

Who hides his time, and day by day  
Faces defeat full patiently,  
And lifts a mirrorful roundelay,  
However poor his fortunes be—  
He will not fail in any quail  
Of poverty—the patry dime  
It will grow golden in his palm,  
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time—he tastes the  
sweet  
Of honey in the saltiest tear,  
And though he fares with slow feet,  
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;  
The birds are heralds of his cause;  
And like a never-ending rhyme,  
The road-side bloom in his applause,  
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time, and fevers not  
In the hot race that none achieves,  
Shall wear cool-weather laurel,  
wrought  
With crimson berries in the leaves;  
And he shall reign a goodly king,  
And sway his hand in every clime,  
With peace writ on his signet ring,  
Who hides his time.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## The Ashes of the First.

When the wife of Durande, captain  
in the 11th Calatrava of the line,  
died, he was sorely stricken with sorrow,  
and would not be comforted. In fact,  
he had hardly had time to enjoy  
his happiness or appreciate his treasure,  
for they had been married only a  
month, when she was taken from him  
in the midst of their wedding  
tour in Italy.

Just about returning to Paris, she  
fell ill in Rome and died of fever,  
in spite of the many physicians called to  
attend her and the devoted care of  
her husband, who never left her side  
till she breathed her last.

Conscious to the end, she bravely  
sought to console him.  
"It was not given to mortals," she  
said, "to be happy for long. Our joy  
has been too great; it could not last.  
Do not weep, dearest," she cried; "let  
me pass away in peace, without the  
memory of your distressed face.  
Smile, do not look so sad!" and she  
raised her trembling hand and caress-  
ingly laid it on his cheek.

"You are a soldier" pursued she;  
"death should have no terrors for you.  
I have loved you only, do me, then,  
one last little favor. I wish to be  
near you always, even in death. I be-  
seech you, cremate me, then, reduce me  
to a little heap of ashes that you  
can always carry with you."

"I shall never disturb you—how  
strange it seems to call a heap of  
ashes 'I'—yet so it will be. You will  
sometimes glance at me thus, and  
can never entirely forget me!"

Nevertheless when Durande returned  
to Paris he was a changed man.  
He was thin and haggard; his eyes  
had lost their luster, his step its elastic  
spring and confidence.

"Courage, courage, my boy!" his  
colonel would say to him.  
"Be brave, my friend!" repeated his  
brother officers.

But joy and brightness had gone  
out of Durande's life; the once bril-  
liant soldier was now a man who  
stood in full view upon a cabinet  
beside his bed, that his eyes might rest  
upon it when not closed in sleep; and  
by day, when his leave had expired  
and he had returned to duty, he was  
distracted, a stranger to his comrades,  
joining in none of their pleasures or  
amusements, seeming to live only in  
the memory of his lost wife and that  
urn—which might be knocked over.

He had placed her portrait in every  
room in his house, and by a strange  
paradox of sentiment it was here,  
among all these tender recollections,  
and that he passed his least miserable  
hours.

By degree, through steady contempla-  
tion, perhaps, the sight of the Ro-  
man urn produced a less painful ef-  
fect upon the disconsolate widower,  
and no longer, when he looked at the  
heart pang of the first days of his  
bereavement.

He was now able to picture his dar-  
ing as she had been in the zenith of  
strength and beauty, gay, smiling,  
charming. Again and again he re-  
called and lived over the moments of  
that honeymoon idleness, and grew  
happy himself in this sweet, posthu-  
mous revival of radiant hours.

When at work, the urn stood on his  
writing table, and he thought how in  
life and in that bygone time he had  
loved and honored and she had sat  
quietly beside him, reading or sewing  
tranquilly, silently, without disturbing  
him.

Six months passed, lengthened to a  
year, and now and then it happened  
that Durande forgot the urn, and left  
it on the table at night instead of car-  
rying it to his bedroom. Finally he  
enriched it for good on his office  
table. Not that the memory of his  
wife was less than at first, but be-  
cause, in time, it was borne in upon  
him that a funeral deposit like this  
was unsanitary, unhealthy, in a sleep-  
ing room.

