The Windy Day.

Oh, the windy day is a laughing day!
For the wind is a funny fellow;
He rollicks and shouts when skies are gray
And leaves are turning yellow.
The pines, a moment ago so still,
Fling out their arms and laugh with a will,
Nodding their heads, as who should say,
"The old wind has an amusing way."

Oh, the windy day is a singing day!
For the wind is a minstrel, strolling
Thro' field and wood, with cheery lay,
Insistent, sweet, cajoling;
The strings of his harp are pine and oak,
As he chants his tale to the woodland folk—
Ah, revellers of old are they
When the minstrel wind begins to play!

Oh, the windy day is the vagrant's day!
For the wind is a comrade rover,
Whistling down the great highway
To every hill-road lover;
And whether he whistles or laughs or sings,
Through every vagrant heart there rings
The impelling, world-old call to stray
With the comrade wind for ever and aye.

Lucy L. Cable, in Harper's Magazine.

Two Discoveries.

"I'm always wondering," remarked Elva, reflectively, as she handed me my second cup of tea, "when you're really going to fall in love, and—"

"Don't be too hasty," I interrupted, as I assisted myself to sugar; "perhaps I'm even now consumed with the disquieting fever."

"You're so fat," said Elva, disparagingly.

"Nonsense!" I protested. "Simply well covered. Why, my tailor altered my measurements only yesterday!"

"Oh, of course, if you won't be serious," she sighed, resignedly, and prepared to nibble a judiciously browned muffin; "but, really, Monty, you're—let me see—forty—you're independent, and—'um—" she regarded me critically with her head on one side—"passably good looking; and yet you let pretty, nice, suitable girls slip through your fingers by dozens, because you're either too lazy or too conceited to take sufficient interest in them."

"Don't lecture me," I pleaded. Elva is prone to lectures; "you're so dreadfully impulsive, you know. As a matter of fact, I looked in this very afternoon to tell you how—how abominably in love I am!"

Something in my tone must have struck her as unusual. The muffin, like Mahomet's coffin, remained suspended while she surveyed me intently, presumably to see if she could detect any latent humor in my countenance.

I did not move a muscle.

"If I was quite certain that you were in earnest," she began, hesitatingly, and I thought—though, of course, I had no business to think—that her voice was a little unsteady, "I should say how very glad I am."

"Please try and believe me," I pleaded.

She studied my face as if undecided what to do.

"Is it recent?" she asked, at last.

"It happened—yesterday," I confessed.. "You remember I always promised that you should be the first to know whenever I really had anything to tell, and I was just going to begin when you fell upon me."

"Yesterday?" murmured Elva, in evident surprise. "Then it must have been at Lady Follet's garden party."

I nodded.

"Was it love at first sight, or had you seen her before?"

"I had seen her," I said, guardedly, "once or twice."

"Oh!" said Elva, and I think she flushed. "Then, of course, it's Mollie Richards. I saw you talking to her for ages in the rosary. She's a nice girl, I believe, and I'm really awfully glad, Monty—awfully." Somehow her tone didn't carry the conviction it was doubtless intended to convey; I presumed it was because Miss Richards was never a very particular friend of hers.

"I suppose," she went on, "you'll propose at once. You've no need to wait like most poor creatures."

"I intend," I said, "to offer myself with as little delay as possible."

"And you really don't mind my taking the privilege of an old friend—a very old friend—to ask you all these questions, do you?"

"Not the least in the world," I said, graciously; "I expected them."

"What do you mean by that?" she inquired, with suspicion.

"Nothing, except that you've catechised me about my matrimonial prospects ever since you could toddle. Do you remember, for instance, asking me at a schoolroom tea in your early youth whether it was my intention to marry your Fraulein or not?"

Elva's face brightened promptly. "Rather!" she said; "and Fraulein turned all sorts of colors, and told mother the next day that she really would no longer stay 'with a child so embarrassing.' I really think she had a tendresse for you, Monty."

"Probably," I agreed. "Many people have."

"Don't be conceited!" reprimanded Elva; "but tell me all about Mollie Richards, and exactly what attracted you. Some people call her pretty, I—I rather admire her myself, only—"

"Mollie Richards?" I inquired, with extreme innocence. "Who said anything about Mollie Richards?"

"Why, you did ,of course—that is to say—yes—no, suppose you didn't, then—why, I did, I suppose; but anyhow, what's the good of cavilling about her? It is Mollie Richards, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't marry Mollie Richards," I said, decisively, "if they shot me for refusing!"

