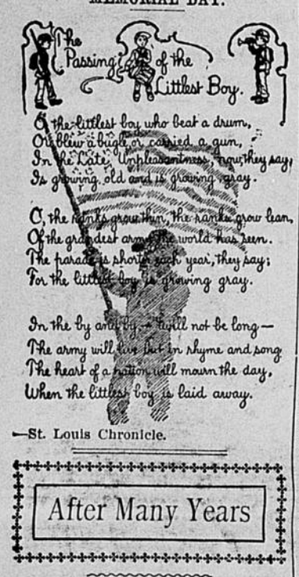
MEMORIAL DAY.



—St. Louis Chronicle.

After Many Years

"Now, Miss Jinney, you is alus a wantin' a story about dem tryin' times in Ole Caroliney, an' I's jes don' tole ye all I knowed ober and ober agin."

And our own colored cook, 'Tilda Jackson, knocked the ashes out of her pipe on the hearth of the kitchen range, which to us children was a preliminary sign that old 'Tilda held in reserve one of her reminiscences of her life on the Old Carter plantation, near the city of Charleston, and of the Civil War.

We children, my sister and I, used to love to steal down to her especial domain in the gloaming, and tease for a story of that enchanted land of flowers, and especially of those battles fought near the Carter place, and of which the old negress was an eye witness.

Refilling her pipe, and settling herself in her easy chair, she continued:

"I jes' done recolmember one moah ob dem yarns, but it's erbout how my ole missus kep Decoration Day all by her lone self, an' how she done put posies on one grave fur fifteen long years afore she found out who de poah young fella was."

Here old 'Tilda stopped and lighted her pipe, puffed away with a retrospective glance at us two girls, as we crept closer to this oracle in ebony, and, having stimulated our curiosity, she continued:

"Wal, jes' a couple o' days after dat ere big fight at Charleston my ole man, Lige Jackson, he was down back o' de field a cuttin' bresh, an' all at once I seen him drop the ax an' start fur de house on a run. An' I was dat scart I let de soap boil over, case I was makin' soap out in de yard, an' was bound dat a snake had bit him, or he had got a lick wid de ax—fur Lige was de laziest niggah in de whole kentry, an' I knowed something had happened when I seen him git such a move on to him. An' shore enough, when he came up, all out of breff, I knowed it was time to git scart, an' says he: 'iTldy, tell de missus dar's a sojier lyin' down dar back ob de fence, by de run, an' I reckon he is powful bad hurt, 'case he's a grownin' an' done seem to sense notin'.'

"Wal, my missus wan't berry ole in dem days, but she was jus' done fading lake a putty posey, along ob dat dreadful wah, expecting to heah dat de cunnel was killed, an' all de oder trouble erbout de niggas gittin' free, wid de place half woked an' fust one army takin' rations and den de oder till it 'pears like day wasent much lef'. Wall, I jis pulled de stick from under dat soap kittle an' run round to de front porch, whar missus was sittin', an' tole her what Lige seen. She got right up an' made Lige an' ole Minkey, de coachman, go and brung dat pooh fellah to de house. She an' me a fixin' up a bed fur him while dey is gone.

"Byenby dey toats him in an' lays him in it. He was outen his hade lake, an' missus send right off fur a doctor, and he foun' he was shot in de side, de ball goin' roun' by de spine, an' he say dat air pooh boy dun got he death blow, and de doctor reckon he was eider shot while on picket duty or had dropped behind when he dun got hurt, while de army marched on an' lef' him. Anyway, dar he was, an' he doant know nobody ner nothing, an' de doctor say he was parlised, so he couldent even move his pooh tongue.

"Wall, missus an' me nussed him till we both pretty nigh dun drop in our tracks fur a week. Den at las' he dun went home to glory, as de sun was settin' lake in a sea of fiah.

"But jis' afore he breaved his las' he kinda com'd to his senses, an' kep' a lookin' at missus—an' he try'd so mighty hard to speak an' was dat distressed case he couldn't, de big tears roll outen his handsome black eyes an' roll down his cheeks dat was as white as de sheet, an' de sweat lay so cole an' thick on his hade dat his pretty dark curls looked like dey were don got dipped in de rain water barrl.

