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GENERAL.

—A schoolboy the other day, being told to describe Jacksonville, Fla., said: "It is a great summer resort in winter."—N. Y. Tribune.

—"Puffer made an awful mistake last night." "What did he do?" "Offered Miss Hightone a cigarette." "Did she get angry?" "No she took it."—Inter-Ocean.

—A Crumb of Comfort.—Mr. Riverside Park—"There is one consolation about this hot weather." Mr. Puffanblow—"For Heaven's sake what is it?" Mr. Riverside Park—"You don't have to buy your wife a fall bonnet or a new sealskin sacque."

—"I have a great scheme to increase business," said the retired journalist to his new employer. "What is it?" asked the grocer, for such was the new employer's vocation. "We'll give a Jamaica coupon with each watermellon."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Editor—"I thought you said that new compositor upstairs was an experienced printer." Manager—"He said he was. That's all I know about it." Editor—"Well, he isn't. He wears a pair of whole shoes while he is working at the case.—Somerville Journal.

—A New York manufacturer of willow and rattan furniture finds that the most salable articles he can make are those painted and gilded chairs of odd and unlovely shapes commonly bought for wedding presents. It is seldom that one of these things is either comfortable or convenient, yet they fetch higher prices than articles of the same material made up into simple and beautiful forms of great utility and remarkable durability. The Orientals, who have long made use of basket ware, seem to have solved completely the problem of combining use and beauty in such articles, and the best of such things as made here are those that follow the lines long ago established by the Asiatics or by our own Indians.

IGNIS FATUUS.

We learn scant wisdom of the years
That swiftly come and go.
Our losses, and our chilling fears,
The griefs that lay us low,

Come back again in other guise
To poison other years;
Still, ever in the present's eyes
The future dries to tears,

And through the cycles as they fly
Our hearts with anguish wring.
"Nay, let us murmur not," we cry,
"There comes a better thing!"

So, dreamers all, we bide the time
When somewhere shall be ours,
On other shores, in other clime,
Life's fragrant, unplucked flowers.

To-morrow's promise sheds its grace
O'er every yesterday,
As on before, with radiant face,
Hope beckons us the way.

The flutter of her silver wing
While life endures we see,
Touched with the glory of the thing
That, some time, is to be.
—Mary R. Merton, in Chicago Graphic.

ANNETTE'S DECISION.

By LILLIAN McWESTON.

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

"THE day is done, and the darkness falls from the wing of night," repeated Josephine Murray, in her low, musical voice.

"Jo," interrupted her sister, "I just wish you would quit quoting poetry, and talk, and tell me what to do."

"I have told you over and over again, that I would never marry one man, loving another," returned Josephine; then continued: "As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in his flight—"

"Jo," cried her sister, irritably, "will you stop that? I declare," she added, "what with your husband, your baby and your poetry, you are no earthly good to me any more. When you were in love I looked forward to your engagement, when I supposed you would be like an ordinary mortal again. But, no: after you were engaged you were always mooning or spooning when Geoff was in the same town, and when he was away you were eternally reading his letters, writing him, or meditating what to write. Then I anticipated your marriage, but you boarded the first two years, so I couldn't visit you; and now you keep house you are always with that baby, quoting poetry or singing to it; and working that rocker continually. I declare, when I do get married I will not have a rocking-chair in my house, and I will marry a man rich enough to hire a nurse. As for marrying one man, and loving another, that sounds all right; but I don't know that I do love another. What is Jack to me but a mirage, a memory, a dream, anything but a substantial man; while old Mr. Smith and his millions are very substantial, very real. How do I know that Jack isn't dead?"

"Because he said he would let you know if anything should happen to him," replied Josephine.

"Well, married to another girl, then. I think that is rather more likely, on second thoughts."

Josephine remained silent.

