THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

W. E. HANNAFORD, - - - Publisher.

Gen. Bragg isn't loved at all by the enemies he has made.

Anthracite pendants are likely to be a coming novelty in ear jewelry.

Mr. Bartholin of Everywhere seems to be successfully eluding the Chicago police.

The new tobacco trust is perfectly willing to have the public try to smoke it out.

It seems to be as difficult to get a head for the state prison as for the state university.

The curious thing about coal at $10 a ton is that it's harder to get the coal than to get the $10.

The Alpine death list for 1902 is large enough to tempt automobilists to do some up-hill scorching.

De Windt's proposed Alaska-Siberian railway won't materialize unless he succeeds in raising "de wind."

The war on the New England coast has resulted in victory for the brave defenders, and the country is safe.

In defying Mr. Morgan, Mr. Yerkes, late of Chicago, is displaying pluck enough to land him in the prize ring.

In spite of the rich promise of the American apple crop of 1902, the price of French champagne does not budge.

The Chicagoan who was kissed by a Duke will probably have the spot tattooed around, and marked with a tablet.

The "white devil" and "red devil" automobiles of the road-racing variety seem to be scorching after the lives of millionaires.

Mr. Baldwin is seeking the north pole with a persistency that resembles Sir Thomas Lipton's expeditions after the America's cup.

In resigning the position of chief of staff of the German navy Admiral von Diedrichs has at last taken himself out of the line of fire.

Pelee is merely showing what it might have done if it wanted to be mean during the rush of scientists after the overwhelming of St. Pierre.

Now that Hetty Green is a widow, the fact that she is the richest woman in America does not make her less interesting than widows generally are.

"Elaborate ball by Mrs. Fish," runs the dispatch from Newport, and of course the paragraphers cannot resist saying something about a fish-ball.

There may be a new illustration of the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him." If everybody gets to calling the automobile a "devil wagon," it will soon go out of vogue.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has issued another challenge to Col. Joyce as to the authorship of the poem "Solitude," but has named no referee. How would the "Sweet Singer of Michigan" do?

The Latin Americans are not a happy family—note the bombardment of Ciudad and the continued disturbance at Panama. The children are making trouble and Dad and Ma are allowed little peace.

Field Marshal Lord Wolseley's opinion that the American army is the best in the world is commendation from a high source which should make the American soldier strive to keep up a world-wide reputation.

Another automobile has jumped the track with fatal results to rich people of prominence, and as a result the attempts of "green hands" to perform feats that would startle expert railroad engineers may eventually cease.

Prof. R. L. Garner is about to publish a dictionary of monkey talk; but it will not contain English and American slang; it will be based on a study of the chatter of simian inhabitants of the jungles of South America and Central Africa.

Dr. Frederick Treves, King Edward's physician, has been rewarded not only with a baronetcy, but with a fee of $50,000. Other physicians have collected huge fees. This physician has also the satisfaction of having saved his patient.

If the new battleship Maine didn't break the speed score, the record for steady improvement by the American builders of warships would have been broken. It is traditional, that every new ship for the United States navy is the "fastest and most powerful" ship afloat.

The Idaho train robbers who were balked by the failure of their explosives gave a double illustration of the happening of the unexpected that will tend to make travelers chary about risking money and valuables upon so rare a happening as the failure of dynamite to disrupt things generally.

Servants in Germany.

In Berlin the authorities do not consider it beneath them to take a hand in the servant problem and straighten out some of its difficulties. Every German domestic on going into service is obliged to procure a little book from the police, a page of which is filled up and signed by the head of each successive household she enters. This is found to solve the "character" difficulty in a way that satisfies everybody. Moreover, rewards are given to servants of good standing. The Emperor himself decorates with a gold cross any servant who has lived in the same family for forty years, and the Berlin municipality sets aside each year a small sum for distribution among servants with a ten years' record to their name. Wages are about half what they are in New York, but it is usual to give each servant a handsome present at Christmas, the amount of which is agreed upon when the girl is engaged.

ATTENDED KING EDWARD.

Nurses Who Cared for Great Britain's Sovereign Stands High in the Royal Favor.