"De missus take his han' an' say:

"'Nebber mine, de lovin' Jesus knows jes' what ye want to say,' an' would help him ter make her en'stan', anyway she would dun find out who his folks war an' write 'em all about how he fit an' died duin' his duty, or what he thought war his duty.

"Den he kept looking at his pooh ragged clothes, dat was a hangin' whar he could see 'em, till missus takes de hint from his appealin' eyes, and goes and hunts through de pockets. She dun found nothin' but a little Bible, an' when she bring it to him his eyes jes shine, lake de stars in de night, an' missus opened it an' a leetle tintype of a putty young thing a holdin' a little baby er about a year old drapped out, an' then he looked so glad. Missus axed him ef dat war his wife an' baby, an' he nodded yas, an' den missus say: 'I kin find dem by 'vertisin' in de newspapers, an' I tink I dun know what ye want me to tell dem,' an' den she see dat he was satisfied, an' his poor eyes was loosin' deir light. She dun took his han' in hers, an' sang lake an' angel dat pretty hymn about:

"'All my trus' on de is staid.'

"Dar was two or three verses, but I disremember 'em. Anyway while she was *singing de gates ob glory opened* and tuk dot poor boy in.

"Ef he war fightin' on de wrong side he dident dun know it. He just did his duty as he had learned it from older hades. So de missus had him laid to res' up in de grove back of de house, an' ebery Decoration Day she dun put posies on dat lone grabe, rain or shine, sick or well."

"Did she ever advertise?" asked Jennie, wiping the tears out of her eyes.

"Deed she did! an' fur years she war tryin' to fine dem folks ob hisen, till it went on fur nigh on ter fifteen years. De wah was dun, de niggars all free, Massah Carter loss an arm a fightin' agin it, an' his only chile, young Massa John, war growed up to be a man, an' like his ma, as putty as a picter, and dat smart dat he run de plantation his own self. He hired de niggahs to work dat war good fur anything, an' let de triflin' ones go.

"Wall, der used to be lots of company allus a comin' up from Charleston, an' one day in May dar war Massa John's cousin, Miss Liddy Carter, dun come out to de plantation ter make a visit, an' she brung erlong a young school friend', Nellie Munson, an' she was as putty as a picter, with eyes as black as de night when de moon don't shine, an' de color ob her cheeks war like de roses in de gardin.

"Wall, such time as dem young critters had. Day was boatin' an' fishin', an' hossback ridin' ebery day ob der lives. Wal, one sweet, putty morning my ole missus say, dis is Decoration Day; ef you young ladies want to go wid me to put flowers on my grabe, I would like yer company. Miss Liddy she jes' dun streach herself outen de hammock on de veranda, an' she say:

"'Scuse me, aunty. I'm awful tired of dat grabe; eber since I was a baby I recolmember it.'

"But Miss Nellie she dun jump up an' say:

"'Please let me go, I've dun hear how good you war to dat poah sojier an' I know some day you will git your reward.' So she an' missus walked off in de bright sunshine, de bees war a hummin' and de birds a singin', and dey carried a great baskit of posies—de hunney suckle an' roses, an' jasamine, an' Miss Nellie de prettiest flower of all in her white frock and sky blue sash.

"Miss Liddy she lay dar swingin' in de hammak, and Massa John, after a little, gits up and starts for de grove, too. Den Miss Liddy laffs and sais kinder scornful lake: 'Is it Miss Nell or de grabe that takes you out dar dis hot mornin'?'

"He jes laugh back at her an' say:

"'Ob corse it's de grabe, dat's my 'ligeous duty, ye know, 'specially when dar's a lovely young lady in de bargain.'

