THE HEART OF THE TREE.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of children's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage,
The harvest of the coming age,
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaves and wood,
In love of home and loyalty,
And far-cast thought of civil good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in heart who plants a tree.
—Century.

A CULINARY TRIUMPH.

WHEN Dorothy Griswold, after a brief but blissful courtship, became Mrs. Philip Marston, it seemed to her that life could hold no more of happiness. But, alas, a cloud appeared on the sky of connubial bliss which increased in dimensions and density every day. The fact of the matter is this: Dorothy could not cook—not a little bit. Like too many of the girls of the present period, she was educated in anything and everything but the one thing needful to a housekeeper whose husband is a clerk in a Chicago department store.

Dorothy awoke from her dream of bliss to a realizing sense of her deficiencies. She discovered that burnt steak, muddy coffee, soggy biscuit, and dried-up roasts were not exactly the right sort of fuel with which to feed the flickering flame of domestic love. Philip was too much of a gentleman to indulge in unkind or sarcastic speeches to the bride of a few months, but he lost his bright spirits, became serious and preoccupied in his manner, lost his appetite, and, horrors, began to get thin.

Dorothy became anxious and worried him nearly to death with her solicitude. When, one morning he announced to her that his firm desired him to go to

DOLLY DEFTLY CHANGED THE PLATES.

New York to buy goods for his department, she actually rejoiced, though it would take him from her for a time, saying: "I am glad, Phil, dear; the change will do you good. I can stay with Aunt Sarah, you know, while you are away."

She put her flat in order, locked the doors, and betook herself to her aunt's house, which was a few blocks away. A few questions from her aunt, who noticed her troubled eyes, brought the whole matter to light.

"O, Aunt Sarah, I am so miserable," sobbed Dorothy, "and we were so happy. What shall I do?"

"Do?" cried Aunt Sarah, energetically. "Why, learn to cook; that's all."

"But where, and how?" asked Dorothy, bewildered.

"Here," said her aunt.

On the afternoon of Philip's arrival, a busy little figure in a gingham apron flitted through the rooms on household duties intent. Philip would not get home until 6 o'clock in the evening. She had planned a good plain dinner with a few kickshaws as a treat. Every article was of her own cooking, and she felt as proud as a queen. Her bread had turned out beautifully white and spongy and baked a beautiful brown. Philip was so fond of home-made bread—when it was good. She was so glad the pie was a success; Philip doted on apple pie. Then there was a Charlotte Russe, and a mold of lemon jelly to go with it for dessert. Everything was ready for the salad, the dressing made, the lobster prepared, and the lettuce crisp and cool.

Twenty minutes to 6 the bell rang. Dolly flew to the door, expecting to see only her liege lord. What was her surprise to find with him a stranger, whom he presented as his cousin, Jack Reynolds, from New York. She had often heard her husband speak of this cousin, however, and received him cordially.

"A real stroke of good luck, Cousin Dorothy," said this young man, proceeding to make himself at home at once, "my running against Phil just as he got off the train. He could not escape me, though I believe he tried," which was truer than he thought.

The soup was good and was followed by raw oysters, celery, and olives, with delicate soda biscuit. Dolly deftly changed the plates, and she could scarcely keep her face straight when Philip, carving the tender, juicy roast as if in a dream, stared at the beautiful, snowy bread and the well-cooked vegetables in amazed wonder.

His spirits rose visibly. By the time all were served and he beheld his Cousin Jack attacking the viands before him with great zest, his happiness was complete. His relief was so great when the dessert arrived that he became almost hilarious in his appreciation of his cousin's jokes and Dorothy's witty responses. He tried in vain to catch her eye. She resolutely avoided meeting his glances.

"You are the strangest fellow I ever came across, Phil," declared his plain-spoken cousin, when dinner was nearly over. "You were as glum as a deathshead before dinner. Who could imagine that a full stomach would make such a difference?" at which Philip flushed guiltily and Dorothy laughed outright.

When Jack was leaving he said, heartily: "Cousin Dorothy, you are a prime housekeeper. Phil is a lucky dog to get such a wife. Almost thou persuadest me to become a benedict."

"Do it," said Phil, with his arm thrown across his wife's shoulders and his face glowing with pride and affection. "If you can find another like Dolly," and Jack went his way, delighted with his visit.

"What a hypocrite you are, Philip!" cried Dorothy, her face hidden on her husband's breast. "But you needn't get your breakfast down-town any more. I can cook lots of things"—she was sobbing now—"b-b-beefsteak and b-b-bacon and m-m-mu-muffins and—"

"Some infernal fool had to tell you that, I suppose," growled Philip, with his head laid on her yellow pompadour. "I swear I'll never do it any more, Dolly."

"You won't need to," cried his wife, triumphantly, lifting a tear-stained but beaming face so near his that he did what any young husband worthy the name would do in his place.—From What to Eat.

