

NEW PLAN FOR A SILO

SOME VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR OUR FARM FRIENDS.

Other Matters for Agriculturists—Cooking Stock Feed—How to Make Dairying Pay—Concentrated Lye for Dehorning Calves—Crowd the Making of Pork Now—Winter Work on the Farm—Household Hints—Recipes

It is generally acknowledged that a round silo, say thirty feet high and twenty feet in diameter, is best. However, it is claimed that a structure of the form exposed to much slage to the air while feeding, especially in summer. From nine or ten years' experience and careful reading of current discussions on the subject, I conclude that the silo is best placed in the earth, and as near the animals to be fed from it as possible. Thus constructed it is less expensive and more durable than one above ground. It also requires less labor to fill it and to feed the slage to stock.

A building for a silo and twenty cows should be thirty-six feet square with a twelve-foot floor midway between two sides and a row of stalls on each side facing the floor. Leave the floor unsealed so that it may be taken up at pleasure. The silo should be constructed under this floor, and may be round, twenty or more feet in diameter, or oblong with long diameter, nearly equaling the length of the floor. But whatever the size or form, its depth should be not less than sixteen feet. A round silo is as well divided into compartments as the oblong. One holding 150 tons occupies much space. If round and thirty feet high, it must be outside the stable.

My plan is to put the silo under the barn, or rather construct the silo first, placing the barn over it. First, set stakes at the corners and draw a line for the silo. Outside these side lines make a light wall one foot high. Behind this lay flat stones for a pavement, or make it of cement. Then commence excavating. The object of the pavement outside the wall is to keep rats from burrowing. As the excavation progresses, plaster the walls with sand and cement. The walls should converge slightly to the center. If the barn is warm, enough for cows and the central part of the outside is used first, cement walls will outlast those of wood.

A silo under the floor can be filled from both ends, and then weighted. It is claimed that weighting is unnecessary, but its virtues are admitted by advocates of deep silos. In this silo the feed is nearer the stock than in most others. A rope runs over a pulley with two hooks for attaching a one-and-one-half-bushel basket to draw it up. A basket can be filled by the man in the pit, hauled up by the man above, and emptied while another is being filled.

—F. C. Curtis in American Agriculturist.

Cooking Stock Feed. "I suppose it will be a long time before feeders agree concerning the desirability of cooking for stock," writes C. B. W. of Shawano, Wis. "Permit me to give my experience and observation. While I resided in Washington county, New York, all the best farmers there fed their hogs boiled potatoes, mixed with ground corn and peas. Hogs so fed, in lots of twenty-five to fifty, would average 250 pounds. In my own experience of fattening old cattle for beef I find that the best results are obtained by taking good sound corn and boiling it until the kernels crack open. It becomes very soft. Add a little salt while boiling. Feed with a little bran, the best, and will fatten animals in the shortest possible time. Corn treated this way will also put flesh on horses which have become poor from hard work, very rapidly. It has also proved excellent for milch cows."

How to Make Dairying Pay. Was the subject of a paper by B. P. Norton to the Iowa dairymen's association. He is milking twenty-nine cows and made 213 1/2 pounds of butter per cow. He ships his butter to Duluth and New Orleans, and it netted him \$14 1/2 per year, or an average of \$76.66 per cow. He estimates the food of the cow worth from \$39 to \$35, and that the milk is worth from \$1.50 to \$1.60 per gallon. His feed is ensilage the year around, pasture in his season and a grain feed about seven months in the year. The grain is barley, oats and corn. The hay is cut and ground together, and then mixed half and half with bran and each cow fed a peck twice a day. In winter, the hay and water in the trough, and put the grain on the ensilage. The baby separator he finds the best investment a dairyman can make will pay to buy one for six or seven good cows.

Lye for Dehorning Calves. A number of preparations have been used successfully for dehorning calves, but as the ordinary farmer seldom has these at hand, I will describe my method, which is not widely known, but has proved very satisfactory. Perform the operation before the animal is a week old, and when the animal's hair from about the horns, which at this time has not come through the skin. Place on the point of a knife a little lye made by mixing concentrated lye and water. Put this on the horn and rub in well, taking care not to burn the animal's skin. The lye completely kills the horn, but does not seem to hurt the calf for more than an hour or two. A scab forms after a few days, and when this comes off the hair grows over, and the completely concealing any scar which may be left.—W. S. King, Nebraska.

