NATURE'S RENEWING.

Beneath the drifted snow she keeps
Her children safe from harm;
Each folded germ securely sleeps
In silence sweet and warm.

And when the laughing winds shall break
The bonds of winter's night,
Then from their sleep the flowers shall wake
To seek the pleasant light.

The springtime over comes, O soul!
Though loosed the silver cord,
And shattered is the golden bowl,
And on the trampled sward.

The pitcher at the fountain lies,
Beside the broken wheel,
O'er thee shall bend the kindly skies,
And balmy breaths unseal.

Death's frosts silence with a kiss
Light as an angel's wing,
And thou shalt wake, mid tides of bliss,
To hear God's minstrels sing.

—James B. Kenyon, in N. Y. Independent.

TWO BOYS AND A COW.

How Pete Found the Best Home He Had Ever Known.

"Hello, Bunk! Come along, good old creatur'."

Pete patted the shoulders of the cow he was about to drive to pasture. It was Squire Hill's cow, and the squire thought a great deal of it. He had a large farm, on which he raised little but horses, keeping only this one cow.

The squire was passing, and stopped to give a more sturdy caress than Pete's hand had been.

"If you ever let anything happen to that cow, Pete," he said, "I'll be likely to break every bone in your body."

"Yessir," said Pete, as soberly as if the words had not been accompanied with a genial twinkle in the squire's eyes.

"You're the first small shaver I've ever let drive her."

"Yessir," repeated Pete, with an impressive shake of the head.

"You'll always look out for the railroad?"

"Yessir—sure."

"And the mill. There's a mighty mean slope down to the log boom if an animal got started down."

"Yessir—awful!"

"And no fence along it."

"Not a bit."

"Be sharp, then."

"Go 'long, Bunk!"

Pete trudged after the cow, very glad and proud of being trusted with such an important duty. He was a poor little stray, who had turned up on the farm from nobody knew where. After hanging about for awhile, making friends with the animals, attracting attention by his light-hearted, fun-loving spirit, he had gradually fallen into place as chore boy and general convenience, rejoicing in every new labor set him as giving evidence that he was gaining a foothold on the big farm, on which he soon came to have a home feeling.

Bunker plodded lazily along until, coming near the mill, Pete faithfully tightened his hold on the rope by which he led her.

The mill and its surroundings possessed a fascination for Pete. He had spent hours and hours lounging about the old-fashioned building, taking a kind of awe-stricken delight in its wonderful tangle of queer machinery. He had watched, with his breath held, the great saws eating their way through the logs which were hauled up an incline by the help of heavy rope and gigantic hooks. The dam, the boom, every feature bore its charm for him.

The other of the squire's bugbears, the railroad, passed just beyond the mill, crossing the road. One danger passed, Pete always began looking for the other, always bearing on his mind the many stories told by the squire of valuable animals killed by locomotives. He usually aimed to get Bunker past the slope above boom as fast as possible. But just now he made a sudden pause.

"Hello, Billy! What you doing there?"

Billy was a diminutive boy belonging to the miller. Pete had spent many an hour playing with him before his duties on the farm had become so well defined.

Billy was playing truant, Pete knew at a glance. And not only that, but the truancy was of a dangerous character.

"Billy, come here!"

"Me 'on't," said Billy, with an obstinate shake of his shoulders.

"Billy, you keep off that log!"

"Me goin' to sail my boat."

The small rebel held in his hand a block of wood, and, with the words, stepped out on the first of a number of logs which lay side by side in the boom. Pete fully appreciated the danger which the little rascal was braving.

"Billy, I'll give you some nuts if you'll come here."

Billy stepped on the next log.

"A whole pocketful, Billy."

As Billy set his foot on the third log it gave a little roll under him, but he recovered himself by a quick step on the fourth.

"Billy!" Pete's voice took on a tone of desperation, "if you don't come here I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

Billy hastened his step on the fifth log.

Pete looked around in despair. No one was in sight. There were still two or three hours of the long summer evening's daylight, but the saws were stopped and the wheels quiet.

What should he do? With every moment his frightened eyes perceived the increasing danger to the small boy. When he should reach the other log and attempt to launch his tiny craft—what then?

Pete called aloud for help, but was answered by only the hollow roar of the water washing over the dam. The miller's house was beyond the mill, back out of sight.

He must look out for the boy, but what of the cow?

A switch was so arranged as to back cars up for the convenient loading of lumber. Pete's perplexed glance fell upon a loaded car standing on the track. With a rougher pull on the rope by which he was leading Bunker than that animal had ever before felt, Pete dragged her towards it. Another moment and he had secured the cow to one of the iron step-ladders and was wildly rushing down the bank towards the logs.

