CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

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CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

PROBABLY the youngest bank President in the world is J. M. Baily, jr., who, at the age of twenty-three years, has been placed at the head of the Minnehaha National Bank of Sioux City.

A DEED for a piece of land in Windsor, Conn., has recently come to light, which is made valuable and interesting by the fact that it bears the name of Matthew Grant, the first American ancestor of Gen. Grant. Its date is April 9, 1661.

THE length to which some men will go to avoid labor is almost beyond comprehension. Thomas Cosgrove, a prisoner is Santa Clara, Cal., rather than work, has lived on bread and water and in solitary confinement for two weeks. "No sweat-of-the-brow racket for me," he says.

GEORGE MULLER, celebrated throughout the world as a worker for the good of his fellow-men, is now eighty-two years old and as full of zeal and activity as ever. He has just returned to England, after a preaching tour of 37,000 miles through Australia, China, Japan and other countries. Two-thousand children greeted him at Bristol upon his return, the little ones being inmates of his orphanage in that city.

CAPT. J. N. COFFIN, of Watertown, Mass., has been around the world, and just returned to Boston, from which city he sailed in April, 1886, for England, thence to the Continent and East Indies, via the Suez Canal, China and Japan. He was eight months in China and two months in Japan. The return trip was across the Pacific to San Francisco and down through Mexico. Such a trip as that is a liberal education to a man with a mind capable of digesting what his eyes take in.

THE editor of the Abbyville (S. C.) *Medium* has challenged either President McBride, Prof Davis or Prof. Patton of the South Carolina College of Agriculture, to meet him in a ploughing match, to come off in November next on the fair grounds at Columbia. It is understood that one of the three college men will pick up the gauntlet. The contest is to be a public one and a vast multitude is expected to bepresent to see the contestants turn somersaults over the hidden roots and hear them swear at the mules.

CUBBAGE WILLIAMS and severa others cut a bee tree near Troupville, Ga. The hollow, which was tolerably large, was found to be filled with honey and comb for the distance of fifteen feet. After securing the honey one of the boys cut into the tree above the portion used by the bees and found a rattlesnake three feet long. As there was no hole in the tree except the one which contained the honey the supposition is that the snake crawled up the hollow before the bees began to hive, and the honey comb had effectually blocked his exit.

FAIR HAVEN, CONN., is in a queer predicament, if a story on the rounds is true. It recits that there is a lot of land there for which no one has ever been taxed and to which the city has no title. The assessors and officials have spent much time and money in efforts to find the owner, and now have begun to unwind a ball of red tape to gain possession. The city has ordered sidewalk built opposite the land, and will then advertise for the owner to come on and pay for it. A lien can then be placed on the property, which in due course of time will come into the city's possession.

THE uses of saccharine, which is a hundred times sweeter than sugar, are thus set down by the American Druggist: Not being a carbo-hydrate like sugar, it does not affect the digestive process, and passes out through the urine without change. By means of it the food of diabetic patients may be sweetened without unfavorable effects. Saccharine is also likely to be found a serviceable 'anti-fat' substitute for sugar. From its anti-fermentive properties it will be valuable as a substitute for sugar in food for dyspeptics, infants and convalescents. As an addition to preparations for preserving the teeth, saccharine will improve the taste of these compounds without introducing a fermentive process.

IN Australia and the neighboring islands are seen many large mounds of earth which were formerly supposed to be the tombs of departed natives. These remarkable tumuli, reaching as much as fifteen feet in perpendicular height and sixty feet in circumference at the base, are not the work of man, however, but are now known to be the incubators built by the jungle fowl and other species of the small family of megapodidæ, or great-footed birds. Each of these great piles consists of fallen leaves, grasses, &c., which the birds deposit in place by throwing backward with one foot. Though the mounds are usually in dense shade, the decaying vegetable matter has been found to raise the temperature at the center as high as 95°. The eggs are carefully placed with the larger end up, about twelve inches apart, and are all covered to a depth of at least two or three feet.

THE recent marriage in Philadelphia of Mr. George R. Foulke to Miss Jean Kane gives occasion for the mention of many prominent people. Miss Kane, says the *Ledger*, is a daughter of the late Dr. John Kane, whose father, Judge Kane, was long a leading citizen of this State, an active politician in the best sense, and at the time of his death United States Judge here, preceding Judge Cadwalader. One of his sons, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, was famous for his Arctic discoveries, and his books had a sale that was quite unprecedented in their day. His brother, Gen. Thomas L. Kane, was a gallant officer in the Union volunteer service in the war of the rebellion, and a pioneer in settling the great track on the line of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad belonging to the McKean and Elk County Land Company. The surviving brother, Mr. Patterson Kane, is a learned lawyer and literary man. Miss Kane's mother was Miss Bayard, sister of the present Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard.

FARM AND HOME.

Steaming vs. Boiling.