Nevertheless, every day it was sur-  
rounded, as usual, with lilies and  
roses, his wife's favorite flowers.  
The one year lengthened to two  
and Durande had returned to his  
bachelor life.

"This wrong to bury yourself alive  
thus," said his friends and his wife's  
relations; "begin, go into the world  
again."  
Durande yielded, once more went  
out, frequented the quarters of his  
brother-officers, joined in their jolly-  
ing and acting, and during a banquet  
them all home with him to a banquet  
in his own apartments. The wine  
was good, the champagne sparkling,  
laughter, songs, uproar, the order of  
the night; when, the supper ended,  
they all returned to the private of-  
ficer's study the military shrine good  
alone upon the table, serene and  
mournful.

Revelry ran riot, in the midst of  
which Durande suddenly recalled the  
"presence of the dead," as he was  
wont to call the urn, caught it up hur-  
riedly, started from the room, and de-  
posited it in an upper chamber, piled

with a bachelor's litter of old books,  
boots and breeches.  
Next morning, determined that pro-  
fanation like that of the previous  
night should not happen again, he re-  
solved to turn this lumber room, where  
he had temporarily deposited the pre-  
cious remains, into a private oratory,  
and gave instant orders for a cathe-  
dral window and a niche and altar to  
be placed beneath it.

There the urn was again enshrined,  
but the lilies and roses had given  
place to immortelles. Some days lat-  
er, passing by the altar, he could not  
help looking at the urn and light. Durande  
had them changed for garlands of  
Sèvres and bisque of the costliest  
character, and thus the urn stood  
peacefully in this calm retreat.

Two years of widowhood lengthened  
to three, and Durande took unto him-  
self a second wife. Why he should  
have told you. Certainly it was not  
a case of desperate love, though the  
new Mme. Durande was a charming  
woman.

No, he had but one excuse for re-  
filling the empty niche in his life—  
Mme. Durande was only, in a certain  
way, like Mme. Durande the first,  
with one exception—she was jealous.  
A jealousy that caused her to look  
with suspicion on every one, word,  
or gesture; and the knowledge that  
he still retained tender memories of  
the first wife had caused her tem-  
pestuous anger.

Durande no longer dared to keep  
the urn in a conspicuous place. It  
was quietly and secretly a third time  
removed from its quarters and rever-  
sely stored in a spare room in the  
rear of the house. Matters grew better  
as time wore on, and the new wife,  
reigned with the young couple, and  
more than once Durande, in this at-  
mosphere of renewed content, was on  
the verge of unbosoming himself and  
confiding in his wife the mystery of  
the urn. Alas! his courage always  
failed.

In due time a son was born to the  
house of Durande, and Mme. Durande  
found it necessary to clear out and  
use the room where the urn lay for-  
gotten. As for Durande himself, the  
joy of a new-made father dissipated  
all remaining doubts, and he went  
to the christening with due pomp  
and splendor, invitations were sent  
far and wide for a magnificent din-  
ner.

"But, my dear," said his wife, as  
he came in from the barracks the  
day of the christening, "do not go to  
your dressing room till you have seen  
the table, the flowers arranged with  
my own hands."

Arranged! A great, heaping cluster  
of blood-red roses—in an antique,  
strangely familiar Roman urn, which  
she had just discovered in the sum-  
ptuous wardrobe!

Durande bent closer. His wife saw  
him start.  
"Yes," said she, complacently, "is  
your, you dear old stupid! to throw  
away, as you have done, the hand-  
some thing collected in your trip to  
France, and to put it in the wardrobe  
of the French governess, Louise Ratone. Two  
years were spent in preparing for the  
assumption of the male disguise, and in  
1881 Louise Ratone wrote to the late  
M. Poledonoff, procurator of the holy  
synod, telling him that she had in-  
sisted on starting criminal proceedings  
against the mother. At his instance  
Nicolas swore out a complaint against  
her mother in Odessa. The woman was  
tried and preparations started for the  
trial."