"Billy boy"—Pete said it coaxingly, all the while realizing how gladly he would have carried out his threat of a thrashing—"if you'll wait just one minute I'll make you a boat with three masts. Honest, Billy!"

Carefully he made his way over the logs just as Billy stooped to launch his boat. Whether the catastrophe would have come quite so soon but for the friendly pursuit can never be known, but Billy, quickening his motions in fear of being prevented in his design, stumbled and toppled into the water.

With a few swift steps Pete was at his side as he clung with a small, dirty hand to a cleft in the rough bark. But the grasp soon failed, and Pete was just in time to prevent his sinking in the cruel water. With loud cries he held tightly to Pete's arms.

"Stop, Billy! Wait till I get a good grip!"

But Billy would not wait. Before Pete could secure any hold on the logs a desperate pull from the frightened child had caused him to lose his balance. The next moment he was pulled under water by Billy's weight.

With Pete's first gasping breath as he arose to the surface he fixed one hand firmly on the rough log, then sought how he might best help Billy. It seemed as if both must go down together, but not once did he think of loosening the grasp of those small, clinging hands.

Waiting until he had fully recovered his breath, he, by great exertion, contrived to pull himself partly up on the log.

"No, Billy, I won't let you go. Say, Billy, just let go my arm, little fellow, so I can help you. Now, up! That's it. Take hold here."

With an effort which brought rings before his eyes and a roaring into his head Pete at length drew Billy to a safe position on the log, and, still holding him fast, lay back for a moment, dizzy and faint.

Then he sprang to his feet. Bunker must be seen to. With difficulty he restrained his impatience and carefully led Billy to a place of safety.

All this while the small boy's father and mother had been peacefully at work in their back yard, out of sight and hearing of the threatened shadow on their home.

"Now, Billy, go'long to your mother, and don't you never go on them logs again."

With the caution, half petting, half threatening, Pete turned and hurried to where he had left his cow.

Gazing blankly about him, he gave a shriek of dismay, then shot away like an arrow loosened from a bow.

"Bunk!—Bunker! Le' go my cow, I say!"

In his excitement and the rush and roar of the water Pete had failed to realize the dreadful thing which was happening. A freight train had backed on the switch and coupled on the car to which Bunker was securely tied. Bunker had started on a placid walk with the first pull on the rope, next had unwillingly hastened her footsteps—and as Pete's despairing glance reached her, was disappearing around a curve on a brisk trot.

With repeated cries Pete followed at his highest speed, the cries gradually dying away as his breath failed him. The miller and his boys ran out of the yard just in time to wonder whether Pete had taken leave of his senses, and joined in the chase.

Rounding the curve, Pete could see Bunker far ahead of him. Fortunately, the train was heavily laden and not moving very fast. The trainmen were all on the forward part of the train and entirely unaware of what was going on.

Quickly out of breath, and exhausted by the compulsory speed, poor Bunker once remitted her efforts, but the cruel rope dragging upon her compelled her to go on. It is easy to guess what might have been her fate had not help appeared just as Pete was beginning to realize that his small legs were not equal competitors in a race with a railroad train.

A farm wagon was approaching the track on a road which crossed it. The eyes of two or three men in the wagon were attracted by the unusual attachment to the train, and the sight of Pete's wild gesticulation. With halloos and waving of hats they brought the train to a standstill.

"What's the racket?"

The men gathered behind the train to find Bunker much the worse for her run, and a tatterdemalion of a boy, soaked and panting, sinking down beside her.

"Oh, Bunk, Bunk!" he cried, with his first free breath, "what'll the squire say to me now?"

"What does it all mean?" asked the conductor. "Tell us about it, youngster," observing that everyone but the boy seemed as puzzled as himself. "Who tied the cow? How did you get so wet?"

"I—tied Bunker—on to the car—while I went to get Billy out o' the water."

"Billy in the water!" exclaimed the miller, who had come up.

"It wa'n't my fault," said poor Pete, possessed with the idea that in every feature of the calamity he must in some way be held blameworthy.

"No, I guess it wasn't," said one of the men, gazing with sympathy on the boy. "We were just passing, and seen the whole thing. Couldn't get there till he was comin' up the bank with the little chap. It's all along o' him you ain't goin' to have a funeral to your house this week, miller."

One of the trainmen flung down a rough flannel shirt in which Pete gladly wrapped himself.

"What's that you call your cow?" asked one of the men.

