THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb;
By a burst of strength, or a thought most clever,
We plan to forestall and outwit time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
As our forefathers did in the old times gone.

We force our roses, before their season,
To bloom and blossom for us to wear;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting;
We want wealth—not as reward, but dower;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would fell a forest or build a tower.
—New York Journal.

My Brown Merino.

DO YOU think it will look fit to be seen, after it is turned?" I asked, holding up to the light my old brown merino.

Georgie Terry looked at it rather dubiously, while I anxiously waited her decision.

"H'm—I don't know, Rose. I wish you would take my black alpaca. The merino will be good enough for me at home."

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing!" I exclaimed indignantly. "Have all the pleasure of going away and take your dresses in the bargain, leaving you to stay home and wear my old clothes! I can't be quite that selfish, Georgie."

Georgie laughed melodiously. She always had such a pleasant, rippling laugh—it sounded warm and sunny, just like her own sweet temper.

"Now, that's what I call straining at a gnat," said Georgie, with her ripe, red lips trying to pout, but quivering with smiles instead. "But here comes mamma. She shall settle that point."

Poor, dear mamma turned her head, first to one impetuous daughter, then to the other, sighing gently all the while. But to my great glee the decision was in my favor.

"I wish you could have another new dress, dear Rose," said mamma, in her kindest tones; "but I don't see how we can manage it."

All this dispute may seem very trivial to the unconcerned, but to us, the interested parties, it was of great importance. I was going on a journey—going to leave my home and travel alone for the first time in my life. We—that is, mamma, Georgie and I—lived on grandfather's farm, in New Hampshire.

Mamma had a friend named Mrs. Wharton, who had been living in Boston for many years, and she had written to mamma begging that one of us might pay her a long visit. Great was the debating as to which should accept the invitation.

Georgie insisted that it was my prerogative, as I was Mrs. Wharton's namesake. I rather think our new minister had something to do in making Georgie so persistently refuse to go; for good and kind as Georgie was, she had never been quite so active until young Mr. Partridge beamed upon us, with his bright black eyes. However, it won't do to tell her secrets without special permission.

Mamma had given me a new gray gown for Sundays and visitings; I had also a white one for evenings, in case I should go to any parties. These, with my two morning wrappers, were considered a very good outfit.

Georgie had generously insisted on my taking her new black alpaca, her one best dress, and leave my brown merino—my last winter's garment—for her to wear on Sundays. But Georgie was the soul of generosity, and would beggar herself to do anyone a kindness.

After much twisting and turning and discussions as to trimmings my wardrobe was considered finished and presentable, and I embarked on my journey. The ride was one of long delight, for my passionate love of traveling had hitherto been very little gratified.

As I stood in the railroad station at my journey's end, looking helplessly about me, a tall gentleman, with a handsome brown mustache, approached, and bowing with easy and polished grace, said in an inquiring tone:

"Miss Rose, I presume?"

I bowed in response, inwardly wondering if polite society required gentlemen to address ladies at first acquaintance by their Christian names.

"My aunt, Mrs. Wharton, has been unexpectedly called away from home for a few hours, and has given me the honor and pleasure of escorting you to her house," he remarked.

My second reply was another bow. Again I was wondering who this nephew was. The gentleman looked at me curiously. Evidently he was beginning to think me dumb, so I found voice to say:

"How is Mrs. Wharton?"

"Very well, indeed, I thank you, and looking eagerly for your arrival."

After we were seated in the carriage, which was far handsomer than my country experience had thought possible, the gentleman proceeded in his efforts for my entertainment.

"Do you wonder how I knew you, Miss Rose?" he asked.

"Very much," I replied—not, however, without qualms of conscience, as I had really not given it a thought.

"I recognized you by your dress," he triumphantly responded.

I looked down at my bright merino, the subject at home of so much disputing, and felt an inward terror. Was the man a medium, a clairvoyant? Had he in spirit heard my conversation with Georgie?

"My dress?" I gasped.

"Yes, your dress. My aunt informed me that your traveling suit was brown."

"Oh!" I faintly ejaculated, inwardly thinking how very strange in mamma to write to Mrs. Wharton concerning the dress, and feeling considerably vexed about it—so much so that the gentleman, judging from my flushed cheeks that the subject was unpleasant, pursued it no further, to my great relief.

Presently the carriage stopped before a large and handsome dwelling, and although I know that Mrs. Wharton was in possession of a very comfortable income, I was not prepared for the elegance I encountered.

