

FREE GARDEN AND TREE SEEDS.

How Some New Varieties May Be Obtained.

The Gift of the Herald to Its Subscribers---Vegetables Which Double the Income of Truck Farmers in the East.

By special arrangement with some of the leading seed houses of the world, THE HERALD is able to give each of its cash subscribers (only those who receive the paper by mail or express are included) a most valuable lot of FREE SEEDS. These seeds are recommended by gardeners of long experience as the very best varieties of the plants named known. The market value of the products from them will, of course, be greater than the common varieties now used. It is probably the best premium offer ever made on the Pacific Coast, and old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of it. The only requirement is a cash remittance. Those who have already paid in advance can have their subscriptions extended by remitting 50 cents on the weekly and 75 cents on the daily, and will receive the seed package free of postage or other charge. A large quantity of the seeds will not, of course, be sent to anyone, but sufficient to make a fair trial. No seeds sent without a request for them. The following is the list:

GREEN AND GOLD WATERMELON.—A large and very fine variety. The flesh is firm and sweet. The color is very beautiful.

HACKENSACK MUSKMELON.—A large melon; very prolific; rich in flavor; thick, juicy flesh.

SIBERIAN CUCUMBER.—Very early; grows from four to six inches in length; good color, firm and very crisp.

JUMBO PUMPKIN.—An imported variety of immense size; very productive and a good keeper; flesh salmon colored; good for both cooking and stock feeding.

KLEIN SUGAR BEET.—This new German variety, as reported by Dr. H. W. Wiley of the United States Department of Agriculture, exceeds all others in the amount of sucrose in its juice, and also in its yield. According to his analytical table, the yield of the Kleinwanz-lebener was 22½ tons of beets per acre, from which upward of 6200 pounds of sugar were extracted, being 400 pounds more sugar per acre than extracted from any of five other varieties tested and analyzed under the same conditions. It has

also been largely experimented with at the various state agricultural fairs throughout the country, with the same gratifying results.

LONG-STANDING LETTUCE.—In shape this variety resembles the White Seeded Giant Company's lettuce, but it heads much better and the leaves are firmer and more numerous. It is very slow to run to seed, and withstands the heat better than any other variety. Its leaves are very crisp and delicious.

INDIAN BEAN TREE.—A quick grower and a useful tree in every respect. Just the thing for timber claims; grows on the driest land.

JERUSALEM CORN.—A new and valuable forage plant. Grows on the driest land. It is said the growth on half a 50x150 foot lot will almost support a cow.

CARDINAL TOMATO.—This is a beautiful tomato, being of a brilliant cardinal red, very glossy looking when ripe, the flesh of the same brilliant color. Ripens evenly through, having no hard green core, like many others. In shape it is round, smooth and solid.

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PATIENCE.

Be patient! Easy words to speak,
While plenty fills the cup of life,
While health brings roses to the cheek,
And far removed are care and strife,
Falling so glibly from the tongue
Of those who often think of this—
Whom suffering has never wronged,
Who scarcely know what patience is.
Be patient when the sufferer lies
Prostrate beneath a torturing ailment,
And long, through torturing agonies,
Only for one short hour of ease.
Be patient when the weary brain
Is racked with thought and anxious care,
And troubles in an endless train
Seem almost more than it can bear.
To feel the torture of delay,
The agony of hope deferred,
To labor still from day to day,
The prize unwon, the prayer unheard,
And still to hope and strive and wait
The due reward of fortune's kiss,
This is to almost conquer fate,
This is to learn what patience is.
Despair not, though the clouds are dark,
And storm and danger veil the sky,
Let fate and courage guide thy bark,
The storm will pass; the port is high.
Be patient, and the tide will turn,
Shadows will flee before the sun,
These are the hopes that live and burn
To light as till our work is done.
—All the Year Round.

When the Buffalo Disappeared.

