

A COUNTRY EXPERIENCE.

BY GEORGE ADE.

EVERY breeze that came in at the open windows was as soft as velvet. The warm sunshine had tempered it until the last sting of winter was gone.

Miller and Artie had removed their coats and unbuttoned their vests. They worked listlessly, and occasionally one of them would lean back and gaze sleepily out at the walls and roofs and the distant ribbon of lake, now dotted here and there with moving specks.

"A man ought to be pinched for working a day like this," Artie finally observed.

"Isn't it delightful?" said Miller. "This is the time of year when a man feels like getting out into the country."

"That ain't no lie, either. You don't see very many Johnny-jump-ups growin' along Dearborn street, do you?"

"Do you expect to get away from town often this summer?"

"Gee, I can't go very far. Since I've started plantin' my stuff in the bank and plunkin' in a few cases every month on the buildin' and loan game, I've got to play purty close to my bosom. I'll tell you those. Night before last, though, I was fixin' it up with Mame to take a little run over to St. Joe or up to Milwaukee on the boat. When they let you ride all day on the boat for a dollar a throw, why, that's where I cut in freely. But they don't get my game at any o' them summer resorts where they set you back five big, elegant bucks a day for a room about as big as that telephone box over there. Then if you want anything to chew you've got to square the waiter every time you go in the dining-room. I went up against one o' them places last summer. I commenced owin' money to that hotel before I got off the train.

"If I'm going to take a vacation," said Miller, "I'd rather get right out into the country. Don't you like it in the country?"

"Well, I ain't dead sure about that. I s'pose the country's all right to a man that's lived there, but you take some wise boy that was brought up in town and you throw him out on a farm and he's the worst ever. You've seen them boys around the union station comin' in with their red-topped boots and high hats and paper grips—well, when you see them fallin' into coalholes and bein' snaked out by fake hotel-runners, you think they're purty new, don't you?"

Well, say, there ain't no one of them that's half the horrible mark that some Chicago dubs is when he goes up against that farm game. If he don't s'gain like a yellow clarinet in 24 hours you can mark me down for a sucker. They can't spring none o' that happy-child-hood-days-down-on-the-farm business on me. I've been next, I'll tell you."

"I didn't know that you were ever on a farm," said Miller, laughing.

"I was there once, all right, an' I got it thrown into me so hard that I was good and sore, too. Four years ago this summer—that was before my father died—my Uncle Matt, that's got a farm a little way from Galesburg, wrote for me to come down and visit 'em. The old gentleman asked me if I wanted to go, and I said: 'Sure thing. In a minute I'd be readin' them corn story-books about pickin' flowers and goin' fishin' and dubblein' around the woods out in the country, an' I think to myself: 'This is a cinch. I'll go down there and dazzle them jays.' So I went down there, and a cousin o' mine, Spencer Blanchard, met me at the train with a buggy and drove me out. I got there in time for supper, and they all gave me the glad hand and jollied me up, and I kind o' thought that first night that I'd be a warm proposition out there. Well, holy smoke, about the time they got the dishes washed up the uncle says to me: 'I guess we'd better turn in. 'What do you mean?' I says: 'go to bed?' 'Sure thing,' says he.

"Oh, sure; they thought they were givin' me a good time. There was a kid cousin o' mine, Rutherford Hayes Blanchard—wouldn't that name frost you?—that jollied me into ridin' back on one of the old pelters they had around the place. I was up in the air most o' the time, and after I got through ridin' maybe you think I wasn't sore. That same kid took me down to the creek to go swimmin'. I burned the skin off my back, got a peach of a stone bruise on my foot, and while I was in 'Lias an' Spencer came over an' tied my clothes and made me up for a farmer, but I couldn't play the part. They used to make me try to hitch up the team without anyone helpin', and then they'd stand around an' kid me when I made mistakes. I didn't know a whiffet of a tug. Then they had me milkin', too. I don't know whether you're on to it or not, but if you try to play up to a cow on the wrong side of her she's liable to make a sassy pass and land the knockout blow. Well, the first night they took me out to milk they steered me up against the bum side of the cow. I'm purty game myself, and I didn't want to quit, but she was too good for me. She kept me busy for about five minutes, and then I went to my corner and said I had enough. Say, the whole push had been leasin' on the fence laughin' at me till they cried. I guess they had more fun around that place while I was there than they ever had before. I stood it for about ten days, helpin' 'em work in the fields, gettin' all tanned up and roundin' in to supper every night amellin' like a laundry, and then I kind o' figured it out that farm life was too swift for me. I kind o' wanted to see the electric lights and the tall houses again. So I said I was goin'. They made an awful kick for me to stay. They knew they had a good thing. But I broke away."