My poor brown merino looked sadly out of place beside the rich crimson furniture and splendid mirrors, and had not Mrs. Wharton's nephews made strenuous efforts for my entertainment, I should have subsided into that most forlorn and dreary feeling—homesickness.

"My aunt begged that we should dine at the usual hour," said the gentleman, after I had divested myself of my wraps, "as she was afraid she would not be able to return before 8 or 9 o'clock; the friend she has gone to see is very ill—in fact, dying—and Aunt Lizzie will probably stay until all is over."

"Aunt Lizzie?" I thought; "has she discarded the name of Rose?"

I remembered, however, that her initials were R. E. W.

The dinner was charming; my appetite was good. I never had dyspepsia in my life, and I ate the luxurious food, so daintily prepared, with an enjoyment that must have been quite amusing to my companion.

About an hour after we had sat down, while we were leisurely partaking of our dessert and discussing the rights of women, the butler handed a note to my vis-a-vis. After asking me to excuse him he opened and read.

The look of surprise and consternation in his face was simply appalling.

"Has anything happened to your aunt?" I timidly inquired, feeling uncomfortable under the scrutinizing gaze of his dark-gray eyes.

"No, no—that is, nothing of importance—but I do not think she will be back to-night. But, Miss Rose—your name is Miss Rose, is it not?"

I put down the orange I was peeling and looked the amazement I felt.

"My name is Miss Rose Terry," I replied, with as much dignity as I could assume.

"Yes—certainly—I beg your pardon—but, Miss Rose—Miss Terry, I mean—you will make yourself comfortable for the night—until my aunt returns, I should say."

His confusion seemed very strange, after his late self-possession, but attributing it all to the contents of the note—alas, I did not then dream of the information it conveyed!—I endeavored to make the best of it, and told him not to be uneasy, as I had no doubt but that Mrs. Wharton would return early in the morning.

Books and music formed the principal subjects of conversation during the few hours I passed with Mrs. Wharton's nephew, and so pleasant and agreeable did he prove that I began to like him very much, and quite forgot my embarrassment at remaining so long alone with a stranger.

At breakfast next morning we chatted away like old friends, but when the meal was over my companion asked me to walk into the library for a few moments.

I complied with his request, made rather gravely, feeling a sensation pass through me that something was going to happen.

"Please be seated, Miss Terry," he began. "I regret that I am obliged to explain a very strange mistake—and I beg your pardon for keeping you in ignorance through last evening, but, believe me, I did so only because I wished you to have a pleasant and comfortable rest after your long journey.

I could say nothing to this preparatory speech, for my heart was throbbing at such a furious rate I dared not trust my voice.

"My aunt," he continued, "expected a lady friend, named Miss Annie Rose, to arrive yesterday, and being called from home unexpectedly, she commissioned me to be her escort from the railroad station to the house. She spoke of Miss Rose's traveling dress being brown, and hence my mistake in accosting you. The note I received last evening apprised me of my error, for in it Aunt Lizzie informed me that Miss Rose, learning of the illness of Mrs. Talmage, had arrived by an earlier train and gone directly to the house of Mrs. Talmage, so that she might see her friend once more while alive. If you will accept my apologies for causing you this inconvenience and delay in your plans I will be truly grateful for your forbearance and will do all in my power to rectify my mistake as speedily as possible."

What could I say? He was so sincerely sorry I could not find fault with him. With hot cheeks I explained my part in the misunderstanding.

"My friend is Mrs. Rose Wharton. She lives on Charles street. If you will——"

"I will deliver you safely into her hands, Miss Terry," he interrupted, "and will immediately order the carriage. But first I must thank you for your goodness in so readily granting pardon for my inadvertence."

When we arrived at Mrs. Rose Wharton's door he turned to me, and, taking my hand, said:

"Miss Terry, you have shown me great mercy. Will you add to your favors one more kindness, and grant me permission to call this evening and renew the acquaintance which, although commenced under such untoward circumstances, has yet afforded me much happiness?"

The look which accompanied these words was so beseeching that my heart yielded and I murmured an almost inaudible "Yes," which favor he acknowledged by a slight pressure of my hand.

Mrs. Wharton and I had a hearty laugh over my adventure, and when he called that evening she was completely charmed with both his manner and appearance.

The acquaintance, commenced so strangely, progressed rapidly, and before my visit was half over I had good reason to hug my old brown merino with a grateful heart for being the unconscious means of bringing me so much happiness.