BEAUTIFUL FEET ARE RARE.

Present-Day Footwear Distorts the Extremities Abominably.

A man who denies that he is prejudiced, but claims that he is a good judge of feminine beauty, declares that there is scarcely a beautiful foot to be found among the women of to-day. The high heels, the exaggerated curve at the ball of the foot, the stiff heel stays and the pointed toes, he declares, have distorted the foot in a painful and ugly manner.

The ankles are misshapen In some cases the bones are enlarged until they bulge out so that every bone is perceptible. The weight of the body thrown upon the toes has caused them to spread out. Crowded into pointed toes, they stick up in clusters of knotty corns.

The foot should be as shapely as the hand. Footwear should fit as a glove fits the hand. The perfect foot is slender, with an arched instep and toes that lie smoothly and easily.

The first step toward acquiring a pretty foot is to wear shoes that fit it comfortably. The next is to take exercises that will render the toes strong and supple. Begin by spreading out the toes to the utmost extent; then hold four toes still and attempt to move the remaining one. Every toe should be distinct and able to move separately. Every nail should keep its shape, just as finger-nails do. The big toe should be straighter and shorter than the next one and the arch should be shapely and pliant.

The feminine foot of to-day renderr a graceful carriage an impossibility. And all because Dame Fashion has decreed that a short, high-heeled, pointed-toe shoe is the correct thing in dressy footgear, forgetting that there never was a human foot built that way.

SUN DIALS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

How the Flight of the Hours Was Indicated to Children of the Desert.

It is probable that the earliest sun dial was simply the spear of some nomad chief stuck upright in the ground before his tent. Among those desert wanderers, keen to observe their surroundings, it would not be a difficult thing to notice the shadow shortened as the sun rose higher in the sky and that the shortened shadow always pointed in the same direction. The recognition would have followed very soon that this noonday shadow changed in its length from day to day. A six-foot spear would give a shadow at noonday in latitude 40 degrees of twelve feet at one time of the year and of less than two feet at another time.

This instrument, so simple, so easily carried, so easily set up, may well have begun the scientific study of astronomy, for it lent itself to measurement, and science is measurement, and probably we see it expressed in permanent form in the obelisks of Egyptian solar temples, though these no doubt were retained merely as solar emblems ages after their use as actual instruments of observations had ceased. An upright stick, carefully plumbed, standing on some level surface, may, therefore, well make the first advance upon the natural horizon. A knob at the top of the stick will be found to render the shadow more easily observed.—Knowledge.

RIGHT AND LEFT FACES.

Physiognomies Which Are Stumbling Blocks to Photographers.

"One of the principal obstacles in the way of successful portrait photography," said an old-time local expert, "is the asymmetry of the average human face. The features of ninety-nine people out of a hundred are decidably asymmetrical—in other words, the right and left sides are different in size, shape and general contour. We don't notice this variation unless our attention is attracted to it, but it is there all the same, and for some reason that I am not able to explain it is generally emphasized by the camera. What I say applies, of course, to full-face pictures only, for when the head is turned slightly the deviations are scarcely ever discernible.

"Among men asymmetry often lends great strength to a countenance, Bismarck was a striking example of that fact, and so was Gladstone. If you are skeptical take a full-face picture of either and cover one-half of it with a card. Then reverse the process and examine the other side. You will be surprised. In fact, you will discover four different men, all distinct types."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Tit for Tat.

It is characteristic of those who are severe on others that they cannot bear severity. Dean Swift, the severest satirist of his day, was one day dining with a company of gentlemen, one of whom he had made the butt of his ridicule, with repeated sallies. At last the Dean poured upon a piece of duck some gravy intended to be eaten with a roasted goose. The unfortunate gentleman, seeing this, immediately said: "My good dean, you surprise me—you eat a duck like a goose." The company roared, and the poor dean was so confused and mortified that he flew into a rage and left the table.

Exports of Scientific Instruments.

The exports of scientific instruments from the United States to foreign countries during the past nine months amounted to nearly $5,000,000, being an increase of 54 per cent. over the corresponding period of the previous year and larger per cent. increase than for any other class of exports. This is a notable showing of the increasing appreciation which our scientific apparatus is receiving abroad.

A great source of mortification to a woman is that when she has the preacher to dinner and he asks a blessing, her husband and children will not behave as if they were used to it.

Troubles and thunder clouds usually seem very black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

A domestic broil is not a very satisfactory thing for dinner.

BILL THE BLUNDERER

APPELLATION WHICH MAY BE GIVEN M'KINLEY.

President Is Likely to Involve the United States in China Just as He Has Done in the Philippines—Luzon Not Subjugated.

