

MADISON TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF MADISON PARISH.

TALLULAH MADISON PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884.

TERMS: \$2.00 PER YEAR.

VOL. I. NO. 14.

YOUR LOVE IS MINE.

THOMAS J. MOORE.

What shall I care for love,
How I may fare, love,
Since you have told me your love is mine?
What though the world grow dim,
Fond hopes be hurried down
From their wild soaring—your love is mine!
What though I fall, love,
Fortune's light pale, love,
Life hath a beacon—your love is mine!
What may I matter,
Though I may sicken,
One of life's passions be your love,
Love can ease it,
Faith will still praise;
You can still read, for your love is mine!
What shall I fear, love,
What may not bear, love,
Filled with a power, though mortal, divine?
Sorrow may darken,
Friends may not darken
Yet I'll be strong, for your love is mine!
The world I may gain, love,
The world may disdain, love,
Laugh at the flowers that bloom on my vine;
But I'll be appeased
If that art but pleased,
Life of my life-time—your love is mine!
Life may have woes, love,
Bitterness, throes, love,
Yet I shall ever fall to rejoice,
Song of my heart's best,
Puls of my heart's best,
Wine of my heart's blood—your love is mine!

PIONEER GIRLS OF THE PLAINS.

Driving the Sulky Plow, Pursuing Literary Studies and Making Claims.

Fargo, N. D., Chicago Herald.

In traveling over the prairie one now and then comes a lonely shack, which, with its surroundings, wears an aspect of neatness that distinguishes it from the average carelessly thrown-together shanty that suffices to prove the claimant's right to the title of proprietor of the 160 acres surrounding. If of boards the cracks are carefully battened with lath, if of logs, the crevices are carefully plastered with mud; hardy morning-glories cling around the doorway and creep along the humble eaves, while small plants, smiling with violets, larkspurs, love-bell and honeysuckle, transplanted from the prairie, hover around the modest domicile, true indices to the female spirit that rules within.

The novelty of their situation seems to charm these women pioneers; their face and form are the embodiments of happiness and health; they as heartily enjoy a tramp over the prairie, in search of the boundary lines of their claim, as the society girl enjoys a trip in a dog-cart or sail on the lake. They become adepts in the use of rifle and shot-gun; they learn to handle the harvester as deftly as their masculine neighbors and ride the sulky plow with as much grace as her redoubtable would ornament a tri-cyclé. The majority of these pioneers are schoolmistresses, who pursue their Greek, Latin, astronomy, botany or chemistry during their leisure moments in their prairie home during the summer and pursue their vocation in village or city schoolroom during the winter months. Thus they preserve their health, keep up their studies and slowly but surely build up for themselves a home that they can point to with just pride as the fruit of their own labor.

The hardships and trials which these little pioneers undergo are enough to shake the courage of the sterner sex. Mrs. Ball, a young widow, came to the territory two years ago, built her claim shack, which was twice blown away by tornadoes and once burned to the ground, but through her indomitable will she still stands and she says she is bound to stay.

Miss Nellie Ulme, daughter of Colonel Ulme, of Chicago, has her homestead near Devil's Lake, a tireless pedestrian, a crack rifle shot and possesses accomplishments that fit her for the leadership of any refined society in which she may move.

Miss Hoover, the Misses Pringle, Miss Flynn, Miss Bruce, Miss Marks, Miss Olson, Miss Shottweh and the Misses Phelps, who, through their pluck and perseverance, have gained a fine homestead and built up a little fortune of \$10,000, are but a few of the great army of women who deserve the highest praise for their fortitude and determination.

SCIENCE.

Lady Siemens has presented a portion of the library of the late Sir William Siemens to the Physical Society, London.

Sir W. Thompson is to deliver 18 lectures on "Molecular Dynamics," at the Johns Hopkins University during the first 20 days of next October.

Pure linseed oil, an expert observes, has a bright amber color. It runs freely, sparkles when flowing from the can, tastes smooth and mild and has the smell of a flaxseed poultice.