"De ole missus allus like to habe us all come up dar, too, so I war dar jes' as Mr. John got dar, an', as usual, my missus opened dat sojier's Bible an' was jus' goin' ter read when Miss Nellie saw de leetle tintype, and she gabe a leetle cry lake, an' takin' it from de missus han' she said:

"'Oh, Mrs. Carter, my ma has got jes such a picture, an' it's hers and mine when I was a baby.' Den she laid her haid down into missus' lap an' began ter cry, an' she sobbed out dat her pa was in de wah, an' disappeared, an' day dun tried ebery way to fine out someting erbout him. Missus axe her what was her pas and mas name, an' she tole her dere names war 'George an' Lucy.' An' missus opened de Bible, an' dar was writ on de leaf 'From Lucy to George.' Den she took de poah young lady in her arms, an' said: '"How wonderful are dy ways, oh, Lord!" An', my chile, dare under all dem flowers sleeps your father, an' in this peaceful spot. He has not been like a stranger, or neglected, so now in de Providence ob de good Lord, de dearest wish ob his heart is fulfilled. I trus' you will be comforted.'

"Massa John walked erway wipin' his eyes, an' ole missus read a comfortin' varse or two outen dat little Bible, an' we uns sang a hymn, and de decoration was ober fur dat day, an' missus said to all ob us:

"'Let dis yar teach yer a lesson ob faith. Do your duty, no matter how long de way is, or how dark de cloubds.'

"Wall, chil'en, it is time ye were in yer beds. It's jes erbout true, dis yarn. Ebery word is as true as de gospil. Yas, Miss Jinnie, dat are grabe is decorated ebery year when dis day comes aroun', though de ole massa and missus is lyin' down beside dat young sojier boy, an' it's Miss Nellie's grabe now, for she dun gon' an marr'd Massa John, an' he jus' lubs de ground she walks on. De ole missus lubed her, too, and you ought to a seen what care Miss Nellie dun took ob de ole missus in her las' sickness, fur month afore she dun went to her reward, and she say ober and ober again:

"'No kind act is overlooked by de Master; an', honey, I'm gittin' my pay now for honorin' de dead by a few flowers on a lonely grabe upon de day de nation set apart to 'memorate dose dat fell.'"

Knowing Canine.

Myer—That dog of yours seems to be quite an intelligent animal.

Gyer—You bet he is. I had to learn to speak German on his account.

Myer—Because why?

Gyer—So I could talk to my wife without the dog knowing what I said.

The Sadness of It.

Fred—Oh, woe is me! I'm a victim of heart failure.

Joe—Why, how is that?

Fred—I was going to ask old Gotrox for the hand of his daughter last night, but my heart failed me.

Although South America has about twice the area of the United States, it has only half the population.

HE DID NOT FIGHT FOR THIS

Some of the patriotism of '61 should enter into present day activities.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

TALKS WITH NATURE.

"I think you're quite funny," I said
To the River, "For while you've a bed
You're awake night and day,
And run on, yet you stay;
And your mouth is so far from your head."

I said to the Hill: "I'll allow
You have a most wonderful brow,
But you've such a big foot
That you never can put
On a shoe of the style they use now."

I said to the Tree: "You are queer;
Your trunk is all packed, but I fear
You can't leave until spring
When—a curious thing—
You must still remain standing right here."

To a green red Blackberry I said:
"I know you are green when you're red
And you're red when you're green,
But to say what I mean
Is enough to befuddle one's head."
—Nixon Waterman in St. Nicholas.

THE LUCK OF LITTLE RUTHY.

Ruthy Ransom lived in a little frame house on the bank of the Allegheny River. Her father was a clerk in the village store and her mother kept chickens to "help out," for the owner of the store did not pay Ruth's father very much.

Her father had given her a lot of little pictures, all fastened together in one big page. He told her they were to cut out and paste in her scrap book. "Oh, no!" Ruthy had said, "they are much too pretty to touch?" And so she saved them.

It was now nearly Easter. Ruthy was sitting in the dining room reviewing her spelling lesson. Supper was over and the dishes were washed. She could hear her mother putting them away on the shelves in the kitchen.

"Where is father?" she thought. Then she heard him come in the kitchen and begin talking.

"How many have you?" he said.

"Oh, plently," replied his wife. "That is not what is bothering me."

"I know what it is then—dye!"

"Yes," she said. "Could you get me some?"

"There isn't a speck of dye in the store. I sold the last package a week ago."