Elva poured herself out some more tea, and—yes, it was not my imagination—her hand did shake, and she looked as if it would have been a relief to her feelings to have launched the teapot at my head.

"Monty, you are trying," she exclaimed; "upon my word you are! You insist that you've come to tell me as our oldest friend that you've really found some one that you could care for at last, and then you sit and twist your mustache and make me guess all the wrong people, and—"

"I never made you guess any one," I said, indignantly, removing my hand from my upper lip with a jerk. I merely informed you that I fell in love yesterday. I suppose there's no objection to that? And when you suggested that it happened at Lady Follett's, I agreed."

"Well,," said Elva, in a judicial tone, "you didn't stay more than three-quarters of an hour. Directly you arrived you took me to see the aviary, and the rest of the time you spent in the rosary with Mollie Richards."

"If I'd known you were watching my movements so carefully—" I began.

Elva blushed furiously.

"When people make themselves conspicuous," she said, frostily, "their doings are bound to form the subject of comment. Mollie Richards always persists in wearing maize with her particular shade of red-auburn hair, and—I could see her from all over the garden."

"Almost without looking?" I suggested, carelessly.

Elva passed over this remark with contempt, but I couldn't help noticing that the flush deepened.

"Well, as it's not Mollie," she observed, with dignity, "and as you've called on purpose, perhaps you'll be obliging enough to tell me who it is, so that I may congratulate or condone with you as the case may be."

"You'll condone," said I, with conviction.

"Why, please?"

"Because she—this girl, who isn't Mollie Richards, you know, doesn't care a straw for me—in that way, and and the whole thing is hopeless."

Elva softened instantly.

"How can you tell if you've never asked her?" she demanded. "She may be simply pining away for your sake if you only knew"—her gaze wandered through the window and settled on a bed of brilliant begonias in the front garden—"girls don't always wear their hearts on their sleves, even in these matter-of-fact days, Monty."

I raised my eyes. They had been busily engaged in tracing the pattern of the carpet.

"Do you think it's likely," I asked, "that any girl would really fall in love with a man twice her age, if—"

"Oh, she's young," interrupted Elva, hastily. "Do you know, I'm rather glad of that."

"I held up a deprecating hand.

"Please let me finish," I implored. "Twice her age, when she's tyrannized over him, teased him and looked upon him as an old fogey for the greater part of her natural life?"

Elva eyed me sharply. The color came and went in her cheeks in a way that I had never seen it come and go before. I put my eyeglass in order to better admire the effect.

"You said you'd only seen her once or twice," she resumed, severely; but the quiver in her voice robbed the severity of any sting.

I waved my hand.

"Lovers' license!" I said, airily. "I couldn't divulge everything at once."

"If you've known her so long, how comes it that you only—well—discovered the state of your feelings yesterday?"

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," I quoted. "Likewise, there is a psychological moment when a man suddenly realizes a fact that may have been staring him in the face for years."

"And that psychological moment occurred at Lady Follet's?"

"Occurred at Lady Follet's," I echoed. And then there was a long silence.

I let my eyes wander slowly round the room. They lingered vaguely on the ridiculous blue cats with which Elva adorns her mantelshelf, and skimmed the photographs of her numerous admires—some of them thrust carelessly into the overmantel, and some, the more fortunate, smirking at me from elaborate frames.

I think Elva's eyes must have been wandering, too, for they came to anchor at the same moment as mine, and then, without any rhyme or reason, they filled quite suddenly with tears.

Now, I can never see a woman cry without feeling that something—something drastic must be done at once.

I started up, and then the rest seemed to follow as a natural and easy consequence.

In less time than it takes to chronicle, Elva was crying quietly on my shoulder and the blue cats were grinning diabolically from their several coigns of vantage.

"And when," I asked, after we had become more or less normal, and returned to earth once again, "when was your psychological moment, Elva?"

Elva fingered a gardenia in my buttonhole—took it out—smelt it, and returned it carefully.

"When you pretended—I mean, when I thought you weren't pretending, and that it was Mollie Richards, you know," she said, incoherently.

And the blue cats grinned more than ever, as much as to say, "We know something about human nature though we are only china."—Chris Sewell, in the Free Lance.

A PRECIOUS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Nothing Could Deter a Tenement House Kid From Playing the Piano.

A young girl who has been assisting in settlement work declares that interesting and enlightening as she finds the insight it gives her into lives so different from her own, she is equally interested in the other side of the matter—in discovering what it is her new friends want to know about her, and how the facts impress them.

