the form of sneering jibes, jokes and cuts. I pity you, John, for the next two weeks."

**French Women Sailors.**

Questions having been raised on the subject of the decision of the French maritime authorities to allow women to act as sailors in the channel fishing smacks, the minister of marine has addressed a circular to all the French port officials, in which he says: "Women cannot navigate as captains, but, according to the French law, they cannot be prevented from embarking as members of the crews."

**The Useful Newspaper.**

Many claims have been made on behalf of the modern newspaper. It is now held forward as the only reasonable cure both of cold and poverty. If you stretch it over you at night, it is better than a warming pan, better than an eiderdown quilt. If you roll it up into wet balls and put it on the fire, it does instead of coal.

**Color of Truth.**

An American chemist has invented a tube for truth. You speak into it; the chemical solution changes color according to the tenacity of your emotion, and truth and mendacity are described as being quite distinct and vivid colors.

**AUTOMATIC BABY'S NURSE.**



A Swiss mechanic has invented an automatic baby's nurse which will, if it proves practical, save fathers from walking the floors at night and permit mothers leaving their infants to themselves. The apparatus is attached to a cradle. If the baby cries air waves cause specially arranged wires to operate a phonograph, which sings a lullaby, while simultaneously a clockwork is released and rocks the cradle. When the crying stops the wires cease to vibrate and the cradle stops rocking. The inventor expects to be immortalized as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

**AGRICULTURAL HINTS.**

**FARM WINTER CHORES.**

My good wife often tells me, that "women's work is never done, and you men folks only putter 'round the place from sun to sun." But I reckon that us farmers always find a chore or two. When the days are short, and nights are long, around the barn to do. Don't you know that seems no end to fixin' here an' cleanin' there. If you wish the stock to show in spring they've had a little care. An' I've learned it pays good interest in springtime, don't you know. Jes' to hustle in the winter, spite o' ice an' sleet an' snow.

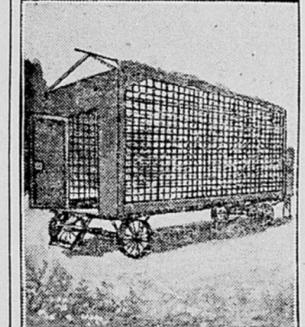
I jes' hate to see the critters lookin' dirty, humped an' lean. When a little bit o' extra work would make them fat an' clean. You jes' brush the cattle with the card, an' do it every day. For you'll find that when the buyer comes around you'll get your pay. Don't forget to overhaul the harrow, mow-er, plow an' cart. Fix them up ready for business when the buds begin to start; Oh, there's lots o' tools need fixin' 'gainst the comin' day o' need. An' it's now you've got to do it, 'fore the time o' plantin' seed.

—Orange Judd Farmer.

**CAGE FOR JAILBIRDS.**

Constructed for the Purpose of Confining Convicts While Working on Country Roads.

This cage is not intended for wild animals, as might be supposed from its appearance, but is used to confine human beings. The convicts are made to work upon the public highways, and in order to work the roads at any great distance from the county jail



**PERIPATETIC JAIL.**

It is necessary for the prisoners to camp out, so this steel car was constructed for the purpose of confining the convicts while working in the outlying districts. The cage is twenty feet long by eight feet six inches wide, and is eight feet from floor to roof. It is divided into two compartments; the larger one, for the prisoners, contains twelve bunks, and the smaller one has two bunks for the guards. The whole thing requires six horses to pull it over the country roads.—V. W. Gould, in Strand Magazine.

**MANURE FOR POTATOES.**

Commercial Fertilizers Have a Tendency to Prevent Scab and Roughness of Skin.

Most any of the proper commercial fertilizers will answer the purpose. It is claimed by some authorities that well-rotted barn manure, even if it is infected by the scab fungus, will not injure potatoes if thoroughly fined and then incorporated into the soil by repeated plowing and harrowing, as the action of the earth would destroy the fungus. But I believe this theory not sound. Some years ago I cleared away the remnants of an old log house which had not been tenanted in 20 years and plowed half an acre around where the house had stood, thinking I would have a fine, rich potato "patch." I was particular to plant clean seed, but the tubers proved to be as scabby a lot as I ever saw. How did this fungus get into that particular spot? The last family living in the house must have left it there. There was another seeming incongruity connected with this case. It is generally believed that an application of lime to potato ground rather promotes the growth of the scab fungus. The chimney of this old house was built from the ground on the outside, as was the custom in an early day. The stones were laid in lime mortar. When I first knew the premises the chimney had been down for many years, and the stones and mortar of which it had been constructed were scattered promiscuously about; but, strangely, where this mortar had lain the tubers were free from scab. I certainly cannot account for these cases of scab and no scab. My experience is that it is dangerous to use barnyard manure in any manner with growing potatoes.—N. Y. Tribune-Farmer.