Feeding Stock on Corn Stalks. When field corn is not cut for fodder and the corn is husked from the standing stalks, farm stock will glean from the field much nutritious food in the shape of stubbins, husks and blades, and the grass on the margins. This stock should be turned into the corn field only when there are no pleasant days, and should have been fed some corn for several days previous, or what is a better plan, the corn stalks and field only an hour or so at first. Unless care is used, they may find too much grain and over eat. All animals feeding on dry corn stalks, and especially cattle, should have an abundant supply of drinking water to prevent constipation.—American Agriculturist.

Crowd the Making of Pork Now. The weather is cool enough for giving the pigs good appetites, but not cold enough to consume food for anything but the putting on of flesh. Wheat meal and bran with cornmeal and oats occasionally, make an agreeable change in the diet of hogs from Nebraska which were brought east last summer. Cultivation of sugar beets, mangels and carrots for feeding stock is on the increase in this vicinity, and so far as I have been able to learn from growers, they are unanimously well pleased with results. Such roots make good winter food for hogs, as well as beef. Excellent for cattle and sheep.—Samuel Edwards, Northern Illinois.

WINTER WORK ON THE FARM. Manure Making—Care of Poultry—Dairy Notes. Manure-making in winter is one of the best operations on the farm at that season, because labor cannot be bestowed in other directions so well as on the manure-heap. It is not difficult to have all of the manure well rotted by spring, and there is less loss when it is heaped than if allowed to remain spread out over the barnyard. Manure heaps should be handled several times, throwing the coarse materials in the center where they will be heated and decomposed. Fowls need exercise, and if they have a dry location they should have a lot of leaves or cut straw in which to scratch.

Over-feeding is a drawback to egg production, and so is roosting on tree limbs, which allow cold rainwater to drip on the birds, bringing on a disease that sweeps the whole flock away.

It is said that there is not now a single mutton sheep in England. The British farmers make a specialty of mutton in place of wool and consider sheep very profitable stock. A farmer whose cows were dry sent to a large city for a tub of butter, and paid 25 cents a pound for choice. As he had been a dealer in butter, he determined to give more attention to selling, and secured better prices. The lesson taught is that farmers do not give sufficient attention to selecting markets or seeking customers, which is a very important matter with other classes of business men.

Onions are imported into this country every year. We do not grow enough of them for ordinary use, while the supply of small white onions for pickling is sold up to the demand at any period of the growing season. We have over 1,000,000 pounds of currants from France, and yet it is a fruit that thrives in nearly all sections of the United States. Much of the farm help is incompetent, which accounts for the ever-present demand for experienced men on the farms. This is an excellent time to help the laborer by giving him an application of lime, at the rate of half a ton an acre. In the spring an application of fifty pounds of nitrate of soda may then be applied, and frequent mowing of grass robs the soil of fertility.

As soon as the ground is frozen cut away the old wood of the blackberries and raspberries. A good shovelful of manure around each bunch of canes will benefit them when they start to grow in the spring. It should be with great care that seed potatoes for next year are procured. It is most important that the rot is brought on the farm in the seed, and once the land is infected it will be difficult to eradicate the disease. Potatoes grown from seed coming from a distant country are claimed to have better keeping qualities than those grown from southern seed. Seed should be procured only from reliable parties, and from sections where no disease exists, if possible to do so.

Keeping the boy on the farm depends on what his impressions may be in his early days. A young colt or two every year, the calves, lambs and pigs make the farm attractive to the boys, and if they can be given an interest in them so much the better. The happiest days of the young farmer are those spent with the baby animals, and he will watch their growth until they are matured. The lack of school houses is one of the drawbacks to the farmer. The country school houses are usually so far from some of the farms in a community, which entails loss of time during inclement weather.

Every dog kept on a farm should be useful for some purpose. There are too many worthless night prowlers and curs. A collar can be made to bring up the cows and make himself servicable. Any dog known to kill sheep should be destroyed at once. Outside of the expense of keeping worthless dogs is the injury and annoyance they occasion to neighbors. A dog's propensity for sheltering the lambs. Some ewes will drop their lambs next month and should the weather be very cold they may perish in the night before the lambs are able to stand. The dog should not be crowded, and in addition to warm quarters should now be fed liberally, ground oats being a principal portion of the ration.

Household Hints. Sprinkle places infested by ants with borax and you will soon be rid of them. Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up air-tight will never be troubled with moths.

