TO THOSE WHO FAIL.

Courage, brave heart, nor in thy purpose falter;
Go on, and win the fight at any cost.
Though sick and weary after heavy conflict,
Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is still open to those brave spirits
Who nobly struggle till the strife is done,
Through sun and storm with courage all undaunted,
Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,
The brightest jewels in the darkest mine;
And through the very blackest hour of midnight
The star of hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! press on! the path is steep and rugged,
And storm-clouds almost hide hope's light from view;
But you can pass where other feet have trodden—
A few more steps may bring you safely through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors—
By patient toil each difficulty past—
You then may see these days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.
—Nellie Barlow, in Demorest's Magazine.

JENNY KISSED ME.

DAISY PENDER GODLIP

[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.]

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time you thief who love to get
Sweets—into your list put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.
(Leigh Hunt.)

"Will you kindly bring in a log, Mrs. Dawson, and then you may go. I shall not require anything more tonight."

"Very well, sir. I'll put the kettle on the hob for you; you may like to have a little something hot later on, and I always think a kettle is such company."

A grunt was the only response to this well-meant offer, as Mrs. Dawson, charwoman and caretaker, went out of the room.

"Confound that woman's incessant chatter; thank goodness I shall be left in peace for the next few hours at least."

The speaker, a cross-looking, hard-featured old man, settled himself to the best of his ability among his pillows, for he was an invalid, but somehow the pillows would not take the curve he wanted, and at last, breathless and exhausted, he sank back and closed his eyes, giving up the attempt. A look of intense weariness came over his thin old face, and I think his worst enemy would have felt some pity for him now, old, ill and alone, with no one to care whether he were alive or dead. His loneliness was indeed pitiable. Presently he turned his head towards the flickering firelight, and had anyone been there to see, they would have noticed something glistening in the old man's eyes suspiciously like tears, but, as I said before, he was alone, so no one brushed those tears away from his eyes, or tried to turn his thoughts into a brighter channel. The fire burnt on fitfully, casting weird shadows on the furniture of the room, handsome old-fashioned furniture, that told you the owner was by no means a poor man. In fact, there was everything in the room that told of wealth, but comfort and homeliness were wanting. The magic touch of a loving woman's hand might have worked wonders, but then she also was wanting.

The old-fashioned black ebony clock ticking solemnly was the only sound that broke the stillness. Occasionally a red-hot coal fell with a dull thud into the fender, and then the fire would burn up brightly for a moment or two, bringing the white face and the white hands of the occupant of the bed into high relief against the dark shadows thrown by the heavy moreen curtains of the old-fashioned four-post bedstead. By and by, as the kettle began to sing in a soft and soothing way, the weariness of the face relaxed, as the eyes closed, and the old man fell asleep, and judging from the transformation of his face his dreams must have been happy ones.

"Dandy-boy, be quiet, you naughty 'ittle dog, or you'll wake up my poor old gennlemans"—this with a soft admonishing pat on the head of a remarkably mischievous-looking fox terrier pup. The voice came from the doorway, where stood a quaint little figure. In her arms, caught up with a good portion of the little white nightgown, was the puppy addressed. Peeping cautiously round, the little figure advanced a few steps into the room, looking all the time at the bed, and clutching at the puppy for confidence, until that long-suffering animal protested with a squeak, only to be again gently patted on the head and told to keep quiet. Still fixing her eyes on the bed, the little girl climbed up into the big leather arm-chair, in front of the fire, and smoothing her nightgown over her knees she deposited the puppy, who first shook himself well on finding he was released from his previous suffocating position, and then curled himself up with a long drawn out sigh that would have done justice to the most blase and ancient dog. What a quaint little couple they were, this baby girl and puppy dog.

The former with her little pink toes protruding from under the hem of her nightgown, her curly hair as it caught the light of the fire, glittering with a bright coppery gold, the big mischievous brown eyes looking so serious, and the sweet little mouth and dimpled chin, sat with a most determined expression that gave a curious dignity to the quaint little figure. The puppy dog, on the other hand, with one ear pricked, his head resting forward on his paws, and the eye that was not closed looking sharply round the room, on the lookout for mischief or rats.

