The Williston Graphic

R. H. COPELAND, Publisher.

WILLISTON, - - N. DAK

SET YER TEETH AN' COME AGIN!

Don't loaf around an' kick when luck
Don't seem to come your way, but buck
Agin adversity till you
Through breakin' clouds kin see the blue.
Don't think because the skies are black
The sun has jumped his job, but stack
Yer nerve all in a bunch to win
An' set yer teeth an' come agin!

In every life some rain must fall,
In every sweet there is some gall,
An' every earthly trail of ours
Must have some thorns among the flowers.
If fortune treats you rather rough
Look on its coldness as a bluff;
At every knockdown wear a grin
An' set yer teeth an' come agin!

The man who wins success mus' fight
His way up fortune's rocky height,
Mus' battle bravely day by day,
An' never loiter by the way.
Reverses of'n come; the foe
Will deal you many a stunnin' blow,
But solid nerve is bound to win—
Jes' set yer teeth an' come agin!

The field o' life is thickly strewn
With men who lost their nerve too soon,
Who lacked the gritty nerve to stay
An' give an' take in many way.
Choose fur yer motto: "Win or die!"
When sent to grass don't never lie
An' sadly say: "It might have bin!"
But set yer teeth an' come agin!

When you have reached the goal at last,
With not a cloud to overcast
Yer sky of life, when, day by day,
All things jes' seem to fall your way,
Then you kin take yer lazy ease,
Kin loaf around jes' as you please,
An' then you'll say with cheery grin:
"I sot my teeth an' come agin!"
—Denver Post.

As Marguerite Told It

"THE idea of such a thing!" exclaimed the girl with the tea rose leaf waist, as she balanced herself on the rail at the top of the steps and fanned herself with a magazine. "I'd have told her what I thought of her."

"Wasn't it mean!" said the one with the Merode hair arrangement. "She knew just as well as anything in the world exactly how I was going to have it made. She didn't ask outright, you know, but she told me about what she was going to wear, and I could see she was dying to know what I had planned. She hasn't got the least taste herself, and her mother—well, you saw what she wore at Mrs. Hubwright's reception."

"Wasn't it awful!"

"I'd have thought somebody would have told her. But that wasn't anything to what she wears sometimes. She thinks Clara's just about right."

"It's a good thing somebody thinks so."

"That's what I say. I thought I'd die when that girl sailed into the room. Why, Maud, she'd even got the same colored slippers I had. The dress—oh, the dress was exact—seven-gored skirt, three flounces and square neck. I came near having it made V-shaped just at the last moment. I wish I had now."

"She must have looked well in pink."

The Merode girl giggled.

"Clyde Williams said she looked as if she had bought her hair to match. He was awful about her; and she thought she'd make an impression on him."

"She thinks that about everybody."

"Doesn't she? She's as vain as she can be. I'd hate to think every time a man talked to me five minutes I'd made an impression on him. But that's all she thinks of. I don't like to talk about people, but Clara Mawby isn't a girl

THE GIRL WITH THE ROSELEAF WAIST.

I'd like for a sister. I'd sooner have Gladys Thompson."

"Why, Eldridge isn't—?"

"Oh, don't ask me. I've no patience with that boy. I guess he doesn't really—I believe he only talks about her to plague me. That's what brings her round to our house so often. She pretends to call to see me. Mommer is dead on to her, though."

"Why, you awful girl!"

"I don't care. I mean that mommer is not deceived regarding her real motive. Is that what you wanted me to say? Oh-h-h, Maud! Who is he? Isn't he swell?"

A slender young man with a pensive expression and a polka-dot band around his straw hat was coming along the street.. The girl in the tea rose waist looked at him obliquely under her eyelashes without moving her head, and almost imperceptibly improved her attitude. As the young man passed and looked up she assumed a look of pleased surprise and bowed with sweet graciousness to the jerky removal of the straw hat.

"I think you're mean," said the Merode girl, reproachfully, when the young man had passed on. "Why didn't you let him come up? Who is he? Hasn't he got the dearest little mustache! I thought you were my friend, but it's all right for you, Maud Davis."

"Why didn't you say you wanted him? How was I to know? Here, I'll call him now. Well, then, what do you want? You'd have been sorry if I had asked him to come up; he isn't a bit amusing. Besides he wouldn't have come."

"Why not?"