NURSE TARR

Nurses Tarr and Fletcher, who attended King Edward during his recent trouble, stand high in the royal favor. At the recent coronation procession the nurses were heartily cheered by the admiring crowds.

REJANE TO VISIT US.

Famous French Comedienne Under Contract for Performances in United States.

Mme. Rejane, the famous French comedienne, is the latest Thespian star to turn her eyes in the direction of America. She has made arrangement with the Liebler Company to visit America in October of next year. The above is a picture of the actress in the character of Sans Gene.

MODERN RICE GROWING.

Scientific Methods Employed by Rice Farmers.

Modern ideas and systematic methods attend the culture of the grain from seedtime until it leaves the field to be sorted and prepared for the market. The grower may till 50 or 5000 acres; but about each tract the bank of earth is carefully thrown up by the ditching plow, frequently "tamped" on the inside with spade and shovel to prevent leakage. The horse drill and cultivator can be used in seeding, while furrows are turned as in an ordinary field intended for wheat or oats.

Water flows upon the shoots when a few inches out of ground; and until harvest time in early autumn the country is turned into a series of lakes, for the plant roots must be continuously submerked, three or perhaps four months, to a depth of two or three inches.

Every acre is a great sponge absorbing 14,000 to 15,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, yet when the grain nears maturity, and the water is drained from it, evaporation is so rapid that the farming machines can pass over the fields without difficulty in a few days. Then the scene is striking typical of harvest time in Kansas or the Dakotas.

No less than 5000 harvesters, actually doing the work of 200,000 men, sweep through the mile after mile of golden stalks, for by a few alternations, the mechanism which cuts and binds the sheaves of wheat ready for the stack without human aid has come to the assistance of the rice growers. The steam thresher, following, converts the chaff and straw into mammoth stacks, pouring the white kernels into a hundred bags in a day.—Reviews of Reviews.

Apparently No Use for Ball.

A well-known golf player met an old friend, whom he asked to come and have a game of golf.

"What's gowff?" asked his companion.

The sportsman took his friend along to the links and then said:

"Now, give me your best attention and I will show you."

So saying he took a ball from his pocket and placed it on a small heap of earth. He made a furious drive at it and missed it. Then he tried a second, but missed that also.

"A graund game, gowff!" said his companion.

He tried the third stroke, and again missed it.

"A graund game, gowff!" exclaimed his friend. "But what's the wee baw for?"

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Near the camp-fire's flickering light,
In my blanket-bed I lie.
Gazing through the shades of night
At the twinkling stars on high.
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhoon's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Softly sings the whip-poor-will
In the boughs of yonder tree;
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near
In the canyon dark and deep;
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear,
"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

Mid those stars one face I see—
One the Savior took away—
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray.
Her sweet spirit hovers near,
In the lonely mountain brake;
Take me to her, Savior dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter glows the flickering light
As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night
Fill the air with saddening cries.
Over me they seem to cry,
"You may no more awake."
Low I plead: If I should die,
"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."
—Leslie's Weekly.

After Long Years.

BY OLIVE CARRUTHERS.

A tiny steamboat, the Duchess, with but limited accommodation, and a not overgreat turn for speed, makes its way from the old cathedral city standing at the mouth of the Chart, and calls at most of the little fishing villages for some miles along the rugged coast.

A few of the larger towns boast a pier, but at many of them the Duchess gently noses the shingle, and passengers ignominously walk the plank to the shore.

At no time is the tiny craft out of sight of land, and is often close under the shadow of the lofty red cliffs, only here and there seamed with chalk, their summits crowned with bracken and gorse nod golden bedecked.

A tall man, deeply bronzed, and with short, crisp beard and clear blue eyes, leaned over the taffrail smoking and gazing with half-closed lids at the coast as they glided by. The hand that held the cigar was brown and sinewy, essentially the hand of a worker, and now it trembled, for they were nearing Stonebridge, and every landmark seemed familiar to him, from the quaint church tower—only its summit visible from the sea—to the tiny quay crowded now with bare-legged boys who danced over the bundles of umber nets.