It is thought, probably, says the Engineer, that the Government of Victoria will repeat the offer of a high premium for a combined reaper and threshing machine, suited to Australian requirements.

According to Prof. Wanklyn, the manufacture of gas from limed coal is a success, as it reduces the amount of sulphur compounds to three grains in the hundred cubic feet, and increases the yield of ammonia and tar by the abolition of the lime purifiers.

Tabulated results of 250 experiments with 42 distinct explosive compounds were published by MM. Berthelot and Vieille, of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, basing on the amount of pressure developed at the moment of explosion, the temperature produced, and the specific heats of the gases, especially those of the compound ones, at various temperatures.

A clock at Brussels has been going for eight months, and has not required to be wound up since it was first set going. In fact, the sun does the winding of this piece. A shaft exposed to the sun causes an up draft of air, which sets a fan in motion. The fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts on a break on the fan until the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is

again liberated, and proceeds to act as before.

The natives of the Chiloe Islands make use of a curious natural barometer, to which, from its having been first noticed by the Captain of an Italian corvette, the name "Barometre Amucano" has been given. This novel weather guide is the shell of a crab, one of the Anomura, probably of the genus Lithodes. It has a color nearly white, in dry weather; but as soon as wet weather approaches small red spots are exhibited, varying in number and intensity with the amount of moisture in the atmosphere. In many seasons it is completely red.

A Magistrate's Idea.

Some time ago, Col. Blackburn, brother of the Senator-elect from Kentucky, and also brother of an ex-Governor of the Blue Grass Commonwealth, went to Jefferson County, Arkansas, and was in due time elected Justice of the Peace. Having come from a good family, his court became quite prominent, and his services, particularly in the way of performing marriage ceremonies, were extensively sought. On one occasion, a negro named Dave Hall, and a colored girl of broad pronunciation came before him and were married. Several months afterwards, Dave and his wife again appeared before the distinguished magistrate.

"Well," said the Judge, "what can I do for you?"

"Yer ken do a good 'cal, sah," the husband replied. "Dis heah 'oman whut yer married me in ain't de worter 'oman whut I want. She doan fill de bill whut I made out, an' I want a 'vorcement right heah."

"Upon what grounds?" asked the Judge.

"On de groun's, sah, dat I doan want de 'oman."

"Have you anything to say?" inquired the Justice, turning to the woman.

"Got dis ter say, sah. Doan want de man. I thought I was 'gine ter git er 'gine man, but I didn't."

A lawyer who happened to be present, and who doubtless thought that the Judge needed legal information, arose and said:

"Your honor, you can take no action in this matter, as it is entirely beyond your jurisdiction."

"I ask for some of your instructions," the magistrate replied; "I understand the law when it says that a Justice of the Peace who marries a couple has a right, at any time, to grant a divorce. Mr. Clerk, just make an entry on the docket that these parties are no longer man and wife. Go; you are free."

A Newsboys' Convention.

Chicago Times.

The newsboys and bootblacks are being worked up to a high pitch of excitement over the proposition to license them, and, in imitation of saloon keepers, have commenced to meet to discuss the situation. Their first gathering was held at the Newsboys' Home last evening, at which about a hundred put in an appearance. They were noisy, as a matter of course, but at the same time there was a spirit of earnestness among them. They did their own speech-making, and their views proved to be as greatly at variance as if they were an indignant ward gathering. Two of the speakers had visited the Mayor and Comptroller during the day and expressed great surprise that they were not present.

"They are snide," yelled a small boy's voice from a back seat.

"They're afraid we'd stone 'em," yelled another.

The chairman, who proved to be the proprietor of a down town publishing establishment, replied by saying:

"Boys, ye wouldn't throw bricks at 'em, would ye?"

"No!" was the deafening cry, after which business proceeded.

One of the speakers touched upon the revenue question in advocating a license.

"We boys who's here wants protection from the traps, don't we?" he said, which was applauded to the echo.