I afterward had the pleasure of seeing Miss Annie Rose's brown suit. Need I say it was as far superior to mine as a brand new three-dollar-a-yard material could be to a seventy-five-cent merino which was in its second season?

"Never mind," said my lover, as I pointed out the difference, "you shall have as many ruffles and flounces as you like hereafter, but this brown dress is simply perfect, for it contains Rose."

The Age of Iron.

The census, taken at the dawn of the twentieth century, marks the greatest epoch in our national life, says the North American Review. The age of iron has come to a climax with a force almost dynamic.

The world has witnessed the golden age of Augustus, the silver age of Elizabeth, the era of great wars and of wonderful progress in the arts and sciences; but as the nineteenth century culminates, behold! the age of iron and steam and electricity, telegraphs, sewing machines, telephones, automobiles; an age which is devoted to material development, to the accumulation of wealth and to the upbuilding of vast enterprises, and which hails the advent of the uncrowned king of commerce, the consolidation of great corporate interests. High-water mark in our commercial and industrial life has been attained, and to that fact the vast enumeration to be taken in 1900 will add its testimony. The work of the twelfth census will mark the industrial growth of the nation and be another mile-post in its marvelous history.

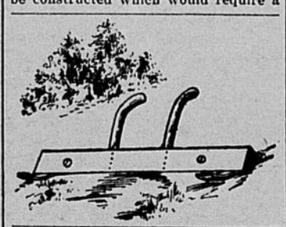
In a happy household there should be no room for doubt.

An ounce of silence is sometimes worth more than a pound of talk.

FARM AND GARDEN

A Land Leveler.

The cut shows a handy, homemade contrivance for grading about one's premises, or for leveling rough fields, that are to be laid down to grass. It is very important that grass fields be as smooth as possible, to make machine work in haying as easy as possible. This leveler is a plank twelve feet long, mounted on two shoes six inches wide, to keep the plank from cutting down into the soil with its thin edge. A single horse should pull this leveler without difficulty, but, of course, one longer and heavier could be constructed which would require a



two-horse team, doing faster and heavier work. Two old plough or cultivator handles can be utilized for this leveler, while the shoes can be made from two planks from a worn-out drag or stoneboat. A triangular piece of plank nailed into the angle between the plank leveler and the shoe at either end keeps all the parts united and in their proper place. The "dead furrows," that leave a field so unsightly and inconvenient to mow, can be leveled out by letting one end run ahead of the other, using a long chain in one ring.—New York Tribune.

Steeping Oats for Horses.

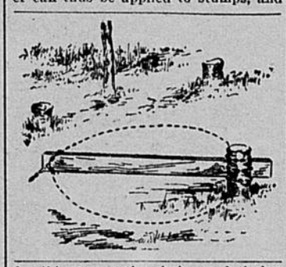
The nutritive power of oats, Herr Kalff, a German agriculturist says, may be considerably augmented by steeping the grain in water before giving it to horses. This is his plan: He has three troughs, each of which holds as much oats as will be required for one day's feeding. The first day the first trough is filled with oats and water at a temperature of 8 degrees C. poured over it, and the whole mass is well stirred. The water is left in the trough about six hours, after which it is strained off through a hole in the bottom of the trough. The next day the operation is repeated in the second trdugh, and again on the following day the third trough. The oats thus steeped in hot water get up fermentation, and at the expiration of forty-eight hours are ready to be given to the horses, and will then, according to Herr Kalff, produce the maximum nutritive effect.

Pruning in Winter.

Some successful fruit growers hold that fruit trees should not be pruned in winter, while others pay little attention to the season and "prune when the knife is sharp." About one point, however, there can be no doubt, and this is that it is not advisable to prune when the wood is frozen. Other conditions being equal, winter pruning is practiced by many for the reason that more time and care can be given to the work in winter than is practicable in the hurry of the spring work. Grapes can be pruned any time during winter. If the wood is wanted for propagation, it should be cut just before the severe frosts arrive.

Removing Small Stumps.

Attach a stout piece of timber to the stump by a chain and twist it around in a circle until the chain is taut. Then hitch a pair of horses or a yoke of oxen to the outer end of the timber and twist the stump out of the ground. It will be necessary to stand by with an ax and chop off the roots as they appear when the earth is disturbed in the twisting process. Enormous power can thus be applied to stumps, and



for this reason the chains and timber must be stout.

Loss of Grain.

