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IF GOD HEARD EVERY PRAYER.

If God would always hear
And answer all our prayers
This world would be a worl'
Of jumbled-up affairs!
If all the plans we lay
Could be fulfilled, and all
The wishes that we make
For mighty gifts and small
Were always granted, men
Would sadly till the last
Keep wishing to undo
The wishes of the past!

In sunny days we played,
My little friend and I;
The wonderful trapeze
Was ever in his eye;
He practiced on the bar,
And when he knelt to pray
His prayer was that he might
Have tights to wear some day—
He wished that he might swing
High o'er the wondering throng—
And lives, to-day, to sing
And charm us with his song.

And I, in those old days,
Before the teeth of Care
Had ever torn my heart,
Made many a wish and prayer:
The one I loved looked down
From womanhood on me,
And all her suitor was
I wished and prayed to be!
I saw them yesterday,
Poor rustics, dull and plain,
And both were bent and gray—
Thank God I wished in vain!

We wish for that and this,
We pray for things and fret
Because the things we long
To have we seldom get!
But God and Fate are wise,
And they know best, and so
The jumbles and the snarls
Are lessened here below—
If God heard every wish
We sadly till the last
Would wish to have undone
The wishes of the past!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

AN AERIAL JOURNEY

By T. W. Birney.

"IF I am not gray-headed, I ought to be," said my friend Cary, as we sat at the table, after supper, and discussed our coffee; "for I've been in enough tight places in my life to make a man not only gray-headed, but bald-headed;" and he fingered affectionately his blonde locks, which, to say truth, were none too thick.

"Yes, sir," he continued, meditatively; "I was in one last fall that scared me more than I ever want to be scared again. When I hear the wind outside there, and think of that experience, I fairly shiver. Birt, of course, that's all nonsense now;" and he applied himself again to his coffee.

Cary was a civil engineer. We had been college mates, but I had not seen him for years, and at this, our first meeting since graduation, we had been giving each other accounts of our respective doings.

A jest of mine, to the effect that it was getting to be time for him to show gray hairs, called forth the above speech, and being fond of stories of adventure, I insisted on his explaining himself at length.

"Well," he began, "it was in the valley of the New river, in West Virginia. I was up there looking after the interests of the H—— Bridge company, which was going to bid on some trestle-work for the C. & O. railroad.

"I had been told of a method they had of sending lumber down from the mountain by a cable car, and one day, in company with a railroad man whose acquaintance I had made, I walked down to see it in operation. I saw it—saw it in detail—and before I go[illegible] back I wished I had never heard of it.

"The mountain was very steep and quite high—I should say 1,200 feet—and the river ran at its very base. On the opposite side of the river was the railroad, where the lumber was loaded on the flat cars.

"The lumber camp was near the [illegible] of the mountain, about 1,000 feet a[illegible] the road, and they had a 2½ inch c[illegible] stretching down from it to a point o[illegible] the track. It was a steel cable, a[illegible] was fastened to iron posts set in th[illegible] rock.

"Of course it hung in an enormou[illegible] curve, being almost level where i[illegible] crossed the river, but becoming mor[illegible] and more steep as it went up the mou[illegible] tain-side. I suppose it was all of 1,0[illegible] feet long, and to see it hanging the[illegible] over the valley was a sight in itsel[illegible]

"On this large cable ran a suspension car—that is, they called it a car; it was only a heavy platform hung by iron rods at the corners from four grooved wheels which fitted the cable. The rod were hinged, so that no matter at wha[illegible] point on the incline the car was, the[illegible] always hung vertical.

"To the car was attached a thr[illegible] quarter-inch iron rope, which [illegible] coiled up and let out by a stationary [illegible] gine at the lumber camp.

"They used to load the car with lu[illegible] ber at the top, let it down to be u[illegible] loaded, and then haul it up emp[illegible]

"When we reached the foot o[illegible] cable that day, the car had just [illegible] unloaded, and they were preparin[illegible] for the return trip. But it seems [illegible] were going to send up by it [illegible] kitchen furniture and also a pi[illegible] planed and grooved boards, for [illegible] the camp.