"Oh, just because."

"Well, I guess I'll have to go."

"You just stay right where you are. No, but don't you really know who he is?"

"Why, no."

"Well—oh, quit laughing or I won't tell you a thing. He's Mr. Wallis."

"Oh!"

"Yes—oh, you're just perfectly absurd! Now I'm not going to say one single thing more. There isn't anything to tell, anyway. What were you going to say about Eldridge?"

"Here's Marguerite. I'll ask her about it."

A small, pale-faced girl of 11, with long, black-stockinged legs, slid down the bannisters, skipped through the hall and bounced into one of the porch rockers, where she chewed gum vigorously and kicked her heels together.

"Who's Mr. Wallis, Marguerite?" asked the Merode girl.

"A. L. F.," replied Marguerite, energetically.

"What does that mean?"

"Marguerite!" said the girl in the tea rose waist, warningly.

"That means 'another little fool,'" explained Marguerite. "He's been about

MARGUERITE.

the worst of the lot, too. He bought me a doll on my birthday. Wouldn't that kill you! A doll! Maybe I didn't get even."

"Tell me about it, Marguerite, darling," said the Merode girl, coaxingly.

"You needn't ask to ride my wheel any more, if you do," said her sister.

"I don't care; Billy Freeman lets me ride his any time I want to. He goes by here every morning—no, not Billy, Mr. Herb. Wallis—and he generally looks up at the windows; doesn't he, Maud? Last Thursday morning I went into Maud's room and put one of her dresses on the bolster—that gingham, you know the one I mean. Then when Mr. Wallis came along I screamed 'Herbie!' and threw it out of the window. You ought to have seen him! It was gorgeous! Hello! there's Billy now." Marguerite danced off down the steps.

"Don't feel badly about it," said the Merode girl. "He'll get over it."

"The little imp!" said the girl with the tea-rose waist, viciously. "Talk about little brothers being mean! I'd trade her for any little brother in the block. Oh, I don't care whether he gets over it or not; if he had any sense he'd have laughed, but he's one of that kind that is always afraid somebody is going to laugh at them. I wouldn't give a boy like—well, your brother Eldridge—for a hundred of them."

"I'll tell Eldridge."

"If you do I'll never speak to you again. I mean that. There's Mrs. Ruggles. Look at her. Quick! Isn't that hat hideous? She always has the most distressed-looking hats. Why don't you like Clara Mawby?"

"Well, of all things! Would you like a girl who acted like that with you?"

"Eldridge likes her, though."

"I don't believe he does. He just talks about her because he knows I loathe her."

"What does he say?"

"Nothing much. Oh, I want you to see my new silk-rag curtains. I haven't got them woven yet, but I've nearly enough tied. They're going to look swell. Guineyere Collins has got a pair in her room. They're perfectly lovely.

"I'll come over to-morrow evening, maybe. Clara won't be there, will she? Oh, I don't really dislike her. There isn't much to her one way or the other to like or dislike. Oh! and, Eva, you'll promise you won't say anything about—what Marguerite said to—anybody. There really and truly isn't a thing to it. You know I'd tell you the very first, don't you?"

"I won't tell Eldridge, if that's what you mean."

The girl with the tea-rose waist blushed slightly. "You know I didn't mean that," she said.

"Why, of course you did, you goose. Oh, Maud!"

The girl in the tea-rose waist blushed again and fluttered the leaves of her magazine under her thumb.

The Merode girl jumped up and kissed the girl with the tea-rose waist three times and ran lightly down the steps. —Chicago Daily Record.

Guest Bought the Hotel for Spite.

"One of the strangest incidents that I ever witnessed," remarked Col. Lyle, "occured in Camden, S. C."

"How was that, colonel?" interposed a Gazette reporter, and the crowd drew their chairs nearer.

"It was this way," continued the colonel. "Several years ago, while I was in that city, a gentleman arrived at the hotel there early one morning, and while making some requests of the landlord, who rented the hotel, received a very short reply. Thereupon he inquired as to who owned the hotel. After receiving the information he went out and succeeded in finding the owner, and actually paid $10,000 for the building, and in less than three hours returned to the hotel with the keys and a deed to the property and locked up the hotel, with the remark that 'if the hotel could not be run decent he'd just close it up.'"—Henderson Gazette.

Precipitated a Crisis.