As soon as the children of her class feel that they know her well enough to ask questions, plenty are asked, and she soon learned to distinguish those innocently propounded, with entirely courteous intention, merely as leading to the understanding necessary between friends, from those of a more casual or more inquisitive kind.

"The six most common questions are these,' she says: "'What is your father's business?' 'How many are there in the family?' 'Have they all got jobs?' 'Do your people own their own house?' 'Have you got a piano?' 'Do you play?'

"It is the last two, I am sure, which interest them most; and I have learned to feel those two questions coming, and to brace myself to meet them because, you see, I know the disappointment in me that always results. It is all the worse because I have to say, 'Yes, we have a piano,' and then to add, ignominiously, 'But I can't play it.'

"I can't. I have a stiffened finger, and it was so evident I should never play well that I gave up trying long ago. But you should see the faces when I confess, before I have time to explain! Sometimes it is sheer surprise, sometimes pity, sometimes disgust, sometimes a ludicrously obvious shifting of first impressions and starting in afresh from a new point of view. But it is always something I have to deal with; a drawback to be overcome, a defect for which to atone.

"One small boy simply looked me up and down from my shoe-strings to my topknot, and said, 'Gee!' in a tone of contempt that was positively scathing. Then he added, proudly, 'We had a piano once, on the instalment plan. We never bought the whole of it, and it went away again. I was a kid then, but my sister learned to play "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and you just oughter heard her bang them keys! If we'd ha' kept that piano, you bet I'd ha' learned to play it if every finger I had was smashed up except my left little one!'"—Youth's Companion.

WHERE POPCORN COMES FROM.

A Valuable Industry Established in Only Fifteen Years.

Fifteen years ago, at the little town of North Loup, in Central Nebraska, a farmer planted forty acres of popcorn. His neighbors thought he had taken leave of his senses. Today 80 per cent of the popcorn produced in commercial quantities in the United States is grown in this vicinity. Last year, the four hundred cars, containing nearly five million pounds, were shipped from this village of 1,000 inhabitants. Practically the whole of this goes to wholesale dealers in Chicago, and is distributed from there.

North Loup corn possesses the highly desirable quality of being ready to pop as soon as gathered. That produced in other districts must either be held a year or else kiln dried before it will pop freely. The bright, dry falls of central Nebraska, together with the fact that the occasional fall rains are followed at once by warm sunshine, which thoroughly dries both the stalk and the corn, render the North Loup product available immediately.

About twenty-five hundred acres are annually planted to popcorn in this locality, using four pounds of seed an acre. The small size of the seed requires a special plate in the planter. The seed is drilled in, allowing only one kernel in a hill, the hills 12 inches apart one way by three feet four inches the other. The stalks stool out, but inasmuch as corn produced on the stooled stalks, called "sucker" ears," is of poor color and inferior quality, the grower covers these superfluous stalks with his cultivator, leaving only one stalk in each hill.—Most stalks produce two good ears, some four. Where only one ear grows on a stalk it is likely to be coarse and of poor quality. Medium sized ears produce the best corn.

The cultivation of growing popcorn is similar to that employed with field corn. The mature corn, however, is more difficult to gather because of the shortness of the stalks and the smallness of the ears. This increases the cost of picking. While farmers pay only three or four cents a bushel for gathering field corn, the prevailing price for picking popcorn is twelve to fifteen cents a bushel. Previous to picking time the cost of production an acre is identical with that of field corn.

Popcorn is bought and sold entirely by the pound. The average yield an acre is 2,000 pounds, though double that amount has been recorded in a few instances. The average price for the last ten years has been a little more than $1 to a hundred pounds, giving a gross return of upward of $20 an acre. During the same period the average price of field corn has been 2 cents a bushel, the average yield thirty bushels, giving a gross return of $7.50 an acre.

One disadvantageous feature of popcorn growing is that when the poping demand has been supplied there is no other outlet for it, which causes surprising fluctuations in the price; $2.75 has been paid—the high water mark—while this year it is worth only sixty cents a hundred—an extremely low figure. Two thousand pounds of popcorn at 60 cents a hundred are not as profitable as forty bushels of field corn at thirty cents a bushel, because of the increased cost of picking. However, it is said that every man who has raised popcorn continuously for the last ten years has done well. A number of instances are mentioned where the corn has paid the cost price of the land in a single crop.—Frank G. Stephens in Tribune Farmer.

The Cooking Millennium.

In almost every big department store nowadays there is an exhibit of cooking by electricity. No dirt, no ashes, no dust, no superfluous heat, no fire; nothing but as high a temperature as you want in the cooking apparatus, and that only just so long as you want it.