"They had already put the boa[illegible] at the further end of the plat[illegible] laying them crosswise, and wer[illegible] ranging a good-sized stove, tw[illegible] three chairs and a table, which [illegible] the remainder of the consig[illegible] These they packed as closely a[illegible] sible, but took no other means [illegible] cure them in place.

"As we watched the proceedin[illegible] grizzled old chap, who seemed in ch[illegible] said:

"'Wal, we're about ready, now. [illegible] you fellers want to go up? Nic[illegible]

"The idea appealed to my lov[illegible] elty and adventure, and with[illegible] ment's thought or a quest[illegible] swered: 'Of course we do[illegible] Burrill!'

"My companion hesitated a moment, but being a reckless felolw, like myself, merely said: 'All right!' and followed me upon the platform.

"The old man grinned, and, walking to a pole near by, ran up a white flag, which looked much like a cast-off garment of civilization, as a signal to the engineer at the top to haul up.

"His assistants looked on without a word, but I fancied their faces were more serious than they had been.

"Almost at once we began to move, and in a few moments were suspended over the swift waters of the river. As we continued our way upward, I realized for the first time that our position was the reverse of agreeable.

"We were on a narrow platform, entirely open and unprotected on all sides, and which began to have a most unpleasant swinging movement, dragged by what seemed to be a very small rope, up a very big slope, and a hundred feet above the ground. The wind seemed fairly to whistle as it swept over us, though we had thought the breeze a light one before we started.

"Well, up we went, and as the incline grew steeper, the platform began to creak, the pile of lumber at the upper end got uneasy, and the table and chairs shifted about at every swing. You see, the angle of inclination of the platform corresponded to that of the cable, and after awhile it became so steep that we were afraid to stand up, so lay down on our breasts and held on to cleats on the floor.

"It got worse and worse. The pile of boards and the stove appeared to be right over us, and it seemed impossible that they should not slip down and either crush or push us off into space. What with their slippings and creaks, the careening of the car, the whistling of the wind, and the awful consciousness of being far in the air above the trees, it was enough to scare braver men than we were. Besides, there was the possibility of the wire rope breaking and letting us take the down track with all the speed gravity could give us.

"We could look back over our course at the dip of the cable and its length, and imagine the frightful rate at which we would go down, and the awful smash there would be at the other end. Ugh! it makes me cold now to think of it.

"But to our great joy, we were approaching the top. I stood up, holding the corner rod, and could see the landing-place. It was a platform, built like a wharf, the air in this instance taking the place of water, and rails were laid from the camp to it, and the lumber run out on flat tram cars.

"Well, as ill-luck would have it, one of those cars was standing on the very edge, with its load of plank sticking out still further. Of course, our way was blocked. It looked as if we were going to be dragged right against the obstacle, and in that event we just knew something would go.

"I could feel my hair creep when I thought of the way that drag-rope would part under the strain and we would go spinning down. We both did the most natural thing under the circ[illegible] we yelled like wild Indi[illegible] pe of making the engin[illegible] drum.

"[illegible] a man appeared on [illegible] nd, taking in the sit[illegible] hout and wave his [illegible] er behind him. We [illegible] our pile of boards [illegible] r one. Another half-[illegible] ething would have [illegible]

[illegible] think that our trials [illegible] they weren't. They [illegible] few feet, and dragged [illegible] car back out of the [illegible] y tried to draw us up [illegible] e distance, but they [illegible] ld engine was not made [illegible] load as ours anyhow, [illegible] le to keep it going [illegible] ion. It was beyond [illegible] rt it on such an in-[illegible]

[illegible] n who had appeared [illegible] our time of need [illegible] the top of his voice [illegible] necessary to lower [illegible] ere the grade was not [illegible] r to give the engine [illegible]

[illegible] sh that idea much. [illegible] nd said we wanted [illegible] we were 35 feet [illegible] nd, and as many [illegible] that wish could [illegible]

[illegible] t—backward—and [illegible] ur front seats, and [illegible] feet dangle if we [illegible] h we didn't.