A little borax put in the water before washing red or bordered tablecloths and napkins will prevent their fading. Ringworms will yield to borax treatment. Apply a strong solution of borax three times a day; also dust on the dry powder very often. Silver spoons and forks in daily use may be kept bright by leaving them in strong borax water several hours. The water should be boiling when they are put in.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes and also keep them from being soiled by those that have been laid aside for two or three years. One of the best things to cleanse the house thoroughly is to dissolve one-half teaspoonful of borax in a quart of water and apply it, rubbing it in well. Rinse thoroughly with clear water. For washing tin and delftware nothing will cause them to look so nice as borax in the water, a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of water being the right proportion. Always wash your little flannel skirts, shirts, etc., in this.

Always wash baby's mouth and gums every morning with water in which you have dissolved a little borax. It keeps the mouth fresh and sweet, and prevents that uncontrollable affliction, a sore mouth, with which so many poor babies are troubled when their mouths are not kept perfectly clean. Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods, that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere wool goods, dissolve a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better, without injury to the coloring. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands, and draw out a line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side and they will look almost like new.—Good Housekeeping.

Recipes. Wholemeal Milk Bread—Mix thoroughly about one ounce of butter in one and one-half ounces of milk, and use this instead of the water in the previous recipe. Gem Bread—Make a thick batter of finely-ground whole meal and water, mixing in as much as possible. Have ready a very hot grasshopper pan and drop small balls into each space. Then bake for about half an hour in a very hot oven.

A Delicious Way of Cooking Vermicelli—Put on a fire a quart of water with one ounce of desiccated coconut, and let it get quite hot, then add quarter pound of vermicelli; let this cook till tender. Now add two ounces of butter, and when this is done put the mixture into a glass dish, pour over it one cup of cream, and sprinkle the whole over with bleached and chopped pistachio nuts.

Rich Wholemeal Bread—Well mix two ounces of German yeast with a teaspoonful of salt, and add one pound of wholemeal with two ounces of sugar and a little salt. Make a hole in the center and pour in the yeast with a pint of tepid water and half a pint of milk. Then add two or three well-beaten eggs, and work into dough. Cover with a cloth and leave in front of the fire for two hours or so, after which divide in two portions and bake in two tins for about an hour. Souffle of Rabbit—Mince and pound smoothly the meat from the back of a raw rabbit, and mix with two ounces of meat thus pounded allow one ounce of pounded ham, the yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt and white pepper, and a tiny dust of cayenne. When this is done, mix in a little of a stiff whipped cream and the whites of three eggs, whipped as stiff as possible, with a very tiny pinch of salt; three parts fill a soufflé dish with this mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve at once, sprinkled with a little minced parsley and coralline pepper.

The Pains of Rheumatism. According to the best authorities, originate in a morbid condition of the blood. Lactic acid, caused by the decomposition of the gelatinous and albuminous tissues, circulates with the blood and attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and thus causes the local manifestations of the disease. The back and shoulders are the parts usually affected by rheumatism and the joints of the knees, ankles, hips and wrists are also sometimes attacked. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. It has the remarkable property of cutting the most severe cases. The secret of its success lies in the fact that it attacks at once the cause of the disease, by neutralizing the lactic acid and purifying the blood, as well as strengthening every function of the body.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

J. Edward Addicks of Delaware, who is contesting for the seat in the United States senate which is now occupied by Anthony Higgins, was a candidate for the same office in 1888. Mr. Addicks, whose ancestors figured prominently in the American revolution, began life as an errand boy, and in a few years became a merchant. He made considerable money and soon became interested in gas manufacture. He started this business in 1884, and before the lapse of six years was worth millions. He has established Bay State gas companies in many large states of the union.

Gen. Duchesne, the commander of the recent French expedition to Madagascar, will be prominent in any trouble which may follow between the Islanders and the French. Gen. Duchesne is a native of Sens, in the Yonne, where he was born in 1837. At eighteen he entered the military academy of Saint Cyr, and two years later received his commission as a sub-lieutenant in a line regiment, with which he participated in the Italian campaign. During the Franco-German war he served as a captain, and then passed several years of active service in Africa. In 1884 he was sent to engage the Chinese, and inflicted several signal defeats on them. In 1893 he was promoted a general of division, and at present is in charge of the Fourteenth division at Belfort.

The remains of Gen. John C. Fremont were recently laid in their last resting place in Rockland cemetery, near Springfield, N. Y., and a handsome monument will soon be erected over the spot. The widow of the famous "Pathfinder," who was the republican party's first candidate for president, is now about seventy years of age and is living in Los Angeles with her daughter, Mrs. Fremont was the daughter of Thomas Benton, the famous United States senator, and was born in Virginia. She became Mrs. Fremont when a mere girl, and was so closely identified with the adventures and aspirations of the young explorer, soldier and politician that "Fremont and Jessie" became the rallying cry when Fremont ran for president.