"Then you're not fond of the country?"

"It's this way. I wouldn't mind goin' out for awhile if I could play myself off as company, but when it comes to bein' one of the family—ait, ait."—Chicago Record.



UNCLE MATT.

"We've got to get all kinds of an early start in the morning. I couldn't stand for that. I put up a holler right at the jump. I told 'em I was just usually beginnin' to enjoy myself at nine o'clock in the evening. They said I could set up if I wanted to, and then they ducked and turned in. Well, sufferin' Cornelius, there was nothin' to keep me up. I set out by the pump for a little while smokin' and listenin' to the katy-dids gettin' in their work, and then I went in the house and went to bed, but I couldn't get to sleep before midnight. It seemed to me I'd been poundin' my ear about ten minutes, when somebody walloped me in the back and hollered: 'Get up!' Well, I set up in bed and honest, Miller, this ain't no kid, it was dark outside. 'What's the trouble?' I

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Empress Frederick will probably spend a considerable part of the next two years in England.

—James O'Neill's real estate holdings are located in Connecticut. His wealth is truly from "Monte Cristo," as it is the play of that name that has brought him fame and fortune.

—Lord Rutherford Clark, who is over 70 years of age and a judge of the Spanish court of session, has won the first prize in the golf competitions at Cannes twice running.

—Unlike his predecessor, the young czar of Russia walks almost daily in the streets of St. Petersburg. Sometimes he is attended by no one but his wife. On other occasions he goes alone.

—It is announced that "the kaiser has confided his latest artistic efforts. 'After Sedan' and 'The Charge of the Guard at St. Privat,' to the well-known battle painter, Herr Roehling, who will put a few finishing touches to the imperial masterpiece."

—The newly-elected president of Kenyon college at Gambier, O., W. F. Pierce, is but 28 years old. He has been professor of philosophy at Kenyon for the last three years and was graduated in 1888 from Anherst—an institution which has done its full share in giving professors and presidents to western colleges.

—Miss Kate Shelley, of Moingona, Ia., who made her way through a raging blizzard at midnight several years ago and by signaling to a crowded express train on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad saved it from plunging through a wrecked bridge, has applied to the Iowa Legislature for employment in the state house as a stenographer. She is destitute and has to support her aged mother and an invalid brother.

—Miss Ellen Terry has a most philanthropic turn of mind and keeps a basket always on hand in her charming home in South Kensington. The work consists in various garments to be made for the poor. Miss Terry has an amusing way of cajoling her friends into assisting her when visiting her, and they are given a choice between knitting, sewing or any other of the really useful work.

AMERICAN SADDLES.

Some Gems of Art Turned Out in the Far West.

All over North America for many years Cheyenne saddles have been famous, and every equestrian outside of the United States cavalry and the north-west mounted police of Canada, has either had his horse tricked out with Cheyenne leather, or has wished he had. The fancy work on saddles, holsters and stirrup leathers, that once made Mexican saddlery famous and expensive long ago, was copied by the Cheyenne makers, who kept up the fame and beauty of American horse trappings, but made them so cheap as to be within the means of most horsemen. In the old days when western cattle ranged all over the plains and the cowboy was in his glory, that queer citizen would rather have a Cheyenne saddle than a best rider. In fact, to be without a Cheyenne saddle and a first-class revolver was to be no better than the sheep herders of that era.