[illegible], the lumber shifted [illegible] istled just as on the [illegible] lt just as unpleas-[illegible] d backed about 300 [illegible] the top waved his [illegible]. He waved them [illegible] creak of the cable [illegible] lls all over me, we [illegible]

[illegible] owly than before [illegible] ame to a stand-[illegible] uspense was aw-[illegible]

[illegible] made it—we were [illegible] wharf, and lost no [illegible] our feet on solid [illegible] The man in charge [illegible] h us as if we had [illegible] and made the com-[illegible]

[illegible] e had a-broke! My! [illegible]

[illegible] nd—after we had re-[illegible] f our nerves—and [illegible] of unloading and re-[illegible] all was ready for the [illegible] ere politely asked if [illegible] o go along. But we [illegible] that walking was [illegible] s.

[illegible] that mountain [illegible] thankful to have [illegible] d since then I steer [illegible] journeys."—Golden [illegible]

ABSINTHE DRINKING.

Observations of a Physician in New Orleans, Where There Are Many Users of It.

"I see that the French government is making an effort to suppress the manufacture of absinthe," remarked a New Orleans physician, according to the Times-Democrat, "and that the medical corps of the army has made some very alarming reports as to the effect of the stuff on the rank and file of the troops. A similar movement was started in 1880 or thereabouts, and, if I remember rightly, an order was issued forbidding the sale of the cordial to any soldier. The subject was discussed at length in the papers at the time, but the dealers brought their influence to bear and the crusade was ultimately abandoned.

"Absinthe is a strange tipple," he continued, "and the evidence as to its effects is singularly contradictory. Some people drink it all their lives and apparently suffer no bad results, while others are reduced to horrible mental and physical wrecks by not half as great an indulgence. More absinthe is consumed in New Orleans than any other city of the United States, and in years past I have made the habit something of a study, hoping to discover the exact toxic properties of the preparation and some fixed facts as to its effect on the system. I can't say, however, that I was particularly successful. The liqueur is simply a distillation of wormwood, known botanically as 'Artemisia Absinthium'—hence the name, absinthe. Wormwood itself is used to some extent as a medicine, and a fluid extract made from the leaves and tops is regarded as a good tonic in cases of dyspepsia. The extract has some very slight narcotic properties, but the distillation seems to develop a new and powerful agent which, in certain cases, acts directly on the brain and great nerve centers and stimulates them to an extraordinary degree. The ultimate effect is a breaking down of the system, loss of memory, inability to articulate, hallucinations and something resembling palsy.

"One absinthe wreck whom I treated for several months had strange lapses in which he would forget his own identity and be unable to find his way home. Another patient was continually using the wrong words, like a man with aphasia. One day he walked into the office and said: 'Doctor, I have run out of referential.' He meant to say he had run out of medicine, but was absolutely unable to do it, and to this day I never hear the word 'referential' without thinking of him. But, as I said before, it all depends on the individual. Some are naturally immune to the poison and others are abnormally sensitive to it. Then, again, the symptoms differ widely, so widely that it would be impossible to diagnose a case without knowing something of its history. Altogether, the active principle of the stuff is a great mystery.

"Here in New Orleans absinthe is generally drank in combination with anisette, diluted in about six parts of water. I think the French way of taking it is less injurious. In Paris the confirmed absinthe drinker pours about half a gill in the bottom of a large tumbler and fills it up with water. Then, as he sips, he adds more water from the carafe until the mixture is almost transparent. One glass will occupy him at least an hour, and he rarely takes a second."

HE FEARED THE WORST.

But the Doctor Assured Him He Had Nothing Worse Than a Severe Cold.

When the doctor called in response to a hurry-up summons, the young man looked at him with eyes that had an unnatural luster and his red cheeks suggested fever to the man of science, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Ah! heavy cold, I see," ventured the doctor.

"Sure. Lungs as sore as a boil. I can't talk above a whisper and when I cough I'd rather be on a rack. But I want to be examined and don't you overlook a spot or place that is liable to be involved."

The doctor felt, listened, thumped and questioned. "Just a heavy cold" was the verdict. "Narrow escape from pneumonia, but a few days will put you all right again."

"Sure?"

"Certainly. What am I here for? Just take your medicine and stay right in bed until I say you can move."

"Say, doctor, look at me. Is there anything the matter with my brains? Honest, now."

"Not a thing. Your head's as sound as a dollar."