Washington correspondence:

There will be no special session of Congress. At first it was rather a puzzle to know why McKinley was so afraid of his own Congress, but a canvass of the directory showed that so many of the opulent Republican Congressmen are spending the summer in Europe that the impecunious Democrats who stay at home would have a majority in the House if an extra session were called now. The administration has no notion of having a hostile Congress on its hands with an election approaching. His own Republican Congress made more adverse campaign material than McKinley likes to contemplate. A session now with the Democrats in control in the House would emphasize the issue of Imperialism in the most startling fashion.

McKinley hurried to Washington from Canton at the first report of the murder of the legations at Pekin, but now he has gone back and resumed his front porch campaign. Meanwhile about 15,000 troops will be sent over to China to get into quarrels with the troops of the continental powers. When they have been sacrificed McKinley will do the baby act just as he did in the Philippines matter and beg for more troops and plead that unlimited blood and treasure should be wasted because he drifted along and got into complications of his own making in the first place.

The continental powers are quarreling with each other about their respective spheres of action in China. Russia has the advantage in being on the ground, and she is not the nation to give up an advantage. England, having no white troops to send, is trying to form an alliance with the United States and Japan as against the field. On account of his understanding with Great Britain, McKinley is hurrying all the troops that can be mustered to China.

If the Monroe doctrine had not been relegated to the limbo of oblivion long ago with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, the Republican party would not now be dragging this nation into a war whose end cannot be foreseen. There is plenty to excite apprehension. The Chinese have modern guns and know how to use them. Despite internal dissensions they have thousands of soldiers to every hundred that European nations can furnish. The Chinese are fighting for the preservation of their nation against foreign aggression.

The usual sophistries about our "interests" are being put forth in order to furnish an excuse for getting involved in the international quarrel which is about to begin. It may be well to remember that the only trade interests the United States had were given because we approached the Chinese as a peaceful power, having no sympathy with the imperialist designs of foreign powers.

The Chinese trouble has served to show the exact situation in the Philippines. The administration has been sending out rose-colored reports for the last six months, stating that the Filipinos were subjugated, and that merely a few "robber bands" remained to be hunted down. Now comes General McArthur's statement that he cannot spare any of our enormous army in the Philippines to march on China, and that he will have to have 100,000 men in order to complete the campaign in the Philippines.

This gives the lie to the stories which the administration has been sending out for campaign purposes. The Filipinos are no more conquered than they were eighteen months ago. They are fighting for independence. If it had been given them in the first place, along with protection against foreign interference for a reasonable time, there need have been no war.

It is noticeable that Roosevelt in his rampant and warlike speeches neglects to state what results have attended applied imperialism in the Philippines. The Republicans had the effrontery to assume that they could choose the campaign issue, and they are much chagrined to find that the people agree with the Democrats that "imperialism is the paramount issue."

The First Fruit of Imperialism.

Sixteen insane soldiers in a darkened emigrant car passed through Council Bluffs lately. They came from the Philippines, and were going as fast as steam could take them to a living death at the U. S. hospital in the city of Washington. Fine, stalwart fellows they were, at least most of them. They were unshaven and begrimed with dirt from their long journey through the heat and dust of the Alkali deserts. A few were gaunt, and the vacant stare told only too plainly that God's image had been brought down to the reasonless state of the mere animal creation. A vigilant regular watched and waited on the poor fellows who laughed and jibbered like apes inside the darkened car. Very few were above 21 years old, and it wrenched the heartstrings to see some of the young fellows talking to themselves, about "home," and "mother," and the "boys and girls" that once grouped themselves in the "old nest," that they in this world should see no more forever. Then others were violent, and to prevent a tragedy their guardians manacled them, and strapped them to a seat, where they moaned like some mad creature in its agony.

Democratic Brand of Expansion.

The Democratic party has never been opposed to any measure of expansion that did not involve either a menace to their own liberties or a violation of the rights of others, but so far no territory has been acquired with the consent of that party without being incorporated as an integral part of the domain, directly under the joint control of the three co-ordinate branches of the Federal government, and all the people of any region thus acquired have been recognized and treated at citizens of the United States.—New Orleans Picayune.

McKinley Imperialism.

The fact that the President has declined to summon Congress gives a bad flavor to his attitude before the country. It greatly strengthens the accusations of his imperial purposes and certainly impairs confidence among many who sincerely desire to support the administration. In such a fearful emergency the President should resolve all doubts in favor of acting clearly within the lines of constitutional authority, and his failure to do so gives warrant to the charge that his policy is—"I am the state."—Philadelphia Times.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1900.