After looking steadily at the occupant of the bed for some time, the child murmured to herself: "Poor old man, he's got no jam and no Dandy-boy. When I cut my finger mother gave me jam, and when I had the measles the doctor gave me Dandy-boy, 'cos I was good and tooked my medicine prop'ly."

The old man turned in his sleep and smiled. Instantly the child slipped down off the chair, upsetting the puppy on the hearthrug just as he was on the point of going to sleep, and crossing the room on tip-toe she went over to the bedside, and stood there gently smoothing the pillow over and over again with her little hand, and crooning a lullaby almost under her breath, the lullaby that she used to sing to her doll and to Dandy-boy sometimes, when she wanted him to sleep.

The lines in the worn face of the sleeper seemed to have vanished, so tranquil and happy an expression rested on it now.

"He is better, I know he is, so I'll go on smooving his pillow. Mother said he was a cross-grained old curmudgeon. I wonder what that means?" In questioning voice; getting no answer to her query, however, she went on talking to herself: "I think he looks kind, poor old man; I'm glad I comed down. Mother never would let me come, 'cos she said you didn't like children, but you do, 'cos you look kind," this time nodding her head towards him and holding an imaginary conversation with him. "Would you like me to tiss you?" she went on, "just like I tiss father, and like your little girl used to tiss you, 'cos you did have a little girl once, mother told me so, and she died, and then the girl's mother died, too, and now you've got no one to tiss you, so I shall tiss you, and when I say my prayers I shall ask God to tell your little girl that I will love you now; then she will be quite happy when she knows you're not alone." Then softly climbing on to the bed she leant forward and kissed the sleeper, first on the forehead, then on the lips; then, sliding down again, she went back to the arm-chair, where, in company with Dandy-boy, she curled herself up, and in spite of her resolutions to the contrary, went fast asleep. Gradually the fire died down, until only a faint red glow remained, the kettle no longer boiling, left off singing, and darkness and silence reigned supreme, save for the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. By and by there was a movement from the bed, and a hand went groping out in the dark in search of matches. Striking a light, the old man sat up in bed heaving a heavy sigh as he did so. "I might have known it was only a dream," he muttered, half to himself; "how long is this to go on; when am I to see my dear ones again?" Then something in the arm-chair caught his eye and made him hold his breath. Could he be dreaming still, or had God been merciful and restored him to his dear ones gone before? It must be, it was his little girl, and, holding out his arms towards the sleeping child, the old man burst into tears.

"My God! my God! I thank Thee," he cried out, so loud as to wake the little sleeper, who, starting up out of her sound sleep, called to her father.

"It is, it is my Jenny," called out the old man in a frenzy of joy. Instead of being frightened, the child ran over to him and said: "Are you glad I came and kissed you, old man?"

"Kiss the old man again, dearie," and putting her little arms around his

"WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TISS YOU?"

neck, she drew his head down towards her and kissed him.

"You naughty disobedient child, to come down here like this, with only that thin nightgown on, too; it'll be a wonder if you don't catch your death of cold. Now be off with you, and don't worry the gentleman any more." And Mrs. Dawson picked up her little girl and carried her out of the room, scolding and kissing her at the same time, scolding her for the fright she had given her in escaping from her little bed, and kissing her in the relief at finding the child safe.

"But mammy, dear, you said he was cross, but he isn't one bit, and he asked me to kiss him, and he called me 'his little Jenny.' What did he mean?"

"His little girl was called Jenny, my pet, and I fancy the poor old gentleman thought she had come back to him when he woke up suddenly and saw you. Poor old man," she went on, more to herself than to the child, "his mind has been giving way this long time past. I shouldn't wonder if it went altogether."

"Mammy, may Dandy-boy and me go and sit with him sometimes if we're good?"