"Why don't you speak, Jo? If you were anything like a sister you would think of my good—my worldly welfare—and help me to make up my mind to marry Mr. Smith and—his millions. You know that it is three years since Jack went away—that we are not bound to each other. All he said was: 'Annette, the man that had charge of my mother's money has swindled her out of every cent, and she and my sister are quite dependent on me now. I am afraid I shall have all I can do to support them for several years, so I cannot ask you now to be my wife, as I intended to do before going west, but if I am fortunate I shall come back before very long, and I hope you will be free.' That was three years ago, and he has never written me one word."

"No; and I honor him the more for it. He wished to leave you entirely free—and you are."

Josephine rose as she spoke, and went out of the room to lay the baby, that had fallen asleep, in its crib. When she returned, Annette was sitting in the same position, before the grate fire, apparently in deep thought. In a few minutes she spoke again:

"I wish that I had been home when Mr. Smith proposed, Jo. Mother would not have hesitated in urging me to accept him. It would have seemed like a kind of duty then."

Josephine was silent.

"How loud that clock does tick!" Annette continued, fretfully. After a minute's pause: "Why didn't you buy a French clock, Jo?"

"They were too expensive," replied the elder sister, tranquilly, taking up some sewing that lay on the table, and beginning to work.

"Yes; that is the result of marrying for love. Now if I wed Mr. Smith, I can buy French clocks."

"Yes," returned Josephine, "and I hope their soft ticking will quite make up to you for the tones of a voice that you loved."

"I am afraid that you are sarcastic, Jo," said Annette, laughing. "You forget the fine house, and diamonds, and horses, and a yacht—and the presents I can make you all.

"'My father should wear a broadcloth coat, my brother should sail a painted boat.' I am dreadfully tired of seeing mother and father going around in shabby clothes. I don't think, Jo," rather wistfully, "it is altogether selfishness that prompts me to marry him."

"No; but suppose some day you meet Jack, and he should say: 'Annette, I have come back to ask you to be my wife'—how would you feel?"

Annette buried her face in her hands; then, after a minute, she said: "That is all nonsense, Jo; he never will come back. I dreamed only the other night that he was married to some girl out in those western wilds. You always were so romantic; I am so glad Geoff turned out a nice man. I suppose you would have gone and died if he hadn't. Now, I am sensible and practical. I have no faith in men, and I am not going to live forgotten and die forlorn for such a mere chance as your romantic imagination has conjured up. I am going to marry Mr. Smith."

"Then you prefer Mr. Smith and his millions to Jack?" said Mrs. Murray, rather sadly.

"No; but I prefer living without Jack *with* money, to living with Jack *without* money," replied Annette, airily. "I told the old gentleman I wanted a week to consider his proposition, and I shall not send him his answer until the week is up. That will be in five days more, but—I have decided."

Now where was Jack? The very afternoon the sisters had the conversation that affected his happiness so nearly, he was tumbling some of his belongings into a grip—anyway, or anyhow, so great was his haste to catch the eastward bound train.

"Why don't you wait until to-morrow?" asked his mother. "Twenty-four hours will make very little difference."

"Twenty-four hours is a long time when it is added on to three years that you have been longing to see some one, mother," returned Jack. "Good-by," and he was gone. His mother watched him down the road, then sighed. "I hope Annette is still free," she murmured.

Then she walked to a little hill, from the top of which she could see the train that was taking her boy to the girl he loved. To the mother, it seemed to go very fast; but the son thought it crawled. It would take him five days to reach Annette. It was Wednesday, and he could not possibly see her before Sunday afternoon. How endless were the prairies, how broad the rivers, that he would cross before he would be near Annette. A week ago, he would have thought a fortnight a short time. Then he had expected to wait two more years at least. But now everything was changed, and five days seemed like five months, and his impatience increased with every hour, although each one brought him nearer his destination.

In the past week the man died who had so shamefully defrauded his mother, and during his illness he was brought to realize the enormity of his sin in defrauding the widow and orphan. Consequently he not only left them their own money, but added enough to keep them in comfort for rest of their lives. That was the reason Jack was speeding eastward as fast as the train would take him.

The idea that Annette might be married never occurred to him until he arrived at her house and inquired for Miss Gregory, and was told she was not at home. He asked for Mrs. Gregory, who greeted him cordially, informed him Annette was visiting her sister, and invited him to tea.