The presidential campaign of 1900 is under way. The leaders have been chosen and the lines of battle drawn. William McKinley is primarily a politician. He wears his principles lightly. When he thought silver popular he was a free silver man. He voted for free coinage along with Bland, when Bryan was a boy at school. Later he said the Democratic party was not doing enough for silver, and told how much more the Republicans would do if they were intrusted with power. In the Republican convention four years ago he was afraid to have the word "gold" mentioned. Now he is a partisan of the absolute, unmitigated, single gold standard. In Congress, when he had no offices to distribute, Mr. McKinley was an ardent civil service reformer. He became Governor of Ohio and turned over the helpless lunatics in the insane asylums and the inmates of all the other State charitable institutions to the tender mercies of the spoilsmen. When he was a candidate for President the first time he promised that he would take "no step backward" in the matter of civil service reform. When he took office he became the first President to take a backward step since the reform was first instituted under Arthur, fourteen years before. President McKinley said that we could never be guilty of criminal aggression, and then he began and carried on an unnecessary war in the Philippines. He said that it was our "plain duty" to give the Porto Ricans free admission to our own markets, and then he not only accepted but actually forced through Congress a bill levying heavy taxes both ways on Porto Rican trade.

All these inconsistencies have a single cause—Mr. McKinley is not his own master. He speaks from the good impulses of his heart and then he does what he is told to do. It is impossible even to imagine William McKinley making such a stand for his principles against the pressure of party leaders as William J. Bryan has made this week. When we elect McKinley to office, therefore, his words furnish us no clew whatever to his probable course after he gets into power. To know what he is going to do we must know the man who for the time being is "running" him. In this case it is Mark Hanna.

William J. Bryan is the very antithesis of this opponent. No man has had more virulent or more unscrupulous enemies; no man has been more outrageously misrepresented; no man has had his character, opinions and conduct more distorted and caricatured, but in all the whirlpool of detraction that has surged about him nobody has ventured to suggest that Mr. Bryan is owned by anybody but William J. Bryan. He takes orders from no Hanna. He does not have to call anybody into consultation to find out what he thinks. His convictions, based on his own matured study, are his own property, and when he has once formed them no power on earth can induce him to give them up or modify them or hide them under a mask. The country is coming to know and admire that splendid stubbornness of Mr. Bryan. The Democrats who did not agree with him on the silver question, annoyed as they were with what seemed to them an unnecessary sacrifice of political strength, are beginning to be glad that they have had that revelation of unconquerable, inflexible conviction. While it is against them on one point, it gives them confidence that upon the other points on which they and the candidate agree they will not be betrayed. They have been looking for a man who would display on the side of the people that same immovable obstinacy that Cleveland displayed on behalf of the privileged classes, and they have found him.

Another term of McKinley, involving the indorsement of the almost unbroken record of bad faith which has characterized nearly all the acts of his administration, would be about as bad a commentary on popular government as could be imagined. But could not the cause of popular government suffer still more should the party which has taken up the task of reviving the Declaration of Independence and other old-fashioned views of national honor be betrayed by its candidate? In the present crisis signs of surrender by that candidate to bosses or to moneyed interests, or the exhibition by him of any of the marks of the "quitter," would be very disquieting to many a gold Democrat.

What we need in the presidency now above all other things is an honest man—not merely one who is above picking pockets himself, but one whose honesty is aggressive—one who will not tolerate Neelys and Rathbones under him or Hannas over him, and whose honesty extends not merely to matters of money, but to matters of principle. We know that if William J. Bryan said that anything was our "plain duty" he would shut that steel-trap jaw of his and keep Congress in session until that duty was performed or the congressional term expired. If an organ told him that this action would cost him three million votes of growers of filler tobacco and "garden sass" he would tell it that the people could elect another President if they chose, but that fifteen million voters would not make him do a thing he thought wrong. That is a comfortable sort of person to lean on in a national crisis.—New York Journal.

ROOSEVELT IS ROASTED.

Willis J. Abbot Flays the Rough Rider Most Unmercifully.

If Democrats were well versed in the vocabulary of invective which Theodore Roosevelt habitually employs they might say of that noisy personage, with perfect justice, that he is a ranter, a quibbler, a charlatan, a demagogue and a liar. Unhappily, the Democratic party does not furnish an exact parallel to Talkative Teddy. Religion has his mate in the Rev. Sam Jones. Journalism boasted a true Roosevelt in the late lamented Brann, of the Iconoclast. Among the middle-of-the-road Populists there's a fellow named Jo Parker who has a really Rooseveltian way of calling all who disagree with him thieves, rogues and traitors. Incidentally it may be noted that the last-named person is a protege of Mark Hanna—a further point of resemblance to Roosevelt.

Democracy, however, does not furnish his match. Even its most radical leaders—Altgeld, Tillman and the others whom in 1896 Governor Roosevelt said should be set up against a wall and shot dead—fall so far short of the Rooseveltian standard as to habitually prefer argument to invective. This inability to answer the Rough Rider in his own vernacular is unfortunate. When a man calls a whole party—some 7,000,000 people—traitors, repudiators, copperheads and cowards, mere argument is unsatisfactory. The sober sense of the people must be relied upon to discern that a man so prodigal of hard words for his fellows must be exceedingly anxious to divert attention from his own character and record.