Whatever can be boiled can be steamed, and when the process is completed and the food dished, instead of having a pot or saucepan to wash out, always a distasteful task, or a pudding cloth to rinse or cleanse, there is only the clean, damp strainer to pe wiped dry, and the eastern dish to be washed in which the food was cooked; an enormous saving of trouble, as any one will testify who has tried both methods.

Steamers may be purchased of all styles and prices, from elaborate ones in tiers, forming seperate apartments in which different viands can be steamed at the same time, down to tiny ones to fit on the top of the teakettle. A useful size is a plain, round one about twelve inches high, to fit over an ordinary iron pot. The cover must be very tight to retain the steam. Things that are steamed cannot burn, and once safely over a pot of boiling water, the hurried housekeeper may dismiss them from her mind. There is only one point to be remembered, the water must never cease boiling for a single instant, and therefore the fire must not be permitted to get low. A longer time should be allowed for steaming than for boiling.

A pair of tough fowls can be rendered as tender as chickens by being judiciously steamed. It will take two hours and a half to three hours to accomplish it if they are veterans. They can be tested by plunging a fork in the heart and thighs. They should be filled with a stuffing of bread, crumbs, butter, pepper, salt and nutmeg, or lemon juice, if desired, dressed as if for roasting, with wings and legs bound tightly to the body, and then laid in an earthen dish in the steamer. The drippings are very valuable for chicken soup, which should be made the next day from the bones and scraps remaining. With the addition of tomatoes, artichokes, or whatever vegetables can be procured, and a slight thickening of cornstarch, it makes a welcome addition to the family dinner. If the supply of vegetables is insufficient, a pint of milk is a great improvement, and a well-beaten egg stirred in gives it body.

Fish is much more easily steamed than boiled; it is not as liable to be broken. Oysters are delicious cooked this way. They are drained, laid on a plate and steamed for about ten minutes, according to the size, until they look plump and white. The liquor can be heated, an equal quantity of cream added to half a pint, thickened with a teaspoonful of cornstarch and poured around them, or they can be served dry on squares of buttered toast.

Stale bread or biscuit can by steaming be rendered as nice as when fresh. Cut the bread in slices, and stand them in the steamer leaning against a bowl in the middle, so the steam will reach every part of the slices. Let them remain for five or six minutes, remove cover, turning it up quickly so the condensed steam on it will not drop on the bread, butter each slice as it is removed, pile lightly on a hot dish. Split the biscuit, observe the same precautions in steaming, and serve in the same way.—*Christian Union.*

Hungarian Grass.

As an illustration of what can be done with Hungarian grass, a correspondent of the *New England Farmer* gives the details of the sowing, harvesting, etc., of a field of Hungarian grown the last season on the farm of Way & Thompson, Rockingham, Vt. The fall previous to sowing a piece of four acres of normal fertility was broken up, with the intention of putting in a hoed crop the following spring. But owing to a delay in the spring's work, it remained untouched till the last of June, at which time the grass had grown to a considerable height between the furrows, and the furrows themselves were beginning to cover with grass and weeds. A disc harrow—which, by the way, is a valuable acquisit for any farmer—was put on and the piece gone over twice, half-lapping each time, thus effecting a deep and thorough pulverization. The seed was then sown at the rate of about a bushel per acre, and harrowed in with a smoothing harrow. Immediately after this about 1,100 pounds of phosphate was applied to the whole piece. The growth was vigorous and uniform. The herbage was fine and stocky. Harvesting was commenced the 15th of August. For several weeks previous to this there had been several showers, accompanied by wind; after each, the grass lay almost as flat as though a roller had passed over it, but each time it straightened up fully, and when cut, stood as well as any grass, notwithstanding that the piece was situated on a side hill, and the heads were large and well-seeded. Although some claim it is hard to cure, no great difficulty was experienced in getting it ready for the mow. The yield was heavy and would average two and a half tons per acre. On feeding this winter, it is found that most cattle prefer it to herdsgrass or clover. For milch cows it is excellent, and is also good for working teams, whether oxen or horses. Some teamsters attribute its superiority over other hay to the large number of seeds contained in the head, which, when the grass is cut in the blow, contain much nutriment. The farther north it is raised, the earlier it must be sown. Farmers would do well to cut off the grass early from some of their lightest fields and plow them up and sow with Hungarian, using phosphate or a light coat of fine manure for a fertilizer. Of course on a stout, well rooted field of English grass, as the latter does not require to be sown each year to insure a crop as is the case with Hungarian. On farms where the grass is light and hay has to be bought to winter the stock it would be better to devote the money paid out for such hay and time drawing it home to raising Hungarian, although the time must be taken out of the summer's work. Hay raised on the farm and carted into the barn in summer is better than hay bought and drawn home through the snow of winter.

Systematic Farming.