**Cure of Horses in Spring.**

Galled shot idlers are very common in the spring when the horses are first put to work, and are easier prevented than cured, especially if the animal is kept at work. It is very important to see that the collars and harness fit properly; then the collars should be kept clean; keeping the collars well oiled will be a help. Wash the shoulders at noon and night with soft water after removing the harness. When the teams are stopped for a rest in the field, pull the collars away from the horses' shoulders; in this way galls may generally be prevented.—Midland Farmer.

**ORCHARD MANAGEMENT.**

Where Hogs and Poultry Are Allowed to Run, Wormy Fruit Will Be Hard to Find.

The subject of spraying, using moth traps and any other means to produce better fruit, is being discussed more and more every season. Having secured several hundred trees which will soon be bearing, I have been observing and learning everything possible on the subject, and have come to the following conclusion: Spraying intelligently done is the best method to pursue in order to have fruit free from worms, scab or rust and rot, but unless it is done rightly it is work and money thrown away. Among the farmers or those who do not make fruit growing a specialty, the operation is generally useless owing partly to poor machines and cheap materials used and improper time of applying them. The moth trap is worse than nothing, as it catches more than 50 per cent. beneficial or harmless insects and does not prevent scab and rot. I have visited several orchards where these traps were used and invariably they have had the worst lot of apples that I ever saw. The finest fruit I have found was in orchards where hogs ran and cleaned up all wormy apples and poultry was allowed free range. One orchard which I purchased had chicken coops under nearly every apple tree, and out of twenty-five barrels of Grimes there were not over three or four of wormy apples, and the same was true of other varieties; but scab was very bad and had the trees been sprayed for that trouble I believe fully 95 per cent. of the fruit would have been first class. In every instance, where many chickens were reared in the orchard the fruit was comparatively free from worms, and where both hogs and poultry were allowed free range the fruit was even better. This plan followed for a single season will not give such results, but should be followed every year so that the crop of codling-moth will be lessened each season.

This plan, then, should be adopted by farmers and fruit growers, where the orchard is not too large and could be fenced and used exclusively as a poultry yard. Guineas and ducks are even better than chickens at bug catching and will pay for their keep in this way. Some crops, such as cowpeas, soy beans or oats, may be planted for the hogs and poultry and without evil effects upon the trees. In this way the orchard will be one of the most paying spots on the farm.—E. B. Davis, in Prairie Farmer.

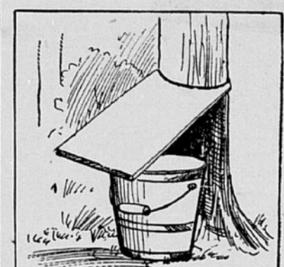
**COVER FOR SAP PAIL.**

The One Here Described, Although Very Simple, Will Be Found Very Effective.

During rainy and stormy weather in sugar season there is always a great deal of trouble from rain in the sap. Some farmers have covers for their buckets which dispense with any de-

**COVER FOR SAP BUCKET.**

vices which may be suggested. Among the many ways suggested the following proves to be very profitable. Take a piece of board or shingle about 14 inches long and one-fourth inch thick; round one end to fit the roundness of the tree. This may be done with a knife or small saw. Then fasten a good stiff wire at the end rounded out for the tree with small staples or cleats. Bend the wire so that it will hold tight to the tree. This will afford adequate shelter.—E. A. Hunt, in Epitomist.



**Raising Ginseng for Export.**

Ginseng farming is to be tried in Indiana by a company that has just been incorporated. The promoters think there is a great field for business. The export is now more than 500,000 pounds a year. The ginseng brings over six dollars a pound. It all goes to China, where it is a specific for all manner of ills. The report of a United States consul to that country is to the effect that millions of pounds more could be used if it could be supplied. The Indiana company proposes to plant two acres, and in a year it hopes to have its first crop. A Missouri man, it is said, made \$20,000 on his first crop of an acre and a half of ground. As an evidence of the value of the root now it is said that ginseng seeds are retailing at five cents apiece, while two or three-year-old plants come at a fancy figure. The experiment of the ginseng farmers will be watched with much interest.

**Truly Wonderful Cow.**

A little four-year-old was taken on a visit to grandmamma in the country. There, for the first time, he had a near view of a cow. He would stand and look on while the man milked, and ask all manner of questions. In this way he learned that the long, crooked branches on the cow's head were called horns. Now, the little fellow knew of only one kind of horn, and a few days after obtaining this information, hearing a strange, bellowing noise in the yard, he ran out to ascertain its cause. In a few minutes he returned, with wonder and delight depicted on his countenance, exclaiming: "Mamma! mamma! oh, do come out here! The cow's blowing her horns!"