Partly because invention lags, chiefly because we have let short-sighted monopolists get control of electricity—and perhaps that's why invention is lagging—we can't afford to cook by electricity yet. But soon—for monopolies and monopolists do die—we shall be emancipated from the present superheated, dirty and crude system.

What a world—from the standpoint of comfort—this is bound to become after a century or so more of the sort of progress that began only about a hundred years ago. And how much of the "good time that's coming" we might anticipate if we weren't too lazy to think and too stupid to act. —Saturday Evening Post.

Heredity.

A Virginia representative in Congress says that two ladies in Richmond with whom he is well acquainted were one day discussing the relative longevity of the members of their respective families.

"I have no doubt," said one of the ladies, "that, everything considered, we Blanks are the most notable family in Virginia, when it comes to a question of longevity. Do you know, my father died at eighty-nine; while my grandfather reached the advanced age of ninety-seven."

"Is that so?" quirled the other lady. "And which grandfather was that?"

"Oh," replied the first speaker, "that was the grandfather by my first husband."—Harper's Weekly.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit,
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes,
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story Books.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE GOOD FAIRY OF ESSEN.

What a pretty young girl is this Miss ——, but as she is German let us call her Fraulien Bertha Krupp.

A petted child she is, perhaps, with an indulgent papa to buy her that string of pearl beads she wears on her soft, round neck, and the frivolous chiffon hat that is perched on her curly pompadour. Doesn't look as if she had a care in the world, does she? But let us tell you her story.

One hundred years ago her great grandfather, Frederick Krupp, owned a small iron foundry at Essen, Germany. He discovered, for himself, the art of making cast steel, as it had long been made in England by a secret process. His son, Alfred, grandfather of our heroine, perfected this process and, through other inventions and discoveries, built up the greatest iron and steel works in the world. He was succeeded in 1887 by his son Alfred, who, dying a few years ago, left as his sole heir a young daughter, Bertha.

Today the Krupp Works at Essen cover 1,000 acres and employ 20,000 men. Every man, woman and child in Essen, which has about 120,000 inhabitants, depends, directly or indirectly, on the Krupp Works for bread. And there are other thousands employed in the neighboring coal mines owned by this young girl, whose fortune is estimated at $75,000,000, and her income at $4,000,000 a year. The imperial navy and army depend upon her for guns and armor plate, the railways for rails and structural iron, all the industries for bars and plates, and sheets of iron and steel for making machines and tools. Essen, with its works and mines, is one of the props of the Empire, as well as a source of anxiety, all the more so as this vast industry is owned by a girl of nineteen.

Iron Queen Bertha Krupp has come to her throne now, and has authority over her industrial kingdom. What sort of girl is she?

Well, they are beginning to call her the German Helen Gould.

She says she will never lease Essen, where four generations of Krupps have lived before her and built up the great iron works. Her life, she declares, shall be spent among the working men of the factories and their families. If she marries it will be a man of the people who will take the name of Krupp and work with her. She plans a great technical school for the iron industries, a hospital, a library, a public garden with free music and many other things.

Fortunate Essen, to have such a good fairy.

Fortunate Fraulein Bertha, to have a heart to match her enormous wealth.—The Little Chronicle.

THE ROOSTER TANDEM.

"Oh, papa!" cried little Clarence, "Harry hitched Nathan to my little cart, but he wouldn't pull it. He just jumped around and flapped his wings and squawked 'awful.'"

Mr. Wright stopped pumping water for the horses and looked at his little son in surprise.

"Hitched Nathan to your wagon!" he exclaimed. "Who ever heard of such a thing. I should think he would have jumped around."

"Yes, and Harry's going to do it every day until Nathan learns to pull the wagon, and he's going to hitch White George up, too," said the little boy.

"Well, all right. I suppose he may if he wants to; only tell him not to hurt them or frighten them," said Mr. Wright.

Nathan and White George were two tame roosters. Nathan was a handsome barred Plymouth Rock. White George was a big Wyandotte. They were so tame that they would follow Harry in the barn, feeding the rooster and eat from their hands.

"Papa says you musn't hurt Nathan," said Clarence when he found Harry in the barn, feeding the rooster some kernels of corn.

"I won't," said Harry. "It scared him a good deal when I tried to put the bit in his mouth . I'll try him again this afternoon, and then I'll teach White George. Maybe they'll learn to pull you around the yard as Carlo does.'