"Bunk. That is, Bunk for short. Whole name's Bunker Hill. I named her Bunker 'cause she's Squire Hill's cow, you see!"

"If we were a bigger crowd we'd give three cheers for you and Bunker Hill," said the conductor. "As we can't—hold up his hat."

Pete's eyes beamed in bewilderment of delight as a rattle of small coins sounded in it.

"If I had my way, it would be a hat full of gold," said the miller.

The train moved on, amid cordial farewells to Bunker Hill and her faithful caretaker.

"But I think he's too good to take care of cows," asserted the miller's wife. "I should never feel safe about Billy unless he comes here to be one of us."

So Pete—happy boy!—went to live at the mill, finding there, he assured himself every day, the best home that ever was known.

It is pleasant to be able to say that Bunker Hill very soon recovered from the effects of her first and last run with a railroad train.—Sydney Dayre, in Outlook.

A Unique Coat-of-Arms.

There was one Philadelphian who not only invented arms for himself, but new and republican arms, after discarding the ancestral arms of his family. This was Peter Brown, at one time an eminent citizen of Philadelphia. In 1794 William Priest, an English musician, became attached to the theater in Philadelphia in his professional capacity. In 1802 Mr. Priest printed in London a book entitled "Priest's Travels in the United States," which is now exceedingly rare. The frontispiece to this book is a strange and curious design, entitled "Peter Brown's Arms." In explanation of this frontispiece Mr. Priest says: "Peter Brown, a blacksmith of this city, having made his fortune, set up his coach; but so far from being ashamed of the means by which he acquired his riches, he caused a large anvil to be painted on each side of his carriage, with two pairs of naked arms in the act of striking. The motto was 'By this I got ye.'"—Philadelphia Times.

The Influence of Books.

"There is something comforting in the companionship of books," said the new minister with the thoughtful brow, as he tried not to slip off the haircloth lounge.

"I always said so," assented the good sister, folding her hands; "I always says to Horatio, give me a good dinner and let me have this big chair in front of the fire, and then bring me some good book and let me begin reading it, and in less than five minutes I'm sound asleep."—Rockland Tribune.

A MONTREAL HOLOCAUST.

Hundreds of People Caught in a Burning Factory.

MONTREAL, Can., April 27.—W. C. McDonald's extensive tobacco factory in Ontario street was partially destroyed by fire Thursday evening. Blanch and Victoria Thibeadeau were killed and thirty-three others, of whom most were girls, were badly injured. Fifteen of those hurt, it is thought, will die.

The loss will reach $500,000, on which there is no insurance. There was not a fire-escape on the outside nor any appliances on the inside of the building for fighting the fire. Even the windows were guarded by heavy iron screens, presumably to prevent theft. The fire started at 5 o'clock in the drying-room, and for awhile smoldered. Then suddenly the flames burst through and a panic ensued.

There were 900 employes in the building, which had no fire escapes and only two staircases in the interior. All the windows were barred with heavy iron lattice work, a precaution taken to keep employes from throwing tobacco to their friends. Frantic with fear, the women, of whom there were fully 500 penned up on the top stairs, screamed for help, half choked by the greasy black smoke.

The dense crowd prayed and shouted as it swayed to and fro in its excitement and horror, and relatives and friends of the people made piteous appeals to save their loved ones. Some of the girls managed to tear one of the iron lattices from a window. Then the real tragedy of the night began.

Blanche Thibeadeau, aged 18, crazed with fear, jumped first and was battered into a shapeless mass. A cry of horror went up, but it was only a beginning. Before tender hands could lift the remains into an ambulance others had attempted the terrible leap, following the first like frightened sheep. Out they came, one after another, till twenty inanimate bodies littered the sidewalk and were carried away to the various hospitals among the lamentations of the crowd. Three priests, their soutanes trailing in the mud, were kneeling on the ground praying for the souls of the unfortunates. Ambulances could not attend to them all and cabs were pressed into service. Six were conveyed to the General, seven to the Notre Dame and nine to the Royal Victoria hospital.

Three firemen were on the roof and could not get down. For fully twenty minutes their lives were in jeopardy and they prayed and yelled by turns to be saved. Then sufficient length of ladders were secured to bring them down. They were terribly burned. In the meantime the firemen had managed to break some more lattices and were carrying crying women in long processions down the ladders. Another fireman was still on the roof and the scene with the flames around him, his hands raised in prayer, reminded one of the terrible disaster at the world's fair. Finally he was also taken down, but he was terribly burned. His name was Max Borel. Another fireman, Pat Croun, fell from a ladder and had both legs broken. Two others also lost their footing and fell, breaking several ribs.