"Thank heaven! I'll tell you why I ask. Two evenings ago I went to a wedding reception, on foot. Every time I crossed a street I dove in over my shoe tops and when I got there I was wet to my knees. By the time I reached home I felt as though I had jumped into the river. I'm sure I was very foolish, but do you know what I thought when I sent for you?"

"No."

"That I must have water on the brain."

Climate Affects Cigars.

Many attempts have been made to grow Havana tobacco in other parts of the world. They have never succeeded; any more than you can persuade an expert that Australian claret is French. The true Havana cigar must be grown in Havana and made there. Export the leaf in bulk and have it made up precisely according to Cuban methods and you will find that the results are quite different. Even the real Havana cigar cannot be smoked for a few days after reaching England. It is "sea-sick."—London Express.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Edmond Rostrand, the famous French novelist, owes his poor health largely to his hard work. He writes nearly all the day and far into the night.

The place assigned in the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral, in London, to the body of Sir Arthur Sullivan is near the tombs of Sir John Millais, P. R. A., and Dr. William Boyce, the well-known writer of church music.

John Morley is one of the busiest men in England. He is now engaged in the arduous task of writing a "Life of Gladstone." At odd intervals he is rewriting his "Life of Richard Cobden" and is also a member of parliament.

Seaton Thompson, the animal expert, who at present enjoys vogue as the favorite feminine author and lecturer, is said to be a physical counterpart of Paderewski. Like the pianist, too, he began his career with a direful struggle against poverty.

The speaker of the house of commons draws a salary of $25,000 and on his retirement from the office gets an annual pension of $20,000, besides being elevated to the peerage. As speaker he is provided with a fine mansion for entertaining on a large scale.

Theodore H. Emmons has held the office of secretary of St. Paul's chapter, Royal Arch Masons, of Boston, 40 consecutive years, and has just been reelected for another year. It is believed that this is the longest term in one masonic office enjoyed by any member in Massachusetts if not in the country.

Lieut. Churchill's arrival and social progress in this country recalls the snappy remark made by an American girl not long ago to an English admirer. He had been discoursing at length on the Boer war and said that there could be no doubt of the ultimate outcome. "For," said he, "the very cream of England is in South Africa just now." "Yes," said the daughter of Columbia, "the whipped cream."

Mark Twain detests the autograph-hunter. To an applicant on one occasion he sent a letter, the substance of which is as follows: To ask a doctor or builder or sculptor for his autograph would be in no way rude. To ask one of these for a specimen of his work, however, is quite another thing, and the request might be justifiably refused. It would never be fair to ask a doctor for one of his corpses to remember him by. There was no autograph to the letter, which was typed throughout!

THE BOWMAKER IN THE CAR.

A Novel Way of Making Money Exhibited by a Young Woman Going Home.

The girls who gave an interesting exhibition of a new and seemingly profitable industry all got into the car together and sat down in a row. There were six of them, and five devoted their entire attention to the sixth, who bore herself with the calmness of conscious superiority. From their dress and appearance it was evident that they were on their way home from the factory or the shop. From their conversation it appeared that some social function of large importance to them was to take place on the following evening. Each of the five carried in her hand a small parcel wrapped up in paper. They waited in manifest impatience for the sixth to declare herself, says the New York Sun.

"You first, Mary," she said, in a businesslike way, when she was ready to begin operations.

Mary handed over her parcel. The other passengers looked on with interest. The girl opened the parcel, took out from it a piece of new ribbon, perked her head on one side and studied the ribbon.

"It's for my hair," said Mary, rather timidly.

The other girl nodded, studied the ribbon some more, crossed her knees, laid the ribbon on the resting place so formed, and with remarkably deft fingers began twisting it in and out and pulling it this way and that. Presently she stopped and held it up, and the other passengers saw that it had become a bow. She laid it against Mary's hair, studied its effect, twisted and pulled it some more and then handed it to Mary.

"Ten cents," she said.

Mary handed over ten cents. The girl put her money into her purse and turned to another of her companions.

"You next," she said.

"It's for my neck," said the one addressed, handing over her parcel.