A hole in the granary, through which the grain would be lost, would not be allowed to exist very long after its discovery. A hole in the stable, through which the cold air enters and chills the animals, causes a loss of grain just as surely as the hole in the granary, as more food will be required to assist the animals in maintaining warmth. It is the things that are unobserved which sometimes cause loss. When the flow of milk is reduced, or the animals do not make gain proportionately to the food allowed, there is always a cause, and it should be sought.

Feeding Pigs.

Fattening the pigs demands care as well as corn. To derive the most in the shortest period of time the pig should be comfortable and contented. Food may be given three times a day, and, in addition to corn, a mess of bran and milk or cut clover hay, scalded and sprinkled with bran, may be allowed. If a variety of food is the rule the pig will make greater gain, because its wants will be satisfied. If the pen is kept clean and dry there will be a gain in weight, as dampness causes cold, and more warmth from the food will then be required.

The Value of Rotted Manure.

While during the winter is one of the best times to haul out and apply manure in the garden, care always should be taken to have it thoroughly rotted and fined before applying.

There are three reasons for this—one is that if the manure is well rotted it will be free from weed seeds that will germinate. If it is thoroughly fined it can be readily and thoroughly incorporated with the soil; and, being rotted, it will be in a more available condition for the use of the growing plants, with the additional advantage that it will not interfere with the thorough preparation of the soil before planting or in the cultivation of the growing plants afterward.

There is no danger of making the garden too rich, hence manure can be applied liberally.—Farmers' Voice.

The Age of a Horse.

To tell the age of a horse,
Inspect the lower jaw, of course;
The six front teeth the tale will tell
And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold
Before the colt is two years old,
Before eight weeks two more will come,
Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear
From the middle two in just one year,
In two years form the second pair;
In three the "corners" cut are bare.

At two the middle "nippers" drop,
At three the second pair can't stop;
When four years old the third pair goes,
At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spot will pass from view,
At six from the middle two;
The second pair at seven years;
At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw
At nine the black spots will withdraw;
The second pair at ten are white;
Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on the horsemen know
The oval teeth three sided grow;
They longer get, project before,
Till twenty, when we know no more.
—Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

To Secure a Constant Egg Yield.

The hardest task in maintaining a constant and continuous egg yield is to keep the laying stock in prime condition. This means such a condition of perfect health that the eggs will not only be laid regularly, but that they will be of uniform size, according to the breed laying them. Under such conditions we should have large eggs from Minorcas, Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks and Brahmas. When such breeds lay small eggs, abnormally large eggs with perhaps double yolks or soft shelled eggs, the stock is out of condition and usually overfat. The eggs will thus be laid irregularly, and many times laying will stop entirely. Layers should be kept active, and activity is induced by short feeding. A hungry hen is usually a good layer.

Baling Clover Hay.

It is claimed that clover hay may be baled in the field, but the experiments made are not sufficient to show the benefits derived compared with storing clover in the mow. The clover is cut in the morning, after it is free from dew or rain, and when well wilted the hay tedder is used, so as to give it every chance to cure. In the afternoon the hay is baled and hauled to the barn. If this method is practiced care must be exercised in having the hay properly cured and in just the proper condition for baling, as baled clover is more liable to heat than timothy or other kinds.

English Cross-Bred Lamb.

Winner of a number of first and champion prizes.

Silage Crops.

The reports concerning sweet corn for silage are quite conflicting, says Hoard's Dairyman. Some say that it has a tendency to make a very sour silage, and others claim that it is as unobjectionable in this respect as any. If we had the sweet corn growing, we would not hesitate to put it in silage, but we would not plant it especially for this purpose; neither would we plant Kaffir corn for silage when the ordinary maize grows to perfection. Kaffir corn is especially adapted for semi-arid climates because of its drought resisting capacity. We are not aware that teosinte has ever been tried in the silo, but alfalfa has been, and successfully so, especially in California.

Protect the Birds.

It is much easier to destroy birds than insects, but as the number of birds is reduced the insects multiply. The wren is a very useful bird and may be induced to remain near dwelling houses if boxes are provided for them, but as they are unable to contend against English sparrows the entrances to the wren boxes should not be over an inch in diameter, as the wren is very small, and can protect itself by going where the sparrow cannot follow. Every encouragement should be given birds by feeding them and providing suitable places for their protection and accommodation.

Marketing Apples.

If the warm weather has injured the apples it will be of advantage to overhaul them. Examine each apple and reject all that are not perfectly sound. If it can be done conveniently, wrap the apples in tissue paper, singly, and place them on shelves. If the apples are for market they should not be disturbed unless necessary, when they may be assorted, the imperfect ones rejected and the sound ones repacked in the barrels. They should then be sent to market as soon as the weather permits. It is a waste of labor to send apples to market that are in the least degree injured.