It is, perhaps, Roosevelt's plan to shift the issue from himself, his egomania, his surrender to boss rule, his charlatanry and his innate brutality to a discussion of the purposes and beliefs of his adversaries. Acting upon Nelson's maxim, "The best defense against an enemy's fire is a vigorous use of your own guns," he has opened the engagement with a broadside of billingsgate.

Nothing quite so repugnant to refined senses has been known since with progress in the art of war the Chinese abandoned the use of stink pots.

Is he a charlatan? Read the accounts in his own Chicago organ of the way he uses a battered hat as a sort of theatrical property. Every five minutes he is "tossing his old campaign hat in a corner," "hunting for his old campaign hat," "waving his old campaign hat," or in some other way making capital out of a relic of cheap and boastful "heroism." As yet he has not brandished the pistol with which he killed two Spaniards—bragging lustily about it afterwards in a book as no real soldier nor true gentleman ever could.

Is he a liar? What of a man who opens a speech by declaring himself one who "has come not as a Republican to speak to Republicans, but as an American to speak to Americans," and thereupon talks nearly two hours in a bitter attack upon all Democrats and impassioned eulogy of all Republican politicians? What of a man who can say of the one organized body which is striving for a world-wide peace, charity and amity, "Our opponents represent all the forces of discontent, malice and envy, formed and formless, vague and concrete?"

Is he a demagogue? Read his speech and see if ever man put out a more arrant piece of demagogy. It is shameful demagogy to say that against McKinley are arrayed "the forces of chaotic evil," to describe honorable opponents as "pandering to the worst and most degraded elements in our national life," as "willing to purchase party success at no matter what cost of ruin to the nation."

Is it short of demagogy to try to excite the passions rather than arouse the reason of your audience? Was there a single appeal to reason in the St. Paul speech? Not one of a higher sort than this: "They (the Democrats) stand for lawlessness and disorder, for dishonesty and dishonor, for license and disaster at home, and cowardly shrinking from duty abroad."

Look about you, reader, and consider whether your Democratic neighbors merit this description. To just which Democratic public men, from William Jennings Bryan down, would you apply it? Roosevelt, with crazy self-assurance, applies it o all.

What does the Democratic platform declare the paramount issues of this campaign? Imperialism and militarism. How does Roosevelt meet this? "We cannot argue with them on this proposition because no serious man thinks for one moment that they believe what they assert."

That is an easy way out. If your opponent lays down a proposition which you cannot controvert, say you know he doesn't mean it and clinch your argument by calling him a traitor or a copperhead. If this doesn't convince the nation there always remains the Rooseveltian argument of standing him up against a wall and having him shot.

But enough! As some of the sentiments in the St. Paul speech are left over since '96, it will doubtless do duty all this campaign. Meantime, I recur to my original theorem, Why let Theodore Roosevelt, a "scholar in politics," retain his long-time monopoly of the use of billingsgate? Is he the only man licensed to use hard words and still be petted by the "better classes?"—Willis J. Abbot, in Chicago American.

Bryan to Gold Democrats.

Lincoln, July 17.—W. J. Bryan's attention was called to-day to the statement that some of the opponents of imperialism had announced that they would be opposed to him on account of the silver plank in the platform, and he was asked whether this would seriously affect the anti-imperialist vote. Said Mr. Bryan:

"Several gold-standard opponents of imperialism have already announced their intention to support the Democratic ticket, although the Anti-Imperialism League has not acted officially. In such a matter each individual is governed by his own views as to the relative importance of the issues.

"The Democratic platform declares the question of imperialism to be the paramount issue. If any opponent of imperialism refuses to support the Democratic ticket because of the silver plank it must be because he considers the money question more important than the Philippine question—that is, he prefers a gold-standard empire to a bimetallic republic.

"When the test comes I believe that those who adhere to the doctrine that governments derive their just powers not from superior force but from the consent of the governed will support our ticket even though they do not indorse the silver plank.

"A large majority of the Democrats believe that a restoration of bimetallism would prove a blessing, but the anti-imperialists who dispute this will admit that any evils that might arise from bimetallism could be corrected more easily than the evils which would follow from the deliberate indorsement of militarism and imperialism."

"Plain Duty" to the Cubans.

On the question of the fitness of the people for self-government Gen. Wood says: "There are no more law-abiding people than the Cubans, and the proof of it is found in the recent elections, which were orderly and yet aroused considerable rivalry and some hard-fought fights, though not a blow was exchanged or a pistol shot anywhere." What excuse have we for continuing to impose a carpet bag government on a people to whom we solemnly guaranteed independence? The character Gen. Wood gives them makes it imperative that we fulfill our obligation before we provoke the Cubans into rebellion as we did the Filipinos.—Utica Observer.

Lesson of the Tin Plate Trust.

The tin plate trust, that pampered child of Republican class legislation, has closed its plants and some 35,000 employes are thrown on the streets for an indefinite time, unable to find work in their accustomed trade because the trust controls all the mills. But the laboring man should remember that the trust magnate has a "full dinner pail."—Troy (N. Y.) Press.