The Justice—To whom am I indebted for this visit?

The Groom—I reckon it's to Sal's mother, judge. She 'lowed I'd been callin' on Sal long enough, an' she up and asked my intentions.—Puck.

TO ADORN THE WALLS.

Some Things That Any Bright Girl Can Easily Do to Beautify a Room.

Money doesn't always control the homelike atmosphere of a place, for some of the costliest of houses are veritable refrigerators, and no more related to solid comfort than a corner in a furniture store. But the real bright woman who proposes to have her house a home will cultivate atmosphere. Onyx and solid gold aren't necessary for this—a little taste will answer the purpose. Now that the camera has become a family affair it can be put to good use, too. A certain young matron has a novel scheme of decoration for one of the coziest of homes. One room she calls her portrait gallery. In it she has dozens of pictures of beautiful women that she has taken from the magazines. They are mounted on mats of various sizes and colors and are pinned to the wall with artistic irregularity.

Another room she calls her "outing" chamber. Here are all of the souvenirs and relics of outing days. The amateur photograph plays "leads" here, and there are pictures of the cottage, the hay rack ready for the ride, a bathing group upon the beach and many other characteristic scenes. Then there is a net, a racket, a sombrero, a mountain stick, strings of sea shells, any number of other things that find their way back to the house after the summer's outing.

One of the daintiest of the rooms is filled entirely with pictures of children. These include everything from water color paintings to newspaper half-tones.

This scheme of decoration can be enlarged in a great variety of ways. Flowers and animals—each is a subject sufficient to fill a room.

There is no entertainment in bare walls, and pictures such as have been mentioned are too often thrown away or packed in piles and put under the table or in out-of-the-way places where they are of little use to anyone. If photographs seem too small to be decorative they can be easily separated from the cardboard and remounted on an attractive background. In removing do not attempt to take the photograph from the cardboard, but peel off the cardboard layer by layer until it is thin enough to remount. The smallest sized tacks can be used for holding up such pictures. They need be driven in but a little way, and they will not injure the wall. Too much reverence is often paid to bare walls—many a time they have loomed up ghastly and unadorned for years just because "the landlady wouldn't like it if you'd drive a tack in the wall."—Detroit Free Press.

OLD-FASHIONED PURSES.

They Are in Fashion Again, and the Homelier They Are the More Popular.

Purses carried by women nowadays are in fancy grains and fancy colors, the grain of the leather giving an appearance of shading, while the edges are bound in a plain shade of the same color or in a contrasting color. These purses are all made in the common patterns, with change and bill compartments.

There is a revival of an old German purse, which is a big flat pouch when opened and has a flat top frame of steel in four pieces. The sides of the purse are flat and bound with straight pieces of steel, while the leather forms a bag hanging from these side steels. The end steels are half as wide and are hinged to the side pieces, folding across the top and meeting in the middle with a clasp like a change purse.

When opened wide the whole purse is spread out about eight inches long. There is a place for everything and everything in its place in one big bag. Its bulk, when filled with the usual array of memoranda and samples must be detrimental to its popularity, as it must be held clasped in the hand, and it makes a pretty good handful.

The popular purse, however, is of the plainest and homeliest type. It is the "finger purse," named from the women's habit of carrying it with the fingers thrust through the big retaining strap across the front. This purse is made of three plain strips of roughly finished pigskin, making two compartments in the simplest form. One is gusseted for change and the other is a flat pocket for bills. The flaps of both compartments slip through a strap across the front piece. The whole is sewed about the edges with harness stitching, with no attempt at ornamentation.

To individualize this purse there are big brass initials, the same as are used in ornamenting brass-trimmed sets of harness. These are furnished with retaining pins on the back, which are easily thrust through the leather and pressed down flat.

There is something rich about the appearance of these simple purses, and their oddity has made them the most poplar among the young folk.—Washington Star.

Toques for the Fall.

Toques, whether of tulle or straw, are now turned up in front or more decidedly so on the left side, the latter arrangement being most invariably chosen when flowers are used for trimming. These are arranged in a large cluster covering the whole of the portion of the turned-up brim, which rises rather higher than the crown. Medium-sized blossoms—half-open roses, ox-eyed daisies, poppies, cornflowers, and for the early autumn, asters and small dahlias—are most appropriate to the purpose. For trimming hats, on the contrary, large blossoms are preferred. A sudden furore for the grandi-flora clematis has lately been evinced. The particular shades of mauve and lilac natural to it are the favorites in these colors, and has helped to bring them into fashion.—Millinery Trade Review.