That afternoon Harry tried to harness Nathan to the cart again. At first the rooster refused to stand still. Clarence fed him some corn and a piece of an apple and petted him. Then he let the boys put the harness on his back.

It took several days of patient teaching, however, before Nathan would hold the bit in his bill. It took even longer to teach White George.

"I don't think he'll ever be good," said Clarence, as George strutted away indignantly after a long, discouraging lesson.

It was disheartening, but the worst disappointment was to come.

When both roosters learned to stand hitched to the wagon with the bits in their bills Harry tried to teach them to walk off together. But it was no use, they would not learn to pull.

"You'll have to be content with a rooster tandem that won't pull," said papa, when Harry and Clarence told him their trouble.

The boys found that even though the roosters wouldn't pull the wagon they were a great curiosity when hitched up. When visitors came Harry would hitch Nathan and White George to the cart, and Clarence would sit on the seat holding the reins, feeling very proud of his two pets.—Little Chronicle.

RAT CATCHING IN CHICAGO.

Rat catching in Chicago of late years is becoming one of its necessary and paying vocations. Hearing that one of the settlement houses down in the heart of the city was to be the scene of operations, we put on short skirts and proceeded to the spot.

After waiting some time the rat catcher and his assistant finally appeared, and we immediately rose to the occasion, and, incidentally, to the table.

From this stronghold we watched the rat catcher-in-chief don a pair of long, heavy felt boots, which he smeared plentifully with some thick and sticky substance. Then he placed himself in the middle of the floor, cautioning us not to make a sound, while the assistant turned out all the lights and opened the doors back and front.

After waiting perhaps five minutes, though it seemed more like an hour, we heard a fain squeak and scurrying, then more squeaks and scurrying, and in the dim light we could see little black bodies with long tails circling round and round the man in the boots, until it seemed as though an army of them was there. The tapping of tiny feet, scratching, rustlings, and the little thuds of falling bodies made the air hideous. We drew our dresses tighter and wondered what was going to happen next.

Suddenly the assistant scratched a match and lit the gas, and what a scene was there. The chief rat catcher stood like the "Pied Piper of Hamlin," with a scrambling mass of charmed rats about his feet. Quickly the assistant slammed both doors, and, while the little animals were blinded with the light, the two men produced each a pair of long pincers from their pockets and proceeded to catch the rats by their long, wiry tails, and deposit them in two big sacks. As they nipped them up, squealing and wriggling, we counted. There were just ninety-six.

When the sacks, which were of leather, had been securely tied, we crawled down from our perch and asked them what they were going to do with their "catch."

"Why," said the man of the boots, "mebbe, we'll skin 'em alive and sell the pelts."

"What for?"

"Oh, fer kids' shoes and mits," he replied.

When we ventured to inquire what he smeared on his boots—not that we ever wanted to use it—heaven forbid—he answered:

"That's tellin', and we don't tell."—Chicago Post.

A BOY'S POCKET.

A pair of knickerbockers! Surely, you think, that is a queer name to give to a game, and yet it is one that will brighten up the dullest company.

It has passed into a proverb that a boy's pocket is a sort of omnium gatherumfi, but did you ever really try to make a list of what he carries there?

For the playing of this little game, it is necessary that you should have a pair of knickerbockers—oh, not to wear, of course, but that you may make use of one of the pockets. Get about a score of such things as boys carry—if you don't know just what to select, some boy will tell you—and put them in the pocket, making a list of them as you do so.

Now, for instance, give to each player a pencil and a sheet of paper, directing him or her to write down the numbers from one to twenty on the left hand side of the sheet and opposite each number the name of some thing that may usually be found in a boy's pocket.

When the lists have been made, they are passed by each player to the next player on the right, and the leader of the game then proceeds to take from the pocket provided for the occasion the articles that have been put there. Those who hold the lists check off such articles as they find on them, and when this is done, the player who has named the most of them wins the prize.

As the lists are to be passed to the right before they are checked off, it is better for each player to number his, so that all may easily be identified.

This may seem to be a very simple game, and so it is, but no game that you can suggest will make more fun—and that is what a game is for. —New York Mail.

My Lady's Ostrich Plumes.

A man who runs an ostrich farm, asked the other day as to the method of gathering the feathers, admitted that they were pulled out of the birds once in every eight months. Was the process painful? "Well," he replied "about equal to pulling out your eyeteeth." A good many ladies who wear ostrich feathers do so in the belief that they are thereby serving the cause of humanity. As a matter of fact, they are encouraging the most cruel and barbarous torture which man can inflict upon a bird.—Sporting and Dramatic News.