In 1876 Fort Benton alone sent 80,000 buffalo hides to market. In 1883 two carloads were shipped from Dickinson, North Dakota. In 1884 Fort Benton sent none at all. In 1879 a little band of the animals were known to be grazing near Fort Totten, on Devil Lake, North Dakota, and it is believed that these animals furnished the two carloads of robes which came eastward to St. Paul from Dickinson in 1883. This was the last year of the buffalo—1883. A herd, numbering perhaps 80,000, crossed the Yellowstone river in that year and went north toward the British line. "They never came back," is the pitiful refrain which one hears from the Indians along the border from Winnipeg in Manitoba to St. Mary's Lakes in Alberta.
No, they never came back while riding with the officers of the Canadian mounted police through Alberta, they told me the story of this last year of the buffalo, but it was never told twice alike by any two men, for a strange mystery seems to hang over the closing scene of the great crime which annihilated the mighty herds.—Hauelin Russell in Harper's.

The Right and Left.

The buttons on coats, etc., are placed on the right side and the shed of the hair in boys to the left, evidently to suit manipulation by the right hand. The great philosopher Newton records that at first he confined his astronomical observations to his right eye, but afterward he managed to train his left. But there are persons who could not do this, owing to the unequal strength of their eyes. Strange to say, the Chinese assign the place of honor to the left.
At Kinyene, in Africa, Cameron relates being introduced to the heir presumptive to the throne, the mails of

whose left hand had been allowed to grow to an enormous length as a sign of high rank, proving that he was never required to perform manual labor, and also providing him with the means of tearing the meat which formed his usual diet.—Chambers' Journal.

New York Oculists Receive Large Fees.

Oculists in New York perform the most delicate surgical operations. There are two or three in the city whose incomes from their profession range above \$200,000 a year and who treat thousands of patients every year. They conduct their work with the most absolute disregard of the worldly position of their patients. From many of their patients they receive no fee for their services. Should any man in this profession refuse advice on the ground that a patient was unable to pay a fee, he would be ruined if the fact were to become known.—Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hypnotism Is a New Light.

Hypnotism is apparently a distinct Portland fad. A nervous young lady in that city, who was to read a paper before a literary society, got a doctor to hypnotize her so that she shouldn't become rattled, and the result was perfect composure during the ordeal. The literary essay quite often succeeds in hypnotizing the audience into a deliciously doctored condition, but the idea of putting the reader to sleep is brand new.—Bangor Commercial.

The Waiter's Mistake.

He had made a hearty meal at a restaurant, and getting up he said to the waiter, "I declare if I haven't forgotten my purse!" The waiter fired up and hurled big words at him for fully three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came the stranger continued, "But I have a 25 note here in my waistcoat pocket!" The waiter could not smile to save his life.—London Tit-Bits.

Instances reciting the actions of people while under the mesmeristic control are numerous in early writings on the subject, while the more modern reports are deductions rather than relations of actual occurrences.

To abstain from superfluous apologies is also the habit of discretion. There should seldom be the occasion for apology in the household, where all would do well and wisely to be constantly gentle and courteous.

An old provincial French expression runs thus: "The tears of woman are like the waves of the sea." But another declares that "the tears of woman are soon checked."

According to the report of the auditor of Virginia, the negroes of that state pay taxes on real estate valued at \$9,423,635, and on personal property valued at \$3,842,950.

One wonders sometimes had there been women stenographers in the old days if the reports would not have shown that Adam asked to taste the apple himself.

A HUMAN NIGHTMARE.

Experience of a Dreamer With a Woman Who Was Mistaken For a Frank.

"Have you ever had a nightmare in which some fearful danger threatened you and you couldn't move or get out of the way?" asked Hermann Solomon of a crowd of peripatetic story tellers at the Richelieu hotel.