"Oh, pshaw! It's too bad! If I could only think of some other way of making eggs pretty, so they would be Easter eggs and not just plain everyday eggs? Can't you thing of some way?

"Why, yes; if you had some paint you could paint them," suggested Ruth's father.

"Beautiful! And if I were an artist. I could not only paint them, but also paint pictures on them! It is a very big word."

Then they were both silent.

Ruthy heard her father go out again. Then she heard something that sounded like a sob. She slipped out of the dining room door and up the stairs.

"Paint pictures on them—pictures on them." She kept hearing it over and over in her mind. "Easter eggs with pictures on!" She had never seen any kind of an Easter egg with pictures on it and the idea fascinated her. She kept thinking of it again and again.

When she reached the little room where she and Jenny, one of her younger sisters, slept, she tip-toed softly, for Jenny was already in bed and fast asleep.

It was dark, but Ruthy was more than eight years old, and, there is nothing to be afraid of in the dark, anyway. On a box by the door was her precious scrap book. She always kept it there. From between its covers she drew something like a sheet of stiff paper. She passed her fingers over it lovingly, feeling the glazed side with the raised picture on it. It seemed to her that she could see plainly all its many forms and colors. Here was a little rose; there was a tiny wreath of flowers, and now her fingers touched the figure of a tiny prince with his funny little hat, his tight knee trousers and his wee slippers with big bows. She kissed the paper, then tenderly tucked it under her arm and carried it downstairs.

"Here, mother, take this,' she said.

"But why have you brought me that, darling."

"Why, I heard what you and father said about the eggs. There are lots of tiny little, dear little pictures here that you could paste on the eggs."

"But I shall not need all these, dearest. I will just cut out the very smallest and paste them on. And you shall help me."

Next day Ruthy and Jenny and Carrie were all playing dolls together. "Oh!" said Ruthy, "suppose we should have eggs with pictures on them this Easter!"

"I'd like to have an Easter egg with a picture of dolly on it," said Carrie.

"I think an egg with a ring of little roses around it would be prettiest," said Jenny, "and Maud would like a bunny, I knew, 'cause she always hugs her dirty little rag rabbit."

Ruthy could hardly wait for the children's bedtime, she was so anxious to begin work. Then after supper she helped cut out pictures and pasted them on the eggs. Oh, what fun it was!

"These eggs will bring a high price," said her mother, smiling, "and I know of one little girl who will have a new straw hat if they sell well."

"Oh, I guess you mean me!" cried Ruthy delightedly, as she kissed her mother good night.

The next morning Ruthy's father carried a large box of Easter eggs to the store to sell, and every one who saw them bought at least one, so that they were gone before night.

Easter morning there was a dear little nest at each place on the breakfast table. In Carrie's nest was an egg with a dolly picture on it; Jenny had a wreath of roses, and little Maud a bunny. Ruth's egg had a picture of a sweet little girl on it, and written in red ink were the words: "To a generous little maiden."

And in her chair was a big box and in the big box, under a coverting of tissue paper, was a beautiful brown straw hat, trimmed with big yellow buttercups and brown velvet ribbon. —Washington Star.

ENGLISH GUN MAKING.

The firearms industry of England was originated in the Tower of London by Henry VII. who, objecting to dependence upon Belgium, Italy and Germany for his small arms, imported a number of Hainaulters, who could use, repair and make hand guns. In 1683 we have the first record of the gunsmiths of Birmingham, when Sir Richard Newdigate, the then member for Warwickshire, procured the Birmingham manufacturers their first government contract for muskets.

Since those days the Birmingham manufacturers have been ceaseless in their endeavors to raise the standard of their weapons, and in the markets of the world today their guns have noe qual. But the cupidity of the dealer has induced him to substitute for the Birmingham-made weapon that of Belgian manufacture. This, he insists, is "just as good," the chief argument in favor of the Liege gun being, of course, the prospect of a large profit.

Thirty years ago England had over 50 per cent. of the world's trade in firearms; now, without including the firearms which are used in the countries in which they are produced, England has less than one-tenth of the remaining foreign trade.

Belgium has about 65 per cent. of the foreign demand for firearms. * *

* Great Britain is now included as one of the best markets for Belgium firearms.—London Express.