"No, thank you," he said. "If you will kindly give me Annette's address, I think I will try and get a train, and go on there to-day."

Mrs. Gregory did as he requested. And an hour and a half later Jack was being ushered into Mrs. Murray's parlor.

The first person he saw was Annette, seated in front of a table littered with pen, ink and writing paper. She was not writing, but was biting the end of her pen with a troubled expression, as if the task she had set herself was anything but an easy one. Jack did not wait for any formalities. Annette raised her eyes, saw him, and with a little cry rose to receive him. He walked up to the table and said, bluntly: "Annette, I have come back to ask you to be my wife."

Annette laughed—such a gay, glad laugh. "Well, won't you sit down by the fire?" she said, "and get warm!

"ANNETTE, I HAVE COME BACK."

You are real western, aren't you? Do the men out there propose to girls immediately on entering the room, instead of first saying: 'How do you do?' I really think, Jack—"

But Jack interrupted her thoughts in a very summary manner. He had by that time reached her side of the table.

After half an hour's conversation his attention was attracted to a number of sheets of paper, on which were written the beginning of a note to a certain Mr. Smith.

"Who is Mr. Smith?" he asked.

Annette blushed. "He is a gentleman," she said, "that wrote me a letter I was obliged to answer. Here is my reply; would you like to see it?"

"Yes. I think I should," he replied. "Judging from the number of sheets of paper you have wasted, it must be of considerable importance."

Annette smiled as she handed him the note. He opened it, and read:

"MY DEAR MR. SMITH: The time has come for me to answer the question you asked me a week ago. I have thought of it constantly ever since. I appreciate the honor you did me, but I think I would do both you and myself a great wrong in consenting to be your wife. I respect you, but I do not love you. To tell the whole truth, I love another whom I hardly expect to marry, but he always stands between me and any other man. With best wishes for your happiness and welfare, I remain sincerely yours,

"ANNETTE GREGORY."

"I tried very hard to persuade myself to marry him, Jack. I thought perhaps it was my duty, and that I ought to sacrifice myself, but I couldn't do it. Here comes Jo, ready to go out. I will give her this letter to mail to Mr. Smith."

Mrs. Murray was evidently very glad to see Jack. She took the note with a sly glance of triumph at Annette.

"Poor Mr. Smith," she said. "I cannot but feel sorry for him. I always did have faith in the strength of men's attachments, and I am afraid all his money will not make up for the absence of Annette."

John Chinaman's Choice.

A man was enjoying a cooling phosphate in a down-town drug store the other day—not far from Chinatown—when a child from the Flowery kingdom entered. The soda rusher prepared for business.

"Coffee?" inquired the Chinaman.

"No, the coffee is just out," said the soda fountain tender. "We've got vanilla, chocolate, sarsaparilla and—'

But before he had finished the Chinaman shook his head, turned on his heel and walked out, vigorously working a fan.

Then the soda man turned to the writer and said: "It's the funniest thing in the world. I have a lot of Chinamen come here and they invariably ask for coffee soda. If I happen to be out of that they won't take anything else. It seems to be a regular fad with them. It would do your eyes good to see Chinamen in here by the half dozen at a time, all drinking coffee soda. I have never sold a soda with any other flavor to a Chinaman since I have been here, and you know that's been a good number of years."—Boston Journal.

Royal Appointments.

We often lament the character of appointments to office under party rule, which sometimes gives the "spoils" to the victor, but they have never been as conspicuously unfit, probably, as the appointments made by royal personages in the past.

This old fashion of favoritism is well satirized in a story told of M. Bignon, a person of very little learning, who was made royal librarian by King Louis XV., of France.

When the news of this appointment was brought by Bignon to his uncle, M. d'Argenson, the uncle, exclaimed:

"Good, nephew! Now you have an [illegible]rable opportunity to learn to adm[illegible]"—Youth's Companion.