"Yes, my pet, if you're a good girl now and go to bed and get some sleep you shall." With which she tucked up the child in her little cot and left her to sleep off any ill effects of her long night's vigil.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dawson, and how is my patient this morning?"

"Nicely, sir, thank you, I think," answered Mrs. Dawson. "He really don't seem like the same man; he used always to be grumbling from morning till night. Now he seems quite happy so long as my little girl sits with him now and again. It's a very strange thing," she went on; "he's got the idea that she is the child he lost many years ago. You may have heard, sir, as how his wife and child were drowned on their way home to England from India. Master was in the army, you know, sir, and of course he couldn't leave that awful climate, but he sent his young wife and little girl home, and the ship went down. They say master was never the same again; he got so bitter like, wouldn't take any interest in anything, and shut himself up in this lonesome old house, without any servants, saving me and my husband, when to do justice to the place there ought to be a dozen servants at least."

"Poor old fellow," answered the doctor, disregarding the latter part of her speech. "His delusion makes him infinitely happier, and although his mind wanders he is no longer the object of pity he was, for now he tells me that he is perfectly happy and contented since Jenny kissed him."

Very pretty it was to see the child, with a wisdom far beyond her years, playing the part assigned to her by the old man's happy delusion.

Stub Ends of Thought.

A woman may know a man is lying when he tells her she is pretty, but she would not have him punished for the fault.

Knowledge throttles faith.

When a man loves money, a woman may expect very little of his love and less of his money.

A man who will not lie to a woman will not lie to anybody.

No woman dislikes other women until she falls in love with a man.

Most rich people do not try to make themselves attractive, because they are left to believe that their money does that for them.

Good people don't get half the sympathy that bad ones do.

Dollars brighten as they take their flight.

Woman's moral support is as valuable to a man as his material support is necessary to her.—Detroit Free Press.

—Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.—Bacon.

JOHN DALZELL, M. C.

Representative in Congress of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) district, and one of the Protection leaders in the House. He was born in New York City, April 19, 1845; removed to Pittsburgh in 1847; is a graduate of Yale, and a lawyer by profession. Is one of the attorneys of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, and legal representative of many Allegheny county corporations.

SOLDIERS IN CONGRESS.

National Legislators Who Wore the Blue and the Gray.

A Record of All the Men in the Fifty-Third Congress Who Served in the Armies of the North and the South.

[Special Washington Letter.]

In the political editorials and in the political correspondence from Washington concerning the congress a great deal is said from time to time about "confederate brigadiers." It may not be inappropriate for me, whom all my readers know to be a non-partisan writer, to refer to this subject in a wholly dispassionate manner, and state facts concerning the confederate brigadiers and other survivors of the southern armies of the late civil war, who are now in congress. Of course the majority of the people in active life to-day were born during or immediately after the civil war, and they do not hold and cultivate the animosities which were engendered by that war in the minds and hearts of some of the people who participated in it, north and south, and the women and daughters of that period who remained at home and suffered.

The confederate brigadiers in congress to-day are very few in number. There is only one confederate brigadier in the house of representatives, and it happens that he was a great deal more than a brigadier general in the confederate army. Hon. Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, is the only man in the house of representatives to-day who attained the title of "general" in the confederate army. He was not only a brigadier general, but he was a major general and also a lieutenant general.

As a matter of fact, before he was twenty-five years of age, Joseph Wheeler was a lieutenant general of cavalry and one of the most aggressive and able leaders in the cavalry arm of the service who has ever been known in the history of the warfares of any age. He is only five feet three inches in height, a very slender man, and weighs less than one hundred pounds. He is a graduate of the West Point military academy, and was almost born and bred to the military service. He was one of the ablest generals who have ever lived; that is, so far as the cavalry branch of the military service is concerned. He was a very bold, brave raider, and created a great deal of trouble for the federal armies.