At a late hour it is said at least six girls are missing and there is little doubt their charred and crushed bodies are in the ruins.

RETURNING CONFIDENCE.

Industries Gaining Steadily Without Sign of Hesitation.

NEW YORK, April 29.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

"Neither the rising in speculative markets nor the steady gain in industries has ceased, and it is wholesome that there are fewer signs of hesitation in the productive industries than in speculative prices. Wages strikes grow more numerous and cause some trouble, and retail demand lags behind wholesale sales and jobbing purchases behind production in some branches, but through many conflicting reports the fact shines out that the industries are gaining, not with a rush and a whirl, but more safely. It is less clear that railroads are increasing their earnings, or that over production of cotton will be cured by the advance of 1⅛ cents in price, or that cornering short sellers of wheat will help to market the large surplus. But revival of activity in all these directions, if possible, excessive in some, helps confidence to take the throne so long held by distrust. Recovery is not often mathematically equitable. When the load of depression is lifted, and men find that better things have come to stay, there must be many contradictory changes. Quite a number of works have advanced wages during the week, but strikes to compel an advance, possible for some but not for others, have grown much more numerous. Some shops are closing for want of orders, but a larger number are resuming work. Prices of shoes and cotton goods are rising; wool and woolens are lower. It would be a distinctly unnatural movement, inviting only distrust, if it were sympathetic and with equal step in all branches.

"Doubt whether hides and whether leather would be held at higher prices hindered shoe manufacturers for a time, but now jobbers want to give more orders than manufacturers care to take, who have their leather yet to buy. The hindrance is the advance in hides and leather, for while 7½ and 10 cents more is paid for shoes, the present cost of leather makes many 10 to 18 cents dearer, and 8 cents paid for western hides is said to mean higher prices yet for some kinds of leather.

"Cotton mills are getting more money for goods and have quite generally advanced wages. The consumption is large, and advances seem to be warranted.

"Iron production, stimulated because ore, coke and oil were to be dearer, is retarded by shrinking demand for products, for on the whole, new business is said to be smaller than in February or March. The structural demand for buildings throughout the country was never better.

"Wool has sold at the lowest prices on record this week, 16 cents for Ohio XX and 9 cents for year's Texas, and offers to clear off stock before new supplies came forward tempt manufacturers to purchase beyond present needs.

"Higher prices for wheat, nearly 3 cents above last week's, tend to check Atlantic exports, which, flour included, were only 1,868,873 bushels for the week, against 2,820,445 last year, though for the previous two weeks about equal to last year's.

"Bank exchanges in April, thus far, average daily 11.6 per cent. more than last year, but 16.3 per cent. less than in 1893. Money is coming hither from the interior and a larger demand for commercial loans appears, especially from manufacturing towns in New England and from importers.

"Failures for eighteen days in April showed liabilities of $5,075,592, of which $2,632,770 were of manufacturing, and $3,288,822 of trading concerns. The failures for the week have been 230 in the United States, against 179 last year and 37 in Canada against 26 last year."

McCreary's Views.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 26.—Congressman McCreary in an interview said he was unalterably opposed to the free coinage of silver. His declaration was evoked by the free silver stand taken by Senator Blackburn. The congressman says in the course of a long prepared statement of his position and vote in congress: "I favor an international agreement, consistent with sound business methods, but to throw open the mints of this country to the world is simply preposterous." The senatorial race is given a new interest by the views of the aspirants for and against silver. The fight will be made on those lines.

On the Warpath.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 29.—A dispatch from St. Johns, N. D., near the Manitoba boundary, says that 1,500 Indians and half-breeds are on the warpath and that 700 women and children are in tents on the prairie. Troops from Fort Totten have been ordered to St. Johns.

Want Receiver Discharged.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 29.—Saturday morning in the United States circuit court Attorney W. B. Rodgers filed a petition asking for the discharge of H. W. Oliver, receiver of the Oliver Iron & Steel company.

A PASTOR'S PERIL.

Strong Effort to Prove Him Guilty of the San Francisco Murders.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 27.—About the only tangible evidence so far obtained against Durrant, the medical student accused of having killed Minnie Williams, is that the prisoner was better acquainted with the dead girl than he will acknowledge. As to the matter of the positive identification of Durrant as having been seen about the church where the murders occurred during the evening when the deed was committed, that has not so far been done.