—Editor—"The [illegible] poem seems a little lame in its feet." [illegible]mins—"I don't see why it should be a [illegible]erfoot. It has been traveling ever since [illegible] last January."—Indianapolis Journal.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Rustomjee Pestomjee Jehangir is the mellifluous name of an East Indian who has written a pamphlet advocating the use of opium as a cure for various ills which flesh is heir to. He should be engaged as press agent for a poor theatrical show.

—Edgar Scott, of Philadelphia, son of the late Thomas Scott, will visit Sweden and Norway this summer in his yacht. On reaching the age of twenty-one in August last he came into an income of $1,000,000, and this will be doubled when he is twenty-five.

—Thomas Allen, of Tyler county, W. Va., may be said to have earned his title as veteran. He served under Wellington in the wars with Napoleon, under Gen. Scott in the Mexican war, and at the age of seventy-two enlisted for service in the late civil war. He is now one hundred and three years old.

—It is said that Mrs. Leland Stanford has one of the most remarkable collections of jewels in the world. They are valued at $2,000,000, and include a set of pink, a set of blue, a set yellow, and a set of white diamonds. Some of these gems were owned by the Empress Eugenie and by Queen Isabella of Spain.

—Mrs. Mary Ann Rice, who lately died in California, was the wife of the late John R. Rice, twice mayor of Chicago and a long resident of that city. Mrs. Rice was a member of the famous Warren family of Philadelphia, being a sister of William Warren and a cousin of Joseph Jefferson. She was prominent in all charitable works.

—Mr. Dobbins writes to the Pittsburgh Dispatch that the very objectionable bit of slang, "the wind blew through his whiskers," is not American at all. In fact it was first used by an Englishman, one Dan Chaucer, who wrote the "Canterbury Tales." In the tale of "The Shipman" occurs this remarkable line: "With many a tempest had his beard been shake."

—Hilary Hopkins, a colored man, residing in Suburba, Tex., is anxious to find his two brothers, Ike and Harry Bolden, the sons of Fanny Bolden, who were raised near Decatur, Ala. At a slave sale on Judge Hammond's farm, near Huntsville, Ala., they were sold in different lots, and became separated. Ike and Harry were taken by their owner, W. Gray Bolden, to Texas, and have not been heard from since.

—The late Nelson Sargent of Denver, had the distinction of starting the first stage coach out of that city when it was a struggling little frontier village. Another distinction he had was that of literally sinking $1,000,000 in Chicago land in 1873, the property proving to be swamp land of the least desirable kind. During his later years his venerable figure was known to everybody in Denver, even to the newly-arrived "tenderfoot."

—John Tenniel, the old Punch cartoonist, whom the queen has recently knighted, did more than any other British comic artist to develop the typical John Bull as we know him pictorially. Of course he did not invent the cartoon, but the top-boots, the low-crowned hat, the waistcoat, and the stout walking stick of the plethoric Briton as represented in the comic journals were more strikingly portrayed by Tenniel's pencil than by any other.

—Samuel Smiles says that when the manuscript of his most popular work was offered to Messrs. Routledge the book trade was upset by the Crimean war, and the volume was declined. Eventually it was brought out by Mr. Murray, and within a year twenty thousand copies of it were sold. Since then it has been translated into all the languages of Europe. Mr. Smiles has had a varied career, having been a country physician, a newspaper editor, and secretary of a railway company.

HUMOROUS.

—How to put a horse on his metal—shoe him.

—"Miss Antique refuses to tell her age; it's odd, isn't it?" She—"Yes, about forty-seven, I think."—Inter-Ocean.

—"They are the closest of friends." "Yes; I never knew one of them to lend the other a cent."—Kate Field's Washington.

—Mr. Jones—"No, the fools are not all dead yet, madam." Mrs. Jones—"So lucky for me, don't you know, dear. I never did look well in black."—N. Y. Recorder.

—Ticket Agent—"We have the half-fare tickets on sale now and—" Uncle Grasstuft—"None of them for me; I'll see the whole fair if it takes every head of cattle on the place."—Inter-Ocean.