All the so-called "rebel brigadiers" who are now in congress are to be found in the senate. They are nine in

GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER, ALA.

number. Senator Bate, of Tennessee; Senator Hunton, of Virginia; Senator Butler, of South Carolina; Senator Gordon, of Georgia, and Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, were major generals. Senator Morgan, of Alabama; Senator George, of Mississippi, and Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, are the real "rebel brigadiers." They are only three in number. This constitutes the complete list of confederate generals who are now in congress.

The list of colonels is almost as formidable and consists of Senators Mills, of Texas; Vance, of North Carolina, and Irby, of South Carolina. The others are in the house of representatives in the persons of Representatives Patterson, of Tennessee; Oates, of Alabama; McCreary, of Kentucky; Stockdale and Hooker, of Mississippi, Cox, of Tennessee, and Culberson, of Texas.

There are eleven confederate captains in the Fifty-third congress, and they are Neill, of Arkansas; Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Money, of Mississippi; Hatch, of Missouri; Bunn and Alexander, of North Carolina; Shell, of South Carolina; Wise, of Virginia; Kilgore, of Texas; Senator Daniel, of Virginia, and Senator Coke, of Texas. The lieutenants in the confederate army who are now in congress are Senators Berry, of Arkansas; Caffery, of Louisiana, and Faulkner, of West Virginia; and Representatives Clark and Cobb, of Alabama; Russell and Speaker Crisp, of Georgia; Meyer, of Louisiana, and Abbott, of Texas.

The private soldiers in the confederate army who are now in congress number thirty-five, and they would make quite a respectable squad if they were all mustered into service to-day. They consist of Senators Jones, of Arkansas; Pasco, of Florida, and Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky; and Representatives Bankhead and Denson, of Alabama; Clifton Breckenridge, of Arkansas; Mallory, of Florida; Lester, Livingston, Cabanniss, Maddox and Black, of Georgia; Stone and Ellis, of Kentucky; Talbot, of Maryland; Allen and Catchings, of Mississippi; Cobb, of Missouri; Branch, Grady and Henderson, of North Carolina; Brawley, Talbert and Strait, of South Carolina; Cockrell, Gresham, Sayers, Pendleton and Hutcheson, of Texas; McDearmon and Richardson, of Tennessee; Tyler, Epes and Marshall, of Virginia; Wilson, of West Virginia.

That is the complete list of confederate soldiers in the Fifty-third congress. It is not a very formidable army in numbers, but it is a brainy contingent of the boys in gray who fought for the cause in which they believed. I know nearly all of them, and they are loyal American citizens to-day.

The people of the north have not ignored their citizen soldiery. They have sent many of the boys in blue to congress; and all of the deserving are eligible to positions on the pension rolls. There is considerable political controversy about that matter of the pension roll just now; but I will not enter into that, nor vent any of my views. We are considering only the soldiers in congress.

By examining the congressional directory, I have found that there are three major generals in congress, who served in the armies of the union; six brigadier generals; three colonels; four lieutenant colonels; one major; ten captains; nine lieutenants; one adjutant; two staff officers, and twenty-nine private soldiers.

The major generals are Senator Hawley, of Connecticut; Senator Palmer, of Illinois; and Representative Sickles, of New York. The latter lost a leg at Gettysburg, and walks on crutches.

The brigadier generals are Senator Manderson, of Nebraska; Representatives Black, Henderson and Post, of Il-

COL. JAMES B. M'CREARY, KY.

linois; Cogswell, of Massachusetts; Curtis, of New York; Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Bingham, of Pennsylvania.

The colonels are Senators Shoup, of Idaho; Quay, of Pennsylvania, and Procter, of Vermont; and Representatives Marsh, of Illinois; Fyan, of Missouri, and Henderson, of Iowa. The latter lost a leg at Iuka, and walks on crutches.

The lieutenant colonels are Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin; Representatives Hepburn, of Iowa; Draper, of Massachusetts; Blair, of New Hampshire; Graham, of New York; Strong, of Ohio, and Grout, of Vermont. Mr. Blair has served with distinction in the senate.

The only major of the federal armies now in congress is Representative Pickler, of South Dakota.