The defense believes that it has a case against Rev. Gibson, and will, it is said, try to show that he and not Durrant killed both Miss Williams and Miss Lamont. It was in support of this theory that Gibson was asked to give Durrant's counsel specimens of his writing. George Monteith, a well-known attorney, discovered what led to this line of investigation. On the morning after the finding of Minnie Williams' body the Call published a statement from Gibson, attached to which was a fac simile of his signature. On the same morning the Examiner published fac similes of names written on the margin of the paper sent around the rings returned to the dead girl's aunt, Mrs. Noble. Monteith is an expert on handwriting, and says he discovered peculiarities in the writing which showed that both were by the same hand. He reported his discovery to Durrant's counsel, and it is said their investigations have satisfied them that Durrant's case has received a great deal of strength from it. Monteith was in court when Gibson submitted his specimens of writing and says that the additional specimens make the correspondence between the preacher's writing and that on the paper wrapper more remarkable.

WANTS A MIXED DOLLAR.

Plan to Settle the Silver Question by Putting Both Metals in the Same Coin.

DETROIT, Mich., April 30.—The Tribune (rep.) publishes an editorial leader which declares in favor of the solution of the present money question by the creation of a new dollar, to be composed of proportionate parts of gold and silver. The article quotes the declarations of the republican national platforms of 1888 and 1892 in favor of bimetallism, and points out the dangers of a practical silver monometallism through the throwing open of the mines to unlimited coinage. It calls attention to the difficulties and delays which would attend the negotiation of an international compact and questions the successful maintenance of a parity of gold and silver by that means in any event. It calls upon the republican party to fulfill its platform pledges by formulating without delay a practicable scheme for bimetallism, especially in view of the threatened disintegration of parties and the drawing of new party lines, with gold monometallism on one side and silver monometallism on the other.

THREE DROWNED.

A Grand Rapids Lady, Her Daughter and Granddaughter Perish.

MARQUETTE, Mich., April 29.—Mrs. Mary Post, her daughter, Mrs. Pat Finley, and little Ethel Finley, were drowned in the Autrain river in Alger county some time last Friday afternoon. They were missed from home and a boat was also gone. The bodies of all three were found in the river Sunday morning. It is believed Mrs. Post had, while walking out to Finley's house from Autrain, grown tired of carrying her large satchel and left it at the bridge a quarter of a mile away; that she, Mrs. Finley, and the little girl then took the boat as the easiest way to bring it in, and that the swift current drove the boat on a hidden ledge and capsized it. Mrs. Post had been housekeeper for W. L. Wetmore, of this city, all this winter and had just returned to Autrain.

SUES GEORGE GOULD.

Zella Nicolaus Demands Damages for Alleged Malicious Prosecution.

NEW YORK, April 29.—Mrs. Rosa Zella Ruhman, better known as Zella Nicolaus, whose entanglement with the Gould family gave her widespread notoriety, has brought suit in the Hudson county court, at Jersey City, against George J. Gould for $50,000 damages. Counselor Simpson has the case in charge and bases his action on malicious prosecution. Papers are made returnable within thirty days, and unless another settlement is effected the details of the Gould-Nicolaus affair are bound to come out in the courts. The suit is said to have been brought about because of the attempt made to have Mrs. Ruhman indicted in this city shortly before the Gould-Castellane wedding.

NOTED MEN TO TALK.

Southern Leaders Soon to Be Heard at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 28.—The currency and banking conference to be held in Memphis May 23 promises to be one of the greatest economical conventions ever held in the south. Present indications are that every city of importance in the southern states will send delegates and that the discussion of finance and banking will be participated in by many popular leaders. Three hundred invitations have been sent to commercial bodies and 2,500 personal invitations have been extended. The responses have been general. John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury, has accepted the invitation to address the convention.

PERILS OF FOOTBALL.

Twenty Persons Killed in England and Many Others Hurt.

LONDON, April 29.—The English football season is closed and the Westminster Gazette publishes its annual football "butcher's bill." The "bill" shows that during the season there were twenty deaths from injuries received on the football field and that over 150 legs, arms and collar bones were broken, besides many cases of concussion of the brain or spine, paralysis, knee caps split, peritonitis and hundreds of minor casualties.

Chinese Soldiers Kill Their Commander.

LONDON, April 29.—The Times has this dispatch from its correspondent in Hong Kong: "Serious outbreaks have occurred throughout Formosa. H. M. S. Leander has gone to Takau and German sailors have been landed at Tamsui from the Irene to protect foreigners. The Chinese soldiers killed their general on April 22. The governor's bodyguard attacked them, killing thirty and wounding fifty. The governor is accused of stealing the soldiers' pay which is two months in arrears.