—The Trouble.—"Are you going to the fair?" "If I can afford to. I doubt if I can." "Why, your wife said she was going." "Yes, but I pay her expenses. I haven't anybody to pay mine."—Judge.

—Too Short—"What are those tiny chunks of dough doing in that dish of strawberries?" he inquired suspiciously. "Oh, Henry!" cried the young wife, "I—I made them—they're short cakes."—Judge.

—Emma—"What's that noise? It sounds as though they were pounding beefsteak." Jane—"You guessed right; but we always speak of the performance here as 'tendering a banquet.'"—Boston Transcript.

—In a Higher Sphere.—Uncle Jack—"Are you still working as a drug clerk for Boracks?" Tom Quynine (proudly)—"No, sir; I've been greatly advanced, both in salary and position; I now attend to the soda-water fountain."—Puck.

—"I wonder," said one of the loungers, "what was the origin of the swallow-tailed coat?" "It is my idea," said the grizzle-whiskered man from Montana, "that they was cut that way in the first place to make it handy for a man to git his gun."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Ned—"I don't know how I'm going to make out, old fellow. Why, I can't pay my board bill." Charles—"I thought you had a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars." Ned—"Great Scott! I have to use that for my cigars and club fees."—Chicago Record.

—Justice—"How do you explain being found inside Col. Ginger's chicken-coop last night?" Leftover Jackson—"De truit is, jedge, I made all arrangements ter git up arly in de mornin' an' I wanted to sleep where I cud heah de roosters crow."

—Citizen—"Why, that speech that you delivered was stolen bodily from one of Webster's orations." Orator—"That's what it was. I tried for an hour to get up something better, but I didn't seem to be in very good form, so I fell back on Webster."—Detroit Free Press.

—He—"I don't believe your father ever does as he agrees to do." She—"Why, Charlie, how mean of you! Papa always does just as he says he will. Three days in succession I have asked him for ten dollars, and he said he wouldn't give it to me, and he didn't—so there!"—Boston Beacon.

—Country Child—"People who live in city flats have lots of company, I s'pose?" City Child—"No, indeed; it's awful lonely." "I don't see how." "Why, folks won't 'sociate with families above them 'cause they is below them, and they can't 'sociate with the families below them 'cause they is above them."

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Doughnuts: Beat one egg, add one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, beat thoroughly; add flour enough to make a soft dough, roll out and fry in beef fat or lard.—Farm and Home.

—Molasses Drop Cakes: One cup molasses, one cup sugar, one-fourth cup shortening, one-half cup sour milk or cold water in which has been dissolved one teaspoon soda, two cups flour rounding full, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves. Bake in patty pans or muffin rings in a moderate oven.—Home.

—Fricandelles: Take equal parts of cold, cooked beef and veal, chop it very fine and mix with two eggs, a little grated onion, a tablespoonful of melted butter, two crackers (grated), a little pepper and salt; mix these with chopped meat, form it into flat cakes and fry in butter and lard, equal parts. Serve hot, with drawn butter.—Ohio Farmer.

—Mayonnaise: Five tablespoons vinegar, teaspoon salt, five eggs, yolk only, one half cup butter, one half teacup sugar, mustard and red pepper to taste. Heat vinegar and pour over the yolk of eggs, which must be well beaten; add salt, mustard, pepper and sugar, put in farina kettle, and cook and stir until thick; beat hard and add butter, stir until cool, thin with cream if too thick.

—Lemon Pie: Cream one-half pound of sugar with one-quarter pound of butter, add the juice of two lemons, the grated rind of one and the yolks of two eggs. Add the rind to the creamed butter and sugar, the eggs and juice stirred together. Pour the mixture into a deep pie-tin lined with a good crust, and bake. When done cover with the whites beaten stiff, flavored and sweetened to taste. Return to the oven and bake to a nice brown.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Cocoanut Cake: Six eggs, the whites only; two cups of powdered sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, half a teaspoon of baking powder; bake the same as for any loaf cake; the next day cut off the upper and lower crusts, trim the sides evenly and slice it in four layers. Grate two cocoanuts and put in the icing; this is to be put between and on top.—Detroit Free Press.