The controversy existing between Archbishop Corrigan and Mr. T. J. Ducey brings the latter prominently before the public. The general impression is that Father Ducey is quite likely to hold his own with a superior. Mr. Ducey does not condemn the public school system of the United States. He is broad in his views, and notable among the clergymen for his plainness of speech. In St. Leo's Roman catholic church, New York, he ministers to the spiritual needs of the Havemeyers, the Isells and others of solid financial standing. He gives away thousands every year in charity, and has been known to give a shivering man his overcoat, going himself without until he could go to his house for another. Father Ducey is just in the prime of life.

Eugenie, ex-empress of the French, is nearly seventy years of age, and in her beautiful but lonely retreat at Farnborough, England, she now awaits the closing chapter in her stormy and tragic career, and it will probably not be long delayed, as she is very feeble. She has survived all those whom she loved—husband, son, mother and sister. Dead, too, are her hopes and ambitions; they have vanished like her world-renowned beauty, like her queenship, like her long-hoped-for and joyously hailed maternity. Ex-Empress Eugenie was born in Spain in 1826, and married in 1853. Her only child, the prince imperial, was killed by Zulus in South Africa in 1879. In many ways Empress Eugenie's influence was bad for France. But she was a good wife to a bad man, and was devoted to her son. She has lived in exile in England for several years.

Uncle Alvah, the hermit of the Adirondacks, maintains that the earth is not round like a ball, but at flat as a pancake, or, at best, that it resembles a milk pan, with enough of an edge to keep the water from running away.

A number of guests at Charlie Bennett's "Antlers," on Raquette lake, were discussing the theory with Uncle Alvah one day during the present hunting season. One of them undertook the altogether hopeless task of convincing the old man of the error of his belief. Among other things he called attention to the tides.

"Uncle Alvah," he said, "you've heard of tides, haven't you? How do you account for them if the world isn't round?" "What is it then?" asked the questioner, while all the sportsmen drew near to await the answer. Uncle Alvah was not to be hurried, and, after another pause, he remarked: "Did ye ever turn over in bed. I think's more than likely."

"Do ye ever been sheested?" "Always," replied the questioner, laughing. "What's that got to do with it?" "It's got a lot to do with it in my opinion. When you went over didn't the bed clothes kind of slip 'round an' slosh 'round, an' didn't get there the same time as you did?" "Yes," replied the questioner.

"Wall, that's my idee of the tides. The old earth sort of slips 'round under the water like a man under the bed clothes, or like a hill under a blanket, or like a milkpan. The water don't get there quite as fast as the land, an' that's what makes the tides."

The visit of Governor McKinley to the city has sent a story going the rounds which may or may not be true. It is said that during the governor's recent southern trip he strangely impressed a bell boy, who afterward gave vent to his feelings thus: "I tell yo', Mars Bob, dose statesmen is mighty funny people. An' dey has cuss ways. I cuss yo'. Now, dar's Gin'ral Braz. Wen I takes a cyard up to de gin'ral's room, de gin'ral he don't want ter see de gen'man what's name on de cyard, he jus' tara dat cyard into flinders, an' kicks me outen de room, an' says: 'Yo'—fool niggah, yo', what yo' mean insulatin' me wid' dat cyard? Yo' think I want yo's my time wid' dat cyard? Yo' git down stairs, yo' go back blankety blank, an' tell dat man to go to de debil.'"

Senator Palmer of Illinois belongs to a family which for longevity can scarcely be equaled by any other in the country. The senator's grandfather, whom he remembers very well, was born in 1747, and fought in the revolution. His father was a soldier in the war of 1812, and he himself fought in the rebellion. The lives of these three generations compass a period of nearly 150 years. Senator Palmer is, moreover, the oldest of four living generations of Palmers, all bearing the name of John M. "My grandfather," said Senator Palmer one night last week—and Senator Palmer is second to no man in Washington in telling good stories—was born down here among the fish and oysters of Northumberland county, Virginia. There are plenty of Palmers down there, yet, and my friend, Col. Jones, has had a great deal to tell me of them. He went to see an old lady one

time when I was expected down to make a speech, and when he discovered that her maiden name had been Palmer, he told her that there was a man up here in the senate of that name whose grandfather was born down there. The old lady remembered that branch of the family perfectly, and claimed kin at once. She could even detect in me some unmistakable family traits. "Dot, amny," said Col. Jones, "Senator Palmer fought in the northern army." "That staggered the old lady, for she is as loyal to the lost cause as anybody in the South, but once she had claimed kin, she wasn't going to back down. "Well, honey," said she, with a sigh there's always a black sheep in every family."—Chicago Times.