Yorkshire Parkin.

Yorkshire parkin, if made as follows, will be excellent, but it should be kept two or three days before serving, till it has become perfectly soft: Take one pound of oatmeal, one pound of dark molasses, one-quarter pound of butter, one-quarter pound of moist sugar, mixed spice and ginger to taste. Rub the butter into the meal, with the sugar and spice, then add the molasses, melted if too thick, mix all together thoroughly, and bake in flat tins, such as are used for yorkshire pudding, in a slow oven for two hours or more.—Boston Globe.

CONFIDENCE SHATTERED.

A Curio Dealer in Los Angeles Details His Experience with Eastern Schoolma'ams.

"There is a big joke on some of the teachers who went on the Los Angeles excursion in early July," said a Brooklyn teacher the other day, "and although it is at the expense of my profession I shall have to tell it.

"On the beach there is a charming old man who keeps a curio shop. He has been an expert mineralogist for 30 years, and is versed in conchology and geology as well as mineralogy. When he heard that a lot of New York and New Jersey school teachers were coming to the convention his heart overflowed with delight at the thought of the delightful symposiums he would have with these learned women, who would appreciate to the full his rare and curious treasures.

"For weeks he busied himself in leisure moments in carefully brushing, arranging and classifying his choicest specimens, many of which he considered too sacred for the casual gaze of the ordinary tourist."

That his confidence in the intellectual acumen of his prospective visitors was misplaced may be gleaned from the following bit of dialogue which he gravely transmitted to a relative here and was furnished by the school teacher:

"The schoolmarms," he writes, "are thick here, and all of them are asking questions at the same time. They are not, however, of the kind that I expected. We have a devilfish in a jar in the shop, and I will give you a specimen of our conversation:

"'Ho! What pretty shells! How do you sell them?'

"'Different prices.'

"'What is in that jar?'

"'A devilfish or octopus.'

"(All together) 'Oh, it looks like the devil!'

"'What is the price of this shell?'

"'Which one do you mean?'

"'Have you got any for five cents?'

"'Yes.'

"'What is in that jar?'

"'Devilfish.'

"(All together) 'Let me see that pin.' (The tray is taken out.)

"'Let me see that other tray.' (It is taken out.)

(From a new arrival) 'What is in that jar?'

"'Devilfish.'

"'Is it alive?'

"'No.'

"(All together) 'What time does the train leave?'

"'Don't know.' (Heaven forgive me, I did, though!)

"'Did you get all these shells here?'

"'No.'

"'What comes out of these shells?'

"'Shellfish.'

"'What hatches out of them?'

"'Shellfish.'

"'Is this coral real coral?'

"'Yes.'

"'Let me have five cents' worth, and pack it good.'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Is this the Pacific ocean?

"'Yes.'

"And so on ad infinitum."

What wonder that his confidence in the deep, intellectual gifts of eastern schoolma'ams is somewhat shattered? —N. Y. Tribune.

PRETTY FANCIES.

Various Trifles Which Are Now Popular with Followers of the Fashions.

Never was lace in such demand as it is to-day; every kind and description for every possible use. It is the keynote of a young girl's attire, and she never was daintier than she has been since the avalanche of lace descended upon her. Skirts, seamless and all over lace; boleros ready to put on, parasol covers, tunics and guimps, as well as lace bought by the mile; polonaises of exquisite imitations of Venetian point and "point de Flandre," ready shaped, are among the lace concoctions of the day. Guipure has been revived. Laces are mixed regardless of their particular era.

Veils of white and cream colored and plain tulle without dots take the lead.

There is a fresh rage for white gloves. The popularity of this article has diminished so very little that the sudden demand is scarcely noticeable.

Orchids for hat trimming is a new idea this summer. When combined with a darker shade of velvet they are strikingly handsome.

Parasols, narrow tucked from the center to the edge, is the greatest novelty offered in any one line of sunshades in years.

Pique, linen, crash and duck skirts are elaborately embroidered and appliqued.