Much of the success in farming as elsewhere is attained by systematic work. Every moment must count in our short seasons in order to have them successful. Each day's work thought out in two ways, what to do if the day should be pleasant and if it should prove stormy and then make the time count. Don't look over all the work to be done and feeling the enormity of it attempt to do it all at once. Consider the earliest piece of ground and dispose of that first, plant the crop that you want first or that will stand the greatest amount of severe weather earliest. In the day's work take that which can least afford to wait first and arrange so that when the animals are eating in the barn the men are eating too, and thus no time is wasted. If the farmer and his help have to stand around waiting for horses or oxen to eat there is a foolish waste of time. Again there should be thought in going out to the field to take all that will be needed there so that it may not be necessary to send back to the house or barn occasionally for something omitted. Rest must be allowed for in the farmer's day. It is mistaken economy to omit it, but the rest should be part of the day's plan and not be a time of impatient waiting that cannot be avoided if the work is not planned. Try systematic work this year, follow it closely and see if it does not pay.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Farm Notes.

See that the poultry have fresh water.

Asparagus may be easily grown from seed.

Kill weeds now by preventing their growing.

Plowing wet land should be carefully avoided.

American potatoes only should be used for seed.

See that the children have a garden of their own.

Only the best butter should be marketed by farmers.

Help who abuse farm animals should not be tolerated.

Wood ashes judiciously used is an excellent fertilizer.

Teach your animals to be docile by treating humanely.

One of the most important tools on a farm is a good harrow.

A garden to be profitable must be made as early as possible.

The number of the kinds of sheep in the world is given as fifty-two.

Use care in changing stock from hay and other dry food to grass.

Thorough work pays better than haste, even if the season is late.

The clover seed in order to be most successful should be sown early.

If a fine setting of eggs fails, do not be too quick to blame the seller.

The farmer who works with his head saves half the work of his hands.

Frequent regular feeding and a variety of food is profitable with fowls.

Those who did their plowing and fertilizing last fall find the advantage now.

The question is not how large a farm do you own, but how good a one it is.

In the hatching season special care should be taken to clear the crops of lice.

Wood ashes are excellent to scatter around blackberry and raspberry canes.

Determine to make good butter and milk or else go out of the business altogether.

Weedy fields should be plowed with narrow furrows in order to cut all roots.

The farmer should superintend his own farm, not as a tyrant, but as a director.

Household Hints.

Rich cake will not crumble if cut with a knife dipped in hot water.

If sassafras bark is sprinkled among dried fruit it will keep out the worms.

The juice of two oranges added to a pitcher of lemonade greatly improves it.

Starch is much cheaper by the box. Vegetables are best stored in a room by themselves.

Clothespins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month become more durable.

One teaspoonful of amonia to a teacup of water applied with a rag will clean silver or gold jewelry.

Unslacked lime is excellent for cleaning small articles in steel, such as jewelry, buckles and the like.

Milk in boiling always forms a peculiar acid, so a pinch of soda should be added when beginning to cook.

Mixed milk is injurious to the yield of butter, says the *Ploughman.* This is well known to wilkmen and buttermakers.

Alum and plaster of paris mixed with water and used in liquid state form a hard composition and a useful cement.

Broiled ham—Cut the ham quite thin; have a clear fire and broil as if it were beefsteak. It is much better than fried ham.

To clean black silk, sponge on both sides with weak amonia water, then roll up on a roller and leave until thoroughly dry. Will come out very nicely and repay the trouble.

Dry buckwheat flour, if repeatedly applied, will entirely remove the worst greese spots on carpets or any other wool cloth, and will answer as well as French chalk for greese spots on silk.

Broiled codfish—Freshen square pieces of salt codfish in cold water over night. In the morning broil on a wire broiler exactly as if it were beefsteak. When done butter it and serve on a hot dish.

Tripe in batter—Beat one egg with one tablespoonful of flour and a little salt. Fry one slice of good salt pork and then dip pieces of honeycomb tripe in the batter and fry, taking care to have the fat very hot.

Muffins—One egg, one-third cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one of soda, one cup of milk, one and three-fourths cups of flour. Bake in small tins or an iron gem pan.

Baked eggs—butter a pie plate thoroughly and break the eggs carefully. Sprinkle a little salt and pepper on each and add a few bits of butter. Bake quickly and remove from the oven as soon as the white is cooked. Serve in the baking dish.

A plain omelet—Two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat the yolks till creamy, add the milk and salt, and then the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Melt the butter in a small smooth frying pan and pour in the mixture which should begin to bubble at once. Cook three or four minutes, and keep it from burning by slipping a knife under it now and then. When the top begins to set, fold it over and serve at once in a small hot plattor.

A Man's Reasoning.