CATARH COURES.

An Ever-Increasing Host of Witnesses.

It used to be very common to hear people say that chronic catarrh can not be cured. The science of medicine has made all such statements absurd in this day and age of the world. Those who know of Pe-ru-na know that catarrh can be cured. A few of the great multitude of witnesses to this fact will be given. The names and addresses are given that everybody may have the opportunity of investigating further if they desire:

J. N. Kirchner of Herndon, Kas., had chronic catarrh sixteen years, and tried many kinds of treatment without cure. Used Pe-ru-na, which cured her. Is as well as any one could expect to be. W. E. Shelton, Lone Grove, I. T., had chronic catarrh for years. Tried Pe-ru-na and says that it has more virtue than is claimed for it. B. F. Hightower (druggist), Bufala, I. T., also had catarrh for years, but badly as it is to be hardly able to work. He says: "I owe my present good health entirely to Pe-ru-na." Albert F. Carlson, Lindstrom, Minn., box 112, was cured of catarrh after several years' suffering. He has been troubled since. Lee Stephens, Bally, Tex., had catarrh very badly; could scarcely bear; after taking Pe-ru-na he says: "I am entirely cured, and can bear as well as anyone." Thinks Pe-ru-na a wonderful remedy. August Possel, Akron, O., writes: "Pe-ru-na has perfectly cured my catarrh. It is worth its weight in gold. I feel perfectly well and happy."

This list of cures could be increased almost indefinitely. Everybody should have a copy of the Family Physician, No. 2, an excellent treatise on catarrh, coughs, colds and consumption. Sent free by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

ALONG THE BYWAYS. "Yes, I've seen a good many games of pool," said the aged sportsman, "and some mighty queer ones, but a game that I saw ten years ago out in Anacoda, Mont., has been the best I ever saw." "Tell us about it," said the Buffalo Express man.

"That, of course, was the invitation which the aged sport was fishing for, so he began without further urging: "It was a little one-horse saloon, one of the toughest in that tough western town. A half-dozen or so of us had been sitting around the table playing. Suddenly there came a couple of cowboys, after taking eight drinks apiece as fast as they could swallow, they demanded the use of the pool table. Myself and three other fellows were playing at the time, but we gave it right up without a protest, for those cowboys had their pistols in their hands and they looked ugly."

The attendant placed the balls in a hurry and offered each cowboy a cue. They took the cues and aimed a couple of raps over the head with the heavy ends of them, whereupon he got down behind the bar and did not say another word. Then those cowboys threw the cues out of the window and drew their guns and began shooting the balls into thickets and bushes.

"Well, sir, you can better believe it was the prettiest shooting a man ever saw. They played a regular game, each taking his turn and making his run just as you would with cues. Of course, when they hit a ball squarely the bullet would shatter it to pieces, but they were clever enough not to break more than one or two in the whole game. They would shoot glancing shots, just nipping the balls on the edges and whirling them off into the pockets almost every time. They even shot the balls and single shots and bank shots and all kinds of shots. The proprietor began to get nervous for his table, for, of course, every shot went through the edge of it, and he yelled from behind the bar for somebody to stop them, but they sent one ball in his direction, which clipped off the top of the table, and then they sat and stayed there. The rest of us, seeing we were not in danger, stood around and watched the game. Well, sir, those cowboys were playing without a doubt for rounds apiece and then set the balls up again for another game. I don't know how long they would have lasted if it had not been for an accident.

"What was the accident?" "Why, one of them tried a little too fine work. He had been scattered all around the edge with the table. He said he could shoot a curve which would send them all into the pockets at once. He put his pistol down on the table and fired. It was beautiful, and it did what he said it would, but he miscalculated on one thing."

"You see, the pistol ball, after making the complete circuit of the table and driving all the balls into the pockets, naturally came back to the spot from which it was fired. The cowboy, of course, entered the barrel and smashed the pistol, and so the game had to stop."

The married man was talking to the bachelor. "Why don't you marry?" inquired the bachelor.

