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In the Democrat.

The Man From Texas.

Senator Bailey of Texas is a great constitutional lawyer. He has no superior in the senate. He established his claim to the title this week when he signally discomfited in argument Senators Spooner and Knox, who have been aegarded as oracles of the law. The man who can put them to rout as Senator Bailey did has fixed his position as constitutional authority.

The subject under consideration was the railroad rate bill. The point in controversy was the suspension by Circuit courts pending final action of rates fixed by a commission and contested by the carrier affected by them.

Elaborate arguments were made by Senators Spooner and Knox, that congress could not deprive the inferior federal courts of the power to issue interlocutory orders when railroads asked for relief. They read from text books and they cited decisions. The constitution says "the judicial power of the United "States shall be vested in one Su-"preme court and such inferior "courts as the congress may from "time to time ordain and establish." The eminent senators contended that when inferior courts had been established and given jurisdiction over a particular subject they enjoyed full judicial power which congress could not limit. It could not, they contended, deprive the courts of the right to issue temporary injunctions which is a part of the common law of equity.

The two senators made plausible arguments. Senator Bailey, in replying to them, made a convincing one. His contention was that as congress had the power to create the inferior courts and destroy them, it necessarily had the power to limit them. He took up the opinions Senator Spooner had cited and showed that he had read the views of dissenting judges as if they were the law. He pointed out instances where the senator from Wisconsin had suppressed parts of decisions which contradicted or qualified what the senator had read. Senator Bailey dealt with Senator Knox in the same way and showed how he, too, had misled the senate as to the law.

Senator Spooner did not enjoy dissection It was an unusual experience for him. Usually he is quick to interrupt, to ask questions, and to indicate a blot if his adversary has left one. On this occasion he was mute and unhappy. He was unable to find any flaws in the compact and lucid argument of his opponent.

If Senator Spooner should be urged by colleagues opposed to railroad rate regulation to reply to Senator Bailey he could, with reason, say what Gallatin did when pressed to reply to an argument made by John Marshall when the two were in the house of represenatives. "Sir," said Galltain, "it is unanswerable."

The best argument is the one which makes converts. Senator Bailey's was equal to that test. When the senator had concluded, Senator Hale, himself a lawyer, said that the power of congress to control all federal courts, except the Supreme court, had been proved. He said the senate was about to agree on a rate bill, and that Senator Bailey's remarks had "largely contributed to that near and beneficient result." A compliment of that kind is seldom paid in a legislative body.

The senator from Maine went on to say that he was for having a rate fixed by the interstate commerce commission stand until set aside by the Supreme court. Senator Aldrich, the arch champion of the railroads, could not believe his ears. He is for suspensory orders which shall be in force during two or three years of litigation. He said, in horrified tones, "You mean the Circuit court." "I mean the Supreme court," said Senator Hale. The senator from Rhode Island was strictly dumb.

Texas has sent many able men to congress, but none better qualified to represent the state and render service to the public than Senator Bailey. He has spiked the guns of Senators Spooner and Knox and made Senator Aldrich extremely unhappy.--Chicago Tribune.

The secret visit of a number of government officials in Davenport during the past few weeks, is proving very costly to numerous Davenport merchants, as well as several societies and clubs which handle intoxicating beverages in catering to the wants of their members and patrons. The government officials here represent the United States internal revenue service, and have been quietly at work for several weeks past. They dropped into the city unannounced and at once set to work, as a result of which they have trapped quite a number of parties in the illicit selling of intoxicating beverages and made them pay dearly for their mistake. Drug stores, saloons, clubs and societies, as well as sporting houses, have been inspected by the government officials, and many of them forced to pay the government license for the selling of intoxicating liquors for many years past. Their books and accounts have been examined by the officers and in this way they have been able to learn just what traffic is being done in this line by the various parties and for how many years back they have been conducting this business.—Davenport Democrat.

Every man knows some other man whom he would like to kick.

MY MA, SHE KNOWS

My pa, he scolds me jes' becuz
He says I'm gettin' tough;
He says my face is never clean,
My hands are always rough;
I'm not behavin' like I should
An' goin' wrong I s'pose,
But ma, she takes an' pats my hand,
An' smiles, becuz she knows.

My pa hain't got no use fer boys;
I s'pose he wants 'em men;
I wonder if he's clean forgot
The boy he must 'a' been;
Fer ma, she says they're all alike
'Bout faces an' hands an' clothes,
An' says I'll learn to be a man;
An' ma, I guess she knows.

My pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I'd rather fool away the time
An' whistle, dance an' sing
But ma, she smiles an' says I'm young,
An' then she up an' goes
An' kisses me, an' shows me how;
Fer ma, you bet she knows.

My pa, he says I'll never be
A business man, like him
Because I hain't got any "drive"
And "get-up," "pluck" and "vim;"
But ma, she says so solemn like,
"A man's a boy that grows;"
"An' boys must have their playin' spells;"
An' ma's a trump, an' knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs,
An' says he doesn't see
Where I get all the careless ways
That seem jes' born in me;
An' ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs,
Till pa's face crimson grows,
An' then she says, "'Tis very queer,"
But, somehow, ma, she knows.

My ma, she knows' most everything
'Bout boys, an' what they like;
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
I make with kites and bike;
She says she wants me to be good
An' conquer all my foes,
An' you jes' bet I'm goin' to be,
Cuz my sweet ma, she knows.

Demand For Horses.

For the past eight or ten years the demand for draft horses has been steadily increasing. Notwithstanding this, farmers are just beginning to realize that they ought to raise draft horses rather than light weight horses. Light horses can be raised to advantage on the western plains, but the big, 1,600 to 1,800-pound geldings that are needed on the streets of our large cities cannot be raised on the plains. It takes good tame grasses, oats and corn to produce a draft horse and this is not to be found on the western ranges. Now and then we hear farmers say that they are looking for another decline in the prices of draft horses in the near future because so many have gone into the business. To these men we wish to say that if they will keep in touch with the leading horse markets they will find that many two, three and four-year-old draft horses change hands every day.

Notwithstanding the fact that a horse is not considered fit for heavy work in the cities until he is five years of age, there are not enough of the five-year-olds to go around, and consequently the younger animals must help to supply the demand. With this condition of affairs the farmers in the corn belt need have no fear of a decline in horse values for the next eight or ten years at least. In fact, we do not expect to see draft horses go begging for buyers for a quarter of a century yet.

No one is better situated for breeding draft horses than the small farmer. The large breeder cannot compete with him, because the latter can get nothing but a colt out of his mares while the farmer can get a colt and a large amount of work in addition. Furthermore, it is a recognized fact that a mare doing moderate farm work will produce a better colt than one that is allowed to run at pasture the year round, thus not securing the exercise necessary to keep up her bodily vigor and stamina.—Farmer's Tribune.

Handling Pigs After Weaning.

As a rule, the average swine breeder has little difficulty in bringing his pigs to an age of eight or ten weeks, and at that time his bunch is usually quite even. However, as soon as they are weaned a difference begins to show, and it is from this period on that calls for a special knowledge of the business.

Not more than forty or fifty should be in one bunch. Feed them slop made about the same as for sows, but some thinner and without any very coarse food in it, especially oat hulls. They should have a clover and rape patch to run on (a neighbor has had splendid success with sorghum). They must be grown and not fattened now. Don't hold them back for want of anything, as they must be kept growing Have a self-feeder and keep the following mixture in it so they can get at it all the time: copperas, ten pounds; salt, one peck; charcoal, one bushel; sulphur, ten pounds; Glauber salts, five pounds. This will prevent scours in most cases and I usually keep a little coal tar dip in the slop. Santonin is the best vermifuge I have ever used, but it is strong and must be used with caution. The following makes three feeds for twenty-five or fifty-pound pigs: one ounce of santonin, one pound of oil meal, one pound of soda. Cut the feed the day before and give with half the regular feeds three successive feeds.

The pigs should be sprinkled every two weeks with some reliable coal tar dip, or, better yet, dip them in a regular dipping tank once per month, and if they form a wallow somewhere put a quart of dip in it. This will help keep the lice down. If there are too many wallows, fence them in so the pigs cannot get to them, as they are generally breeding places for disease germs.

At the present price of mill feeds we must grow as much flesh-producing food on our farms as possible, and grass is the cheapest. A small patch of sweet corn will furnish an abundance of green food about the time the grass begins to wane. We must be careful in getting our pigs on new corn. There is no danger if we get them on it gradually. Suppose you were changed from your regular diet to one composed of green corn, new potatoes and cucumbers. More than likely you would require the services of an M. D.