"The trouble with women," said Smitherimpkins, 'is that they want us to have fun their way. They want us to sit in the house and talk the weather, sir; to discuss the eternal mysteries of dressmaking and cooking, sir; and to read novels, sir, and worship babies. They can't see why a man should want to go to the club or a public dinner, sir, or take in a baseball game or a horse race. They want us to do as they do and enjoy ourselves their way, sir. But did you ever hear of a man wanting a woman to have fun his way? No, sir; not much, sir. You never heard of any man's trying to persuade his wife to go round the corner, sir, to a nice, quiet place, sir, and to smoke cigars and drink beer with the party, sir, and sit up till the cock had made himself hoarse with crowing, sir, and then meander home singing. Did you ever hear of any man's trying to persuade a woman to have fun that way—his way? No, sir; not by a jugful, sir."—*Harper's Bazar.*

How Americans Spend Money.

It gives one an idea of the stupendous increase of wealth in this country that the Ponce de Leon Hotel at St. Augustine, Fla., which cost $2,500,000, and holds 1,000 guests, has paid so well that its owner is adding to it the Alcazar across the street at a cost of $3,500,000 more. The *Atlanta Constitution* describes this hotel as a world-wonder of splendor and luxury, but the paragraph that gives the best idea of its elegance and the wealth of its patrons, is this:

"The rates? Five dollars a day and upward. Eight out of ten visitor pay $5 a day. The other two, taking private parlors or extra rooms, pay from $8 to $100 a day. The suit of rooms engaged by Mr. Pulitzer were $650 a week. The Duke of Newcastle paid $580 a week for his rooms, ordered in an extra side-board, and kept them while away two weeks in Southern Florida. A lady paid $1,000 for two weeks for her apartments. The bridal chambers cost $40 a day—not a steep figure for young folks. The price for dinner is $2—simply because the boats and trains bring scores of sight-seers every day who take dinner, hear the concerts, and explore the house from the picture gallery and gardens to the sheltered roof below which far away the ocean unrolls its thunderous majesty."

Truly we are a great people when we can pay such hotel bills and still get home from such a distance.—*Rochester Union.*

Boy and Girl, Man and Woman.

"Kiss me, Will!" sang Marguerite
To a pretty little tune,
Holding up her dainty lips,
Sweet as roses born in June.
Will was ten years old that day,
And he pulled her golden curls
Teasingly and answer made:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,
Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying: "Won't you kiss me, sweet?"
'Rite is seventeen to-day;
With her birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys!"
—*Boston Traveller.*

Three Presidents' Wives.

Shall we have a trio of Presidents wives in Washington next summer? Mrs. Frances Cleveland will be there, of course, except when hot weather drives her away. The second Queen by courtesy of a Republic will be Mad' Diaz, of Mexico, who is to start on a tour of this country in May, coming leisurely across the continent from San Francisco, to arrive in New York in July. She will spend some time in Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch, and it is fair to presume that she will go to Washington to pay her respects to Mrs. Cleveland. The third member of the trio is Mad. Carnot, wife of the present President of the French Republic. With her lies the only uncertainty as to the interesting meeting. It is said in the Paris *Figaro* that she contemplated an ocean voyage in some direction or other next summer, and that her inclination was to cross the Atlantic, but South America appeared to be in her mind. However, it would seem strange to give that comparatively uninteresting continent preference over our own, and if she sails westward, as she is qualifiedly announced to do early in the summer, may we not count confidently on her meeting Mrs. Cleveland and Mad. Diaz in Washington? In that case some body might get up a personally directed tour for the various South American Presidentesses, so that we could assemble a wondrous party of those peculiarly distinguished ladies. The only competitor with our own Mrs. Cleveland for pre-eminence in such a gathering would be Mad. Carnot. She is the soul of gracious dignity, brilliant in conversation, a magnificent dresser, and a handsome woman, but Mrs. Cleveland would have the advantage of youthfulness and a greater degree of beauty. So we need not be shy about it.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Texas Claude Duval.

Texas has a very considerate stage robber. He doesn't want to hurt anybody's feelings, and he will do almost anything, except restoring money and valuables, to free his victims from a charge of cowardice in giving them up. Not long ago this lone highwayman stopped a mail stage near San Angelo, containing thirteen passengers. He ordered them to descend, which they did very promptly, and after drawing caps down over their faces, to hide their blushes at their own cowardice, probably, he proceeded in a calm and dispassionate manner to relieve them of their personal property. He kept them holding up their hands about four hours, awaiting an extra hack that a passenger said was coming behind them, but it was delayed in some manner, and the stage with its passengers was allowed to proceed. The robber very generously gave each passenger enough money to pay for his breakfast at the next stopping place. Anticipating that they might be charged with lack of courage when the circumstance became known, he also gave them a written certificate which read as follows: "I hereby certify that all of you are gentlemen, honest and brave, but that you were not armed and prepared to defend yourselves—Stage Robber." Such consideration is rarely met with in a highwayman, nowadays. It is worthy of the courteous Claude Duval in his best days.—*Texas Siftings.*

Sick Children.