Churning a Small Quantity of Cream.

At certain seasons of the year in many cases there is very little milk, and in order to get enough cream to churn it has to be kept too long. Keep cream until there is a quart or so, and put it into a two-quart jar, screw the lid on tightly and then shake till it is churned. We have often churned in five minutes in this way, and a can of cream will produce a pound or more of butter.—Ohio Farmer.

News and Notes.

Dry atmosphere is necessary for the successful wintering of bees in cellars.

New forest reserves or additions to those already existing are proposed, about fifty in all.

A German authority is said to have predicted that German sugar will be driven out of this country within three years.

The Rough Rider is a new strawberry, for which it is claimed that it is extremely large and productive and the latest and best shipping strawberry ever produced.

Cherry culture does not seem to thrive in Rhode Island, owing largely, no doubt, to the moist climate, which renders damage from fungous disease, particularly fruit rot, frequent and severe.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

A REPUBLICAN TO THE RESCUE.

If a deaf ear be turned to the warnings of Democratic statesmen, that the absolute gold standard will bring untold misery to the nation and its people, let the language of United States Senator William Eaton Chandler, Republican, from New Hampshire, penetrate this thick envelope of crass prejudice. Senator Chandler opposed the present currency bill, and among other things, said:

"Those who have absorbed the gold of the world are trying to make it more valuable by legislation. That is the natural meaning of the first ten lines of the Senate bill. There is no need of the law for any other object. Absolutely no other purpose is to be subserved by those lines. The passage of the bill without adequate recognition of the desire and determination of the American people that silver shall be remonetized is a defiance of the Republican platform of 1896, and without such recognition in the bill I cannot give to it my vote. It would be unqualified gold monometallism and to advocate or submit to this is abandonment of Republican principles.

"Any retarding of the movement to make gold more valuable does not suit the gold class. Further steps are therefore now demanded, not only that the existing silver coin shall be put out from the condition of real money and placed in the condition of credit money; that is money of all which must be redeemed on demand in gold. If this new principle is to prevail the real money will be four billions of gold, and the credit money, including the silver money, will be ten billions. And upon the gold and credit money are to be built all the checks and other credits in trade throughout the world. How broad the summit and how narrow the base.

"We want the real money of the world to be eight billions of dollars in coin. They want it to be only four billions of dollars. The difference means injustice, injury, suffering and distress to millions of God's poor people the world over; while the gold class is to wax fat at the cost of their helpless victims. The Republican party ought not to burden us with gold monometallism, but to renew in unmistakable language our oft-repeated pledges to remonetize silver."

Expansion Is Imperialism.

So thinks the Boston Transcript. Moreover, it is impressed with the gravity of the questions to be solved by a Republican Congress. The matter comes up in the Porto Rico tariff, which is not of itself momentous, but is "rather the entering wedge character of the proposal, the far-reaching effect of decreeing that territory may be held by the United States as a part of its domain, and still be not entitled to American rights, that will give vitality to the discussion. Aside from our obligation to Porto Rico on account of her pressing needs, President McKinley was displaying that shrewdness which always characterizes his doings when he recommended free trade with the island, for in that way the constitutional question might have been postponed till the status of the Philippine Islands came up for settlement, and by that time the Presidential election would have been passed, and the American people besides might have become more accustomed to a colonial policy.

"Just now the projection of this question is most unfortunate. The issue involved is really that between expansion and imperialism. Heretofore, the Republicans have insisted that they were not imperialists, that no sane man thought of imperialism, that they were simply expansionists, and that expansion had been the settled American policy since Jefferson's day to this. Now, the distinction between the recommendation of the Republicans on the Ways and Means Committee and of the Democrats, re-enforced by Mr. McCall's individual report, is exactly the distinction between expansion and imperialism, or between the policy which has accompanied our territorial growth in the past and that which it is said must necessarily go with our more recent acquisitions."

All of the signs portend that Mr. McKinley will soon occupy the position of a traitor to his own party. Free trade, forsooth! not while there is a suffering trust to be protected.

Ship Subsidy Steal.