When the writer was in Cheyenne the other day, the first place he looked for were the saddle-makers' shops. He was surprised to find only one showy, first-class store of the kind, and instead of there being a crowd in front of it, there was no sign of more business than was going on at the druggist's near by, or the stationer's over the way. The goods displayed in the window were beautiful and extraordinary. There were the glorious, heavy, hand-stamped saddles; there were the huge, cumbersome tapaderos; there were the lariats, or ropes; the magnificent bits that looked like Moorish art outdone, and there were mule skinner's and the fanciful spurs, and, in fact, the window formed a museum of things that a cowboy would have pawed his soul to own. The metal work was all such as a cavalryman once declared it: "The most elegant horse jewelry in creation."

Englishmen and Germans now buy the fanciest and best trappings to send abroad to their homes. Hand-stamped saddles cost from \$13 to \$65, but \$35 buys as good one as a modest man who knows a good thing will care to use. Cowgirl saddles were on view—seven of them—with rigging for side seats and with stirrups made in slipper shapes. It is not that there are really half a dozen cowgirls in the world, or half a dozen women like the Colorado cattle queen, or the lady horse breeder of Wyoming, but there are western girls who have to ride a great deal, and they have fond fathers and brothers, and still fonder lovers; hence the manufacture of magnificent side-saddles, all decked with hand-stamped patterns, and looking as rich as the richest Bedouin ever dreamed a horse gear being made. There is still a good trade in cowboy outfits that are ordered from Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas, and similar goods go to the horse ranches of Nevada, Idaho and Oregon. Moreover, as long as men ride horses, there will be a trade in fancy outfits for them.—Denver Field and Farm.

—Another Lie Told.

Two New York ladies, who had not seen each other for some time, met at a church social. Said one:

"Do you know what I heard about you?"

"I've no idea."

"I heard that last summer while your husband was sick and not expected to live you went on a picnic."

"It's a vile slander. It was only an excursion."—Texas Sifter.

—An Indication of Character.

"And shall I speak to your father?" asked the young man.

"Never mind about papa," said the young woman. "I'll fix him."

For the first time he noticed the width and squareness of her inferior maxillary.—Indianapolis Journal.

FINE ART IN MOVING.

Some Details Which It is Essential to Know.

We are all familiar with the frequent flitting of many families, when the cartman swoops down upon the household, who gathers together all his goods and chattels and packs them indiscriminately into the vans. Equally do we know, and to our unspeakable sorrow and confusion, the discomfort and annoyance, the weariness and sorrow that attended the arrival, when the goods are literally flung helter-skelter into the house, and it is impossible to find needed articles, however industriously one may search for them.

To move economically and intelligently it is necessary to make some arrangement beforehand. If the future residence is vacant entirely, or in part this is an easy matter, but where the prospective dwelling is occupied until the last moment the situation becomes little short of desperate.

The only way, then, is to prepare two or three boxes or barrels with the necessary articles of food and the few cooking utensils that one must have in order to prepare a tolerable meal. These should be kept until the last and put onto the end of the load, so that they can be removed among the first things. Then they are set into the kitchen or dining-room, where nothing is likely to be piled upon them or in their way.

It is wise always to prepare food for several days in advance—bread, plain cake, some potted meats or a pot roast or tongue that may be sliced and eaten cold. Coffee and tea and the necessary vessels in which to make them should always be kept within reach, as well as the milk can and a small pot of butter.

All these things can be put into small space, and the family can devote themselves into the idea that they are having a picnic and get along with the situation without too much friction.

It ought to be a rule with every family to pack the kitchen utensils that are not actually required, so that the incoming tenant may find a little room for her belongings. It is a formidable task to clean a house and put it in order after all the furniture is in, but in these days of special dates for such changes there seems to be no help for it.

Matters of this sort are much worse in the city than in the country. The secret of successful and easy moving is, if possible, to prepare the place, then send the goods in installments.