Receiver Worse than Thief.

Hanna proposes to partially buy and partially steal the presidency and Major McKinley stands ready to accept the office thus obtained. Since the day Moses brought down the tables of stone from Sinai the moral relation between the one who steals and the one who receives stolen goods has been fixed unalterably.—Kansas City Times.

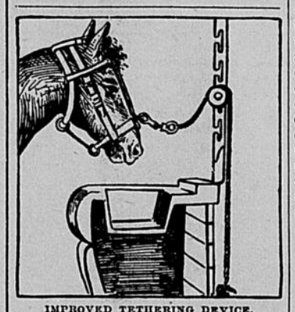
Eclipses All Other Issues.

Imperialism and all that goes with it, the contempt for the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, the subjugation by bullet and bayonet of foreign races, the maintenance of a large standing army—this is the issue that eclipses all others in this campaign.—St. Louis Republic.

FARM AND GARDEN

Horse Tie for Stables.

Horsemen will appreciate the value of the device pictured in the accompanying cut, the object of the invention being to reduce to a minimum the liability of getting the animal's feet tangled up in the tethering rope, and also to keep the rope out of the way while the animal is eating. By means of a specially constructed halter the connection is made on the upper instead of the under side of the nose strap, and the tie extends to a point level with or above the animal's head. The invention also includes an arrange-



IMPROVED TETHERING DEVICE.

ment for taking up the slack in the rope, without in any way pulling on the halter sufficiently to annoy the animal. The rope is passed through the front of the manger, resting on a pulley, which may be adjusted to any desired height, and a small weight is attached to the outer end, which is sufficient to hold the rope taut, no matter in what position the animal puts his head. A patent on the device has been granted to William H. Bartrum, of Derby, England.

Selling Hay.

We have heard of a man who thought he was making money by selling his grass standing or hiring it cut and selling the hay. He had what is often called a natural grass farm, moist enough to insure a pretty good crop every year, when in fair condition. For many years he had run it as a dairy farm, keeping considerable stock, and manuring his fields heavily. At last old age and a well-earned competence decided him to leave the farm, and instead of renting it out for some one else to skin off what he had put on the land, he put it all in grass. Then he sold grass or hay as seemed best at the time, and when the fields began to get thin they were given a very liberal dressing of commercial fertilizer. He said he received more than the fertilizer cost, enough to enable him to lay up more money than he could when working the farm. How long he would be able to do this we do not know, but we think the soil would soon begin to show a lack of humus or some other element of plant food. But if he succeeds according to his plan it will be by reason of the condition of the soil when he began, the large applications of fertilizers would be likely to keep the condition good for a long time. Not every one could do so well.—Exchange.

Cheap Poultry House.

A plan for a cheap double house for fowls of two kinds, which may be kept separate, and with a yard to each part, is here given. It is seven feet high at the eaves, eighteen feet wide, and may be as long as may be required to give ample room for the flocks kept in it. For two flocks if it is divided in the middle, each half having its yard, which is closed in and roofed over. Where the run is not large one flock may be kept in the covered run, while

A DOUBLE POULTRY HOUSE.

the other is let out. The house is a very cheap one, being built of common strips around the yard, and of rough boards covered with tarred roofing paper well secured by strips nailed down over it. This kind of roofing will last many times longer if it is well fastened down in this way. The house should be lined inside with the same stuff which is a safe antidote against vermin, if the house is kept clean.

Buckwheat.

To grow buckwheat for the grain the land should be made fine and fit for a seed bed as for other small grains. Then apply 200 to 400 pounds per acre of fertilizer rich in potash and phosphoric acid, and harrow it in well. This grain likes a dry or well-drained soil. Sow the seed at almost any time when convenient from July 1 to July 15. There should be from twenty to thirty bushels of grain to the acre. This crop is not thought exhausting to the soil, and it leaves the land in good condition for sowing or planting next spring. In sowing buckwheat to plow under, sow earlier, in June at least, and plow under while in bloom or just before any seed ripened, then follow by sowing winter grain.

Danger in Crimson Clover.

The little stiff hairs, only about one-eighth of an inch long, which are to be seen on the heads of crimson clover are barbed, and when the clover is ripe they are stiff and hard. When they are fed to horses they lump together into balls in the stomach and intestines, refusing to pass away in the excrement. Cases have been known where such balls were five inches in diameter, and with such a ball in the intestines it is almost impossible to save the life of an animal. For this reason when the clover is cut for hay it should be done before any of the heads mature, or even before they are in full blossom, while these hairs are soft and pliable. When the clover is grown for seed, do not use the straw for feeding or even for bedding, unless the animal is so fastened that it cannot reach the bedding to eat it. Many horses have been reported as having died from this cause, and some of them after most intense suffering.

Cow Peas for Silage.