"Think, however, was too swift in  
proceeding for Nicolas, and, fearing dis-  
covery, she procured money from Zanev  
Roderhney, a woman living in St. Pe-  
tersburg with whom she had profes-  
sionally fallen in love, and fled to Helmsford,  
Finland, leaving a letter for M. Po-  
ledonoff, telling him that she had  
vowed to prevent her appearance against  
her mother. The procurator was  
chagrined, but ordered the officials to  
proceed with the case. The mother pro-  
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# DE RAYLAN

## THE MYSTERY OF THE CENTURY

Not since the time of the puzzling  
Chevalier d'Eon, in the eighteenth  
century, has there come to public attention  
such a riddle as has been presented  
in the case of Nicolas de Raylan, who  
masqueraded eighteen years as a man  
and was found to be a woman only  
after her death in Phoenix, Ariz., last  
December. A diary and a bundle of  
correspondence, in the office of the Chi-  
cago public administrator, reveal an  
amazing story.

De Raylan, it appears, was started  
on her career of deception in an at-  
tempt to blackmail her mother, at  
whom she was incensed because the  
paternity of the girl was kept a secret.  
De Raylan adopted male attire and  
tried to prove that she had been mas-  
queraded as a girl by her mother in  
violation of the laws of Russia, which  
provided heavy punishment for such an  
offense. A feature of the story is the  
fact that De Raylan interested the late  
M. Constantin Petrovitch Poledonoff,  
procurator of the holy synod, in her  
case, and prevailed on him to start  
suit against her mother.

Suspicion, once planted in the human  
breast, is quick and flourishing of  
growth. The countryman, proverbial  
bit for the wicked, is more often taken  
in by the innocent things than by con-  
fidence men and thieves. Of such a  
type was the old farmer's wife whose  
story is told in the Minneapolis Jour-  
nal. The ways of the city were a mys-  
tery to the good lady, and she resolved  
to be armed for every emergency.

The farmer and his wife were set-  
tling off for an event in their lives, a  
visit to St. Paul. They had been cauti-  
ously repeated by their friends, who  
were of sharpers. They replied that  
they would keep their eyes open, and  
started with a nervous determination  
to look out for confidence tricks.

On the way the old farmer got off  
at a junction to buy some lunch, and  
the train went on without him. It  
was a terrible mishap. The last he  
saw of his wife she was crawling out  
of the car window, shouting something  
reproachful at him, which he could  
not hear on account of the noise of the  
train.

It happened that an express came  
along a few minutes later. The farmer  
boarded it and got to St. Paul nearly  
an hour earlier than his wife.

He was waiting for her at the sta-  
tion when she arrived. He ran up to  
her and seized her hand.  
"Well, Sarah," he said, "I'm glad to  
see you again. I didn't know but we  
were separated forever."  
"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper," she  
cried. "I left my husband at the junction.  
Don't be coming up of yer con-  
fidence games on me, or I'll call a  
policeman."

Butter's rival.  
Beaten by a Frenchman in the dis-  
covery of a substitute for butter, the  
American has now far outstripped his  
scientific rival across the sea in turning  
that discovery to commercial uses. One  
result is that American manufacturers  
are shipping hundreds of tons of oleo-  
margarine back to the land of its ori-  
gin every year, and are selling it there  
cheaper than the Frenchmen them-  
selves can make it. Chicago is now the  
center of the oleomargarine industry of  
the world.—Technical World Magazine.

A lot of trouble would be averted  
if women feared men as much as they  
do mice.

### SIMILARITY OF THE LOVING AND THAW CASES

When the jury acquitted Judge William G. Loving of the murder of Theodor Estes, at Houston, Va., it was upon the perfunctory ground of "insanity," although in reality it resembled the Thaw case in New York, and it is possible that this precedent may have some effect when the latter case comes up for a new trial in the fall.

On those who think upon these two remarkable murders the fact is in-  
famous that drink was at the bottom of both. It was drink and attendant  
dispositions that placed Stanford White and his wife in the fatal predicament.  
It was drink that animated Harry Thaw and his wife, and it was drink that  
led Edwin Thaw to a condition of arm for the deed. It was drink that  
Loving was more or less addicted to drinking, and when young Estes gave  
him too much liquor it started the scandal that ended in the whisky-soaked  
Judge Loving shooting the victim, as in the White case, without a chance  
for his life.