"After long years," he said, half aloud, "and there seems no change—no change even in myself. My body, not my heart, has grown old."

"Do you get off here, sir?"

"Yes, purser; I have only that knapsack. What a quaint old-world village."

"It has not altered in twenty years. People never die in Stonebridge, they say."

"Do you know the village well?"

"No; never been ashore here in my life," and Herbert Seaton laughed, remembering the true story of the gatekeeper at the British museum, who was unable to direct a visitor to a certain department, as during his fifteen years on the gate he had never entered the building.

He stepped ashore at length, the only person to do so, and walked slowly up the main street, looking keenly at all around him. The names over the few small shops were familiar to him; he found himself nodding to an apple-cheeked old lady who was sunning herself on a doorstep, who returned his greeting, but with no sign of recognition.

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways."

he quoted.

Behind the coastguard's cottage is a small square, where the sound of the sea scarcely penetrates. The houses are small, lime-washed and neat, and with feet that lagged he made his way toward one. It was closed, and must have been so for some time. The shutters hung awry, their hinges rusted by the salt-laden breeze.

The man gave a low groan. "And I have come 12,000 miles to find this," he muttered.

One of the women peeped out of the door at him.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Haygarth has moved to?" he asked.

"I have never heard her name, sir."

"Did not a young married girl, named Margaret Haygarth, occupy this house on her wedding day, twenty years ago?"

"No, sir. I was a child then. What was her maiden name?"

"Margaret Sweet."

"Sweet is a common name here, sir. I know of three Margarets of that name."

"But the one I mean married a man named Haygarth, the duke's agent."

"He died twenty years ago, sir."

"Then please give me the addresses of these Margarets."

"One has 'gone foreign,' sir; another bides over against the church, and the other teaches school back of the town."

"Thank you. What a bonny maid! Is she yours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then give her this," and he handed her a sovereign.

"Who am I to thank, sir?"

"Herbert Seaton," and no sign of recognition came into her face.

He made his way to the church and soon found the name he was in search of. It was a small shop and bore the legent, "Bedroom to let."

The woman who accosted him was not the Margaret for whom he was seeking, but was a pleasant body, glad to find a liberal tenant for the best bedroom, and terms were soon arranged; and then, after a bath, he inquired the way to the school house, for in his time the local cobbler had been schoolmaster and turned out some good fishermen, if bad scholars.

The way led up a steep path, the red banks on either hand twenty feet high, and at the end of his ramble he came upon the school house, facing seaward.

For some moments he stood still and brushed beads of perspiration from his brow, and then one sweet voice reached his ear, and he cautiously peeped between the pots of fuchsia and myrtle into the school room.

The rigid discipline of school did not seem to exist here, for mites of all ages, rosy and chubby, sat in a circle on the floor, and in the center, on a low stool, their teacher.

The room seemed to turn round, but Seaton steadied himself and gazed, his heart in his eyes.

Margaret, whose face was half turned from him, was tall and dark, a woman of 40, her hair slightly stranded with gray threads. He noted the small shell-like ears, the exquisite curve of her neck, the tiny white hands that handles the Book of books upon her knee.

She was telling the children the story of the prodigal son, and the tale seemed to move her.

"Sweet," was the informal address of a litttle fellow, "what would you do if your son came back to you like the one who ate husks?"

Margaret nervously clasped and unclasped her hands.

"Welcome him heartily, child," she said, gently.

"Kiss him?"

The woman laughed. "Yes," she answered, gently. "I think I should."

"Well, I'll be a prodigal," and he kissed Sweet.

"Will school never be out?" groaned the eavesdropper. "If I go in now there will be a scene;" and, reaching his arm through the window he softly scrawled large on the blackboard with chalk that lay on the window sill:

"Herbert Seaton," and the date.

Then he went for a walk and whistled on his way, returning an hour later, finding school being dismissed:

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Margaret Sweet felt strangely lonely when the little ones had departed, and began to tidy up listlessly, turning her sleeves up to the elbow, showing white, rounded arms. At length her busy broom took her to the easel on which stood the blackboard, and she saw the name upon it and grew pale as death.