This parcel also contained a ribbon, which was fashioned into a bow for the neck and fitted on its owner, who turned over ten cents like the first when the bow was made. A third girl then presented her parcel with its ribbon. The bowmaker worked fast and skillfully, without paying any attention to the curious looks cast at her and her work by the other people in the car. The bows were so stylishly fashioned that it was probable that she was employed by a dressmaker or a milliner. At any rate she was able to earn 50 cents, ten from each of her companions, before she got off the car, and their pleased looks of admiration at the bows indicated that they thought the money well spent.

Waste of Apples.

In ordinary apple years the waste of skin and cores amounts to 500 or 600 carloads, and during years of abundant yield it runs as high as 1,200 and 1,500 carloads. All this waste now goes to the factories, which make cheap jellies. There are upward of 140 of these factories in this country and they have an annual capacity of some 200,000,000 pounds.—Chicago Chronicle.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Destiny is the measure of a man rather than descent.—Ram's Horn.

Where one is afflicted with both egotism and stubbornness the burden is very heavy.—Chicago Journal.

The man who carries a rabbit's foot has at least the satisfaction of knowing that whatever happens to him is for the best.—Detroit Journal.

The world is probably a little larger than you think it is and you are probably a little smaller than you think you are.—Chicago Daily News.

"Is the boss in?" asked the stranger, entering the drug store. "No," replied the absent-minded clerk; "but we have something just as good."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Cautious Answer.—"Where is Joslar?" asked Mrs. Corntossel, uneasily. "Well," answered her husband, as he proceeded to fill his pipe, "I won't say fr certain. If the ice is as strong as he thinks it is, he's gone skatin'; an' if it ain't, he's gone swimmin'."—Washington Star.

It is related that a man awoke one morning with a terrible bust head, after a night of carousal. Having a curiosity to see how tough he looked, he reached out for a hand mirror, but secured instead a hair brush. Thinking he had the hand mirror in his hand, he gazed at the bristle side, and said: "Gosh, but I need a shave!"—Atchison Globe.

"My dear," he said, with an ill-concealed ring of relief in his voice, "diamonds have gone up nearly 50 per cent. So I find the earrings I promised you will cost more than I can afford." "Oh!" she cried, "isn't that too bad!" "Yes, I am very sorry." "So am I, my dear. It's a shame that you'll have to pay more than you can afford."—Philadelphia Press.

ENGLISHMEN LET IN.

The Emma Mine a Five Million Dollar Bubble That Caused International Complications.

At the head of Little Cottonwood canyon in the Wasatch mountains of Utah, above the spot out of which the huge blocks of the great Mormon temple at Salt Lake were quarried, precipitous canyon walls, scattered piles of battered boards and other debris form disconsolate relics of a once thriving city of 10,000 inhabitants. Here and there on the steep sides of the hills are the dumps which tell of former activity in the numerous mines. An occasional shafthouse and a few other buildings have been stanch enough to withstand the avalanches that formerly swept down the mountain sides and buried under 20 to 50 feet of snow the city at the bottom of the cleft, says Eugene B. Palmer in Ainslee's. One shafthouse stands on the hill close by the city's ruins. On this town site was once the famous mining camp of Alta. The shafthouse marks the Emma mine, a $5,000,000 bubble that stirred two nations.

Here the first mines of Utah were located by soldiers of Camp Douglas, in 1864. Duty called officers and privates elsewhere, however, and as there was no railroad to transport the ores the claims were abandoned. When the railroad came a miner named J. F. Woodman relocated one of the claims and it became the Emma mine, from which silver ore was taken of such marvelous richness that all America became excited in 1870, and miners flocked in from every side. But in 1871 the owners of the Emma came to the conclusion that the mine was on the point of being worked out. Trenor W. Park and Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, made a trip to England. They organized a company of which they made United States Minister Robert C. Schenck, who taught the Englishmen the great American game of draw poker, a director. All speculative London tumbled over itself to get some of the precious stock, which was supposed to act like the touch of Midas. The mine was unloaded to this aggregation of Englishmen for $5,000,000.