Greater New York consumes 1,380,000 quarts of milk a day.

AN INDIAN FRAUD.

Sitting Bull, the Much Advertised Sioux Warrior, Was a Coward.

According to Capt. Jack Crawford, formerly chief of scouts with the United States forces in the West, and who writes entertainingly in Munsey's Magazine on "The Last of the Indian Chiefs," Sitting Bull, the once famous Sioux and reputed a mighty warrior, was a monumental fraud. He was a mere medicine man, and became notorious simply because, with a few followers, he refused to come in and accept the rations offered by Uncle Sam. This put him into the outlaw class, and he was regarded as an enemy to the government. In 1875 he took to the hills and adopted the tactics of the renegade.

In the Little Big Horn fight, where Custer, the greatest of all Indian fighters, fell with his gallant 300 scattered on the field of massacre, it was supposed that Sitting Bull led the victorious Indians, and the world long pointed to him as the inspiring spirit of Sioux vengeance. The truth is that Sitting Bull was not in the Custer fight at all. He was looking for one of his youngsters who had strayed away from camp, and he did not put in an appearance until the historic fight was over. Nevertheless, the tremendous and sensational self-advertiser was hauled all over the United States and Europe,

SITTING BULL.

lionized and paraded as the greatest Indian general on earth.

To be pointed to as "the chief who wiped out Custer's command" meant something to an Indian, and Sitting Bull showed no reluctance about reaping the profits. He raised the price of Sioux signatures from 10 cents to $1, and nearly got writer's cramp at that. But he discovered, like other American heroes, that popularity is short-lived. His association with the palefaces had taught him the importance of being earnest. Therefore he inaugurated the famous Messiah craze among his people. He told them, with much beating of the tomtom, that their forefathers would soon return to earth, properly decked in war paint, and would proceed to wipe out the palefaces, yank out the barbed wire fences, burn the government posts, drive the United States troops into the tall timber, and return once again to the tepees and the watch-fires of the old regime.

During the time Sitting Bull was setting the stage and rehearsing his ghost dancers for the grand climax, he was so much afraid to show his face at the Indian agency that he sent one of his sons to gather in the bi-weekly rations supplied by Uncle Sam. The government authorities saw trouble ahead, and, knowing the Sioux tendency to massacre, gave orders for the arrest of the old medicine man. Thirty-nine Indian police and four volunteers went to the home of the great maker of signatures, and found him in the midst of elaborate preparations for flight. He submitted quietly to arrest, however, until one of his sons, doubtless familiar with his father's cowardly nature, began to jeer and jibe him.

Sitting Bull, true to his reputation, called in a loud voice for rescue. A general melee was precipitated, in which six Indian police and eight of Sitting Bull's braves were killed, himself among them. This closed the career of one of the most garrulous old frauds with whom Uncle Sam has ever had to deal.

TELLS WEATHER BY GOOSE BONE

Maryland Man Predicts Rain, Sunshine and Cold Accurately.

M. L. Wroten has hanging up in his office in Easton, Talbot County, Md., the breastbone of a goose, according to the Washington Star, by which he says he can tell the kind of weather that will happen in less than fourteen hours. He can look at the bone at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and tell whether it will rain, hail, snow or be clear the next morning.

He says that when rain or snow is coming the bone will become moist or dark in color; when the weather is going to be clear the bone is perfectly dry and white and when a drop in the thermometer is impending it will turn purple. It is necessary, he says, to have a new goose bone every year. He has watched the different flocks of geese and always procured the weather goose for the last thirty-five years and has never known it to fail to accurately indicate the character of the weather.

In every flock of wild or domesticated geese, according to this authority, there is one goose which always takes the lead and the others follow him wherever he goes. Upon this goose there is a peculiar mark, which does not appear on any other goose in the flock and this goose is known as the "weather goose."

In the early part of the winter his goose bone indicated that there would be twenty-nine snows this winter. He says there is a secret in knowing what bone to pick out of the "weather goose" as a weather indicator, but he refused to tell the secrets. He has been offered $15 for his bone, but refused to take it, saying he would not sell it for $100.

Many people visit his office daily to find out what weather will prevail the next day. He says he has no use for the weather bureau.

Got His Second Sight.

"When we were married, less than a year ago," said Mrs. Oldboy, "you were constantly telling your friends that our marriage was the result of love at first sight on your part, and now you are always finding fault with me."

"Yes, it's true that it was a case of love at first sight when I met you," replied Oldboy, with a large, open-faced sigh, "and I'll never forgive myself for leaving my spectacles at home that day."