A Parisian fancy is to be a one flower girl. A striking brunette who indulges in this illusion wears all the shades of violet, from lilac to royal purple and green. The violet is her flower, of course, and ladens her hat and her corsage, is the figure in the cloth of her gowns, and its fragrance on her person makes her a very real violet girl.

Silks with blurred designs are combined with some vivid hue, usually laid under lace insertions or lining ruffles.

Spanish turbans, with jetted brims and pompons of tulle, give dashing and daring effect.—N. Y. Tribune.

Long Lace Mittens.

Women with thin or red arms will welcome the news that the long lace mitten is the grand chic thing for full dress, and the elbow mitten—also of lace—the newest thing for afternoon gowns made with elbow sleeves. These mittens, when worn with a ceremonious evening gown, are longer than the longest gloves, running quite to the under arm seam and joined to the shoulder with short jeweled chains. There is a hole for the thumb, which serves to hold them in place about the wrist and hand. They are shaped like the silk mitts worn eight and ten years ago, but fit more perfectly, as they are made to order. They afford a most delightful chance to show off ones' handsome rings.—Boston Post.

Salad Dressing Without Oil.

Rub the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs until smooth, add half a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, and a saltspoonful each of white pepper and mustard, rub well, add three tablespoonfuls of rich cream, mix thoroughly, then slowly add vinegar until the dressing is the consistency of cream.—Good Housekeeping.

FARM AND GARDEN

TRIMMING THE COMBS.

It Is Not a Painful Operation for the Birds, Considering the Comfort It Assures.

The drawbacks of large combs and wattles are freezing in our northern states and the discomforts and strain resulting from carrying so much weight on the head. It appears as though the circulation of blood in the head is somewhat affected by these excessive appendages, for it has been observed that a Leghorn having frequent spells of giddiness and staggering can sometimes be quickly and permanently cured by trimming the comb, and we would always recommend the trimming of both comb and wattles for both sexes when two-thirds grown,

LEGHORNS WITH COMBS CUT.

especially in view of freezing when zero weather occurs. Use shears or scissors instead of a knife so as to pinch the blood vessels and mitigate the flow of blood.

The operation is not so painful as might appear, we will state for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nature evidently provided that the comb and wattles should be comparatively destitute of feeling. As during the thousands and thousands of years the males fought for the possession of the females and the combs and wattles were the parts seized upon in the struggle a lack of sensitiveness in these appendages would be perpetuated and augmented on the principal of natural selection.

So indifferent is a fowl that after being dubbed it will unconcernedly fall to eating its own comb and wattles if allowed the privilege. This dullness or fewness of nerves of feeling in the comb, when understood, may alleviate the pangs felt by many persons at the mention of what has been wrongly called a cruel practice. It is easier for a fowl to stand dubbing than to endure a frozen comb.—H. H. Stoddard, in Farm and Home.

PRESERVING EGGS.

Directions for the Use of Water Glass Furnished by Prof. Ladd, of North Dakota College.

Prof. Ladd, of North Dakota College of Agriculture, in bulletin No. 35, gives the following directions for the use of water glass in keeping eggs. Water glass is silicate of soda or silicate of potash, the former being cheaper. It is not expensive.

If wooden kegs or barrels are to be used in which to pack the eggs, they should first be thoroughly scalded with boiling water to sweeten and purify them.

To each ten quarts of water, which should first be boiled and then cooled, add one quart of water glass. Pack the eggs in the vessel and pour solution over them, covering well.

Keep the eggs in a cool, dark place. A dry, cool cellar is a good place.

If the eggs are kept in too warm a place the silicate is deposited and the eggs are not properly protected. Do not wash the eggs before packing, for by so doing you injure their keeping quality.

For packing use only perfectly fresh eggs, for stale eggs will not be saved and may prove harmful to others.

All packed eggs contain a little gas, and in boiling such eggs they will crack. This may be prevented by making a pin hole in the blunt end of the egg. To do this hold the egg in the hand, place the point of a pin against the shell of the egg at the blunt end, and give the pin a quick, sharp blow, just enough to drive the pin through the shell without further injury to the egg.

How to Get Top Prices.

To get the advantage of full market prices for eggs nothing is more important than the style of the cases and packing. Of course size and cleanness are very important considerations, but the first thing that strikes the eye of a purchaser is the exterior quality. I notice many lots of eggs, especially from the south, which come into the stores in all sorts of cases—scarcely two alike, and none of them neat and trim. These goods are generally condemned before they are looked at and can only be sold at a concession, no matter how good the eggs may be. Shippers may accept it as a fact that while all eggs in first-class packages may not sell at top prices, no eggs in second or third class packages will do so.—N. Y. Produce Review.