When little ones are suffering pain we find the application of hot flatirons wrapped in old bits of canton flannel (or even the stove plates) to their feet, and the spots they complain of, will often relieve them as quickly as they are found to be sweating.

We often make poltices for pain in the side or dysentary pains. "To a teacupful of corn meal or bran add a half-teaspoonful of mustard and as much lard as a small hen's egg, make it with hot water into a smooth mush, spread as thick as a book back." We prepare a bag the size needed, one side thick muslin, the other very thin, or even double fly netting, put the mush in, sew, shut the end and then spread with a broad-bladed knife; have a strip of flannel (to pin around a baby or young child) to which we baste the corners of our poultice to insure its keeping smooth and close to the skin. Sometimes we add a small handful of hops if we have them.

If a child suffers from cold feet get two basins of water, one cold, the other very warm, and put its feet first into the cold and then the hot, every minute changing them, and soon it can keep them in the hot water with comfort; then rub them briskly with a soft towel; a little liniment or alcohol will be good.

Children should be taught to tell of aches and pains or slight sore throats, that one can apply simple remedies in time, and advise them as to diet. We often say to our boys, "Perhaps you had better not eat any supper, or only a very little bread and milk," and they find it a good prescription. Salt water gargles in the first stage of sore throat, with a little turpentine or liniment on the outside, may save a serious sickness.

I have told before of fat pork for ear ache, but it will bear repeating. Cut a good piece to stop up the opening, with a pointed bit to go inside, and it will relieve ordinary ear ache very soon.

Always keep a child warm and keep out any breaking out; give remedies to bring out whatever eruption is suspected.

We have had trouble with coughs that lemon juice and sugar seemed to relieve better than anything else.

For slight burns on baby's fingers a bit of court plaster will give speedy relief; we always use it. Cuts should be simply tied up tightly to hold the edges together, and covered with court plasters when done bleeding. Young mothers want to put on something to cure, but they err and retard the healing, as any physician can tell them.

A sick child is more comfortable on a large rocking chair or its bed than in any person's lap, and can be attended to much more easily. Quiet tones of encouragement and steady hands go far with any sick person, and a child is especially sensitive to outside influences. The mother who cannot control herself is seldom fit to attend upon her sick folks, and if she governs them in health she will reap her reward when they obey her in sickness.—*Household.*

The Sheriffs without their Teams.

The first was a little Aroostook man and one day he went with a warrant to arrest a certain farmer in Maine. He found him in the field and made known his errand. "All right," said the farmer, a big burley fellow. "I'm ready," and with that he lay down at full length on the ground. "But you don't expect me to carry you?" asked the sheriff. "Certainly; you must take my body, you know." "Will you wait till I get a team?" Can't say;" and the upshot was that the sheriff went back without his prisoner. The other sheriff was a Franklin county man, likewise small, but plucky. He was sent to arrest a notorious offender, a two hundred pounder, and found him on the hillside. Grinning at the officer, he lay back on the grass, saying: "If you get me, you'll have to take me." Quick as a wink the sheriff grabbed the fellow by his feet and started down the hill with him as fast as he could go; and the bumping the big man got soon shook all the fun out of him, and he begged to be allowed to walk quietly by the side of the sheriff.

South American Mosquitoes.

Some ludicrous stories are told about adventures with mosquitoes. I have been solemnly assured that very often when they have attacked a boat and driven its captain and crew below, they have broken the windows of the cabin by plunging in swarms against them, and have attempted to burst in the doors. Although this may be something of an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that frequently horses and cattle, after the most frightful sufferings, have died from mosquito-bites on board the vessels. Not long ago a herd of valuable cattle were being taken from the United States to a ranch upon the Magdalena River, and became so desperate under the attacks of the mosquitoes that they broke from their stalls, jumped into the water and, all were drowned. Passengers intending to make the voyage usually provide themselves with protection in the shape of mosquito-bars, head-nets and thick gloves, and when on deck are compelled to tie their sleeves around their wrists and their pantaloons around their ankles.—*American Magazine.*

A Cat Inside a Whirling Wheel.

On the shaft which runs the *Observer* press is a loose pulley, over which the belt passes when the press is not in use. This pulley is of iron and hollow. Next to it is a light pulley, to which the belt is shifted when it is desired to start the press. The engine was started about 8 o'clock, and with it the loose pulley. It had been running about two hours when Pressman Ryals noticed something white inside the fast revolving pulley, which he thought to be a rag or piece of paper. The engine was stopped to make an investigation. Then it was found to be a white cat snugly curled up inside the pulley. It did not seem possible that pussy could be alive after making about 400 revolutions a minute for nearly two hours, but when an attempt was made to take her out she darted into the further or tight pulley, and fought like a young tiger anyone who essayed to remove her. She was finally dislodged, however. She then proceeded to prove that she was as lively a cat as ever, and it was some time before she could be captured. As a matter of fact, the cat did not appear to have suffered in the least by what it had undergone.—*Utica (N. Y.) Observer.*

An Unsupplied Demand.