You can't blame the man who is putting up a stove for hitting the pipe.

Never judge a woman's age by her store teeth.

Eggs for the market should be washed clean; they look better and sell better.

Respect the brooding hen. Harsh methods should never be used to break her up.

The student of farming realizes more and more that the scope of agricultural science is infinite, so far as man is concerned.

The ram needs to be changed every two years and fresh blood infused in the flock. All things considered, a three-year-old ram is best when breeding to improve.

It is very plain why the little mill on the creek has gone into disuse when we learn that last year 100,000,000 bushels of wheat was sent to the two cities of Duluth and Minneapolis for milling purposes.

We no sooner get the last load of coal paid for than we have to be on the outlook for screen doors and windows to keep out the hungry hordes of house flies which come a little later than the time for storing the winter stoves.

Never leave ice or spring mud frozen on the horse's' ankles. It is conducive to rheumatism, chapped heel and mud fever. Rub the legs dry with a wisp of straw or a piece of old gunnysack. Cheap Turkish toweling is handy and effective.

The man who owns an upland farm fears nothing by streams overflowing. In a wet time he will lose some soil from his fields by washouts, but he cares very little about tile drains. The level lands have some advantages as well as some disadvantages.

There is a great difference between planning and planting. In order to do one successfully the other must be attended to. It is better to plan the planting than to plant the plans. Sometimes our plans do not work out and sometimes plants fail to materialize also.

The man that wishes to become a successful poultry raiser should keep right on with the work, in spite of any disasters that may have come to him. The discouragements of poultry keeping are also the lessons that teach the poultry raiser how to carry on his enterprise successfully.

Are you sure about your seed corn? Will any of it grow? Frequently one ear will be good and another bad. Sometimes one side of an ear will be alive and the other side dead. It does not matter so much the kind of seed your neighbor has, but what you have is what you should be intensely interested in.

It is a common saying that hens and gardens do not go together and that it is of no use to attempt to raise hens and keep a garden at the same time. It is true that in the spring time, when the seeds are just sending up their tender shoots, the hens are not safe creatures to have in the garden. But when the garden vegetables have obtained their growth or a good share of it the fowls may be given the run of the garden. If they touch any of the plants the pruning will often do the plants good, but most of the efforts of the fowls will be devoted to ridding the garden of bugs and worms.

With respect to solidity the different parts of the hoof vary widely. The middle layer of the wall is harder and more tenacious than the sole, for the latter crumbles away or passes off in larger or smaller flakes on its under surface, while no such spontaneous shortening of the wall occurs. The white line and the frog are soft horn structures, and differ from hard horn in that their horn cells do not, under natural conditions, become hard and hornlike. They are very elastic, absorb moisture rapidly, and as readily dry out and become hard, brittle and easily fissured. Horn of good quality is fine-grained and tough, while bad horn is coarse-grained and either mellow and friable or hard and brittle. All horn is a poor conductor of heat, and the harder (dryer) the horn the more slowly does it transmit extremes of temperature.—Prof. John W. Adams.

No Profit in Scrubs.

Inferior or scrub stock of any kind is a disgrace and not profitable to keep. Good blood is the foundation of success, says O. P. Greer in Commercial Poultry. In nothing does good blood talk so strongly as in poultry. Breeding birds strictly to the standard is the only way to have prize winners in the showroom, but that does not always prove that they are best for practical purposes. Sometimes poultry is bred too close, and each generation becomes a little more delicate in health and less productive in eggs and meat. The first and most important thing is to have strong, vigorous birds, without which it is impossible to make a success in the poultry business.

The Farmer's Garden.

Last summer when we were reveling in berries and a number of kinds of vegetables a number of children from a farm home several miles away called to spend the day with our children. At dinner we had peas, radishes, lettuce and strawberries among other things, and the timid way in which our visitors ate the vegetables and fruit attracted attention because they were not at all timed about the other food offered them. Careful inquiry revealed the fact that at home everything of the vegetable or fruit nature was sold; not much was grown at best, but what there was had to go to the market, while the family kept closely to such meat as was raised on the farm.

What a shame, when it was possible to give these youngsters what they craved at the cost of so little money and effort! It seems as if the majority of farmers had given up the kitchen garden and if any vegetables are grown for the home table it is only because the woman take a hand in it. —Indianapolis News.

Variety in Food.