—French Soup Maigre: One quart of dried peas, two large onions, a head of celery, one carrot, two turnips, a little spinach and mint. Place into soup kettle after cutting into small bits, cover with two quarts of water, and stew slowly until the vegetables are soft. Rub through a sieve and return to the fire with a spoonful of sugar, butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Serve while very hot, for vegetable soups are truly "dreadful" if merely warm.—Home Queen.

—Lemon Pie: Beat the yolks of three eggs to a cream, add the grated peel and juice of one fine, large lemon; put half a tablespoonful of butter over the fire in a small saucepan, and when melted add the yolks and lemon juice; stir to a creamy thickness, remove from the fire, and when cold mix with one cupful of sugar and a beaten egg; line a plate with crust, brush over with the white of an egg, sprinkle with fine crumbs, put in the mixture, cover with a thin crust and bake in a medium oven. This is a delicious pie if rightly made.—Country Gentleman.

Harmonious Dressing.

To dress in harmony with the complexion comes naturally to some women; by others it has been, or can be, acquired. A brunette generally looks well in cream color, for she has reproduced the tinting of her skin in her dress. Women who have florid complexions look well in various shades of plum and heliotrope; also in certain shades of dove gray, for, to a trained eye, this color has a tinge of pink which harmonizes with the flesh of the face. Blondes look fairer and younger in dead black, like that of wool goods or velvets; while brunettes require the sheen of satin or gloss of silk in order to wear black to advantage. A woman who has a neutral-tinted complexion, with eyes of blue-gray, is never more becomingly dressed than in the blue shades in which gray is mixed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cotton Gowns.

Cotton gowns are to be worn more than ever this summer; and cotton materials that rival in beauty the most expensive goods are seen in great numbers. These cotton materials are not all of them made to withstand the assaults of the washtub and board; but what of that? They may be made up as elaborately and prettily as possible and with dainty care will keep clean about as long as woolen ones of a kindred color, and for a few cents instead of dollars our country maidens may indulge in fairy creations in all the new delicate shades—that is if they are clever and tasty enough to make their own dresses. Fit just now is a matter of secondary importance, the primary idea being to have graceful drapings. And the cotton gown may be made quite as elaborate as the silk one.—Yankee Blade.

Box Lounges.

Some provident women are having box lounges made for them by carpenters under their supervision. They are the shape of a Turkish couch in all respects, except that they have no curving "arm" at either end. This deficiency is supplied by a pile of cushions. The top is raised by hinges and is covered with a mattress and with chintz which falls in a valeade around the sides. This forms a comfortable resting place and also the very thing to hold in its recesses madame's best gowns, which can be spread out to their full length without fear of rumpling or crushing them. No housewife ever had closet room enough, but this addition to the furniture of a cramped "apartment" would be particularly acceptable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Fate of a Mascot.

A number of Baltimore small boys were seen going toward the river with a yellow dog.

"Where did you get that pup?" asked policeman.

"He's mine," replied a member of the group.

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Well, yer see, early in this season when we was all enthusiastic we tuck this dog an' we dedicated 'im to the Baltimore baseball nine for a mascot. Now we're goin' ter put 'im out of 'is misery."—Washington Star.

An Explanation.

"I see in the papers that ten tons of yarn are used every year in the manufacture of base-balls," remarked Charlie Clamwhooper.

"I suppose that's the reason so many clubs get worsted," replied Teddy Vanderchump, the humorist of Harlem.—Texas Siftings.

All False.

Bertie Swinger—What is Miss Serelefe going to do about the picnic?

May Blume—She hasn't made up her mind yet.

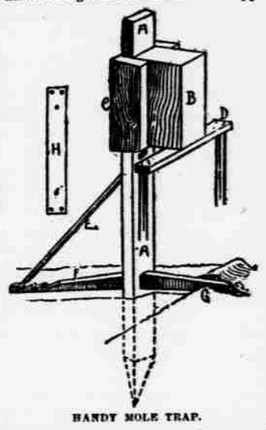
Bertie Swinger—Great Scott! Does she have to do even that?—Puck.