NAILED BIRDS OF BRITTANY.

"Speaking of exaggerations," said a traveler, "reminds me of the pie bird story of the Breton farmer. There was a farmer in Brittany who wished to tell a visitor how his farm had been overrun with pies. Pies, you know, are large birds, black and white, with long tails—a kind of crow. The farmer said the pies devastated his fields horribly. If he put up scarecrows the birds tore them down. One day his young son ran into the granite farmhouse and shouted:

"'Oh, father, hundreds of birds. The wheat is being all eaten up!'

"The farmer loaded his gun. But where were the shot? None could be found. Then he ran out. The wheat field was black and white, like a checkerboard, with pies. The farmer gave a loud yell and the birds all flew up into a tall poplar. He fired, and lo, every bird was nailed fast to the tree. Their flapping wings filled the air with a loud whir. The farmer, amazed, stood watching them. Then a strange thing happened. The birds with one grand united effort pulled up the huge tree and flew away with it.—San Francisco Star.

PROFIT IN CAT FARM.

Brutus McConolog's cat farm, started as a jest, has opened up a new field for money making. The owner says that his profits for the last season amounted to $4,326. He is now planning to extend the farm and double the output.

Owning some barren land along the shores of the lake, Mr. McConolog erected a few buildings and stocked the place with white cats, his object being to palm off the skins of the kittens as ermine. This was not much of a success, but he found a ready market for the fur of the old cats, hatters declaring it was the very thing they were looking for.

Discarded fish from the lake, scraps of meat and corn meal are used for feeding, and since cats are light eaters the cost of maintaining them is not heavy.

Three crops of kittens are raised each year, and when they are half grown the animals are killed by gas and the skins sent to the hat factories.

By a careful system of breeding, Mr. McConolog hopes to rear a cat that will yield half a pound of fur, and thus double his profits.—Cleveland Dispatch to Philadelphia North American.

ANIMALS OBJECT TO KEROSENE.

I never knew until this winter," said the manager of an animal hospital, "how thoroughly most animals detest the smell of kerosene. Several times the steam heating apparatus in this place went on a strike, and we tried to raise the temperature by means of an oil stove. The smell of the oil produced a regular mutiny among the animals. Cats are particularly sensitive to the odor of kerosene. Next door to my house is a store which has been heated all winter long with an oil stove. In the beginning of the season the merchant owned a fine cat that seemed well satisfied with his comfortable home. No sooner, however, was the stove lighted than the cat deserted its quarters in the store and sought a home for the winter in a steamheated building some distance away. He comes back once in a while, but the smell of the oil soon drives him away again.—Philadelphia Record.

QUITE SIMPLE.

"Here's a problem for you," remarked Jones major to Smith minor, who considered himself exceptionally smart in answering riddles. "A donkey was tied to a rope six feet long; eighteen feet away there was a bundle of hay, and the donkey wanted to get to the hay. How did he manage it?"

"Oh, I've heard that before!" rejoined Smith minor. "You want me to say, 'I give it up,' and you'll say, 'So did the other donkey'!"

"Not at all!" said Jones major.

"Then how did he do it?"

"Just walked up to the hay and ate it."

"But you said he was tied to a rope six feet long!"

"So he was. But, you see, the rope wasn't tied to anything. Quite simple, isn't it!"—Chums.

Artificial Lighting.

The candle and lamp, the gaslight, the electric light—these are the steps which mark the development of the lamp. And how marvellous a growth it is! How great the triumph over darkness! In the beginning a piece of wood burns with a dull flame and fills the dingy wigwam or cave with soot and smoke; now, at the pressure of a button ,the house is filled with a light that rivals the light of day, with not a particle of smoke or soot or harmful gas. Are there to be further triumphs in the art of lighting? Are we to have a light that shall drive out the electric light?—Time only can tell.—St. Nicholas.

Words and Stones.

Some years ago George Meredith had a house built for himself which was rather small, although extremely comfortable. One day a lady visited him, and with great pride he showed her over the place. After their tour of inspection the visitor turned to her host, and with a disappointed expression, said: "In your books you describe huge castles and baronial halls, but when you come to build you put up a little house like this. Why is it?" "Well," replied the author, with a twinkle in his eye, "the reason is because words are cheaper than stones."—London Exchange.