The captains are Representatives Hull, of Iowa; Griffin, of Michigan; Keifer and Baldwin, of Minnesota; Morgan, of Missouri; Hulick and Wilson, of Ohio; Wolverton, of Pennsylvania; Lapham, of Rhode Island, and Lucas, of South Dakota.

The lieutenants are Senators Peffer, of Kansas, and Davis, of Minnesota; Representatives Lacey, of Iowa; Funston, of Kansas; Boutelle, of Maine; Burrows, of Michigan; Fielder, of New Jersey; Adams, of Kentucky; Thomas, of Michigan, and Stone, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Boutelle was in the navy, and has a splendid fighting record.

The private soldiers are Senators Wolcott, of Colorado; Allen, of Nebraska; Brice, of Ohio, and Dolph, of Oregon; Representatives Loud, of California; Bowers, of California; Childs and Funk, of Illinois; Conn, Manin and Waugh, of Indiana; Perkins, of Iowa; Broderick and Simpson, of Kansas; Morse, of Massachusetts; Tarsney, of Missouri; McKeighan, of Nebraska; Gardner, of New Jersey; Cummings, Weaver and Ray, of New York; Hare and Pearson, of Ohio; Brosius, Woomer, Mahon and Hicks, of Pennsylvania; Page, of Rhode Island, and Doolittle, of Washington.

The staff officers are Senator Allison, of Iowa; and Representative Wadsworth, of New York.

Representative Avery, of Michigan, was a surgeon in the federal army, and Representative Gillet, of New York, was an adjutant, but his rank in the line is not given in the directory.

The congressional directory says that Senator Squire, of Washington, "served as a soldier and held several commissions;" but does not state in what capacity he served. It is a matter of personal knowledge with me that Senator Squire was a captain, commanding a bodyguard of Gen. Sherman, but in what regiment I do not now remember. He was in an Ohio regiment. The directory shows that Senator Mitchell, of Wisconsin, "served in the Twenty-third Wisconsin infantry," but does not say in what capacity he served. That regiment was commanded by the late secretary of agriculture, Gen. J. M. Rusk, known everywhere as "Uncle Jerry Rusk."

Thomas B. Reed, the famous ex-speaker of the house, was, according to the congressional directory, "acting assistant paymaster United States navy, from April 19, 1864, until November 4, 1865."

There you have the record of all the men now in congress who served in the armies of the north and of the south during that epoch in the history of the world when a great principle was settled by the arbitrament of war instead of by the reason and judgment of intelligent men.

SMITH D. FRY.

A Good Thing.

Customer—Are you sure this article will cure my rhematism?

Clerk—Oh, yes; all the doctors refuse to recommend it.—Truth.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

WATER FOR CATTLE.

How One Trough Can Be Made to Supply Several Fields.

Good, pure water is one of the essentials of health, and a thriving condition in farm stock. Often a pump, wind-mill, or the overflow from springs or running streams can be utilized and the accumulation stored, or so distrib-

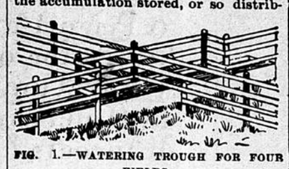

FIG. 1.—WATERING TROUGH FOR FOUR FIELDS.

uted that stock from four fields may drink the water from the same trough. This will prove a great saving in the construction and maintenance of several troughs, and as stock from one field can be watered just as readily as those pasturing in four, the advantage is quite apparent. The manner of arranging the fences for a sixteen-foot trough is shown in Fig. 1, engraved from a sketch by L. D. Snook. If thought best one or two slats may extend across the trough where the fences cross it at the three points. In Fig. 2 is shown the plan for utilizing a caldron kettle for the same purpose. If these are used only during summer,

FIG. 2.—CALDRON WATERING TROUGH.

they will be found very durable, and will last many generations. If ice is allowed to form in the kettle, there is danger of breaking it. If possible, drill a hole in the bottom for rapid cleaning, leaving this open when not in use. If a large circular cover is adjusted, but little rain will enter if exposed during the winter season. Both of these plans are equally available for use under barn basements where stock usually wintered in several flocks, in fact the same trough is available for both localities, as it is readily placed in position. This will be found more practicable than watering stock from a pail, as many farmers have done for years. As to the manner of getting the water into the trough, many plans are feasible, adopting the one considered the most practical with the immediate surroundings. — American Agriculturist.