Judge Loving is a free man, but the blight of murder shall remain for-  
ever upon his soul. The daughter will live to be tormented by the fact that  
her story caused the death of a man innocent of the specific crime alleged.  
Surely in the record of these two tragedies there is a solemn lesson that  
the same old lesson has been taught in records of blood all through the  
ages—that the wages of sin is death.—Kansas City Journal.



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ages—that the wages of sin is death.—Kansas City Journal.

# Children's Corner

## THE SINGING OF THE CHIPMUNKS.

In Manitoba the chipmunk comes  
above ground about the first or second  
week of April, that is, as soon as  
the warm weather has surely set in.  
The regularity with which they ap-  
pear, with the earliest soft wind of  
spring, sets me wondering at times  
whether there is not something more  
than mere vertigo in the phrase "nor-  
mal influence." Saug in their deep,  
dark abode, far beyond the reach  
of sun or frost, they cannot be  
reached or touched by mere tem-  
perature, nor can it be that they ap-  
pear at a set time, as some of our  
winter sleepers are said to do. No,  
they must come forth on the very day  
when first the very spring is in the  
land.

The chipmunk announces its return  
to sunlight in a manner worthy of a  
bird. It is mounted on some log or root,  
and "chuck-chuck" it chirps "Chuck-  
chuck-chuck." Other chipmunks run  
for their holes, for they awaken al-  
most in a body; they run forth into  
the sunlight, and seeking some perch,  
and their "chuck-chuck-chuck" to the  
bird, while they were there, Gyp  
came frisking to Mr. Fisher with an  
extra amount of pride in the wag of  
her ruffled tail, and informed him  
of her doggie language that she had  
something very beautiful to show  
him. Naturally his curiosity was  
aroused, and he followed her, bark-  
ing and jumping joyfully, she led  
him. There hidden away in one of  
the barns, was a litter of little blink-  
ing puppies.

There was a large family of them  
at first, but, as dog families will, they  
dwindle during the season. Many  
passed. But Gyp loved these two  
dearly, and when Mr. Fisher's visit  
had ended, he took Gyp away with  
him and left the puppies, she was  
grieved, as any mother would be. The  
babies were six weeks old then.

About four weeks after their ar-  
rival in Salt Lake City Mr. Fisher  
missed Gyp. At first he did not worry.  
He thought she had just gone out for  
a run, or on a hunt for the bones  
which are so dear to the heart of  
every dog. But she did not return.  
The whole day passed and no  
Gyp. The Fisher family began to  
be concerned. Two weeks passed and  
still no Gyp. The Fishers mourned  
their pet as lost. She must have  
been killed or stolen, they said. Then  
they thought of the bones. Fisher  
sent a postcard to Mr. Jensen, West-  
on, Idaho. And great was the re-  
joicing in the Fisher home when the  
answer came, for it announced that  
Gyp was safe and sound at the Jen-  
sen home. She had arrived, footsore  
but happy, ten days before.

"Her arrival was the occasion of  
great rejoicing in the kennel," said  
the note. "The two pups and Gyp  
barked and rolled each other around  
in great glee."  
Probably Gyp was telling the babies  
how hard she had traveled to reach  
them, and they were telling her how  
lonely they had been since she went  
away.—New York Tribune.

## ONE WAY TO READ.

"What are you reading, Frank?"  
asked mother, as Frank suddenly  
gavined and shut his book.  
"Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables,'" answered  
Frank, "but I don't like it very much,  
because he refers to so many things  
I don't understand. For instance, he  
does mean by 'Machiavelian plotting.'"  
"What kind of plotting is that,"  
asked mother?  
"Machiavel was an Italian," ex-  
plained mother, "and such a crafty,  
deceitful person that ever since he  
lived, people have been plotting, par-  
ticularly with plots and schemes as  
Machiavelian. Frank, that question of  
yours puts me in mind of something  
that our teacher used to make us do  
years ago, when I was at school."

"Our teacher used to make us do  
years ago, when I was at school."  
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making and slaughter among them,  
when I observed a male bird sud-  
denly turn from the flight which he and  
his companion were making and look  
round. I had shot his mate, and the  
poor thing had just dropped on a  
hillcock not far from me.