New Oats Not Good Feed.

There is great temptation on farms where old oats are scarce to give new oats in their stead, some farmers cutting the green oats in the field and chopping off the heads in lieu of threshing out the grain. But such feed is sure to give a working horse the scours, unless dry feed is given with it. A small amount of dry wheat flour dusted over the oats will partially offset their laxative effect. But whatever precautions are taken it is better to feed old oats until the new crop has dried out than to attempt to feed oats of the present year's growth. If the oat heads are chopped off and placed in an evaporator they will be dry enough in three days to feed safely.—American Cultivator.

Raise thoroughbred chickens. They cost no more in the long run and fry much better.

Chickens once stunted seldom regain their vigor even with the most careful breeding.

Feed plenty of grass, green weeds or anything green to mature, penned fowls.

RAPE AS GREEN FOOD.

Every Farmer Who Raises Chickens Should Try a Small Patch Without Delay.

Rape is an excellent green food for chickens and fills a long felt want of poultrymen. It can be sown in early spring or any time later up to the middle of August, and furnish an abundance of food, writes C. R. Roberts in the American Poultry Journal. Last year I sowed a small patch just to see what kind of a plant it was. It grows from 18 to 20 inches in height. The leaves in color and shape resemble the cabbage leaf very much. It can be sown broadcast, or in drills 30 inches apart, and be cultivated. The ground should be prepared the same as for turnips, and the seed covered about the same as turnip seed. It grows very fast, and can be cut and fed to chickens or let them go to it at will and help themselves. When they are to eat in this way I should prefer to have it sown in drills, as they can walk between the rows, and are not so apt to trample and break it down as is the case when sown broadcast; but when it is to be cut and fed it is just as good to sow it broadcast as any. Last year my young chickens commenced to eat my cabbages, but when the rape was up four or five inches high they left the cabbage and commenced on the rape, and any one knows that when chickens leave a cabbage patch to eat something else it must be something they like better than cabbages. I had never had chickens do better and grow faster than they did while they were helping themselves to rape. I think that every one who raises chickens should try a small patch. It will cost but a few cents to give this plant a trial, as five pounds is enough to sow an acre broadcast, and one to two pounds if sown in drills. I have no rape seed to sell.

GREEN CUT BONE.

An Economical and Excellent Food for Laying Hens, Both Winter and Summer.

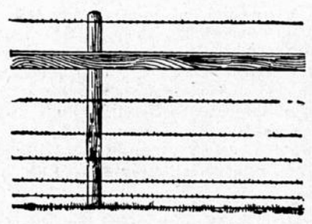
Green bone is rich in phosphate of lime, and this fact alone should prove its value as food for laying hens, both winter and summer. Fowls understand its value to themselves, as is shown by the manner in which they will leave any food to get the green bone, says the American Farmer. Further, it is one of the cheapest foods, for usually the bones of various sizes and shapes, with more or less meat attached to them, can be bought for a few cents, and the modern bone-cutter crushes and cuts them fine in a few moments. Frequently there is sufficient meat on these bones to furnish all that is needed in that line, and thus another saving is effected, for the meat bought alone would cost much more than the meaty bones. Still again, green bone, especially when meat is attached thereto, fed within reason, reduces the need of feeding the usual quantity of grain, thus saving more money.

The main thing to avoid in feeding cut bone is to see that the bones are green—that is, fresh and free from taint. In some localities where butchers have considerable demand for fresh bones, they make two grades of them, one from meat freshly cut up and the other from older meat, and frequently tainted with the entrails of fowls and other refuse thrown into the box. Don't buy this stuff at any price, nor take it as a gift. Feed only fresh bone, and it will pay every time.

A DOG-PROOF FENCE.

It Has to Be Compactly Built If Really Satisfactory Results Are to Be Obtained.