"Several years ago I had several of the nocturnal visitors every night for a week and grew very weary of them, for in spite of my determination not to let them bully me out of my equanimity I would nearly expire every night and awake with cold perspiration breaking out all over me. Toward the last of that interesting week I stopped with a landlady in northern Arkansas and resolved as I went to sleep that come what would I would positively refuse to give in in the least to my imagination.

"Some time past midnight the usual score came. This time it was a tall and angular woman in white, with a long butchermask. Mentally, I was congratulating myself that at last I was learning to overcome the foolish fears of nightmares and wondering how it would pass off. I saw the demonic grin as she flourished the knife in front of my face almost without a tremor, and when she laughed a wild, gleaming laugh I gave a start and found all real and that I was actually awake.

"Scared? That word can't express it. I dropped on the other side of the bed as she made a slash at me, and as she ran around the bed I crawled under, reached the door and went down the steps about three at a time ahead of her. By the time we reached 'the big road' I think I had gained several feet, as she had more clothing to interfere with her progress than I had just then. I had imagined that a man really scared couldn't move. Well, I will give any odds desired on the proposition that I moved down that road, and I don't think I would need any corroborative testimony to convince any one who saw me that I was scared.

"About a mile down the road I ran into the arms of her husband and sons, who were out looking for her. She was a little 'outen her head' at times, they said, and she had evidently entered the open door at my landlord's and reached my room without any one knowing it. As her relatives took her home I sadly retraced my steps and found the whole family aroused. The explanation was satisfactory, and the adventure cured me of nightmares."—Syracuse Herald.

Literary Blunders.

We all make and we all meet with many amusing literary blunders. The worst of it is that we readily forget them. Every one should keep a book of these delightful things, which please us with a sudden sense of superiority. Among misprints is known. "Some swing on hooks, some run knees through their hands," said an article in The Edinburgh Review. Here every one would amend by knives or drizzles—knives was the real reading. In "The Monastery" Scott wrote about "nursing evil passions." This was printed "morsing," and the

verb "to nurse" was defended by writers in Notes and Queries.

It has lately been pointed out that in the "Surgeon's Daughter" Scott is made to say that the "naughty girls perfume their voluptuous eastern domes," whereas the real reading must be "perform their voluptuous eastern dances." But we are not aware that the coquille has been corrected. In "Pendennis" a boy is said to excel in "running and pumping." This must mean "jumping," though the actual competition would have its merits. There are no ridings in Yorkshire, triding is the right word, but there is a "World Riding" in Mr. Morris' "Heimskringla."—London Saturday Review.

Trouble Caused by a Semicolon.

The substitution of a semicolon for a comma in an act which became a law in 1889 has caused a lot of trouble for the surface railroads and apparently makes necessary the passing of a healing act by the present legislature. The act, which relates to railroad crossings, is as follows: "No electric, cable or horse railroad shall hereafter be constructed across the tracks of a steam railroad at grade; nor shall any steam railroad cross any such electric, cable or horse railroad at grade, except upon application and approval by the railroad commissioners."

The preceding was approved, semicolon and all, June 11, 1889, and became a law. The result is that while steam roads can cross surface lines at will with the permission of the railroad commissioners, electric and cable roads are barred from crossing steam roads with or without permission.—Hartford Courant.

The Carnation Is an Old Flower.

Pliny refers to the carnation as having been used in the days of Augustus Caesar to give a spicy flavor to wine. While greatly loved and admired by the ancients, its improvement was not much advanced until it found a home in England. The date of this event is not quite clear, but is believed to be about the year 1200. Chaucer wrote of its cultivation in 1386, from which date it has been considered a florist's flower. It was first called "carnation" by Henry Lyte in 1578 and designated as a "pink" in 1600. Edmund Spenser called it "coronation," which found little favor. Shakespeare, in "Winter's Tale," act 4, says, "The fairest flowers of the season are our carnations." He also alludes to it in "Henry V."—R. T. Lombard.

Expert Revolver Shots In the Army.