"For a moment the male hesitated,  
and walked off, after alighting near  
his partner, but he again returned, on  
seeing the female struggling in death.  
He came leisurely toward the fallen  
bird, and so indifferent to his  
fate that for a second or two I did  
not shoot, until I thought me that  
I would end his grief, if grief he had,  
by making him share the same fate.

"Another male bird that I winged  
fell in the water, where I could see  
him swimming about closely attended  
by his female companion. When, at  
last, I sent the boat and captured the  
wounded one his poor consort took  
to the shore and wandered about by  
herself, apparently quite disconsolate  
and refused to mix with the others.

"I could mention several instances  
which I noticed of affection between  
these wild birds, but must give only  
the following: One of the logger-  
head ducks had been caught alive  
and carried about with me on the  
beach. The other bird, seeing his  
companion in this situation, at once  
came on shore for it, and followed us  
about to some distance, until I at  
last allowed the captive to go, when  
they joined each other and immedi-  
ately walked away to the water."  
Youth's Companion.

## DEVOTION OF GYP.

One hundred and twenty-four miles  
is a long distance for a short legged  
little fox terrier to travel in less than  
one week, yet a certain fox terrier  
named Gyp recently went all the way  
to see her two babies, from whom she  
had been taken. And she had no one  
to tell her the direction. Instinct  
and mother love taught her where to  
go.

Gyp, who is a very young mother,  
only eighteen months old, lives in the  
far west. Her master is Harry C.  
Fisher, of Salt Lake City. Gyp ac-  
companied her master on a visit to  
Weston, Idaho, and stayed with him  
on a ranch owned by August Jensen.  
One day while they were there, Gyp  
came frisking to Mr. Fisher with an  
extra amount of pride in the wag of  
her ruffled tail, and informed him  
of her doggie language that she had  
something very beautiful to show  
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dearly, and when Mr. Fisher's visit  
had ended, he took Gyp away with  
him and left the puppies, she was  
grieved, as any mother would be. The  
babies were six weeks old then.

About four weeks after their ar-  
rival in Salt Lake City Mr. Fisher  
missed Gyp. At first he did not worry.  
He thought she had just gone out for  
a run, or on a hunt for the bones  
which are so dear to the heart of  
every dog. But she did not return.  
The whole day passed and no  
Gyp. The Fisher family began to  
be concerned. Two weeks passed and  
still no Gyp. The Fishers mourned  
their pet as lost. She must have  
been killed or stolen, they said. Then  
they thought of the bones. Fisher  
sent a postcard to Mr. Jensen, West-  
on, Idaho. And great was the re-  
joicing in the Fisher home when the  
answer came, for it announced that  
Gyp was safe and sound at the Jen-  
sen home. She had arrived, footsore  
but happy, ten days before.

"Her arrival was the occasion of  
great rejoicing in the kennel," said  
the note. "The two pups and Gyp  
barked and rolled each other around  
in great glee."  
Probably Gyp was telling the babies  
how hard she had traveled to reach  
them, and they were telling her how  
lonely they had been since she went  
away.—New York Tribune.

## POINTS IN MILKING.

The well-known phenomenon of "not  
giving down" the milk in a can is due  
to the result of lack of nervous tonus  
in the glands, brought about by some  
kind of excitement. The udder is not a  
container in which the milk is readily  
stored up at milking time, but an organ  
in which the greater part of the milk  
is elaborated while milking or suckling  
the green of the transportation busi-  
ness produced. Unless the cow is in  
perfect repose this secretion will not  
take place normally. The lesson to  
be derived from this is that the cow  
should be treated with the greatest gen-  
tleness, and otherwise kept free from  
excitement, especially during the time  
of milking or suckling.

## Weed Investigation.

The importance of the invasion of  
new weed pests into Iowa with seeds  
brought from other States is fully ex-  
plained in a bulletin just published  
by the Iowa Experiment Station. Dur-  
ing the year 1906 about 400 samples of  
clover, alfalfa and timothy seed were  
sent into the station by farmers from  
all parts of the State to be tested for  
adulteration, impurities and vitality.  
Seeds of dodder, Canada thistle, fox  
tail, sheep sorrel, and other plants  
were some of the impurities revealed.  
The average germination of the alfalfa  
samples was 87 per cent. Timothy seed  
on the market show the status of these  
seeds is very low also, the percentage  
of plump-appearing seeds being close  
to 84 per cent.