THE FARMING WORLD.

HANDY MOLE TRAP.

Devised by the Late Orange Judd Thirty-One Years Ago.

For the benefit of a number of inquiring readers we reproduce the following illustration and description published by Mr. Orange Judd in the American Agriculturist 31 years ago: An upright piece A 1x3 inches, and 3½ to 3 feet long, sharpened so as to be driven firmly into the ground, sustains a heavy oak block B, attached to it by two wooden clamps C, which allow it to slide with great freedom up and down. Nailed on the block is a cross piece D, 10 inches long and 2 wide, which has at each end two stout wires inserted an inch apart and made very sharp. The block B, is sustained in an elevated position by the piece E, which passes through the upright just far enough to catch upon the block when in the position shown in the cut. It is held in this position by the piece F G, in one end of which, at F, notches are cut, and the slightest elevation of the opposite end G disengages the piece E, and lets the block fall.



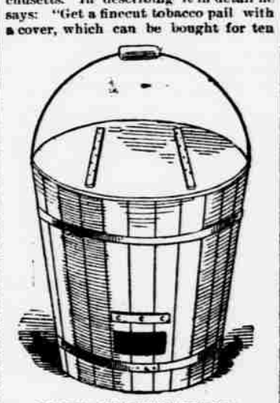
HANDY MOLE TRAP.

The trap is so arranged that when the block drops the pins will enter the mole track, which is undisturbed except by flattening it down with the foot even with the surface, just at the place where the end G of the piece F G will come. The block is lowered once or twice to make sure the pins will penetrate the soil without difficulty. The trap is set, and G just touches the ground where it is trodden down over the mole track. The block must have a fall of 12 to 14 inches. The pieces E and F G are each about 15 inches long and made very light. The slightest lifting at G will throw E out of the notch in F and let the block fall. The mole approaches from either direction, and when he raises the ground before him springs the trap, and the points will pierce his body. Experiments have proved that the best distance apart for the pairs of wires is 9 inches, letting them enter the ground about 4½ inches from the trip G. The block B is a piece of rough scantling with the piece C nailed on. It is a good plan to put another wire into the middle of the piece D at each end about 2½ inches from the two outer ones, which will prevent any chance of its failing to catch the mole when sprung. Arsenic mixed with cornmeal and dropped into mole runs usually soon destroys the animals. Grains of corn pricked at the heart and a little arsenic put in and raw potatoes with arsenic introduced usually prove effectual also, but require careful preparation.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

How a Yankee Farmer Utilized an Old Tobacco Pail.

The illustration of a drinking fountain is from a design sent to Farm and Fireside by Mr. G. W. Davis, of Massachusetts. In describing it in detail he says: "Get a finecut tobacco pail with a cover, which can be bought for ten



TOBACCO CAN DRINKING VESSEL.

cents, and clean it thoroughly. Saw a hole about three by five inches, the bottom of which should be about four inches from the bottom of the pail. Then take a piece of hoop iron about six inches long and screw it into the pail just above the hole, one screw in each stave that is sawed off, which keeps the pail in shape and prevents it from warping. Take the cover next, and nail on two cleats across the grain of the wood to hold it in shape, and the fountain will be complete, costing almost nothing. It will be easy to clean and prevents chicks from getting wet. The hole may be cut higher or lower, as preferred, and the can may be set in a block of wood, hung up or simply placed in the yard."

Habits of the Honey Bee.

The honey bee is wonderfully sagacious and is endowed with an instinct close akin to reason, in fact, does reason well, if instinct be systemized reason; so that all efforts and inventions to regulate her—artificial swarming, self-hiving, precautions against swarming, are naturally of no advantage, if not a real disadvantage, says Southern Live Stock Journal. The colony knows when to swarm and what and how many bees to go out with the queen. When ready to swarm, they fill with honey and are prepared to build comb. When swarmed artificially they are not prepared for it and there is a setback. When manipulated to prevent swarming, by the most approved methods, their work is interrupted and harm necessarily results. Let nature take its course when not too inconvenient for the keeper.