W. R. Prior claims that all the best revolver shots are in New York. There are some very good shots in the army. There are men in the army who can hit the size of a man at 10 yards, riding a horse at a gallop, every time, with 20 yards interval between figures, and men that can hit a 25-cent piece at 10 yards with a revolver that pulls eight pounds four shots out of five. All the best shots have the arms slightly bent. If Mr. Prior will take the trouble to look around, he will find men in the United States cavalry that will throw his New York experts in the shade.—Cor. Kansas City Times.

TO ROBERT BURNS.

Sweet singer, that I lo'e the maid
O' my ain' wi' eager haste
I maekest bairn lips over the taste
O' hinned sang.
I hail thee, though a blessed ghast
In heaven lang!
For, weel I ken, nae cantie phrase,
Nor courtly airs, nor lairdly ways,
Could gar me freer-blame or praise,
Or proffer hand
Where "Bairn Robbie" and his lays
Together stand.
And nae these hamely lines I send,
Wi' finging words at ilka end,
In echo of the sangs that wend
Frae thee to me
Like simmer brooks, wi' mony a bend
O' wimplin' gle.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Chinese Women and Their Feet.

The small footed Chinese women usually make their own shoes of bits of silk embroidered in gold and colors. Very dainty work they make of it, too, a shoe-maker simply using these bits of embroidery. In curio-shops the globe trotter may sometimes pick up a secondhand shoe. The tiny feet must be often and carefully washed and disinfected. Many of them are perpetually swollen and inflamed. It is to go from house to house bathing, bandaging and treating these maimed members. A woman of rank has sometimes one amah whose special duty it is to care for her tiny but troublesome feet.

Chinese women who possess small feet are, while proud of them in a way, very shy and unwilling to exhibit them to foreigners. I had great difficulty in coaxing a Chinese woman of rank to give me a glimpse of her wee foot. The four smaller toes are pressed under the sole, and the whole weight falls really upon the great toe in walking. The ankle is very large and distorted, but the leg is thin and wasted from inadequate exercise. The tout ensemble from a western point of view is far from beautiful if not absolutely repulsive.—New York Tribune.

Slamming a Door.

To slam a door may be an evidence of bad temper or bad manners, but it is also a popular superstition that slamming a door is wicked. This belief is undoubtedly due to a supposition entertained by many nations that the souls of the departed hover about the place where they departed from their bodies. The Indians of this country frequently howled and beat the air with brushwood in order to drive away the spirit of the prisoner they had just killed.

The negroes of the Congo abstain from sweeping out their huts for a year after a death has occurred for fear that the dust may interfere with the spirit of the departed. It is in northern Europe that the superstition concerning the slamming of a door arose, the fear being entertained that some spirit might be caught in the slamming.—New York Telegram.

Do Musset's Childhood.

Nervous irritability and a desire to distinguish himself were plainly visible in Alfred de Musset at the age of 3 years.

Once he got a pair of new red shoes, and he went into raptures about them. He was so impatient to show himself in his new shoes that he could scarcely wait to be dressed. While his mother was dressing his hair he was trembling with impatience, and at last he exclaimed in an angry tone, "Make haste, mamma, or else my new shoes will get old!" The precocious boy was pampered and spoiled and allowed to become a despot in the house.—Nineteenth Century.

Old Custom Handed Down.

How many can tell the origin of the habit of closing the eyes in prayer? Far back in the past the sun was the universal object of worship. As it rose above the horizon the devotees thanked it for its return to bless the world. As it set in the west he implored its early return. His face was always toward the sun in prayer, and his eyes were closed to prevent blindness. The habit has passed down from father to son for thousands of years. Though the object of worship has been changed, the custom survives.—Progressive Thinker.

Horsepower and Speed.

Horsepower does not always mean speed, for the City of Rome—very little smaller than the Teutonic—is of 11,800 horsepower, against the Teutonic's 13,000, while the Paris, which is only 500 feet long, is of over 20,000 horsepower. Such comparisons show the wonderful development in late years of ship and engine building.—Marine Journal.