Another came in, expressing himself, said:

"De question is high licens or low licens. De price out to be 'bout ten shins," which created a burst of approval.

"I want to push the little fellows under 12 years of age out of the business," said a youth who was nursing a tuft of hair in front of his ears, "to keep 'em from getting run over."

"I sees it all," said a on a fellow front seat. "Yer big uns wants to 'give us little uns out. Now, ye go on."

The Master of the Home at this juncture put in a word against the little one, and said that of those in her charge under 12 years of age only one had been able to save as much as 25 cents a week. His name she said, was Tommie Burns, and he made the most of his money by begging. Tommie was occupying a seat near her, and indignantly denied the charge. The Master insisted that she was right, however, and the little fellow became so abashed at her exposure that he finally gave up his "kit" and left the meeting, crying as he went, followed by the jeers of the crowd.

After this discussion, if it might be called such, partook of a general hurrah character, to which the boys paid very little attention. At the close, however, it was given out that the crowd were in favor of paying a license fee of about \$1, of requiring a residence in the city of a given time before being able to secure a license, and of refusing licenses to boys under 12 years of age. Jack Mack, Thomas Hatton, John Kenna, Arthur Johnson and J. A. Miller were subsequently appointed to lay these views before the Mayor.

Before the Mirror.

Berthas of fine, small flowers are worn with ball dresses.

Lace dresses, both black and white, will again be worn.

Costumes with motif decorations are the latest Parisian novelty.

Embroidered Swiss muslin dresses bid fair to be the favorites this summer.

Chemisettes, with collar and fronts of embroidery, herald the advent of open-necked dresses for summer. A ribbon of any pretty shade is worn under the collar and tied in loops and ends in front.

The hats are all high—very high—as to the crowns and narrow as to the brims. They are worn far over the forehead, and the trimming is invariably massed either directly in front or a little left of the front.

Grays of several tones in one costume are the most fashionable hues for day dresses. Gray cashmere, with gray cambrille velvet and kincinilla fur, combine many clear shades of this fashionable color.

White English crape is the newest trimming for evening dresses of white Ottoman silk or terry velvet. It is gauged, puffed and plaited, but is never laid in folds, as they are too suggestive of mourning trimmings.

A very pretty bonnet shown at a recent opening had a crown of open work, straw-embroidered, with pearl beads placed over cream-colored crape, the front was formed by finely shirred crape, the ties were of crape and the trimming was a pompon.

The coffee-colored Venetian laces used the past season as a garniture for rich brown fabrics will be employed the coming summer to decorate the plaited, tunics and bodices of pale-colored silks and muslins. Some of the most elaborate patterns have the designs outlined with heavy gold thread.

Misunderstood as Mormons.

The Century.

The Woman of the Beehive says in part:

"The doctrine, to be completely studied, must be considered both from the man's point of view and the woman's, the two being for many reasons not identical. But it is the woman's view of it, her belief and position in regard to it, which are most misrepresented and misunderstood by the world. If the truth were known there would be few persons in whose minds would be any sentiment except profound pity for the Mormon woman—pity moreover, intensified by admiration. There has never been a class or sect of women since the world began who have endured for religious sake a tithe of what has been, and is, and forever must be, endured by the women of the Mormon Church. It has become customary to hold them as disreputable women, light and loose, unfit to associate with the virtuous, undeserving of any esteem. Never was a greater injustice committed.

"This has been partly due, however, to a mistake many enthusiastic Mormon women have themselves committed, in trying to uphold the plural marriage system—perhaps even to fortify their own powers of endurance of it—by declaring that they were happy in it; by not admitting that it entailed suffering—a pathetic and bootless deceit! The most intelligent among them now make no such pretense.

"The doctrines which most help the Mormon women to endure the suffering of living in 'plural marriage' are the doctrines of pre-existence and of the eternal continuance of the patriarchal order. The mere revelation from Joseph Smith, to the effect that polygamy was to be permitted and was praise worthy and desirable, would never, alone, have brought the Mormon women to hearty acceptance of the institution.