FOR STORING FRUIT.

A Plain House Which Meets All Ordinary Requirements.

Those who find their house cellar overtaxed in storing the fruit and vegetables produced upon a place, should have a building especially devoted to the storing of such products. This should, first of all, possess a good cellar, for in our northern latitude it is useless to think of keeping fruit and vegetables in good condition through the winter, or any part of it, above

FRUIT STORAGE HOUSE.

ground. The design that is given may serve as a suggestion. The building need not be expensive nor large, unless one is doing business on a large scale. The upper part may be only of sufficient height to permit a team to be backed into it to be unloaded. Here, sorting, barreling or crating can be done for such a house may be made useful also in the handling of small fruit for market. The loft can be used as a place of storage for empty barrels, boxes, crates, etc. Such fruit or garden products as are to be kept during or into cold weather can be let down an incline into the cellar. A pipe leads from the cellar out through the roof for ventilating purposes. The temperature of such a cellar can be very readily regulated and the air in it should be neither very dry, as it is not likely to be, nor yet very moist, and particularly important is it that the temperature be not high. Fruit soon loses its flavor and decays in a warm cellar, particularly if the warmth is attended with a moist condition of the atmosphere. The upper part of such a building could also be used for the storage of tools and farm or garden machines during the winter.—Webb Donnell, in American Gardening.

THE WORLD'S PLANTS.

The Number of Species Estimated at Four Hundred Thousand.

In a paper by Prof. P. A. Saccardo, translated by Mr. R. Pound for the American Naturalist, the author estimates the number of species of plants known up to the present time as 173,706; that is, 105,231 phanerogams and 68,475 cryptograms, thus distributed:

Phanerogams	105,231
Ferns	2,819
Equis, Marsil, Lycopod	665
Mosses	4,609
Liverworts	3,041
Lichens	5,000
Fungi	39,648
Algae	12,178
Total	173,706

As regards the entire number of species that inhabit the globe, "I think," says the author, "we shall not go far astray in estimating that the flora of the world, when it is completely enough known, will consist of at least 385,000 species of plants (that is, 250,000 fungi and 135,000 species of other plants). If one wish only to reduce to 15,000 the species that will appear in these other groups (not fungi) the sum total of plants would ascend to 400,000 species at least."

Give Salt to the Bees.

On account of the avidity with which bees take salt, says William Camm, I had supposed it as necessary to salt them as to salt my horses, hogs and cattle. If one does not keep a salt trough for the bees they are apt to swarm about his stock and well troughs, and many are drowned; but so long as salt water is given to them, they do not go or bother anywhere else. But aside from this question of mere convenience, I have found it safest to be guided by nature; and since bees show such a love for salt, it would seem that it is necessary for them, and hence should be our practice to give it.—Farmers' Voice.

Why He Blushed with Shame.

"Within five years," says Edward L. Wakeman, "I have tramped along three thousand miles of British roads. Each time I step my foot upon their broad, firm, even surface, every drop of American blood in me tingles with shame at the thought of the mud pikes and bottomless road sloughs of our own splendid country, rich, great and strong enough to match the roads of Europe without a week's delay."

A CHEMIST'S DREAM.

Roseate Visions of an Approaching Millenial State.