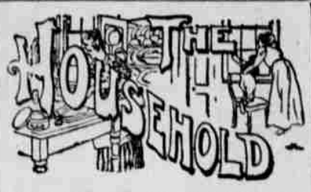
The new owners sent over some managers, who indulged in the wildest extravagance. In six months the mine was losing so much that work ceased entirely. England was enraged. A congressional committee investigated the conduct of Minister Schenck and recommended that he be censured for his share in the transaction. At present the only human being about the mine is a watchman, and he takes his pay in working the streaks of rich ore that still remain, confident that some day the property will be again worked on a large scale and that discreet management will uncover untold wealth. Many persons to-day are positive that the collapse of the Emma mine was due entirely to the management.

Skim Milk Used in Paper Making.

One of the most profitable side industries growing out of the manufacture of paper came from the discovery of the fact that casein was vastly better than the glue formerly in use for putting the heavy coating on the finer grades of paper. The discovery was not only a bonanza for those who made it and for those who backed him, but also for the dairyman. The skim milk which is left after the cream has been taken off for butter and other purposes, and was in the nature of mere refuse for the big dairies, is now turned into a source of profit almost as great as that from butter itself, from its use in the manufacture of casein for paper coating and sizing.—N. Y. Sun.

Homeopaths Barred Out.

There are no homeopathic physicians in the medical corps of either the army or the navy.—Chicago Chronicle.



CONTROL YOURSELF.

Nothing Ages a Woman So Quickly and Surely as Giving Way to Temper and Worry.

Never give way to fits of ill temper. Every sensible woman ought to be aware that bad temper and worry will trace more wrinkles in a week than hot and cold bathing and massage and complexion brushes and creams and lotions can remove in a year's faithful application.

Physicians assert that an immense amount of nerve-force is expended in every fit of bad temper; that when one little part of the nervous system is injuriously affected, the face first records it. The eyes begin to lose the luster of youth, muscles become flabby, the skin refuses to contract accordingly, and the inevitable result is wrinkles, woman's fiercest and most insidious foe.

Indulging in a fit of temper not only makes a woman old and ugly before her time, but it actually shortens life. Moreover, every time she loses control of her temper she unhinges a moral brain-cell and weakens by several degrees her capacity for self-control.

The oftener she permits herself to indulge in what she believes to be righteous indignation, the more frequently she finds such occasions presenting themselves, for life is full of such irritating opportunities.

It is these frequent bursts of passion that prevent women from growing old so beautifully that they seem to retain their youthful attractions, and, like a tree, become more amiable with age.

A mouth that from habit has set itself in an aggrieved or hard line soon settles in a grim curve that writes years of age upon a woman's face, and imparts a discontented and disagreeable expression which repels all desire for intimacy on the part of her acquaintances.

No matter how beautiful and brainy and fascinating the bad-tempered woman may be, or how lengthy her bank account, her power is infinitesimal compared with that of her amiable sister. And amiability is not only power; it is mental progression, health, happiness and long life to one's self and to one's friends and family.—N. Y. Weekly.

MRS. LILLIAN STEVENS.

She Has Just Been Reelected President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, who has been reelected president of the Women's Christian Temperance union, is a native of Dover, Me., and began her work as a teacher in her own state. At 21 she married Mr. Stevens and went with her husband to his home near Portland. Mrs. Stevens first met Miss Willard at Old Orchard in the summer of 1875 and there assisted in the organization of the Maine W. C. T. U. Her first office was that of treasurer of the

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS.
(President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

state union. She next became president, and under her guidance the Maine organization soon became conspicuous in the national union and its president no less conspicuous among the ladies at work in the temperance cause. Mrs. Stevens' advance in the union was rapid. She was elected vice president during the life of Miss Willard and succeeded that great reformer as president when Miss Willard died.

Excellent Cleansing Fluid.

A cleaning fluid that will remove grease from the most delicate silks and cloths is made of one pint of distilled benzine, three-sixteenths of an ounce of fluid chloroform, one-eighth ounce of carbonate of ammonia and one-eighth ounce of sulphuric ether. It should be kept bottled and corked tightly and kept from fire and lights, as it is very inflammable.

Another Hold-Up.

"Poor Bronson."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He was the victim of a hold-up last night, so he tells me."

"You don't say so! How did it happen?"