"I don't want to be a married man, I suppose," replied the bachelor. "What kind of a man do you want to be?" "Not any kind for any length of time. For instance, I'd like to be a boy part of the time; then a lover sighing out his heart; then a husband and father for a month or so; then an old man for another month or so, and so on, changing about as the mood might take me. That sort of thing beats these everlasting youth snaps all to pieces."

"You're a marry," said the bachelor with supreme confidence. "That would knock my plan all to pieces." "The contrary, my dear fellow," said the married man, settling down to his work. "It would make you all of these. When you wanted to be a boy you would find your wife ready to listen to the same sweet words you told her in the June nights of long ago; when you wanted to be a married man you would take off your coat and put up sleeves, and get out your shirts and study up new ways of how not to forget what your wife told you to get down town; when you wanted to be an old man you could sit down in your office and wonder where you were going to get money enough to keep things going and think over the grave matters of the world; when you wanted to be a lover you would have your wife's name on the lips of your position. There it all is, old fellow," concluded the married man, "and you have selected it yourself." "Free marry."

And the bachelor said: "Free marry."

NEW FOR GIRLS

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OUTSIDE OPINIONS.

For presidential purposes the state of Maine, with Thomas Reed as one of its citizens, is far enough west to suit the views of a great many good republicans. It is several degrees west of Indiana, at any rate.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is alleged in behalf of the fugitive, the Rev. Conrad Haney, that discontinuing the tobacco habit produced a disturbed mental condition, rendering him in a degree irresponsible for his acts. The deep and scarlet criminality of Sir Walter Raleigh in introducing the use of tobacco among white men, received another confirmatory illustration.—Chicago Herald.

If, as by a miracle, those congressional dry bones should take on a new lease of life, repeal the differential on sugar, place iron ore and coal on the free list, put into operation the Cleveland-Carlisle plan of currency reform and establish closure in the senate, then indeed would democracy, considerably disfigured, re-enter the ring in 1896 with hope renewed and courage restored. But can those dry bones rattle or be rattled again?—Louisville Times.

There is apparently a determination on the part of the backers of the Nicaragua canal scheme to force that measure of public spoliation through the senate during the short session in defiance of the opposition sentiment against repeating the follies into which the government fell in the Pacific railroad cases. The intelligent people of the country are the proposed bond guarantee of a \$100,000,000 pledges the government to a debt which may amount, when the payments are made, to a sum of \$200,000,000.—St. Louis Republic.

One of the cunning pretenses of the Nicaragua canal lobby is the opportunity that England is seeking the opportunity to dig a canal through Central America. That the English are not much given to this sort of enterprise was seen in the case of the Suez canal, in which they declined to make any investment until its success, commercially and financially, had been completely assured. When the English government would not subsidize the Manchester canal, it is not likely to throw any money into a ditch in Central America after witnessing the Panama canal experiment of France.—Philadelphia Record.

Metropolitan conditions are such that revenue can be drawn from any novel however squallid. It is not necessary that it should be comical or that it should be clean if only it will shelter misery from the worst inclemencies of the seasons. As long as this is true those who manage their property "on strict business principles" can hardly be persuaded that it will pay to replace hovels with houses fit for the homes of decent and self-respecting people. Can Trinity church afford to do less—should it be permitted to do less—to set all such landlords the good example they so sadly need? Is there a more concrete example of the golden rule of Christianity than the creation and proper care of safe and sanitary habitations for the poor?—N. Y. World.

The Fall River mills, it is reported, are buying and storing large quantities of cotton on account of the current low prices and the fact that the usual mode of supply is secured. It is prudent any wise action on the part of our Yankee friends. There can be no question, we think, that cotton does not sell for as soon as you turn the average cost of production, while many farmers cannot produce it for less than 6 or 7 cents. It is very probable that the next crop will be smaller than this year's crop, and it will be considerably smaller if prices do not advance considerably before planting time. The Fall River buyers are perfectly safe in making a year's purchase ahead, and they will probably make a large profit by their venture. Southern mills which are in position to do so would do well to follow their example.—Charleston News and Courier.

His Merry Christmas. A hurried man, a worried man, A man mad as a hatter, A weary man, a dreary man, A man dead broke was he.

Into a chair he sank, and then His teeth he grimly ground, What there was now, he took Gave forth a hollow sound.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

No Cause for Alarm. I squeezed her hand, her cheeks grew red, And mine began to burn; I trembled and would have fled From her, but as I paused in dread The maiden drooped her shapely head And squeezed mine in return.—N. Y. Press. A Sad Fact. It is a sad fact that all the kickers are not in the foot ball business.—Albany Argus.