"They are taught, and most unquestioningly believe, that 'the universe is full of spirits waiting, and waiting impatiently, to be born on this earth. These spirits have already passed through one stage of discipline and probation, and are to enter upon a second one here. The Rev. Edward Beecher once published a book setting forth a similar doctrine. The Mormon doctrine goes farther than Dr. Beecher's inasmuch as it teaches that these spirits may select of their own free will where and how they will be born into their earthly probation and that they are, one and all, anxious to be born in the Mormon church, as the one true Zion, where alone they will be found safety and salvation. They also believe that the time is limited during which these spirits can avail themselves of this privilege of being born into Zion. They look for the return of Jesus Christ to the earth before long, and for the establishment then of the millennial dispensation, after which no more spirits can be reborn and reclaimed. Hence the Mormon woman, resting upon every faithful Mormon man to bring into the world in the course of her life, as many children as possible.

The Wealth of Dried Grass.

George Alfred Townsend.

I was talking to an agricultural implement builder during the week who has been, in the midst of the apparent decline of things, extending his works. Said I:

"On what principal do you expand your business?"

"Upon the increase in the hay crop," said he. "Hay is worth, on the average, probably \$10 a ton, and we make, say, 50,000,000 tons of hay per annum."

"Heavens!" said I, "that amounts to \$500,000,000."

"Of course it does," said the builder; "but you must recollect that hay is probably the second crop of importance in this country—corn, I suppose, being the first. You can always get rid of your hay, because you can feed it into beef, and the beef can be exported if the wheat cannot. My machinery not only cuts the hay and keeps it turning after it is cut, so that it can speedily dry, but it stacks it at the rate of a ton a minute, the gathering machine carrying the hay on a platform apparatus up which it is carried and put in the stack. In some portions of this country hay commands only \$3 a ton, but I think it will average \$10 a ton all around, and there is none too much of it. New York state leads in the hay crop, and Pennsylvania comes next."

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

How to Get It, and How to Keep It in Good Condition.

Detroit News.

"What do you do to keep in such good condition?" I suppose you keep up your gymnastic work all the time."

This remark was made by a Detroit lawyer between thirty and thirty-five years of age to a man a year or two his junior. The former looked pale and delicate, and he stooped a little. The latter had a rosy complexion, was as erect as an Indian, and looked the picture of robust health. The lawyer had just been "sizing up" his acquaintance and admiring the firmness of his muscles. The two were co-workers in Allen's gymnasium a number of years ago.

"No, I haven't seen the inside of a gymnasium for five or six years. But I commenced so young and had such a good foundation in those years that I kept my health, strength and activity with remarkably little systematic exercise ever since."

"I wonder if that's the reason my physical development hasn't lasted me better? You see, I didn't commence until I was 24 or 25, and though I worked up and maintained a good development during my two or three years in the gymnasium, it left me when I quit, and my muscles are as flabby now, my chest as flat, as before I commenced going to Allen's."

"I guess you've struck it. The time for a man to lay a good foundation of physical strength and endurance by means of systematic and intelligent exercise is between the ages of 18 and 24 years. This is the time to expand the chest, before the bones become set too hard, to get the heart and lungs used to accelerated action, and to put all the vital organs into such fine condition that they will do work continuously without repair. Let a person get a muscular development in the arms, the shoulders or the legs in those days, and he will retain it for years with but trifling use of those members. I know a man in this city who has the finest pair of thighs I ever saw on a man of his size. In fact, his thighs are so large as to be out of proportion to the remainder of his body, and they are as hard as blocks of wood. He was drafted into the German cavalry service when 18 years old, and should have served seven years. He was a Pole and didn't like the Germans, and at the first opportunity, after serving five years he deserted and came to this country. He attributes the unusual development of his thighs to those five years on horseback."

"But haven't you taken any exercise since you left the gymnasium?"