"Oh, the baby had eaten something that didn't agree with it. He had to hold it up for three hours at a stretch."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Have You Noticed?

"This snaillike pace," growled the first trolley car passenger, "is enough to rile a saint."

"Yes, these cars are peculiar," replied the philosophic man. "When you're in a car it simply crawls; but when you're trying to catch it it flies along at top speed."—Philadelphia Press.

WOMEN AS FARMERS.

Some Who Have Taken Up Western Lands Have Made Quite a Success of Agriculture.

From time immemorial women have been tillers of the soil, but always as serving men. It has been reserved for the United States to produce the woman farmer in independent ownership, toiling of her own will and reaping herself the fruit of her labors.

One of the most picturesque instances of the woman farmer is furnished by Miss Gates, a trained nurse of New York city, who had gone to the west for her health shortly before the opening of the Cherokee strip in Oklahoma. She was living in Guthrie, Okla., and decided that she might as well become a landed proprietor. The homestead claims of 160 acres were to be assigned to those first "staking" or marking them after the hour designated for the "opening." Miss Yates took advantage of her vicinity to the strip to look it over in advance and select her claim. The opening day she crossed the line a minute after the hour (a minute before would have invalidated her rights), seated on a plow to which two heavy horses were attached, and "made the run," the first on the strip.

Her clever idea was to "stake the claim" by a plowed furrow, beginning

FROM HOSPITAL TO FARM.
(Miss Gates Breaking Prairie on Her Claim in Oklahoma.)

on the outer edge. In this way she inclosed the land in incontestable fashion. She had a hired man with her, but she drove the plow. The next day a small cabin was built for the hired man. She lived in Guthrie until a tiny house could be built, then took personal possession. Five years of residence were required to perfect the claim, but at the end of two years the young woman was ready to return to the east, and transferred her rights to a settler, who paid enough for the claim to give the enterprising preemptor a clear profit of more than $1,000. She had seeded 60 acres to cotton and the remainder to corn and wheat, and was employing 50 negro hands when she transferred the claim.

Another nurse "timber claimed" a homestead which is done by planting trees in treeless soil. She set out 320 trees, built a log cabin and sent for her family in Sweden, consisting of mother, sister and brother. She has become almost the physician of the surrounding homesteads, and is making a good living.

On Long Island is a farm bought by several trained nurses of New York a few years ago. There were three in the enterprise at first, but Miss Mary L. Cromwell and Miss Clara Watkins bought out the third, who wished to relinquish her interest.

Their idea is to have a home to which they can retire when old and unable to continue in active professional life. They rent the farm on shares to an energetic man, and reserve two rooms in the house for their own occupancy when at liberty to leave the city. They expect to have the place free from mortgage within a few years.

In Georgia is a farm devoted to mistletoe and holly growing. It is owned by the Carteledge family, consisting of mother and two daughters, but the daughters do the "farming." Their negro farm hands would not plant a holly tree for worlds, as they believe that if they did they would die as soon as the tree became tall enough to cast a shadow the measure of their graves.

Last Christmas the sisters found the trees so grown that they required thinning out, and the trees that were removed were sent north for Christmas trees and brought high prices, as they were symmetrical and covered with large, rich berries. They plant the mistletoe berries under the bark of old oak trees, in the fork or hollow, where they can get a hold as they germinate.

Kansas has its successful women farmers, too. Helen and Edith Raymond are Chicago girls, whose parents died some years ago, leaving them a few thousand dollars. It was not enough to support them in the city, and they finally decided to buy a farm. They bought 80 acres in Jackson county, Kan., and devoted themselves to raising fruit. They also raise corn for their stock and wheat and vegetables for their own use.

Two other farmer sisters in Kansas are Martha and Carrie James, of Osage county. Their father died and they undertook to keep the farm going. They do all the work. Miss Carrie James was one of the pioneers who secured a claim in Oklahoma, which she leased and visits once a year to collect rent and to assure herself that it is being properly cared for.—N. Y. Tribune.

Obtrusive.

"Do you think it is proper to introduce money in a political campaign?" inquired the man of lofty ideals.

"It doesn't wait to be introduced," answered Senator Sorghum. "It just breaks in."—Washington Star.