At first she thought it was a practical joke, but who could know of a love affair of twenty years before? She put her hand to her heart and read and reread the name.

Then the door opened.

For a moment neither spoke, and Herbert was the first to find his voice.

"The prodigal son his returned, Margaret. Have you no welcome for him?"

"You are a thousand thousand times welcome, Herbert; a thousand, thousand times!" and she began to sob.

"God knows I have eaten husks enough in the early days 'down under.' But what did you teach the children? What did little Cray ask you?"

He had drawn nearer.

"He asked what I would do if——"

"You said you would kiss him——"

He had hitherto spoken almost in a tone of banter, perhaps to hide his emotion, but now the mask was dropped, for he had clasped his lost love in his arms and was raining kisses on the sweet, wistful mouth.

"My love, my love," was all he said, and she was content to be silent in the strong arms, voiceless with happiness, looking into the clear blue eyes, at the tender smile.

"Why did you ever leave me, dear one?"

"Because of Haygarth. He was richer than I—and your father—" and he looked wrathful.

"Hush, father is dead," and she closed his lips with a kiss. "It is not true that we were engaged, dear."

"Your father told me so—aye, and showed me the house he had taken in Queen's square.

"And you went away without asking if it was true?"

"But you did marry him. I met an Exeter man out in the bush."

"I was broken-hearted, Herbert. Father was cruel, and at last I consented, and——"

"And?"

"He was killed on the morning of our wedding day an hour before the ceremony."

They talked long and happily. He had quite determined to settle again at Stonebridge; with his hard-earned wealth he could do much for the town—and then she said shyly:

"How did you know the little boy's name was Cray?" for he had told her of his eavesdropping.

"I asked him when school was over. I saw that you kissed him, and—well, I wanted that kiss, and paid him 5 shillings for it; but"—and he laughed—"I will give it back if you like."

His love blushed and drew back—but he did.—New York Daily News.

THE SUMMER GIRL'S LAMENT.

Wonders if All the Don'ts Are to be Taken Seriously.

"Why is it?" said the summer girl, discontentedly, "that just as soon as hot weather comes in every year the papers are full of warnings about things that are injurious? I wonder if the newspaper people just sit down and do it on purpose to make folks uncomfortable? I am always seeing something that makes me uncomfortable every time I put a drop or bite in my mouth; and if I don't see it some pleasing person who makes a study of hygiene tells me of it. Tea and coffee, of course, are anathema. Any one who drinks them is on the way to the grave. Every chocolate cream is a nail in your coffin, and all confectionery is condemned. The suggestion of iced tea, so heavenly on a broiling day, is received in ominous silence. Soda-water is set up for that bogie, the complexion destroyer. That broke my heart when I saw it, and now I always have to walk in the middle of the street, because if I walk on the sidewalk the soda fountains pull me in. Ice water, of course, is forbidden, and we must take our lemonade warm. We must not look upon the cucumber when it is green, nor the watermelon when it is red. One might just as well be an ascetic and done with it!"—New York Tribune.

Frivolity in Worship.

An old Scotswoman who all her life had observed and followed the rigorous teachings of Calvinism she had imbibed when a girl in her native land was recently induced by some of her young relatives, whom she was visiting, to go with them to the fashionable Episcopalian church where they worshiped. The choir, the elaborate ritual, the robed minister and the vested boys were all new and strange to her. As they filed out after the service she was asked:

"Well, auntie, how did you like it?"

"Weel," she replied, "it's verra interestin', I must say, but what a w'y to spend the Sabbath!"—Philadelphia Times.

She Could Understand.

"You should understand," explains the patient husband, "that the President is merely the servant of the people."

"When you put it in that light," says the inquisitive wife, "I begin to understand politics."

For that very day she had tried to convince the cook that she desired strawberry shortcake instead of the apple pie which the cook ultimately gave to her young man.—Baltimore American.

Hotel Charges in Switzerland.