M. Berthelot indulges in the roseiest visions concerning the benefits which chemistry will heap upon the human race in the course of another century or two, says the New York Post. In an address before the manufacturing chemists of France delivered recently in Paris he said that he looked to chemistry for deliverance from present social evils and for the possibility of realizing the socialists' dreams—that is, if a spiritual chemistry could be discovered to change human nature as deeply as chemical science could modify the globe. This change, he declared, will be greatly due to chemistry utilizing the heat of the sun and the central heat of the globe. The latter can be obtained by shafts of three thousand or four thousand meters in depth, which modern engineers are equal to the task of sinking. The water down so deep will be hot and able to keep all possible machinery going. By natural distillation it will furnish fluid free from microbes, and be an unlimited source of chemical and electrical energy. This could be everywhere developed, and thousands of years might pass without any noticeable diminution. With such a source of heat all chemical transformation would be easy. The production of alimentary matter will be one consequence. This production is resolved in principle, and has been for forty years, by the syntheses of grease and oils. That of hydrates of carbon is going on, and that of nitrogenous substances is not far off.

When energy can be obtained thus cheaply, food can be made from carbon taken from carbonic acid, hydrogen taken from water, and nitrogen from the air. What work the vegetables have so far done science will soon be able to do better, with far greater profusion and independently of seasons or evil microbes or insects. There will then be no passion to own land, beasts need not be bred for slaughter, man will be milder and more moral, and barren regions may become preferable to fertile as habitable places, because they will not be pestiferous from ages of manuring. The reign of chemistry will beautify the planet. There will then be no need to disfigure it with the geometrical works of the agriculturalist, or with the grime of factories and chimneys. It will recover its verdure and flora. The earth will be a vast pleasure garden and the human race will live in peace and plenty. So we must look to chemistry, it appears, for the millennium.

CLAMS VS. CHICKENS.

How the Chicago Man Got Even with the New York Drummer.

"Speaking of restaurants," said the New York drummer with the Grecian eyebrows, "I had a friend in New York who made a mint of money in Chicago before anybody dropped to his little trick," quotes the Detroit Free Press.

"He had a trick, eh?" asked one of the smokers.

"Why, yes; you might call it a trick, I suppose. He built up such a local reputation for green turtle soup that his place was fairly besieged night and day. He supplied as high as three thousand people a day with turtle soup. It was an eastern man who finally gave him away."

"What was there to give away?"

"Oh, nothing much, only he had been making that soup out of clams and curry. When a man blundered in who had actually seen a green turtle with his own eyes and knew what the taste of the soup was like the cheat was discovered and his business was busted."

"Yes. I heard of that case," said the Chicago beef-extract man, who had been an attentive listener. "The soup-man changed his business, I believe?"

"He did."

"And lost every dollar he had inside of a year?"

"I never heard that he did."

"But he did. It was a friend of mine who put him on to the spec that dished him."

"What spec?"

"Shipping prairie chickens to the New York market. He had twenty hunters out for three months and was all ready to ship eighteen carloads of birds when a Chicago man put the New Yorkers on."

"On to what?"

"On to the fact that every blamed bird in those eighteen cars was a durned old crow. He shouldn't have done it, for the New Yorkers would never have known the difference, and it would have given us a fine show to clean out our crows; but he was just that soft hearted."

"Gentlemen," said the man with the Grecian eyebrows, after a long period of silence, "I am not feeling particularly well this morning and will go back into the drawing-room car and try and get a nap!"

A Middle Course.

There was a certain bishop of Amiens who was consulted by a lady as to whether she might wear rouge. She had been with several directeurs, but some were so severe and some so relaxed that she could not satisfy her conscience, and therefore was come to monseigneur to decide for her, and would rest by his sentence. "I see, madame," said the good prelate, "what the case is. Some of your casuists forbid rouge totally; others will permit you to wear as much as you please. Now, for my part, I love a medium in all things, and therefore I permit you to wear rouge on one cheek only."

BEATS the world—the impecunious tramp.—Texas Siftings.

CALLED BACK

to health, every tired, ailing, nervous woman. The medicine to bring her back is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If she's weak, run-down, and overworked, that builds her up; if she suffers from any of the distressing derangements and diseases that afflict her sex, it corrects and *cures*.

Department of Photography, U. S. Artillery School, Fortress Monroe, Va.

MRS. SARGENT.

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