A well-known society lady bewails the fact that men are no longer to be found in society, and that their places are supplied by that unsexed nondescript—the dude.

An eminent New York clergyman is out in an article complaining that men do not attend church, three-fourths of every congregation being feminine.

Soon the annual wail will go up from seaside and mountain resort that no men frequent those places.

Everywhere the complaint is the same, no men in society, no men in the church, no men in the resorts of fashion and pleasure. It looks sometimes as if the race were becoming extinct like the mastodon or the ichthyosaurus. Man at the seaside and mountain hotels, if the experience of the last few years continues, will become as fabulous as the unicorn or the centaur, a mere figment of poetry and tradition.

But yet we doubt not men are just as numerous as ever, but, to use a little paraphrase of Shakespeare, are somewhat scanter of their masculine presence. Men do not go into society because they do not find what they want there. Men with a purpose in life have no time for the empty nothings with which the attention of society is engaged! After a man has found his wife what rational object can he have in balls and parties, receptions, and the like? How hollow is the emptiness of the whole matter compared with the sunny cheerfulness of his own home. There is no food for his brain, no health for his soul; no inspiration for his heart in the whole round of endless formality. Of course a man must be social in the presence of his own intellectual companions, his own social comrades, and these are more frequently found outside the domain of what is denominated society.

The non-attendance of men at church has been so frequently attributed by the feminine judgment to natural depravity and wickedness that it would be presumptuous to offer any other reason.

But, taking it altogether, the scarcity of men is one of the crying problems of modern society. The supply does not equal the demand.—*Yankee Blade.*

Corn Cultivation.

The manner of cultivating corn, whether deep or shallow, is a subject of much thought and discussion; but it seems to depend very much upon a principle which exists everywhere, viz, that at first, and before the roots have spread through the rows, deep cultivation is useful, but afterward, as the roots spread through the soil, only the surface should be stirred. A most successful and large cultivator of corn in central Illinois, upon a strong clay loam, but containing much humus, found that his best success was in plowing deeply next the corn during its early growth. So he used narrow bull tongues, running deeper than the outer broader teeth of his cultivators, during the early growth of his corn. As the corn became large the teeth were changed so the deeper running teeth were near the middle of the rows. Thus the deep cultivation kept pace with the growth of the roots of the corn, and later, as the roots filled the whole soil, the cultivation was superficial. His regular day's work for a team in the field was eight hours, but he kept the teams moving, and accomplished more work in a day than many who kept their team afield 12 hours. Another peculiarity of his was that his team might be found lying still while some of his neighbors were struggling through wet, pasty soil. Yet when the soil did come in condition for work his teams were in the field early and late, often doing twice the amount of his regular work in one day. Yet his teams never seem fagged. His theory of cultivation and his labor were founded upon common sense.—*Practical Farmer.*

The Jungles Are Treeless.

By the way, we have now been the whole length of India, from Calcutta to Peshawan and back to Bombay, on the other side of land, and except at the foot of the Himalayas have not seen a single forest, or indeed what we would call a wood. Trees there are everywhere along the roads, along the hedgerows, scattered about the fields and plains and dotted over the hills and mountains, but nothing like what the most of us at home have supposed to constitute an Indian jungle. All uncultivated or waste lands are called "jungles." "Out in the jungle" means about the same thing here as with us to say "out on the prairie"—that is, on the uninclosed land, whether bare or in heavy grass. The "mountain jungles," where the tiger has his home, and from which he comes down to carry off people or domestic animals, have no trees other than low scattered bushes and rocks. On these no native thinks of going alone at night, or even by day in some of them.—*Carter Harrison's Letter to Chicago Mail.*

Burdette on Womankind.

Why am I a woman suffragist? Because I am. Because a woman has more good, hard, common sense than a man. Because she won't give a dollar and a half for an article that she knows very well she can get for seventy-five cents. Because she does not stalk loftily away from the counter without her change if the robber behind it is a little reluctant about counting it out. Because she is too independent to pay the landlord two dollars and a quarter for her dinner, and then pay the head-waiter one dollar to send her a waiter who will bring it to her for fifty cents. Because she will hold her money tightly in her own good little right hand for two hours until she first gets a receipt for it from the fellow who made her husband pay the same bill three times last year. Not any 'just give you credit for it" for her. Because one day a Pullman porter complained to me "No money on this trip; too many women aboard. Don't ever get nothin' out of a woman 'ceptin' just her regular fare." I had just paid him twenty-five cents for blacking one of my boots and losing the other; and when he said that, when I saw for myself the heroic firmness of those women, traveling alone, paying their fare and refusing to pay the salaries of the employes of a wealthy corporation, I said: "Those women have a right to vote. To vote? By all that is brave and self-reliant and sensible, they have a right to run the government!"—*New York Star.*

TOO LATE.

A True Story—Its Perusal Should Make Us More Charitable.