There is quite a custom growing up among householders of having a sale of goods at moving time, if they have lived for any number of years in one place. Where one can send articles, a small load at a time, and arrange them as they arrive, moving need not be such a serious undertaking, provided a proper system is kept up throughout the trying season.—N. Y. Ledger.

FOR THOSE WHO DIET.

The Nutritive Value and Digestibility of Food.

A mixed diet therefore seems to be the only sensible one for man. The three classes of nutrients, protein, fats and carbohydrates, must each furnish a part of our food, and while it is true that the vegetables can supply these, it is difficult to obtain from wholesome, easily digested vegetables these nutrients in the proper proportions required for the bodily health.

A fair proportion of meats, or flesh-forming food, in a mixed diet is one-fourth, the fats and carbohydrates being three-fourths. The food stuffs which most nearly supply these nutrients in the proper proportions are those which sell on us less readily. When any food does not supply these in the proper amounts, instinct, appetite and experience guide us in the selection of the food which ought to be added to it. Thus meats deficient in fat are combined with some substance in which the fat is relatively larger. For example, liver, veal or chicken is cooked with bacon. Pork supplies the needed fat to make beans more nearly a perfect food. Fish is cooked in butter or oil. Butter, eggs and cream are mixed with starchy foods—rice, sago, tapioca, potatoes, etc. Cheese, containing fat, is added to macaroni, crackers and bread and milk make a very complete food for children. "Whenever one kind of food is wanting in any particular constituent we invariably associate it with another that contains an excess of that constituent."—Prof. Thomas Grant Allen, M. A., in Chau-tauquan.

An Erect Posture.

An erect position is positively necessary for good digestion and perfect health. It can only be sustained by deep breathings, strong chest muscles and a vigorous exercise of the will power, but a vigorous will is of the most benefit when supported by a clear understanding. Therefore, give your children a simple yet comprehensive talk on the structure of the body and the composition of the bones. Impress upon their minds the great need of keeping an erect position now while their bodies are growing. Teach them, and not only teach them, but prove to them by actual exercises, how much more easily and gracefully the body folds itself together when we stoop to pick anything up, or when we sit, and how unnecessary in the constant everyday activity it is to bend the shoulders at all. Teach them in walking to hold up the chin and to look square ahead. Wherever it is possible awake in your children that innate pride which instinctively associates the stooped form with sluggishness and inactivity.—N. Y. Ledger.

Fries Cucumbers on Toast.

Peel the cucumbers and slice them lengthwise about an eighth of an inch thick; put over the fire in a large frying pan two heaping teaspoonsful of butter, and when it browns put in the cucumbers and fry them brown. While they are being fried, make as many slices of toast as there are pieces of cucumber, butter, and keep hot. Serve very hot, on the toast.—N. Y. Ledger.

ALL ABOUT SHIRT WAISTS.

Practical Suggestions for the Woman Who Will Make Her Own.

Don't buy a pattern and be disappointed if it doesn't fit. It probably won't.

I would advise three-cent cambric as the first material to test the pattern by. Cut that, allowing extra fullness to work on in the front widths. Baste this cambric with the sleeves in, put it on the figure and work over it until it is correct.

Every woman to her own figure, is the only rule to go by. However, a few points are to be considered, alike by lean and plump.

Have as little fullness in the back as possible. Just the few gathers in the middle of the belt which are necessary for an unbanded waist.

Cut the yoke with a slight point. Abjure curved yokes. Stitch it down on the back width, giving a double thickness, which is proof against the cloth spitting from the perspiration.

Gather the fullness of the front widths into the neck instead of the shoulders. If you are slender put a deal of fullness to hide your thinness, and if you are stout put fullness to hide your extra flesh.

Do not spread this fullness along the belt, but leave at least two inches plain before reaching the under-arm seam. This gives that trim look underneath the arm.

See to it that the measurement from throat to waist is exact. Too long, it creates an ugly sag; too short, it gives your dress skirt a trying time to meet it.