Meets Once in Five Years.

CINCINNATI, April 29.—The constitution grand lodge B'Nai B'Rith opens at Allemania hall Sunday. The session will cover a period of one week. This lodge meets but once in five years and embraces in its territory the United States and the whole of Europe.

Kill Two of the Posse.

PITTSBURG, Tex., April 29.—News has reached here that Constable Oliver and a posse of three men while on their way to arrest a man named Belcher were waylaid and fired upon by Belcher and his friends. Two of the posse were killed and two fatally injured.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In the manufacture of artificial whalebone the raw hide after being treated chemically is stretched out upon a frame to prevent contraction and exposed to a bright light and a temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees. After drying the skin is submitted to a strong pressure, which gives it the hardness and elasticity of genuine whalebone.

—Fifty large quarto volumes, containing nearly 30,000 pages and over 3,000 plates, represent twenty-three years of work on the scientific results of the Challenger expedition. While afloat the expense to the government for the scientific part of the work was $100,000; since then $240,000 have been spent, but the cost is insignificant when compared with the scientific results obtained.

—The young of the frog and toad leave the egg as tadpoles, which not only differ from the mature form in shape of body, but also in having gills on either side of the neck, whereby the young animals breathe in water, while they only acquire lungs for breathing air later on. Most efts, when they leave the egg, also have a tadpole stage of existence, during which they breathe by gills, which are subsequently absorbed when the lungs become fully developed.

—It is stated by the London Lancet that "the English professional classes, who head the list as the tallest of adult males, attain the average height of five feet nine and one-fourth inches. Next on the list come the American males, and a minute fraction behind them come the English of all classes. Most European nations average for the adult male five feet six inches; but the Austrians, Spaniards and Portuguese just fall short of this standard."

—By themselves both aluminum and bioxide of sodium are harmless enough, but mix the latter with aluminum in powder and you produce, it seems, a formidable explosive which detonates not only upon contact with a drop of water, but even if placed in paper, the humidity sufficing to inflame it. In a state of freedom it does not burn with the slowness of dynamite, but projects flames instantaneously in all directions and even to melt copper wire. M. Rossel discovered this explosive last December, injuring his right arm in the first experiment.

—Very many of the lower order of creatures are said to live without sleep. Many short-lived insects do so, and fishes are not generally supposed to enjoy sleep, although many species do periodically rest for about a couple of hours at a time. Experiments have shown that the salmon, pike, goldfish and angler fish do not sleep at all. Fishes have no eyelids like the higher mammalia, and their brain is very small in proportion to their size. Animals which have no real brain cannot be said to enjoy true sleep, the chief feature of which is the cessation of automatic activity of the brain. On the other hand, there are some animals which obtain an excessive amount of sleep, such as snails, which have been known to sleep for four years at a time.

Unnecessary Noise.

There are very few people who seem to realize that nine-tenths of the noise made about a house is unnecessary. It takes no longer to handle things lightly than it does to fling them down helter-skelter with such an unearthly din as one often hears in badly regulated households. It takes a little more time to put on a pair of light shoes instead of the heavy and cumbersome out-of-door foot wear that some people indulge in, but it pays a good interest on the effort and time. Especially in a sick room or where there are people who are afflicted with those uncomfortable accompaniments called nerves, should this be make a study. In rooms where a grate or stove is used, it is of the utmost importance that the rasping, tearing sound of putting coal on the fire be, in some way, done away with. One means of doing this is to save all the paper bags that come in the house, fill them with coal, tie them up with a string and lay on the fire, which can be done without a particle of noise. In one household a special requirement is that the coal for the sitting-room grate shall always be wrapped either in newspaper or put in bags. In this way much dust is avoided and all the noise that is very unwelcome to an invalid who occupies an adjoining room. It is said that there is a rubber-lined coal-scuttle recently put upon the market. This is good as far as it goes, but the coal in rattling out of the scuttles makes an unnecessary racket, which is avoided entirely by the means suggested.—N. Y. Ledger.

NO PERSONALITIES.

The Opening of a Nice, Quiet Business Campaign.

"What we need," said the first dignified citizen, as he stopped to discuss the political situation, "is a business campaign free from all personalities."

"Precisely," replied the second dignified citizen. "This personal abuse of candidates is all wrong. In fact, it is absolutely degrading. Now, in our ward there should be no question of the election of McFinnegan—"

"What! That little nincompoop!" cried the first dignified citizen, indignantly.