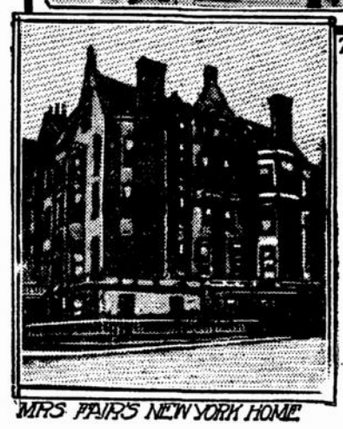
At the old-fashioned inns and restaurants in Sweden it is customary to charge less for women than for men on the theory that they do not eat so much. At some hotels in Sweden a man and a wife are charged as one and one-half persons if they occupy the same room. A husband and wife may travel as one and one-half persons by railway, and also by the post routes, furnishing their own carriage.

WHAT WILL MRS. FAIR'S HUMBLE RELATIVES GET?

BILL SMITH AND WIFE (BROTHER OF MRS. FAIR)

WHERE MRS. FAIR WAS BORN

Mrs. Fair's Mother.



MRS FAIRS NEW YORK HOME

THE FACTORY WHERE MRS NELSON WORKED

HERMAN OELRICH

The bodies of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair, victims of the terrible automobile accident in France, are now on their way to San Francisco. William B. Smith, a brother of Mrs. Fair, has sold his modest grocery story for $500 and will follow his sister's body to the grave. The question of dividing the property of the deceased has yet to be decided. The humble origin of the late Mrs. Fair and the claims of her plain relatives to the Fair millions add great interest to this part of the story.

THE FUN OF CAMPING OUT.

This Form of Vacation Becoming More Popular.

More and more popular is camplife becoming each year, says Country Life in America. With those who go into the deep woods in quest of big game and fish the camplife is, after all, the real attraction, and not the mere desire to kill. But where one can make these trips there are thousands who cannot. For there are graceful rivers, wood girt lakes and ponds and beautiful spots on the shores of Old Neptune available for quite as charming a two-weeks' outing beneath canvas. In making up a camping party, choose you such congenial spirits as shall be foresworn to philosophical optimism.

And let there be a wag among them, who, catching the humor of every situation, puts to flight all thought of discomfort. A level site near a spring with plenty of shade, a pleasant sheet of water with good fishing, pine boughs for a bed and driftwood for a fire, and who would trade his life for a king's patrimony? How delicious the fish flavored with the pungent smoke of the fire! How rarely satisfying the simple bill of fare, and how few, after all, are the needs of this life! Yours is the joy and happy freedom of the gypsy and vagabond. You have become a species of civilized barbarian, and it is good. Sunshine or shower, what matters it? You take what comes and give thanks, and if you are of the right sort some of the beauty of each is absorbed into your very nature. Long days, lazy days, but happy days, are the days in camp. Hap and mishap will don the jester's cap and bells and parade through memory many a time during the after months.

KING COAL.

Old King Coal was a jolly old soul,
And the reason was plain to see;
He wouldn't relax a farthing of tax,
And he gathered his gold with glee.

He called for his pipe, and the public must wipe
The smoke from its smarting eyes;
He called for his glass, and strange visions would pass
Of a power which none defies.

His fiddlers, too, were brought forth to view.
And he frolicked a measure gay,
And he paused to sing, "I have had my fling.
And the public will have to pay."
—Washington Star.

Element of Hope in Prediction.

The weather man lay dying.

Motioning to his sobbing friends, he waited until they crowded about his bed to listen to his last words.

After giving directions for the disposal of his property to the best advantage, and outlining the general features of his funeral, he murmured:

"And I want you to put up a nice tombstone for me, with these words carved on it: 'Probably cooler.'"—Judge.

What a Jolly Sell.

A rustic youth and maiden had been courting for close upon ten years, when the blushing damsel, thinking it was about time that she should be getting settled in life, one evening approached her lover as follows:

"John, do you know what folks are saying?"

"No," John said.

"They're saying we're going to be married."

"Is that so?" said her swain stolidly. "Well, what a jolly sell it'll be for them when they find out we ain't!"

—The bamboo holds the record among plants for quick growth. It has been known to grow two feet in twenty-four hours.