It is said that the fate of the Hanna-Payne ship subsidy bill is in the hands of Senator James McMillan of Michigan; that he it is who will decide whether or not the bill is to go before the Senate in its present form. The dispatches also state that Senator McMillan is opposed to the bill in its present form, and that the conclusion is therefore reached that the bill will not be reported out of committee during this session. This bears out the prediction that the Republican subsidy thieves have grown frightened at the tempest which is being stirred up in the country over the proposed passage of this bold-faced steal, and that it will not be pressed at this session of Congress, for fear of the effect it may have on the elections. Policy trimmers! With their hands in the public treasury up to their armpits, these beneficiaries of class legislation are not satisfied, but want to add a few millions more to their ill-gotten gains. They must, however, retain the "Me and Mack" crowd in power in order to accomplish their schemes, and therefore they will not urge the passage of the ship subsidy bill before election.

Not Quite So Sure.

The Boston Herald is not so cock-sure that McKinley will be re-elected.

"There is a perdominant class of voters in the South who do not at all fear Mr. Bryan in the Presidency. There is a class of voters in the West, who, if the intelligence received from that quarter is correct, not only do not agree with the business and the more thoughtful element of New England and the Middle States in its estimate of Mr. Bryan, but are becoming jealous of this Eastern section of the country, and like Mr. Bryan the better because he is not acceptable there. These two first-named sections do not cast a majority of the Electoral votes of the country, or the portions of them that are united in support of Mr. Bryan do not. We think that the East, from the northern interior States this side the Mississippi, will be able to overcome them in the Electoral College. Yet the result may be otherwise, and it is prudent to contemplate the election of Mr. Bryan as not an impossibility."

This is snuffing the approaching storm, and the motherly Herald takes shelter under the old family gingham umbrella. It advises more toleration in the East towards Mr. Bryan, and actually says the dangers arising out of "the election of Mr. Bryan would not be irreparable." Thank you for so much, dear. Mr. Bryan won't hurt you when he is elected.

The Way It Is Done.

The assignees of the Assabet Manufacturing Company of Maynard declared a final dividend of 12 per cent., making 67 per cent. in all. This case has been of exceptional interest because the company conducted a private banking business for employes and held some $125,000 of the employes' money at the time of failure. Thus the workmen lose 33 per cent. of the wages left in trust with the company. The same practice of receiving the wages of employes as deposits prevailed to some extent with the firm of John P. Squire & Co., which recently failed, and in view of all this there is pending in the Legislature a bill making such deposits preferred claims against the employer. It is evidently a meritorious measure.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Due to the Tariff.

The Republican leaders admit that the sensational disclosures of the Carnegie suit are more damaging to the interests of that party than anything that could possibly be done by Congress, because it cannot be denied that the enormous business and the amazing profits which have been enjoyed by the Carnegie company have been directly due to a protective tariff. In fact, it has not only been admitted, but it has been boasted by the Republicans that the policy of protection is responsible for the prosperity of the iron and steel manufacturers of the United States.

Brief Political Comment.

The effete East becomes Bryanized cery readily.—Knoxville Sentinel.

The benefit of taxation without representation will be taught in Porto Rico and the Philippines.—Beaver City (Neb.) Times.

And still the apologist for political assassination remains at the head of the Republican political organization.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

If the Republicans are so sure of winning, why is it that they have to select a candidate for Vice President by forced draft?—Albany Argus.

The administration, anxious for more land, is looking for it abroad and neglecting the improvement of that which we have at home.—Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

Senator Pettigrew is branded as a traitor for asking in behalf of the Filipinos what Washington and Jefferson demanded for the American colonists.—Kansas City Times.

Administraton officeholders are still being interviewed to prove that "criminal aggression" is "benevolent assimilation." It is a great time for cuckoos and parrots.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When the history of this administration shall be properly written the figurehead of it will appear between brackets, and the boss of it will be mentioned in a foot note.—Kansas City Times.

The mere fact that the administration is doing its utmost to kill the demand for an investigation of the Philippine affair is proof that there is something about the affair that the administration wants to keep from the public.—Omaha World-Herald.

OUR ANGLO-AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE: "I SEE NOTHING WRONG."

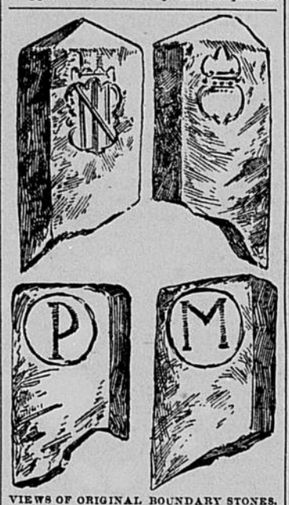
—Chicago Chronicle.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

Some Monuments Brought from England Still Stand.