A veteran dairyman is John Patterson, of Adair County, Missouri, former President of the State Dairymen's Association. Two years ago he decided to grow cow peas for his dairy cattle. When the time came to harvest, the season was so wet that he saw no opportunity to cure the peas for hay. He had often heard of the silo, but had never raised his faith to the point of investing in one. But with the chance of a lost crop staring him in the face, he hurried to town, bought enough lumber and immediately built a large stave silo. The cow peas were soon harvested and put in the silo. He reports that he never had cows to do so well before. He also mixed corn and cow-pea silage with very satisfactory results. This year he intends to build two more silos and store away an immense acreage of corn for winter feeding. Mr. Patterson now thinks that every progressive dairy farmer should by all means have a silo.

Destroying Weeds and Bushes.

New Jersey has gone farther in its war against weeds and insect pests than any other State we have heard or read of. It has enacted a law that is to become operative next September, that all owners of lands bordering upon public highways shall clear them of weeds, bushes and briars. If they do not do so, there shall be a committee appointed by the town to employ men to do so, and the cost shall be assessed to the land owners. This is a wise law, and the example might well be followed by other States. These hedgerows of weeds and bushes, either inside or outside of the fence, are of no use excepting as a harbor for insects, fungous diseases and weeds to seed adjoining land, or to be transported along the highway to fields where they are not wanted. This cleaning up may cost the farmers some labor, but theirs will be the benefit in the end.—American Cultivator.

Renewing an Asparagus Bed.

An old and run out or neglected asparagus bed can be best improved after the season for cutting is over, by putting on a liberal dressing of manure in June or July and plowing it in, not taking much care to prevent breaking the roots or to save seedling plants. The plants are apt to become root bound, and they will grow all the better for a little breaking up of the matted roots. Keep the weeds out all the summer, and in early spring, or even in February, if the ground is open, put on from 600 pounds to a half ton of good fertilizer to the acre. This will push it along to make a good growth, and it will be better if it is not cut very freely that spring or not at all after the first of June.

Poisonous Butter Color.

Arsenical butter color must go. It is time some definite action were taken by the pure-food departments of every pure-food State, or many of them will be resting under the suspicion that undue influences have been brought to bear to prevent hostile action. There is no longer any doubt about the highly poisonous character of the deadly drug now scattering death throughout the country. Not a week passes that either well authenticated cases or cases of very suspicious character do not crop up here and there, and there can be no excuse for State officials in States where these fatalities abound to neglect their sworn duties.—Dairy World.

Hen Is a Good Thing.

Nothing will pay better for the money invested than chickens if they are properly handled, but to be profitable much care must be exercised. Because the hens will give returns under adverse circumstances is the reason they are neglected so much, but the better they are treated the better the returns you will receive from them. But the difficult part of the thing is to make average farmers believe it. By keeping constantly at them they may eventually be taught what a good thing the hen really is.

Dairy Thermometers.

A good dairy thermometer costs less than $1, and tons of butter go into the grease vats every year because thousands of farmers' wives do not use a thermometer in churning. A noted dairy instructor once told the writer that he firmly believed that the average price of all the butter sold in the United States could be increased at least 2 cents per pound in two years if the thermometer was used at every churning and the cream churned at the proper temperature.

A Long Row of Corn.

The longest row of corn in Vermont is said to have been planted by E. H. Town of Chubb's Crossing, and it is not a straight row. He has on his farm a large cone-shaped knoll covering some three acres. He commenced at the base of this and run a furrow around it, corkscrew fashion, until he was at the top, getting one continuous row to cover the whole knoll.

STATISTICS OF TRAVEL.

It is 1,825 miles from Washington to Panama.

Edinburgh is 3,275 miles northeast of Washington.

Cairo is 5,848 miles southeast of Washington.

Lima, Peru, is 3,515 miles southwest of Washington.

In ten days a letter from New York will be delivered in Brussels.

The railroad journey from New York to Denver covers 1,930 miles.

From New York to New Orleans by the shortest mail route is 1,344 miles.

From New York to Apia, via San Francisco, requires twenty-eight days.

The shortest mail route between New York and Algiers demands thirteen days.

The mail route from New York to Africa, via Panama, is twenty-seven days' long.

From Delagoa Bay, in Africa, a letter requires forty-five days to reach New York.

The time required for a New York letter to reach Iceland and be delivered is nineteen days.

A letter mailed in New York will be delivered at Cape Coast Castle thirty-three days later.

In twelve days' time the distance between New York and St. Petersburg may be traversed.

Twenty-five days are required to make the journey by mail route between Rio de Janeiro and New York City.

A traveler by the most expeditious mail route may traverse the distance between New York and Rome in eleven days.

Colored emigrants starting from Washington to Monrovia, in Liberia, would have before them a voyage of 3,645 miles.

SAURIANS ARE HUGE.

AUSTRALIAN CROCODILES GROW TO IMMENSE SIZE.