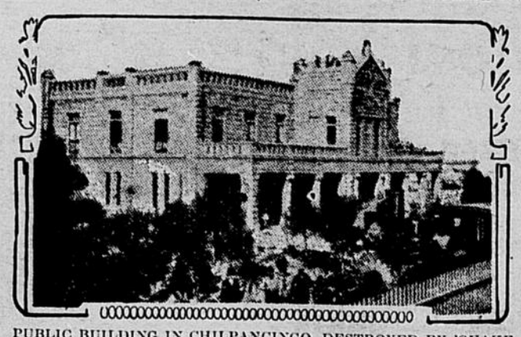
DREADED COLIMA, MEXICO'S NIGHTMARE FOR HALF A CENTURY.

Mexico, following the recent violent earthquake, is waiting in a frenzy of terror to see what the volcano of Colima will do. Like a grim outpost of the infernal regions it has terrorized southern Mexico for half a century. It seems always on the verge of a terrible outbreak, like that of Mount Pelee.

Residents of the earthquake wrecked cities of Chilpancingo, Chilapa and Tixtla are cursing this fire-topped monster to the west. Belief is general here that water finding its way through fissures from the nearby ocean stirs up the volcano. People are asking if the awful force created from a sudden inrush of water into the heated crater found its vent in the destroying earth shocks at this point.

The peak of Colima is 13,000 feet high. For fifty years it has vomited smoke, flame and ashes. Ashes fall 150 miles away. In the immediate danger zone are prosperous sugar and coffee plantations. There are also several thriving cities. The people are panic-stricken, believing worse is to come. Homes are being abandoned. Hilltops are turned into refugee camps. The people are praying.

THE VOLCANO COLIMA FROM A DISTANCE OF 25 MILES.



PUBLIC BUILDING IN CHILPANCINGO, DESTROYED BY 'QUAKE.

The present volcano is really the secondary crater of old Colima, which is seven miles away and towers 14,300 feet high. The new volcano first became active in 1851. The next serious outbreak was in 1903. All the time, however, small disturbances are going on. They occur at intervals varying from a few hours to several days. The city of Colima and surrounding country has been frequently visited by earthquakes, but periods of unusual activity by the volcano and the earthquake shocks have never before occurred at the same time.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

For the first time in six months Elmer Jurgins, on two consecutive mornings, walked to the railway station. As he went, men turned to stare at him, women pointed at him out of the windows, and even the small dogs seemed to take delight in barking at him. At the station his arrival created a mild stir, and on the second morning a group of his fellow citizens gathered about him.

"Mr. Jurgins," said the spokesman, "why do you walk to the depot in this humble fashion? Where is you rautomobile?"

"Sold it," said Jurgins, shortly.

"Going to get a larger one?"

"No, sir, I'm done with 'em."

A murmur of surprise ran through the group.

"Cost too much?" inquired the spokesman.

"Not at all. It was not very expensive to buy, and it was cheap to run. It was not the automobile that I kept, but keeping an aftomobile, which was expensive."

Some one asked for an explanation.

"Well, gentlemen," said Jurgins, "six months ago every man in this town called me 'Jurg,' was glad to walk with me and swap yarns, moved up to give me half his seat in the car, and seemed generally satisfied with me. Blicks, the grocer, knocked off a little on my bill now and then, and gave my boy a bag of candy when I settled with him.

"Toomy gave me two thousand pounds of coal in a ton, and never sent a bill for it until I asked him what I owed him.

"I hired your boy, Billings, for 10 cents an hour to cut my grass and do chores. I used to do most of them myself, in the evening.

"My wife could buy ten yards of goods and cut a dress, hire Nancy Cook for two dollars a day to sew it together and fit it, and be as well dressed as the rest of the women here. And when there was tennis, croquet or golf, no one in town was more likely to be asked to take a hand than my wife and I.

"Then I bought that automobile.

"For at least four months no man in town has called me anything but 'Mr. Jurgins.'