Great bodies move slowly, and perhaps that is the reason why it has required such an unconsciously long time to get the Commonwealths of Pennsylvania and Maryland to act in union in the matter of restoring the stone posts which mark the famous Mason and Dixon line. But as a bill has been introduced in the Maryland Legislature appropriating $5,000 for this purpose, it is expected that the work will be soon completed. Several years ago the Pennsylvania General Assembly appropriated a like sum for the purpose, on condition that the Terrapin State would defray the one-half of the $10,000 required.

When it is remembered that this boundary line between the two States was marked 133 years ago, and that stone posts then set up have never been repaired where injured or replaced where destroyed, it is seen that the work of restoration is a matter of necessity. In fact, comparatively few of the original posts remain, and those which still stand have been sadly chipped and broken by the ubiquitous



VIEWS OF ORIGINAL BOUNDARY STONES.
The upper two stones bear the coat-of-arms of the Penn family and of Lord Baltimore, respectively, the lower two pictures show the Pennsylvania and Maryland sides of one stone.

relic hunter. Dr. William Bullock Clark, the Maryland State geologist, is authority for the story that in Washington County, Maryland, two of the historic stones ornament the front steps of a farmer's house.

It is curious to note that every transaction connected with this boundary has been carried out only after protracted delays. There was much serious contention about it in England, long before Richard Penn and Lord Baltimore agreed in London, in 1760, that Charles Mason and James Dixon should be sent over to survey and establish the line with visible and durable marks. It was no easy task. The territory to be traversed was wild and rough, and the Indians were troublesome. In fact, in 1767, when the surveyors had completed the monuments to within thirty-six miles of the Delaware line, the chiefs of the still powerful Six Nations compelled its cessation.

The stones used to mark the boundary were quarried and carefully cut in England and shipped to America as they were required. At the end of each mile a stone having the letter P on one side and M on the other was set up; and a larger post of the same material was erected at the end of every fifth mile, having upon their respective sides the arms of the Penn family and those of Lord Baltimore. But it was not until 1767 that they ended their labors, and even then a good deal of the line was signalized by only heaps of stones. Many of the posts sent from England were never used at all, and several years ago some of them were found to be in use as steps before a negro cabin at Fort Frederick, on the north bank of the Potomac, in Washington County, Maryland.

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE AT 31.

August Heinze, Copper King, Has Made It All Himself.

August Heinze is the Napoleon of the great copper district in Montana beyond the Rocky Mountains. He has contended for the position against Marcus Daly, W. A. Clark and the other copper kings, and won. Heinz is now 31 years old.

When Heinze arrived, penniless and ambitious, in Butte in the fall of 1889, it was thought that all the bonanza mines were in the hands of the big companies and that the claims still owned by the old-timers were of little value. Heinze was a youth of 20, but equipped with all the learning of the

AUGUST HEINZE.

schools. He was an engineer, a metallurgist and a writer of promise and an excellent musician. To bohemian tastes he joined marvelous business instincts and a genius for affairs that has few parallels. He stayed a year, gauged the situation and went back to New York to organize a company to operate in the Butte copper mines. In 1892 he returned to Montana and immediately erected a smelter. At the same time he secured a lease and bond on the Glengarry, a mine that had been worked by several and abandoned as worthless. But the Glengarry proved a talisman for Heinze. In thirty days he was digging therefrom the finest ore in Butte, and in such quantities that he had to enlarge his smelting works. He purchased the Rarus in 1895 for $400,000, and as luck would have it, in a few years the Rarus had developed to a $10,000,000 mine. He went over into Canada and purchased valuable mining property there. All his holdings have proved rich ones and to-day he is worth millions.

Floating Power of Cork.

A pound of cork will sustain in the water a man weighing 154 pounds.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Menu.

BREAKFAST.
Oranges.
Breakfast food. Maple syrup.
Radishes.
Broiled ham. Fried eggs.
Stewed potatoes.
Hot corn bread. Toast.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Cold cut. Potato puffs.
Chicken salad. Finger rolls.
Baked apples and cream.
Tea.

DINNER.
Blue points.
Salted almonds. Celery.
Vermicelli soup.
Bermuda potatoes. Dressed cresses.
Roast saddle of lamb. French peas.
Orange float, vanilla ice cream.
Cheese. Wafers.
Coffee.

Meat Balls.