Don't pin your faith in drawing strings. Put a good, substantial belt on the waist, with two hooks and eyes to fasten it in front. Buttons are of material below the belt to insure its staying underneath the skirt.

Make bishop sleeves and a small link cuff. The long ones did not have sufficient beauty in them to succeed.

Remember that studs have entirely gone out. No matter how pretty yours are, don't wear them, unless you wish to prove yourself not up to date. Use small pearl buttons.

Don't make buttonholes for the top and bottom of the cuff. This necessitates four cuff buttons, and the result is too ornate for good taste. Use another pearl button and buttonhole just below the cuff proper.

If you wish to be quite correct as to the cuffs use the fashionable gold or silver dumb-bells, which are newer than the longer links.

Wear a leather belt. Let the silk ones alone until they are resurrected. If you want something especially dressy, wear one of white or green kid. They are exceedingly fashionable.—Philadelphia Press.

A SERIO-COMIC INVITATION.

The Picturesque Boom Which a Montana Billiard Has Sent Forth.

Anyone at all familiar with the land herein described will tell you that the editor of the Townsend (Mont.) Messenger, from which paper the article is taken, has blended truth and poetry most felicitously in every one of the eloquent lines which follow. Hear him a moment:

"If you are old, with the fire of life dying out of you and the buoyancy leaving your limbs; if you are looking at the gray clouds overhead and longing for a land where your faded life may pass away in peace, come to Montana. Here the sky is as blue as the sky of Italy; the air is full of fragrance and the land echoes with the voices of thousands who work beneath the pale glimmering of the stars.

"If you are a young man toiling as your father toiled in worn-out and barren deserts of the east; if you would like to live where the soil rewards the toiler—where the golden grain waves and sparkles in the morning dew; where the banners of prosperity wave and the gaunt specter of starvation crosses into another country, come to Montana.

"There never was such a country for the best breed of husbands; they run loose on the streets and you meet them everywhere. If you are a young woman full of golden visions and would like to pick up a husband on every mountain side, come to Montana. Before many years every quarter section will have a house upon it; the pine-clad mountains will be dotted with hotels, stamp mills, and thousands of men delving into them for their hidden treasures; and the foothills, that now only know the spangled cow and untrained bronchos, will echo to the heavy tread of the better grade of cattle and horses as the years sweep onward. The face of the earth seems to glow with beauty and health, and the people who live in this marvelous country go around congratulating each other and trying to analyze their goodness. Our cities are growing, and the railroads change their time tables each week to accommodate new cities that were not on the last one issued. There is not a man idle who wants work. Farmers do their plowing sitting upon spring seats, with a box of cigars on one side. In the east they walk behind their plow until they have no distinct idea whether they are pulling the machine or the horses are shoving it. The man who can't thrive, prosper and grow rich in Montana would starve in a bakery. If you want to see how much this will assay to the line, come to Montana."—Northwest Magazine.

—Altogether Too Particular.

"These are very nice strawberries, Lobelia," observed Mr. McSwat, "and the cream is rich enough to suit anybody. By the way, does Bridget know how to use an ax?"

"I suppose so," answered Mrs. McSwat. "She is a large, strong girl. Why do you ask that question?"

"I want her to take this powdered sugar out and fix it so I can use it."—Chicago Tribune.

—Florida has been called the "Peninsular state" on account of its geographical peculiarity.

CENTURY OF PHRENOLOGY.

One Hundred Years Have Passed Since the Science Was Discovered.