To Feed the Pigs.

As soon as the pigs begin to eat, a place should be provided where they can be fed by themselves. This is almost a necessity if the best growth is secured. In providing this, however, care should be taken to have the place where they go in cut sufficiently large to admit them readily. If they are obliged to crawl under or squeeze through, there is always more or less risk of their injuring themselves in some way. They may rupture themselves, get crooked feet or a crooked back. Have the passageway arranged so that they can walk in and out on their feet without crawling. A shallow trough, with cleats across to prevent any of them from getting in and lying down in the feed, is necessary to feed them to the best advantage.

None but Royal

Baking Powder is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

If you want the Best Food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

EMIN PASHA would make a good pet name for a cat on the basis of the nine-deaths analogy.—Cincinnati Post.

"I'M better off," buzzed the fly as he tried to break away from the fly-paper.—Philadelphia Record.

A DEMB man frequently makes his presence in a community known by his calling.—Boston Courier.

A General Restorative.

The above term more adequately describes the nature of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters than any other. The medicine has specific qualities, of course, as in cases of malarial disease, dyspepsia and liver complaint, but its invigorating and regulating qualities invest it with a health-endowing potency made manifest throughout the system. Purity and activity of the circulation are insured by it, and it effectually counteracts tendencies to kidney disease, rheumatism, neuralgia and gout.

THE cut worm that is destroying the corn is called agrotidae by the scientists. Farmers call it something else.—Easton Express.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

WHEN the dressmaker cannot collect her bill a dress suit is likely to be ordered.—Boston Bulletin.

THE human system needs continuous and careful attention to rid itself of its impurities. Beecham's Pills act like magic. 25 cts. a box.

KNOWLEDGE is power except in the case of the man who knows he is licked.—Indianapolis Journal.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

TREES have about as hard times as the rest of us, for their trunks are often seized for board.

IT is positively hurtful to use ointment for skin diseases. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 17, 1893.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 25	@	5 25
COTTON—Middling	8	@	8⅛
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	1 95	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	72½	@	74½
CORN—No. 2	48½	@	49¾
OATS—Western Mixed	32½	@	39
PORK—New Mess	18 50	@	19 00
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	7½	@	7⅝
BEEVES—Choice Steers	4 90	@	5 20
Medium	4 50	@	4 80
HOGS—Fair to Select	5 75	@	6 10
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 60	@	4 50
FLOUR—Patents	3 25	@	3 35
Fancy to Extra Do.	2 40	@	2 95
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	....	@	61⅛
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	38½
OATS—No. 2	....	@	28
RYE—No. 2	43	@	45
TOBACCO—Lugs	6 50	@	13 00
Leaf Burley	10 00	@	19 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	10 00	@	13 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	14	@	17
EGGS—Fresh	9½	@	10
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	....	@	18 00
BACON—Clear Rib	10	@	10¼
LARD—Prime Steam	9	@	9⅛
CHICAGO			
CATTLE—Shipping	4 30	@	5 40
HOGS—Fair to Choice	5 85	@	6 15
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 50	@	4 75
FLOUR—Winter Patents	3 50	@	3 80
Spring Patents	3 65	@	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	65	@	65⅝
No. 2 Red	65½	@	65⅞
CORN—No. 2	....	@	40⅛
OATS—No. 2	....	@	28¾
PORK—Mess (new)	19 00	@	19 02½
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	4 30	@	5 25
HOGS—All Grades	5 65	@	5 95
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	56½	@	57
OATS—No. 2	26	@	27
CORN—No. 2	....	@	33
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	3 10	@	3 50
CORN—No. 2	48	@	49
OATS—Western	27	@	27½
HAY—Choice	19 00	@	19 50
PORK—New Mess	....	@	17 62½
BACON—Sides	....	@	10½
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7⅞
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	60
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	44
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	32½
PORK—New Mess	....	@	17 50
BACON—Clear Ribs	10⅝	@	11
COTTON—Middling	....	@