"Nincompoop!" exclaimed the other. "Why, sir, there is an honest man. That thieving scoundrel, O'Dowd, who is running against him, does not deserve to be mentioned in the same breath."

"O'Dowd never stole the silver spoons at a banquet and pawned them for liquor," retorted the first, hotly.

"Of course he didn't, but he knocked his wife downstairs with a baseball bat and stole fifty thousand dollars from an orphan."

"Who says so?"

"McFinnegan."

"McFinnegan is a thief and a liar!"

"O'Dowd is a thug and a disreputable scoundrel."

"That's a lie!"

Biff! Bang!

And the dignified, business campaign, free from all personalities, was auspiciously opened.—Chicago Post.

Cushions of Simple Material.

Charming cushions and pillows can be made from the simple cotton crepon that is so familiar and so cheap, if only one is willing to spend a little time and a little work. One seen recently is of soft, creamy white, and is treated in the simplest possible way, so that while it is very effective, the work and time required are little in the literal sense. Across one corner is a big spray of graceful leaves somewhat conventionalized in form. This is tinted first of all with golden brown dye paint, and is then outlined with a couching of heavy Japanese gold thread. The cushion is plain about all the edges and owes all its success to the decoration just described, yet it is noticeable among many more elaborate and costly ones. Another which is begun is of dull old pink. The tinting is of a deeper shade, and there is to be a full frill about the edge. As yet it is in embryonic state, but it promises to rival the white. The gold on pink is "just lovely," as a girl enthusiast says, and the full frill is expected to add largely to the effect of the whole.—Philadelphia Record.

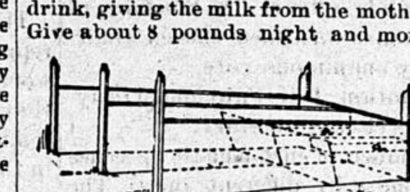
THE FARMING WORLD.

RAISING DAIRY CALVES.

The Plan Pursued by Successful Dairymen in Wisconsin.

Dairy farming in this part of Wisconsin (Jefferson county) is practiced to the exclusion of almost all other kinds, a few hogs, of course, being kept for the purpose of consuming the skim-milk. To be successful the farmers must have good cows, and to have good cows they must begin with good calves.

We select the calves produced by the most profitable cows, taking into consideration not only the quantity of milk, but the quality, also, as determined by the Babcock test. Our herd, consisting of forty-six thoroughbred cows, is headed by a full-blood bull. When a calf is born that we wish to raise we allow it to run with the mother one day only unless the cow's udder is in bad condition. In that case we believe it is best for the calf to suck. After the first day teach it to drink, giving the milk from the mother. Give about 8 pounds night and morning for a month. The past season after the first month we began giving 10 pounds of skimmilk in the morning and about the same amount of sweet milk at night. At this age also begin to feed a little fine hay.



IMPROVED STALL FOR CALVES.

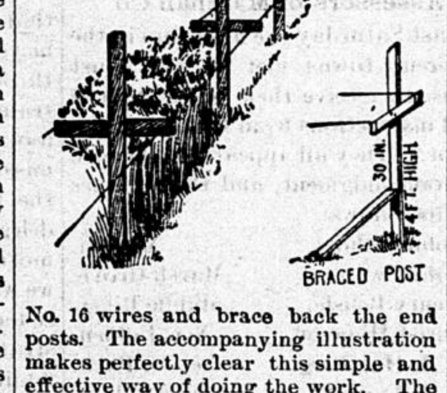
At about two months of age they are put into winter quarters, where they are fed skimmilk entirely, with a good supply of hay and grain. Begin with 8 or 10 pounds at a feeding, and gradually increase the amount until it reaches 15 pounds. Feed regularly and heat the milk to 90 degrees before giving it to them. Always treat them kindly. The exact amount and kind of grain feed will be governed by circumstances largely and by the capacity of the individual animal. Our calves are given ground oats with a sprinkling of old process oilmeal; probably no two receive the same amount. In feeding grain be careful to not overfeed at first. Begin with a light ration and gradually increase it. Some farmers in my vicinity give calves constant access to grain feed after they have become accustomed to it.

We stable our calves in a warm barn, each one having a separate stall, two of which are shown in the accompanying illustration. Each stall is 2½ feet high, 2 feet wide and 4 feet long from manger to drop. In front of the calf is a manger for hay 2 feet high, 1½ feet long and just as wide as the stall. In one corner, a a, is a little box in which to place grain feed. At the back end of each stall partition is a 2x2 inch timber running from the ground to the ceiling, for support. At the front every 4 or 5 feet is a 2x4 answering the same purpose. A strap on which is placed an iron ring is fastened around each calf's neck. A rope with a snap at one end is tied to the manger and by it the calf is secured. In spring when the grass is well started the calves are turned out to pasture and not again taken up until they are yearlings.—F. H. Everson, in Orange Judd Farmer.