"Blicks adds a little to every bill because he thinks I can afford it.

"Toomy cuts the weight short and demands cash.

"Nancy Cook is only a seamstress when she sews for your wives. When mine wants her she is a modiste at five dollars a day, and requires fifteen yards of goods.

"Billings' boy won't work for me at all, since he no longer considers it a neighborhood service, and I have to get a man at 30 cents an hour—and he has to do everything.

"My milk costs me a cent a quart more, and I haven't been asked to play tennis, golf, baseball or croquet once this summer.

"No, gentlemen, I could buy an automobile, buy gasoline for it, and hire repairs made if necessary, but I can't afford to keep the automobile in the town I live in and let it be known that I own it.

"Boys, I am no longer 'Mr. Jurgins' the automobilist, I am 'Jurg' again, old 'Jurg,' henceforth and forevermore."

As the train pulled in there was a rush by each commuter to secure a whole seat, one-half of which he could offer in fellowship to the restored comrade.—Youth's Companion.

IN PRAISE OF THE ONION.

Thrives Everywhere and in Favor with Highest and Lowest.

The onion need have no fears. Its position is secure. Born of the lily family, probably in Asia, in the far-off centuries, it grows all over the world. It was well known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. It is mentioned in ancient Egyptian writings and in the Pentateuch.

When the Israelites in the wilderness grew weary of manna they sighed for the good things they had left behind and they distressed Moses when they lifted their voices in weeping and cried: "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers and the melons and the leeks and the onions and the garlic, but now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all besides this manna before our eyes."

It was not so much the fleshpots of Egypt that they sighed for as for the succulent leek, the pungent onion, the odorous garlic. The onion is the Welsh national emblem. In Spain and Italy garlic, which is merely a condensed onion, enters into nearly all dishes of both the rich and poor. The onion thrives in Siberia and in Honduras.

It flourishes on the Nile and on the Mississippi. It was a favorite with the Ptolemies of ancient Egypt and it finds favor with the highest and the lowest in Macon and Charlotte. The Lady of Shalott died of a broken heart because she had to give up either onions or her lover.

Her lover was one of those finnicky fellows who objected to the odor of onions and she would not give up the shalott. The onion is all right. It never seeks to conceal itself. It is about the only thing in hash in which one can have confidence.—Nashville American.

SOCIAL GAIN A REAL LOSS.

Duke's Daughter Went Backward When Husband Was Made a Peer.

Women filled with a fatuous fancy to introduce the British system of social precedence, or a bad imitation of it, into this country would do well, perhaps, to give heed to the trouble they have even in experienced England with that sort of thing. It is the popular idea that all changes of social position, so long as one remains in society at all, must be for the better. Nothing of the sort.

An Englishwoman, through no fault of her own, easily may lose many steps in the order of precedence and she doesn't have to "marry beneath her" to do it. Strangely enough, if a duke's daughter becomes the bride of a commoner she retains the position she held before marriage. But let her husband beware lest in advancing himself he pull his wife down the ladder, for that is precisely what he'll do if he breaks into the peerage.

A case in point is that of Lady Wimborne. She is the daughter of a duke, and as her husband was only a baronet at the time of their union she lost none of her own rank. As long as she was only Lady Cornelia Guest society classed her as a duke's daughter. But when Guest was raised to the peerage his wife stood no longer in the position of the daughter of a peer, but in that of the wife of one. Instead of taking her rank from her father, she took it from her husband, and as a lord isn't as exalted as a duke her position in the order of precedence to-day is ten steps lower than it was before and for a while after her wedding.

A pleasant contrast is the case of Sir Edward Malet, who recently refused a peerage because it would have reduced his bride, Lady Ermyntrude, from the rank of the Duke of Bedford's daughter to that of a baron's wife. Lady Margaret Compton, daughter of the Marquis of Northampton, lost six steps in the precedence scale when she gave her hand to Lord Loch, whereas had she become the wife of plain John Smith she would have retained the high rank of her girlhood.—New York Press.

FARMING IN ALASKA.

Four Agricultural Stations Carried on by the Government.