It is a century since the worthy and ingenious Dr. Francis Joseph Gall, the father of "phrenology," as the world is fond of calling it, first introduced his infant cerebrum into an unorthodox world. Little did parents and nurses who stroked that inspired billiard ball imagine that it potentially contained a complete map of itself, so to speak, and to its subsequent investigation of speculations mankind would be indebted for the successful localization of every human propensity—and some others in its own special and peculiar allotment, or small holding, in the human skull. When we consider the many spirited leaps by which alone the great phrenologist and his followers have landed at their successive conclusions, we shall not hesitate to admit that this famous scientific atepochism is well worthy to be held in remembrance, even after 100 years. First it had to be assumed that each of the various faculties and activities of the mind is specifically allotted to a particular portion of cerebral tissue; secondly, the degree of power which it possesses is determined not by the quality, but by the quantity of such cerebral tissue; and thirdly that the measure of this quantity is in every case indicated by a protuberance on the outer surface of the skull. That it would follow from this that the most versatile of mankind would have the largest number of bumps; that the pre-eminent possessor of a single gift, was weak, as many such persons are, in other respects, would have a head composed of virtually one enormous bump, and that the world-genius, to whom the ages occasionally give birth, possessing both wide variety and commanding strength of intellect, would present a simply hydrocephalous appearance—these are consequences of his theories which have never troubled that portion of the phrenologist's brain-pan in which his logical faculty is neatly stowed away. The bump that rises like a memorial tumulus over the grave of his reasoning capacity has never been disturbed by these difficulties for a moment.

Nor would we ourselves say anything to dash the hopefulness of the enthusiasts who are just now celebrating the 100th birthday of Dr. Gall. A complacency of conviction which has sustained itself on nothing since the first promulgation of the phrenologist's doctrines cannot, indeed, be easy to disconcert. Rather it is likely to find confirmation in every fresh advance of science, and one is not surprised to hear, therefore, that these sanguine theorists are looking confidently to electrography as a new ally. "Whatever record leaps to light" under the X rays, they feel assured that their master "never can be ashamed." When Roentgen has at last effected his quibusdam entrance through the skull, and into the

his school have described them. "Order" and "Locality" and "Philoprogenitiveness" and all the rest of them will be discovered in the places respectively assigned to them and will at once be recognizable for what they are. The correctness of the well-known "bump chart" which the cartographers of phrenology mapped out long ago on the surface of the cranium will be triumphantly vindicated, and the mocker will be forever put to confusion. The only thing which will then remain to be proved will be the practical utility of the science, and this no doubt will present little difficulty to a school of theorists who have already proved so much.

Its value for educational purposes, however, will still have to be established. The phrenologist should not be satisfied until he has given to his science that last touch of exactitude which consists in rendering it predictive. Analysis of the adult brain is, after all, a mere scientific pastime. It would be interesting, but no more than interesting, to ascertain that "Paradise Lost" was generated in a particular bump on Milton's skull, and that another protuberance under the hat of John Hampden gave birth to his heroic resolve to oppose the unconstitutional policy of Charles I. What we want to do is to catch our Hampdens young in their native villages, and to insure that the embryo Miltons of the future shall not die "mute and inglorious" through the nonrecognition of their nascent powers. The phrenologist, therefore, has got to show that the genius of the great parian poet would have revealed itself to a skilled manipulator of his cranium in his cradle, and that the spirit which impelled the parliamentary patriot to resist the impost of ship money might have been detected by a phrenological nurse in the act of brushing his hair.—London Telegraph.

Celebrating a King's Coronation.

Several weeks ago a new king, Angooche, ascended the throne of the Indian dominion on Kake Island, Alaska, and for four weeks the whole tribe was engaged in a grand potlatch celebrating the event. There were wild orgies, followed by severe fasts, dancing that was kept up day and night, and a general wild celebration that left the whole tribe in a state of collapse. Every day at ten in the morning the bucks assembled on the beach, and no matter how cold the weather nor how much snow on the ground and ice in the water, would strip and plunge into the ocean. Then they would dance until they fell from exhaustion. When able to walk again they would take more by bath. Some 150 gallons of lad whisky were drunk during the potlatch, and at the close of the celebration Angooche wore 800 pairs of blankets, for which reason is not clear.—Chicago Chronicle.

—Douglas Jerrold, the noted contributor to that most dismal of English publications, the never-to-be-forgotten Punch, wrote over the name of "Baruch Whitefeather." The name was a coinage of his own.