"MAMMA, mamma," wailed a tiny, feeble voice, "tum take baby."

It was a lonely tenement room, utterly bare of any thing like cosy home comfort. A dilapidated bedstead and furnishings stood in one corner, a rusty stove, a basket with a few lonesome lumps of fuel in it, a rickety old chair with one broken rocker, were the principal furniture.

In this chair a little girl, whose pinched white face showed painfully the effects of close air and semi-starvation, sat in it rocking as far as the broken rocker would allow, and crooning a dismal little ditty in time to her fast-falling tears.

A baby lay back in her arms, a golden-haired little creature with great blue eyes, which under happier circumstances—fresh air, warmth and proper food—would have been beautiful; but now, its pinched face, staring eyes, and wan, deathly look, were enough to melt a heart of stone to pity.

The child moaned on in its pitiful wail for "mamma, mamma," and the little girl sang on amid her tears, while the otherwise deathly quiet of the room was broken by an occasional footstep stumbling up or down the long dark staircase without, varied by sounds of quarreling children in the other rooms, sounds of blows and screams of pain, for the ill-smelling tenement house was swarming with occupants of all ages and all degrees of misery.

Once a drunken man stumbled along the narrow passage, swearing and cursing, and weeping little Jane clasped the wailing baby closer to her beating heart, but she had taken the precaution to turn the key in the rusty lock, and after trying the door and giving it a kick, the man shuffled on to his own wretched room.

Meantime the mother rubbed away on a washing she was doing in a wealthy home on Beacon street, with a heart as heavy as lead, while the tears stole down her cheeks and mingled with the foam of the suds.

She had stayed at home for two whole days already, days that meant little short of starvation for the little family; but the babe was so sick she could not resist its pitiful pleadings for her care.

To-day, however, her work was in a place where she well knew a failure to appear would cause the certain loss of future work, and she tore herself away from the baby, though it strained her very heart-strings to do so.

Mrs. Chauncey had no intention of being a hard woman, and would have been surprised had any one ventured to tell her she was so, but she was certainly unsympathetic. The sorrows of the poor were nothing to her, and in her employment of them, if one failed in any particular, she discharged them and filled the vacant place with another as unconcernedly as she would supply a missing cog in any of her kitchen machinery.

There was a sad history preceding this chapter in the washerwoman's experience.

She had once been a happy bride, giving her heart and hand with the blind devotion with which woman bestows herself upon the man of her choice; a long vista of happy years stretched out before her in anticipation, in which husband, home, and little children were the central figures.

True she knew that her husband occasionally accepted a treat from his friends, just one glass once in a while, but she thought nothing of it. Compared with many

AND CROONING A DISMAL LITTLE DITTY.

others, he was a model of temperance and good principles. She did not know of the inherited taste which lay lurking in his nature, waiting for a supply of liquid fire to warm it to a never dying flame, but she found it out afterward, when the husband no longer waited for a treat, but stepped into the ever-ready saloon and supplied the craving which was beginning to dominate him.

It was when little Jane was born that he came home *drunk* for the first time in consequence of the absurd custom of celebrating such events by unlimited treating, and the wife suffered keener anguish than that of the birth throes, when he stumbled into her presence in his maudlin condition.

After that his downward course was rapid; from their neat cottage they went to tenement rooms, from rooms to one room, the miserable shelter where little Jane is rocking the baby.

In a saloon brawl two years ago he had killed a man, and for this had been sent up for life, and the worse than widow had set about making a living for herself and the child.

Death is a terrible thing, but there are living deaths which are infinitely more tragical, more pathetic than the grass-covered grave in the green cemetery.

Then came the baby, born amid tears, poverty and disgrace; no cap-crowned nurse greeted her advent into the world, not even a physician, and little Jane, aided and advised by a kind neighbor who was even poorer than they, took the scanty care of the mother and child which they received.

The mother had almost resented the thought of another mouth to feed, another form to clothe in her destitution, but the mother love came with the blue-eyed baby, and much as she had loved little Jane, this little one, born amid such adverse circumstances, crept into her heart as no other living thing had ever done, and became the very idol of her lonely heart.

Plain print dresses had seemed good enough for little Jane's babyhood, but white—pure white—seemed the only suitable wear for the smiling, golden-haired visitor, and many a night she sat up after her day's toil for others was done, to wash and iron the one fine white and embroidered robe which was left of Jane's infant wardrobe, that her darling might be fresh and sweet through the day.

Little Jane shared this idolizing love for the fair little blossom in the dingy room, and together they worked and made sacrifices uncomplainingly that the little one might be shielded from the hardships of their lot, while she laughed and crowed and contributed her share of sunshine to alleviate the sorrows she knew so little of, until the sickness came, the result of poverty and privation, blanching the cheek and dimming the blue eyes of the little comforter.