"None regularly. I've been out in the air as much as I could, though my business has been mostly indoors. I walk considerably, both regularly and frequently, and often when I get undressed for bed I go through our old calisthenics in my bedroom, with the window down. Then I rub myself and polish the skin until it is all aglow. Then to bed and to sleep; no nightmaro after that you bet."

Wilkins' Star Proverbs.

Whitehall Times.

The man who never gives of-fence has a bad gift.

Portraits of red noses cannot be painted in water colors.

Life has many gay attractions, death only a single grave one.

Always forgive your enemies especially those you can't lick.

At 20 man theorizes; at 40 he philosophizes, and at 60 he realizes.

It takes a copper-toed conscience to kick a man when he is down.

Golden sunbeams of joy and silvery laughter of innocence steel the heart against the baser metal—deceit.

The scripture says, "Man cannot serve God and Mammon"—but experience tells that man cannot serve God in a fashionable church unless he has previously served Mammon.

Man is a harvester. He begins life at the cradle; learns to handle the fork; often has rakish ways and sows wild oats; threshes his way through the world, and when he arrives at the sere and yellow leaf, Time mows him down and his remains are planted on the hill-side.

Blanker than Blank Verse.

People's Paper.

"Here is a poem, which you may publish in your paper," said a young man, with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling as he entered the editorial door. "I dashed it off rapidly, in an idle moment, and you will find it in a rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

"Ah, much obliged," said the editor. "I will give you a check for it at once."

"You are very kind," said the contributor. "I will be delighted."

"There you are," said the editor, handing him the check.

"Many thanks," exclaimed the young man, "I will bring you some more poems."

When he got to the door he suddenly paused, then came back.

"Excuse me," he said. "But you forgot to fill up the check. You have not written the date, nor the amount, nor have you signed your name."

"Oh!" said the editor, "that is all right. You see, I have given you a check in its rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

Black Snakes by the Road.

Trenton N. J. Gazette.

Every spring James L. De Witt a farmer living three miles from Deckertown, takes a fall and goes to a cliff on his farm and kills black snakes. He has never missed a spring snake-killing in that spot for twenty years. He went earlier than usual this season, being pressed with other spring farm work, and only got eight. Last spring he paid

his annual visit to the cliff on May 1 and bagged twenty-seven, and that was not a satisfactory day's killing either. Of the eight brought in this year he killed seven. The eighth he captured alive for a friend in Deckertown, who wants it for a pet. This one is seven and a half feet long. Mr. De Witt says his farm raises no black snakes less than six feet in length. This spring's premature yield measured a trifle over three rods. De Witt says he will gather a second crop in May, and will consider it a failure if it does not run in a total of nine rods. His snake-patch yields nothing but black snakes. Frank Knight, of Purdy's Station, went out making one day last week. He came back with fourteen fair-sized black-snakes. On being run out by the tape-line they were found to measure up nearly four rods.

A True Story.

Merchant Traveler.

Several merchant travelers were having an "experience meeting," the subject being their adventures on the road. Various were the stories, and finally a St. Louis man remarked:

"Well, boys, I had a little experience that beats all of them. I was upon Lake Michigan, coming to Chicago by steamer when a whooping old storm came up and raised the chickens generally. We were close to shore, and the engines were doing what they could when all at once, the boiler breaks blew out and left us at the mercy of the wind and waves. The vessel began to plunge in towards the rocks, and every thing was confusion. The captain was called and when he got on deck and saw the danger we were in, he was the maddest man you ever saw, because the first officer hadn't called him earlier. He tore around the deck getting hotter every minute and cursing everybody and everything, and the danger got no better fast. Finally the captain reached a white heat, and every man on board felt that his time had come, when by a miracle we were saved."

"A miracle! What was it?" "What was it?" cried the crowd of eager listeners. "It was a miracle, boys, a perfect miracle. We just turned the hose on the ferry captain and raised steam enough to set the engines going and carry the vessel out to sea and safely, away from the deadly rocks of the wave-lashed shore."