Precarious Indeed.

Tourist (at Niagara)—A coroner must have a pretty good thing of it around here.
Coroner—Well, it's rather precarious. You know our income depends upon the floating population.—New York Evening Sun.

One of the hottest regions of the earth's surface is in the immediate vicinity of the Dead sea. Experts in the science of hydrography declare that the sea loses not less than a million tons of water a day through evaporation.

The muscles of the forehead and scalp should be regularly exercised several times a day. It is said that the individual hairs of the scalp can be stimulated by rubbing the nap of the neck with a coarsely woven glove.

Even if we have only a dinner of herbs to offer to our guest, if it be served in the spirit of true hospitality it will be better than a stalled ox where pride and envy are, and with them the spirit of contention.

It is stated that the daily supply of milk for the New York market amounts to about 19,000 cans of milk, over 170 cans of condensed milk and upward of 400 cans of cream.

It is an old story that the slow modes of travel of, say, 70 years since gave perhaps only too favorable opportunities for studying the natural features of a country.

The Waste in Coal Consumption.

It is agreeable to learn that the enormous matter in the 4,000,000 tons of coal which are used every year by the gas manufacturing companies of London is now being made a considerable source of revenue. The value of sulphate of ammonia as a fertilizer is now beyond dispute. Where nitrogen has been deficient in the soil the application of 450 pounds of sulphate of ammonia to each acre covers an increase of nearly four tons of potatoes. Sulphate of ammonia, although not quite so active a fertilizer as nitrate, is held in the soil with greater tenacity. It contains 24 per cent. of ammonia, which is equal to 30 per cent. of nitrate. Then there are the tarry hydrocarbon compounds, from which (thanks to the discovery of Kirkham and Perkins) beautiful aniline dyes can be extracted.

The tar has been a source of such revenue to the gas companies that it may be seriously stated that every year there is more coloring matter sent into the atmosphere of London than would dye all the fabrics woven by English looms within the same time. If we take the waste of the hydrocarbons to equal 30 per cent. of the fuel burned, we shall find that in the 9,000,000 tons of coal burned in the metropolitan area of 1,500,000 tons of hydrocarbons are lost. In other words, some 16,000,000 cubic feet of rich hydrocarbons are every year uselessly thrown into the air of London, and the loss is \$400,000.—National Review.

Respect for Books.

"I distrust the intelligence of any person whom I see handling a book disrespectfully," a lady declared the other day. "A good book is one of the best of friends, and deserves good treatment—not merely that one should not strain its back or crease its pages, but to be treated with delicacy, consideration and respect."

"When I see a thoughtless girl put out her hand toward a fine volume of Shakespeare, and begin to flutter the leaves as she talks, or nervously clap the upper cover by way of emphasis to her remarks, I feel like saying to her:

"My dear, you forget yourself! Remember Rosalind, consider Viola; do not be rude to Portia; treat the leaves as she talks, or nervously clap the upper cover by way of emphasis to her remarks, I feel like saying to her:

"I never do say it, but I am far from certain if it would not be a justifiable impoliteness if I did."—Youth's Companion.

Some Family Talk.

"This is a hard family to live with," pouted the piano. "Miss Susie pounds me every day for an hour or two!"

"Well, at least you don't have to work," exclaimed the clock. "My hands are never idle; they keep them moving every minute and second."

"Talk about work!" cried the table; "why, almost everything is put on me!" "I wouldn't mind work," observed the lamp, "but I'm sensitive, and it isn't pleasant when you're quite bright to be turned down once or twice every evening."

"Sensitive!" sneered the mirror. "Think of the ugly faces often turned on me!" "And think also," said the carpet, "how the children jump on me; still I'm not worn out yet."

"You may all talk till you're tired, yet you must admit that not one of you is so set upon as I am," finished the chair decisively.—Harper's Young People.