Our pigs are castrated when four or five weeks old and dipped in a coal tar solution, and they heal a good deal nicer and quicker. We now separate our breeding stock and run them in a bunch by themselves, as they must have different feed from the fattening stock. The males and females are also separated at this time. The ones that are for market should have their corn ration increased gradually until they get all they will eat, and they should be kept gaining until marketed. Our breeding stock continues to run on grass and get more flesh-producing food, including oats and barley.

Pure water is a very essential thing and must be where they can get at it all the time. We have an automatic waterer made of plank that we have used for years that has proven very satisfactory. It can be covered with manure in winter and if you have a tank heater in the supply tank, the water will be clear from ice all day. Some essentials are cleanliness, flesh-producing foods, exercise and sunshine.—Farm Gazette.

AN HOUR'S WALK.

You Would Hardly Think It Meant Traveling 85,253 Miles.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel when you are out on an hour's stroll? Possibly you walk three miles within the hour, but that does not by any means represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. For the sake of round figures, we will call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and so you must have traveled during the hour's stroll 1,000 miles in the axial turn of the earth.

But this is not all. The earth makes a journey around the sun every year and a long but rapid trip it is. The distance of our planet from the sun we will put at 92,000,000 miles. This is the radius of the earth's orbit—half the diameter of the circle, as we call it. The whole diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference, being the diameter multiplied by 3.1416, is about 578,000,000.

This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and dividing it by 365 we find the daily speed about 1,586,000. Then we get the distance you rode around the sun during your hour's walk, divide again by twenty-four, and the result is about 66,000 miles. But this is not the end of your hour's trip. The sun, with its entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 160,000,000 miles in a year. That is at the rate of a little more than 438,000 miles a day, or 18,250 miles an hour.

So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you find you have traveled in the hour 85,253 miles.

CRUDE HOUSEKEEPING.

Domestic Methods In England In the Fourteenth Century.

Carpets were unknown luxuries in England in the fourteenth century, but the fashion of strewing the apartments with rushes was being gradually abandoned. Rushes were still used in the retainers' hall, but for the better rooms sweet scented herbs and fragrant twigs were usually employed.

Windows were apertures filled with glass so as to admit light, but to exclude wind. The walls also were frequently hung with cloth or tapestry to protect the inmates of the room from the many currents of air that penetrated the strong but badly built walls. We learn from various ancient documents that it was the duty of the serving men and pages to sweep out the principal apartments, but as the use of water is rarely mentioned damp and fragrant leaves and twigs must have aided not only in collecting the dust, but also toward refreshing the atmosphere in such constantly closed rooms, fresh air being only admitted through the doors opening on to the battlements or balconies.

From old inventories at Thurleigh and elsewhere we ascertain how scantily furnished were these ancient mansions, although they seem to have been abundantly supplied with flagons and drinking cups in gold, silver and finely engraved pewter, besides an infinite number of black jacks or cups made of leather.—London Standard.

Gems and Disease.

Many curious stories of the healing of blindness and diseases by gems are to be found in ancient works, and it is said that the Emperor Theodosius was cured of blindness by a stone of great brilliancy which was laid on his eyes. What this stone was history unfortunately does not say. The diamond, ruby, emerald and opal were supposed to warn the owner of danger by changing color. Pliny says of the diamond that it is not only an antidote to poison, but that it has the power to free the mind from vain fears and to give bravery. Worn in the ephod of the high priest it determined innocence or guilt and was used to detect accused persons. This gem is dedicated to April, and, worn by those born in that month, is lucky.—Myerson's Magazine.

There Is Plenty of Coal.

Every now and then some statistician with too much liver utters figures showing that the world's coal supply will last only a few hundreds of years. Make it many, many thousands. China has coal to burn—400,000 square miles of coal fields, some say. Japan has plenty more. Roumania has enough for the Balkan states if ever they stop burning powder and one another's houses. America's bin will be full for centuries on centuries. Great Britain and Germany will not be coalless soon. Let us worry about something else.—Everybody's Magazine.

After Identification.

Detective—Could you identify the man who buukoed you? The Victim—Identify him? I'll do a good deal more than that to him if I ever get near enough.

Ancient Salads.