It seemed to the mother that the wash had never been so large at Mrs. Chauncey's as she hurried through the monotonous rub, suds and rinse, and nothing but the thought of the money she would receive, and which she needed so sorely, upheld her aching heart during the anxious day. She was nearly done now and Mrs. Chauncey came into the wash-room; she was not in a pleasant humor to-day. Her dressmaker had disappointed her, and Mr. Chauncey had refused her the new style sealskin cloak she had asked him for, on the plea of hard times, and she spoke to the tired and sorrowing woman coldly and fretfully:

"It seems to me, Mrs. Dunlap, the washing has dragged unusually to-day."

"An' sure, mim, it's unusually large," said the cook, who chanced to be in the room, pointing to the great basket of clothes ready for the line.

She was as near being a privileged character in Mr. Chauncey's household as any one in it, for her place could not be easily supplied, as she well knew.

"Is it, indeed," replied Mrs. Chauncey, coldly. "I was not aware of it, but I came in, Mrs. Dunlap, to say that I haven't the money to pay you to-day; you may come on Friday and do the ironing, and I will pay you then," and she turned and sailed loftily from the room.

"Are yees going to faint, woman?" cried the cook in alarm, as the poor mother stood looking after her with a face from which every vestige of color had fled, and bringing a chair, the kind-hearted woman seated her in it with gentle force.

"IT SEEMS TO ME, MRS. DUNLAP."

The kindly touch unlocked the fountain of the mother's grief, and amid her sobs of distress told the friendly cook the story of her troubles.

"I'll lind ye the money meself," cried the woman, wiping her eyes with her apron, her warm Irish heart responding at once to the sad story; she had had children herself, and knew the depths of the mother love. "Put on your things an' hurry home as quick as iver ye can, an' I'll hang the clothes to dry, an' clane up the wash room." Mrs. Dunlap looked up in grateful surprise. "An' here's a fine, fat orange I bought for me sister's little by, but it'll do the poor sick baby more good," and she tucked the fruit into Mrs. Dunlap's pocket as she spoke.

The mother gladly took advantage of the kind offer, and while she was hurrying on her poor, thin shawl and shabby bonnet, the cook was making up a parcel of cold victuals, luxuries to her in her penury, but unavailable in Mrs. Chauncey's luxurious kitchen.

She hurried home, only stopping to purchase a few necessities with the money the cook had lent her, and ascended the long, dark staircase with an anxious heart.

Little Jane met her at the door. "Oh, I am so glad you have come, mamma," she said, in a hushed voice. "Baby has mourned for you all day, but she is asleep now."

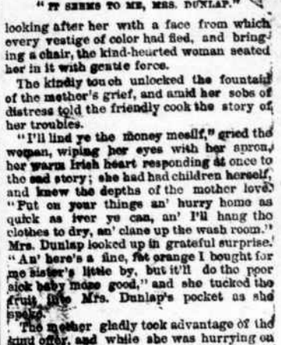
The mother approached the wretched bed where the baby lay, the little hands crossed peacefully over her breast, the golden hair, which the mother loved so much to curl and fondle, lying in disordered rings upon the strained, white forehead, the blue eyes closed and oh, so still.

There was no need for little Jane to speak in low tones, and it seemed as if the stricken mother was turned to stone as she stood there, a living statue of dumb, unspeakable anguish; the baby was *dead.*

MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

Old-Time Stage Characters.

Lovers of the modern stage who have seen Salvini or Ristori, Edwin Booth or Irving, can hardly realize what the drama actually was in its early stages. Dr. Donan's "Annals of the Stage," which has been re-published this season, revised and edited by Mr. Lowe, gives some idea of what the old-time theater-goer saw. It probably contains the finest collection of English theatrical portraits ever issued. Here appear the faces and costumes of Quinn and George Frederick Cook, Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Yates, Garrick and Edmund Kean, Elizabeth Barry, Cibber and scores of others famous in the history of English drama. The picture of Quinn as Coriolanus shows how confusing and ill-timed were the ideas of costuming in vogue a hundred years ago. Imagine



GARRICK AS MACBETH.

MRS. YATES AS LADY MACBETH.

such a Lady Macbeth as Mrs. Yates with a crinoline seven feet in diameter; or think of Garrick as Macbeth dressed in a wig with small clothes and old-fashioned continental long skirts. These illustrations serve to show how rapid and reasonable have been our strides in dramatic management and costuming in this nineteenth century.

An Old But True Story.

It is an old story about the store sign that advises people not to go further and be robbed, but the average newspaper reader has regarded that story as a mere invention of the wits and as having no foundation in fact. At this very moment there hangs in the window of a second-hand furniture establishment on West Randolph street, Chicago, a placard which reads:

DON'T GO DOWN TOWN TO BE
ROBBED,
BUT COME IN AND SEE US.

A House Made of Wire.

A house of wire lathing is one of the curiosities of the Manchester Exhibition. The architect is G. F. Armitage and the wire lathing is stated to