"Box me up and send me home," groaned the man from Chicago, and nobody else spoke.

THE BARBER ON POLITICS.

He Favors the Nomination of a Man to Run the Government Like a Store.

N. Y. Sun.

"Well," said the German barber, now well established in his shop in the Bowery; "do you wode for Chim Plaine for President, or vich is your candidate, or perhaps dot ton'd dribble you who got der chob, eh? Der Republicans are now employed in sordid ovid of der barty for President dot rascal vich, mit der help of a leetle bolitical chlorate of lime, vill not sheml so pad but vot der beuple an shawlow him. Effery von except Lincoln is a professional bolitician—and he is chazy to peen von. Bach von is more like chrazy as der next von, cuffing der sins of a multitude of ordinary rascals. Vot apowd Mr. Arthur Vell, vot apowd him, except he has got against him half der rascals, and dot half is comlosed of all der bicture carts of der pack."

Der Temograts ain'd got such a pig growd of rascals, but dot's no credit to dem; it's more der shmadness of der Republicans keeping dem from dempation avay, der last twenty-five year. Since Mr. Tilden enoyched his regular leah yer bienic of peing trotted ovid und den trotted pack again, der bardy has been sdraing his eyes for a drump card, und it's like drying to find a haystack a baper of needles insite. So long dem can dalk apowd Tilden dem peen habby. Tilden is choost der same to ker Temograts bardy like dynamite to der Irish—someching dem ton'd understand, but vich scares der umber site like der tuyvel chost merely to sbeak apowd it."

"I had peen dinking, vy ton'd somb rich Americans gub terguder and nomind a goot shmad Nye Yorick peezness man for President; blattform: 'Der Beople's peezness shall peen managed like a Broadway shdote.' Shiminy Hocky! vot Finday of a shance vould Chim und Chet und Sammy und der rest of 'em had alongside of such a dings like dot? Der Monkey Barjer says B. T. Barnum, der graded show on earth, vould make a success of it like everydings else, but I dink we got circens enough already, in Congress. But who is der man vich has suddenly subblid young Roosevelt mit prains und keeps deling him so many shmad dings? He vould make a good President, und so vould old Mister Low, who is doing der same ding fer his son, der Mayor of Prooklyn. Roosevelt's bucker has peaden der young Mayor lady, but oft Mr. Low is goot enough fer me."

Could Neither Sing nor Play.

Ark. Traveler.

When Theodore Thomas was in Memphis, he was approached one evening by a man who said:

"Colonel, I understand you are going to give a sort of concert here."

"Yes."

"Well, I tell you. I live down the river an' hafter go home this evenin' an' I'd like for you to sing me a song jes' so I can say that I've heard you."

"I can't sing."

"Well, come 'roun' to the wagon-yard an' play me a tune. I've got the best fiddle 'roun' thar you ever seed."

"I can't play."

"Then whut sorter show air you? Colonel, I b'lieve you're a fraud, nohow, an' afore I'd give fifty cents to go to your circus, I'd see you walk ooten town."

RURAL AND DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Now push the Spring Work! Corn is ten inches high in Texas. New "go for" all insect enemies. Mulch apple trees in dry weather. Pear trees require a very rich soil. Complete crops—corn and clover. Golden Wax is the best snap bean. Look after the flower-garden, girls. "They say" fat hens lay small eggs. Churn often if you want good butter. Feed growing chicks all they will eat. Don't go in debt for what isn't needed. Raise plenty of carrots for your horses. Imperfect salting causes streaky butter.