The owner of two large sheep farms in New England has recently described the miles of dog-proof, barbed-wire sheep fences that inclose his farms. As dogs are the bane of sheep keeping in all parts of the country, a diagram of his fence, given herewith, will be of wide interest. Cedar posts about four inches in diameter are driven into the



DOG-PROOF FENCE.

ground eight feet apart and seven strands of barbed wire are stretched and stapled to them, as shown in the cut. The lowest wire is close to the ground. The second wire is four inches above the lowest. The third is five inches farther up the post, the next six inches higher, while the fifth goes up another six inches. The sixth strand is located eight inches above the fifth, while eight inches farther up is a rail to steady the fence. Eight inches above the rail is the seventh wire, which effectually prevents dogs from leaping over the rail.—Orange Judd Farmer.

How to Ruin Machinery.

What is the meaning of all these mowing machines, reapers, horse-rakes and other farm implements being left out in the weather? Have they just been taken out temporarily for some reason? No, not much. They have been left to stand where last used, and if we mistake not they will stand there in the fields or in the fence corners until wanted again. What kind of a way is this to do and expect to keep the balance on the proper side of the ledger? Wet and sun will spoil the best iron or steel and the best wood. This sort of practice don't happen in isolated cases by any means. Why not take the parlor chairs out on the open porch and leave them there through the fall and winter.—Farmers' Review.

Vigilance Is Necessary.

Any crumbs from the table are valuable for young chicks. Change of diet is requisite. Do not let the chicks get chilled, as they are of no earthly use after that. I hear people say: "Oh, I can't bother that way. It is too much trouble." Well, I go into poultry houses where lice get onto me in a moment. I say those people have no business to have chickens. Our chicks will show it, and it pays. Eternal vigilance is the price of chicks—good ones, and I would want no others.—Mrs. Curry, in Pacific Poultryman.

PLANNING A DEPARTURE.

An Author Who Would Get Out of the Beaten Track and Give the Real Thing.

"What we want," said the publisher, "is a good, realistic story of army life. Something that will show just how events move among the soldiers."

"I see," said the author; "I was in the army myself. I know exactly how things are conducted."

"Something that will thrill the reader to the marrow and make his hair stand on end."

"I thought you said you wanted something out of the ordinary."

"That's what I am after."

"Well, in that case, we won't have any thrill in it. Of course, it's there, but it comes so suddenly and is so soon over that you hardly have time to know what thrilled you. If you want to get right down to hard-pan realism and sound the keynote of the soldier's general experience, you want to leave out most of this description of a hero rushing headlong through struggling men and over fallen horses, waving a gun with one hand and the star spangled banner with the other, while singing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' at the top of his voice. We'll get out of the beaten track of fiction and relate how many hours a day he spend currying his horse and polishing his weapons, and how many miles a day he traveled, and how often he wanted to talk back and didn't dare, and how he would have been willing to give four dollars a square inch for a beefsteak, and all the rest of the little details which play so important a part and which writers of fiction have hitherto so strangely neglected."—Washington Star.

CANNIBAL IN THE INK.

He Was from the South Sea Islands and There Was Character in His Writing.

Rather an amusing incident was connected with the return to San Francisco, en route to Washington, of Justice W. L. Chambers, who has been for a number of years chief justice of Samoa. The judge is a well-educated and highly cultivated Alabaman, with that polish of that rara avis, the Southern gentleman of the best type.

In an interview, published at Honolulu on his way up, the chief justice was so seriously misrepresented in his alleged statements regarding Samoan matters that he took the wise precaution in San Francisco of writing out his views on the more ticklish matters concerning which he was interviewed. Like most gentlemen, Judge Chambers' penmanship would never be taken as a model in a district school. A printer on a morning paper to whom it was given to set up was in despair.

"Look here," he said, "this is positively the worst writing I ever was up against!"

"But that was written by the chief justice of Samoa, man. Look how much character there is in the writing."

"Chief justice of Samoa!" snorted the compositor. "That accounts for it. There is character in his hand. I might have known he was a South Sea islander. I could smell canibal in the ink!"—San Francisco News Letter.

Our Fans.

Baroness de Rothschild, it is said, owns the finest collection of fans in Europe. In this country they are generally found at the baseball parks.—Scranton Tribune.

The Baker's Premises.

"What would be the technical term for the premises of this baker?"

"Dough-main, I guess."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The first five minutes after an accident a man is grateful that he escaped with his life; after that he begins to complain his pants were torn.—Atchison Globe.

He—"I know better than to propose to a girl I can't get." She—"Do you?" He—"Yes; she might change her mind."—Town Topics.