The government maintains four agricultural experiment stations in Alaska at Sitka, Copper Center, Rampart and Kenai, and reservation for another has been recommended; a point midway between Chena and Fairbanks, and adjoining the Tanana mine railway which connects the two towns being selected as a suitable location, says the Boston Alaskan.

The experiments at the Sitka station are now devoted chiefly to horticulture, and the work carried on there may be grouped into two classes: First, the introduction, propagation and testing of fruit trees and fruit bushes, with a view to ascertaining which sorts can be successfully cultivated in Alaska; and second, the testing of varieties of vegetables best suited to the climate and soil in various parts of the district. Among the fruit trees the apple has been the subject of closest study at the station, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to determine what the result will be. Interesting experiments are being made with the native fruit bushes, and new varieties of raspberries, currants and gooseberries will doubtless be the outcome of the work which is now being successfully carried forward. All the hardy vegetables are grown at the Sitka station, particular attention being paid to the potato, cabbage and cauliflower. The people of the vicinity co-operate with the government experimenters, and aid the work by supplying reports of the behavior of the seeds supplied by the station for the use of residents.

At Copper Center station the work is devoted chiefly to grain growing, though experiments in the production of grasses and vegetables are also conducted. Wheat, rye and oats, clover, peas, beans, turnips and rutabagas comprise the list commented upon in the report of Special Agent C. C. Georgeson who has charge of the work in Alaska.

At the station located at Rampart, one degree south of the arctic circle, the principal experiments conducted during last season were directed toward the production of early varieties of grains, those which mature before the winter season sets in. The results are being reached by selection. Seeds are planted and those first maturing are selected and planted the next year. It sometimes occurs that an unusually early winter destroys the grains in process of selection and the work has to be begun again. The hardy varieties of Russia and England grain are used as seed. Wheat from Karhoff, Russia and Finnish black oats are crops which seldom fail, even so far north as Rampart. String beans and peas have been successfully raised at Rampart station and all of the hardy vegetables, parsnips, carrots, potatoes and rutabagas have also matured there; thus far the potatoes have shown the best results. As at Sitka seeds are distributed, the people coming many miles to obtain them.

The station at Kenai, where formerly experiments in grain growing were conducted, is now given over to dairying and the growing of feed. A herd of Galloway cattle was introduced last spring, and from this station interesting reports may be expected concerning the raising of cattle in Alaska, as the Galloways are said to be particularly adapted to the climate of the district.

Black Sheep of Family.

"Let's see," said the man who had been away a long time, according to the Stafford Courier, "you had two boys, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Pat. "They would av been three av thim, but one was born a girl."

"I remember now. Tom and Andy you named them, after Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"As I remember Tom, he was a very bright little fellow. I never knew so much about Andy."

"Ah, but that Andy! He's the boy. He led the big league twict in battin' and now he's managing a club in Missouri and has a contract for five years at a terrible big salary. Me and his ma can't get over being glad we never made Andy go to school, but let him play ball in all the corner lots of the neighborhood. And all the neighbors have his pitcher in their parlors. They are proud of him. He gets more salary than a member of the cabinet at Washington."

"That's fine. I am glad to hear that Andy is doing so well. But what about Tom? I always had an idea that he was going to turn out well."

"No, Tom ain't amountin' to much. He was more for wastin' his time goin' to college and that. He's only the chief lit'ry adviser or something like that for one of those concerns that prints books. But thin you know they say there's a black sheep in nearly every family."

The Public School Garden.

The proposition to establish a public school garden in every city, village, and town in Massachusetts is a good one. Curiously enough, the country town seems to need it most.—Boston Transcript.

Raphael Portrait Brings $106,000.

Raphael's portrait of the brother of Pope Leo X, dated 1514, has been sold for $106,000, a record price in the Berlin art world.

WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL LOCOMOTIVE.

The picture shows the most powerful locomotive in the world, recently completed for a French railway. It is 48 feet in length and weighs nearly 50 tons. There are two separate systems of cylinders, front and rear, each controlling three pairs of driving whels. The machine strongly resembles two locomotives placed back to back. It will be noticed that there is no tender, water and fuel being carried in specially designated compartments built around the engine.