Give stock a little bone meal occasionally. "Get the best" implements when you buy. Do not change sheep suddenly from dry feed to green. Plant Danvers and Wethersfield onion for general crop. In England they have 114 varieties of peas for planting. Hungry rats will eat harness. Hang it out of their reach. Cows fed on ensilage require less water than those fed on hay. If frost is feared cover the young potato shoots with a plow. Slate roofs, being non-combustible, are the best for farm buildings. Cayenne pepper sprinkled where rats frequent will drive them away. Mulch raspberries and blackberries heavily, and cultivate up to August. Raise a flock of turkeys. If properly cared for there is money in them. The crops of Southern Australia are seriously injured by the grasshoppers. Let the hogs have some salt and charcoal mixed with feed once a week. The silk industries of Switzerland give employment to 60,000 persons. Georgia has increased her cotton yield 100 per cent, in the past ten years. Downing's and Smith's gooseberries reach a large size and seldom mildew. Wild geese are destroying whole fields of grain along the Savannah river. The first planting of peas should be shallow, and each successively one deeper. Wheat requires a well-drained soil. Too much water is its greatest enemy. It is claimed that rice forms the daily food of more than half the human race. The English make their sweetest bit pork by feeding potatoes and barley meal. A "cowman" owns his cattle. A "cowboy" is one who works for "cowman."

Six of the leading railroads in the Northwest disposed of 1,137,837 acres of land last year. St. Louis is now sending large quantities of new mixed corn to Europe, via New Orleans. Judge Marshall, of Denver, Col., purchased a ranch near El Paso, \$75,000 cash for the same. Examine the clover seed carefully to see that there are no wild carrots or plantain seeds among it. The German government has published an official edict warning the people against eating raw pork. Be careful not to grow potatoes near peach trees, is the advice of one who is familiar with peach growing. Sixteen per cent of the total area of the United States is covered with timber in all 380,000,000 acres. Feed oats to colts and calves. It is the best food to correct acidity of the stomach and keep the whole system in order. Good feed and abundant pasture will not keep animals in good condition unless they have plenty of pure water. Don't let your horses spend a night with mud on their feet and legs. It is unpleasant for the horses and injurious also. Corn will germinate when the temperature of the soil is about 55 degrees; a little lower than this and it will rot. Recent heavy floods have left the farming lands along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in a bad condition. Nellie Lincoln Rosier, of Philadelphia a girl of 18, is at the head of the silk culture industry of the country. Close observers say that the excessive use of manure in the potato patch has a tendency to produce scabby tubers. Special care of farm stock from the 1st of March to the middle of May pays better than at any other season of the year. Mexicans begin to appreciate land. They are fighting off such "Americanoes" as want to settle on public land near Albuquerque. A frequent stirring of the earth pots with an old fork is uncomfortable for insects which deposit their eggs or young in the earth. Radical Tendencies of a French Nobility. Paris Cor. London Standard.

M. Henri de Rochefort is no longer the only marquis whose services are at the disposal of the French Democracy. The Marquess de Talleyrand-Perigord is now actively espousing the cause of the workingman. This gentleman is the son of the Marquess Edmond Talleyrand, who inherited from his celebrated father the title of the Duke of Dino. The present Marquess, who in his 41st year, took part in the Mexican campaigns. He is said to have acquired a considerable fortune by a petroleum enterprise in Antwerp. Since Louise Michel has been in prison, the Marquess de Talleyrand has made her mother a monthly allowance. Last week he went with Henri Rochefort to Anzin, where he was enthusiastically received by the miners on strike.

A Spring Walk. O white-armed, red-lipped daughter of dreams! Filled with a joy that is past all knowing, Sprung from the winter with bloom that seems New built with the cold embrace of snowing, Look into mine with thy brown warm eyes, And speak with the voice of a seer who knows; Tell me, oh, tell me, divinely woe! Whither, ah, whither shall come my spring clothes? —Puck

No Longer a Bore.

Detroit Free Press.

"How are you, old fellow, how are you? Haven't seen you in a dog's age! How've you been? Heard you was sick, and I tell you, old fellow, it made me sorry. You're looking grand now, though. Never saw you looking better in my life! I've been as heavy as a buck myself. How are you, anyway?"

"Howdy?"

"Never mind the chairs! We'll find them ourselves. Thought we'd drop in and give you a few pointers. Brought you along a few press notices. Here's one from the Toledo—"

"Don't want it!"

"Got the biggest success on the road!"