Possesses Enormous Strength and Are Things of Terror to Fish and Animals—Large Bullock Stands No Chance in Fighting One of Them.

The crocodile of the Nile differs very little from that of the northern rivers of Australia, which is generally termed "alligator," though in reality a true crocodile. The head of a true alligator is broader and shorter than that of the crocodile. There is also considerable difference in the teeth and their disposition in the jaws. The teeth of the alligator are unequal, and the larger of the lower canines enters a cavity in the upper jaw, while that of a crocodile simply fits into a groove on the outside of the upper jaw, leaving the tooth clearly visible when the mouth of the monster is closed. There are also differences in the webbing of the toes and the form of the legs, though to the general observer there is little or no difference. Crocodiles seem equally at home in salt or fresh water, while alligators do not appear to relish, and rarely visit, salt water. Crocodiles no doubt feed largely upon fish, but as they grow older and stronger and require great quantities of food, they will, when hungry, attack anything from a sheep or a kangaroo to a bullock, a big crocodile making short work of a bullock weighing over half a ton.

Some crocodiles measure as much as twenty-seven feet in length and possess immense strength, besides wonderful cunning and patience. They will lie in wait at a watering place frequented by animals, hardly distinguishable from a log of wood, so still and passive have they become. The unwary victim coming down to drink is suddenly seized in the crocodile's huge jaws and drawn into the water and drowned. At other times the tail is used to sweep the prey into deep water, where, even though it be a heavy bullock, it has little or no chance against its enemy, which is specially provided by nature with an arrangement that prevents the water rushing down its huge throat, even though the jaws are fully distended through holding its prey. Thus, after a few brief seconds the unequal struggle is over and the saurian takes the carcass in tow to some favored locality, where he can enjoy it at his leisure.

Crocodiles at night time low and bellow just like cattle, especially like bulls, and I have spent some nights in an open boat in Cambridge Gulf, northwestern Australia, where the whole place seemed to be alive with them, and what with their splashes and cries, the weirdness of the whole scene, and their close proximity as they at times rocked the boat, sleep was impossible, for there are several instances on record where crocodiles have taken or have attempted to take men from out of camps and boats. A poor fellow named Reed, the mate or second mate of the Gulnan, had gone in his vessel to some river in Carpentaria Gulf. The vessel was at anchor near the mouth of the river. The mate, Reed, had been dispatched in charge of a watering party, and was some distance up the river in a large open boat. Water had been obtained, and they were all ready for a return to the ship. All being made snug, the tired fellows turned in, having made their camp in the boat. The night was a very fine one, the moon shining brightly, when toward midnight the sleeping camp was aroused by some terrific shrieks. These were the cries of poor Reed, who, enveloped in his bedding and mosquito curtains, was being borne off by a crocodile. It is said by those who knew him well and accompanied him on this and other previous trips that he had a habit of sleeping with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, and no doubt this afforded the crocodile an easier opportunity of seizing him. All that night and a great part of the next day was spent in searching for the missing man's body, but without success.

The crocodile has a remarkable eye. It can arrange the pupil to a vertical or horizontal position at will to suit its requirements by day or night. It has a special natural protection to the eye, and through a "duct" escapes the fluid when the "monster weeps." In fact, he is a peculiar brute altogether, with many special gifts besides his huge jaws that help to make of him the terror that he is. The crocodile lays a large number of eggs, which are remarkably small for so large a reptile, being just a shade larger than those of the domestic duck. Its nest is a huge mound of long grass, leaves, reeds, flags and a kind of broad-leafed grass, built to the height of four or five feet, with a circumference of from thirty to forty feet, and always near water. The northern crocodile lays its eggs in January or February. Neither parent does any sitting. The eggs are deposited to the number of forty or fifty near the top of the mound, which looks just like an ordinary haycock. The rain—and it rains at this time of the year every day—and the hot sun create a great heat in the mound, which hatches the eggs.—Sydney Mail.

The Chinese Postal System.

The postal system of the Chinese empire is still in a primitive condition. It is carried on under the direction of the minister of war by means of post carts and runners. There are 8,000 offices for post carts in the eighteen provinces, and there are 2,040 offices for runners scattered over the empire. There are also many private postal couriers, and during the winter the foreign customs office maintains a service between Pekin and the outposts.

Bull in a China Shop.

A correspondent says he saw an ox in a china shop at Barrass Bridge, England, whose behavior was most exemplary. The animal escaped from a drove and made its way into the shop with as much effrontery and expedition as it might go into its own hummel. After going all about the place, to the admiration of a great crowd of people, it was conducted out by a policeman without having broken so much as a handle of a tea cup.

Long-Range Photography.

Captain Gentilli, an Italian officer who has been experimenting in long-distance photography, has discovered a means of taking photographs at a distance of many miles. By this means it has been possible to photograph fortresses from a distance of eleven miles and masses of troops at a distance of eighteen miles. Captain Gentilli's inv