To find nourishing dishes that will be easily digested and prove appetizing and attractive to the palate of the invalid is not an altogether easy task when long continued. For the patient who requires an abundance of lean meat, or proteids, meat balls afford a change from the stereotyped steak. Select a thick piece of top round or sirloin, and with a dull knife scrape with the grain of the meat, leaving all the stringy white fiber behind. Roll the pulp up in balls. Have the frying pan smoking hot, put a little salt in it, and shake until brown, then lay in three or four balls (never more at one time), and with a spoon keep them rapidly rolling and turning for just a moment or two. The salt gives them a delicious flavor, while they will be rare inside and delicately brown outside. Prepared in this way they can be digested by the weakest stomach.

Furniture Cleaner.

Put into a wide-mouthed bottle, in the order named, the following articles: One gill each of powdered tripoli, powdered rotten stone, cold drawn linseed oil, turpentine, naphtha, a strong solution of oxalic acid, half a gill of alcohol and three gills of cold water. Shake well and keep well corked. To use: Pour a little on a piece of an old felt hat and rub the furniture with a circular motion, being careful not to press so hard as to cut through the varnish. Finally finish by rubbing with the grain of the wood. Clean off the polished surface. Then go over it with a soft cloth and a dressing made of one pint of paraffin oil, half a gill of turpentine and half a gill of alcohol. Let the oiled surface remain undisturbed for an hour. Then rub quite briskly with a piece of soft, old linen.

Pumpkin Custards.

Steam or stew sufficient pumpkin to make one quart; press it through a colander; add a pint of milk, two eggs well beaten, tablespoonful of cinnamon and a half-cup of sugar. Fill this into a pudding pan; bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

Since the average housekeeper has not facilities for making pastry, it is better to let it alone. Pies for a quarter of a dollar apiece are likely to fall short of our ideals, too, and, indeed, one may have three desserts for the price of his pie. This is an admirable substitute. The crust appetite is catered to by the four slices of bread on the top, which float, butter side up, the crust having been removed. It browned beautifully. What is left may be used next day in cup custard form with various garnishes.

Seasoning.

That wonderful subject of seasoning was considered. Celery seed is best bought by itself. Then mixed spices and bay leaves. Don't forget onions, and remember that garlic is delicious—but you must only rub a clove of it on the dish. Asafoetida is another part of many a tasty dish. But the "slapping" cook should have nothing to do with it. This is the way to measure it out: Stick your fork into a small quantity of it and then flirt it over the dish that is being prepared. More will spoil it.

Cold Creamed Cabbage.

Remove the outer leaves from small head of cabbage, then take off carefully and throw in cold water five of the most perfect leaves; shave the remaining cabbage very fine and put on ice; whip one-half cup sweet cream, and just before serving mix well with the cabbage, adding one-fourth teaspoonful salt and a good dusting of paprika; arrange the cabbage leaves on plates on beds of shaved ice and dish the cabbage into the leaves. A delicious cabbage dish.

Old Fashioned Potato Cake.

Sift with two cups of flour half a teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one tablespoonful of shortening, roast-beef drippings, if obtainable. Have three small boiled potatoes (cold) mashed fine, mix in with the other ingredients, add sweet or sour milk enough to make a medium stiff paste; form into generous-sized biscuits and bake on a griddle over a moderate fire. Bake on both sides.

Pumpkin Pancakes.

To each cup of cooked pumpkin allow one beaten egg, one cup milk and prepared flour to make a batter as for ordinary pancakes. Season with salt and pepper, and fry like other griddle cakes. If prepared flour is not at hand, use one teaspoon baking powder to each cup of flour.

Brief Hints.

To keep cider sweet put half a pound of mustard seed in a cheesecloth bag and put it in the barrel.

Lemons and tomatoes should not be used daily in cold weather; they have a thinning and cooling effect.

Cellars under kitchens and living-rooms are usually too warm for the perfect keeping of vegetables.

Potatoes, beans and peas are heating vegetables, consequently should be eaten sparingly during hot weather.

All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver and should be used cautiously.

Bread pans should never be heated before putting in the bread or the loaf will have a raw, doughy taste when baked.

Try wrapping a baked potato in a napkin as soon as it is done and pressing slightly until it bursts open and it will be sure to be mealy.

Oatmeal water flavored with lemon juice, cold cocoa, chocolate cream or cold bouillon is not only meat as well as drink, but is even more cooling than ices.

Decaying matter will vitiate the atmosphere of the cellar and if allowed to remain will spread through the whole house and cause sickness in the family.

Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food, supply heat and waste, but are not muscle-feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.