## Apples from Australia.

The arrivals at New York of a thou-  
sand barrels of apples from Australia  
is a noteworthy event commercially,  
but it is also of interest as showing  
the growth of the transportation busi-  
ness. Many bulky and weighty prod-  
ucts, which formerly were not shipped  
at all, or only in small quantities, now  
furnish an immense business for the  
railways and steamships. One need  
only instance ice, iron ore, concrete,  
structural steel and tropical fruits. At  
the same time the transportation of  
grain, coal, fertilizers, sand, crushed  
stone, building stone, gravel, and other  
weighty articles has increased by leaps  
and bounds. Is it any wonder that  
the railways are taxed beyond their  
capacity and that there is an ever-in-  
creasing demand for more track-  
ways, more sidings and more rolling stock?  
Water transportation has seemed al-  
most obsolete, and yet, with all this  
enormous growth in freights, the im-  
provement of our rivers would seem to  
be a necessity.—Springfield News.

## Cuttings and Young Plants.

Cuttings can be started in pots of  
sandy compost, with a glass tumbler  
over to confine the moisture, and kept  
from the sun for two or three days.  
Then place the pots in the warmest  
window exposed to the southeast. Wet  
sand is also excellent for growing cut-  
tings, and they will start quicker than  
in compost. A shallow pan is prefer-  
able; fill it up with sand (not sea  
sand), sopping wet, then press in the  
cuttings tightly and keep them wet.  
When the leaves show themselves, busi-  
ness window exposed to the southeast. Wet  
two or three days, transplant into pots  
filled with light, sandy loam. After  
shading a day or two they may have  
ample sunshine and sufficient water to  
keep them moist. Cuttings taken from

## SHOES PINCHED.

I had the pleasure of accompany-  
ing a party of small children to the  
circus, says a writer in the Chicago  
Tribune. At the elevated road was  
the most accessible, it was used, but  
even then we had four blocks and the  
stairs to climb to reach it, and the  
two blocks to walk when we reached  
the street, besides walking around to  
reach the animals. All was enjoyed,  
but at the end of the performance  
I noticed that Rufus, three and one-  
half years old, had a look of distress,  
so I went over to where he sat and  
asked him if he was sick. He said:  
"No," but, looking down at his new  
shoes, added, "my shoes are too full  
of feet."

## BIG EAGLE CAUGHT IN TRAP.

"Uncle Jake" Brackens, a farmer  
near Lawton, caught a big eagle in  
two traps he had set near his chicken  
coops for rats. The eagle measured  
seventy-eight inches from tip to tip.  
Brackens had seen the eagle about his  
farm for the last two years. It made  
its nest in the top of an old sycamore  
tree near his farm, and throughout  
the summer it could be seen swooping  
down and carrying away his chickens.—El Reno Ameri-  
can.

## WILD TURKEYS TAKE UP WITH TAME ONES.

A son of R. B. Hogan, who resides  
in West Moberly, recently killed a  
wild turkey in the barn yard—a gob-  
bler weighing thirteen pounds.  
There were nine in the flock, and  
they doubtless were attracted by the  
tame turkeys, the wild gobbler being  
in their company when shot.—Fayette-  
ville Observer.

## AFFECTIONATE BIRDS.

To the naturalist wild life is every-  
where most interesting than that of  
domesticated creatures. Nowhere  
can this life be studied better than  
in regions least frequented by man.  
Capt. Snow tells in his "Voyage to  
Tierra del Fuego," how completely  
unacquainted with man were the  
birds of those South American is-  
lands. What particularly interested  
him was the fellow-feeling shown  
among the sea fowl.

"I remember once when I wanted  
to give the men a change of diet at  
Keppel Island, I shot in an hour and  
a half twenty-five of the best of  
land fowls, quite as good and large  
as