The idea that small chicks should be confined to one sort of grain is wrong; of course, during the first day or two, or even the first week, when they are fed on oatmeal, this suffices, but as they grow, variety becomes necessary, and not only variety in grain, but in green food and meat scraps. True, the baby chicks should not be fed much in the way of animal food until they are large enough to hunt insects on the range, but a little of it will do them good.

After the chick gets beyond the oatmeal age there is no better plan of feeding than to have the several grains mixed, but seeing to it that the kernels are very small, so that the chick can handle it. In the matter of green food, a raw potato chopped fine, an occasional onion, carrot or even a few cabbage leaves, will supply the needs in this direction. Don't coddle the baby chicks and try to bring them up on mush, nor on the other hand, do not think they can be kept healthy and growing without considerable care in feeding.

Horse Colic and Its Cure.

One of the most fruitful causes of colic is the too common habit of allowing horses to partake of large drafts of water immediately after finishing a feed of oats. There is no surer way of generating an attack of colic than this, the reason being that when a large quantity of water is thus imbibed it has the effect of carrying with it out of the stomach and into the intestines some of the freshly eaten grain. This grain being still in a raw and undigested condition, its effect when it reaches the intestiens is to give rise to irritation and inflammation which are the immediate cause of the colic. In dealing with cases of this kind the most obvious course to adopt is to take precautions to prevent the animals from drinking large quantities of water under the circumstances just referred to. When an animal falls a victim to an attack of colic, the best thing to do is to administer a dose consisting of one ounce of laudanum and two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, along with half a pint of whisky in some hot water. Very often simple cases of colic yield to the administration of a couple of ounces of cooking soda, diluted with water, and given as soon as the first symptoms of the attacks are noticed. Should the administration of this cooking soda fail to give the desired relief, no time should be lost in following it up with the laudanum and spirits of nitre already suggested.

Wheat Straw as Feed.

An Iowa farmer says in a farm exchange: We were unlucky enough to sow some of the so-called Northern wheat sold by our local miller here last spring, and like all my neighbors who did likewise had to put up with a crop of rusty straw and two or four bushels of chicken feed per acre. When we thrashed we put this rusty straw in the bottom of the straw stack, thinking it of no value except for manure. There was only about four acres of it, and we thought to use it to keep the good straw from the native wheat, which was nice and bright, off the ground. Now we are very much surprised to find the cattle eating the very bottom out from under the straw stack. They get down on their knees and reach as far as their necks will stretch for a bite of that rusty straw and the stack is about ready to tumble. The bright straw that looked so nice to us don't seem to have any attraction for them. They leave good corn fodder half cleaned up to rubber for that rusty straw. Prairie hay don't seem to be any better to them and it looks as though I will have to fence that stray stack to keep them from getting killed when it falls. This confirms in a convincing way the report recently published in Wallace's Farmer of the analysis of bright and rusty wheat straw in which it was shown that the rusty straw contained the most nourishment. This is also another proof that cattle are pretty good chemists and often know better than their owners what is best for them.

Moles.

The Kansas Agricultural College has just issued a newspaper bulletin on moles. It says, greatly condensed: "Moles have few natural enemies, as they seldom come to the surface. Their food consists chiefly of earthworms and insects that live in the ground, and the presence of moles in large numbers is evidence of the abundance of their food. They destroy noxious insects in great numbers, especially the grub worm or May beetle larva, and were it not for the damage they do to lawns and crops by throwing up their ridges, they would be more beneficial than harmful. They seldom eat grains of newly planted corn. This is done principally by field mice that follow them. In killing them by poison the best method was to poison green corn (in the roasting ear stage) with strychnine and placing it in their burrows. Unroasted peanut kernels, poisoned, were also quite successful, as was shelled corn soaked in syrup and strychnine. Bits of meat and dead insects, poisoned, have been used successfully, but there is more danger of poisoning dogs when meat is used, as the burrows lie close to the surface.

Traps for catching moles are sold in most of the hardware stores. Nearly all of them work by the use of a spring coil, which, when released, drives a number of sharp tines into the ground and through the mole. Some experience in setting these traps will lead to the best results; but trapping is a much slower process than poisoning.

Moles are usually actively at work in the early morning or late in the afternoon. At times there is also a short period of activity about noon. It is not difficult to kill them with a pitchfork when they are working, the animals being located by observing the movement of the ground above them. If water is allowed to run into the burrow and fill it, the animal, when present, can be forced to come to the surface to avoid drowning and may be easily killed. The writer, at one time, killed a female and six young at one such operation. The best remedy for the damage done to lawns and grass plots by moles is prompt rolling with a heavy roller. By continual repetition of this the moles will be driven away, at least temporarily.