The lettuce was deemed by the ancients the food of the dead because when Adonis, the beloved of Venus, was mortally wounded by a wild boar the weeping goddess laid him upon a bed of soft and tender lettuce, whose milky juice possesses soothing and narcotic qualities. Lettuce was eaten by the ancients at the close of their repasts, as from its cooling qualities it was considered an antidote to the heating effects of wine. The bitter herbs which the Jews ate at the passover were wild lettuce, succory, tansy, camomile and dandelion, and this same race are the inventors of the salad compounded of oil, vinegar, sugar, salt and mustard to render the bitter herbs palatable. The Irish two centuries ago made their salads of sorrel, wood sorrel and beet chopped with vinegar, beer and a little sugar, but no oil, salt or mustard. Readers of classic history will remember how a lettuce caused the cruel death of Cambyses, king of Persia and Media, and of his consort, who was also his sister.

Municipal Thrift.

On the way from one town on Cape Cod to another a contributor to the Boston Transcript came upon a charming house by the roadside, which immediately claimed his attention. It bore a fresh coat of white paint, which was well set off by green blinds. There was a smooth piece of lawn in front, a group of fine shade trees and hammocks, piazza chairs, brilliant sofa pillows and all the adjuncts of summer comfort in luxurious profusion.

"Whose place is this?" he demanded of the boy of twelve who accompanied him as guide and adviser in general.

"That there?" said the boy. "Oh, that there's the poorhouse."

"The poorhouse!" the man exclaimed. "You seem to have luxurious paupers in this town."

"Well, you see," was the explanation, "we hain't got but one, 'n' she's an old woman, 'n' the overseers they board her out with one o' the neighbors 'n' let the poorhouse to some o' them Boston folks for the summer, 'n' that pays her keep."

How to Boil Water.

To boil water would seem to be a very simple thing, and yet the late Charles Delmonico used to say that very few people knew how to do it. "The secret is," he said, "in putting good fresh water into a clean kettle already quite warm and setting the water to boiling quickly and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee or other drinks before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is in the atmosphere and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle is what makes a great many people sick, and it is worse than no water at all." For water boiled like this and flavored with a few drops of lemon juice Mr. Delmonico used to charge as much as for his best liquors, and he often recommended it to his customers and friends who complained of loss of appetite. It is worth trying. —Good Living.

The Alternative.

The doctor had been called to see a pitman's wife. On coming down from her room the doctor said to the husband: "Well, Geordy, I'm glad to say there isn't very much wrong with your wife. It's a case of too much blood, and we'll try an old fashioned remedy. Just get a leech at the chemist's and put it on her, and I believe you'll find her better when I call in the morning." Next day the doctor called again and, meeting the husband, who was a bit of a sportsman, like many of his kind, said: "And how's your wife this morning, Geordy? Better, I expect." "Nai, man, but she's worse," replied Geordy. "Worse!" exclaimed the doctor. "But did you do as I told you last night?" "Well, not exactly, for I couldna get a leech, so I put the ferret i' bed wi' 'er." —London Tatler.

Valuable Desolate Islands.

The most valuable desolate islands in the world are the Liakovs, in the Arctic ocean, off the mouth of the Lena, in Siberia. They are frost bound and utterly barren save for arctic moss, but they contain such enormous quantities of fossil ivory that they are exceedingly valuable—in fact, although uninhabited save for the ivory diggers and of themselves incapable of supporting life, they produce a revenue of £1,000,000 a year.—London Queen.

A Bengalese Peculiarity.

A doctor remarks: "What strikes one most at a Bengal hospital is the lack of sense of proportion in the estimation of diseases. A man is gravely perturbed because he has not sneezed for three months, but he is comparatively indifferent to the fact that he exhibits the early signs of leprosy.

Rustic Folly.

"You'd never think Kjones was from the country, would you? His manner is perfect and his dress fashionable."

"Yes, but he gave himself dead away on the street car today."

"How?"

"Got up and gave his seat to a woman."—Cleveland Leader.

Little Tasks of Life.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.—Phillips Brooks.

Her Attraction.

Jim—How did you fall in love with her? Is she pretty or is she rich? Jack—Both; she's pretty rich.—Pittsburg Gazette.

A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it.

On and Off.

Mrs. Hightone—You are having trouble with your cooks? Mrs. Flashly—The first one carried on so. Mrs. Hightone—And how about the last? Mrs. Flashly—She carried off so. I lost two dresses and a hat.

Perseverlng.

"Jenkins is a man of remarkable perseverance."

"Is he?"

"Yes, indeed. He has tried six different kinds of hair restorer, and he hasn't given up the fight yet."

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Is made from the pick of the choicest wheat grown, in a modern mill, by expert millers, and is absolutely pure. All Quaker Mill products are pure products.

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