THE RED RASPBERRY.

A Device for Keeping the Vines from Sprawling All Over the Lot.

My way is to firmly drive 4-foot stakes one rod apart and nail to each, 30 inches above the ground, a short piece of plank 2 feet in length and saw a notch close to each end of the upper edge. In these notches firmly stretch

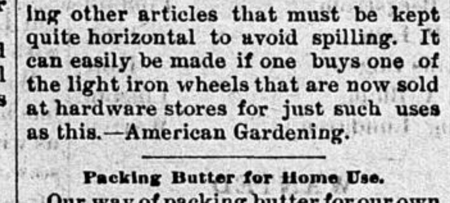


No. 16 wires and brace back the end posts. The accompanying illustration makes perfectly clear this simple and effective way of doing the work. The advantages of keeping raspberry and blackberry vines from sprawling all over the lot will be best appreciated by those who have tried this method.—W. M. King, in American Agriculturist.

A FRUIT BARROW.

One in Which Berries and Grapes Can Be Wheeled Without Spilling.

The ordinary wheelbarrow is unsuited for wheeling baskets and boxes of fruit, such as plums, grapes, strawberries, etc., because of the slope of the bed. The accompaning illustration shows a fruit barrow that is free from this objection, and one that will be found equally convenient in wheel-



A FRUIT BARROW.

ing other articles that must be kept quite horizontal to avoid spilling. It can easily be made if one buys one of the light iron wheels that are now sold at hardware stores for just such uses as this.—American Gardening.

Packing Butter for Home Use.

Our way of packing butter for our own use, says a writer in the Dairy World, is to have a perfectly clean jar, if possible a new one. Then we use salt and granulated sugar, half and half, to put between the layers, which we make about three inches thick, to make nice pieces when cutting for use. In making butter we use a barrel churn and make granulated butter. Wash it in the churn until the water runs off clear; salt it to taste (which with us is not very salt); drain it and take it up into the butter bowl and let it stand over night. Then work it just enough to make the granules stick together, and then pack. Do not fill the jar quite full. Put a white cloth on top of that. Cover well and keep in a cool clean place. If every stage of procedure from the cow to the jar has been clean and sweet, the butter ought to keep a reasonable time.

How to Buy a Spraying Pump.

If you have an orchard, you can keep the apples from being wormy by spraying with paris green. A pump for this purpose costs about fifteen dollars, and you think that you can't afford it. Well, how about your neighbor? If he has an orchard, it may be that he thinks about as you do. So how about getting a pump between you? Then you can both have the use of it, and when you come to dissolve partnership, let the one have the pump who is willing to pay the most.—Southern Cultivator.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

ALL UNDER THE WEATHER.

A Man Who Became Tired of Hearing the Complaints of His Fellows.

"How are you? Don't tell me that you are 'under the weather.'"

The greeting was uttered by a Main street man on his way back to his office after dinner. He asked the question with emphasis, not as merely using a conventional phrase, but as though he really wanted to know. Then, stopping his acquaintance, he explained his special interest in the subject.

"I want to know if you feel really well," he said, "and I sincerely hope you do. Don't be astonished at my unusually strong interest in your well-being. It is simply because every man I have met to-day has told me he felt 'under the weather'. Some are only a 'little under the weather,' but none seem to have been able to stand right away from under it. When I saw you I hoped that I had at last met a man perfectly sound in wind, and limb, and liver. You don't mean to say you are 'under the weather', too? Oh! Good-by. I've got to hurry."

It is tiresome to hear the complaints on all sides, and this particular kicker must be particularly tired of the general weakness of health, since he himself is one of those very people who exasperate the sufferings of humanity at large by never suffering from anything. But the complaint is not groundless. There may be no great amount of sick-in-bed cases, but every other man in the city seems to be walking abroad with a load on his shoulders, and he calls that load the weather. Some of those who try to explain things say that the barometer is directly responsible, others the thermometer. There seems, however, to be more probability in the theory advanced by a scientific person in my hearing yesterday that the heavy falls of snow purged the air of impurities only to keep those same impurities locked up as long as the frost lasted and turn them loose on the atmosphere to poison us when the temperature rose.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

A TEMPERANCE TOWN.—He (rapturously)—"How beautiful you are! Just to gaze into your eyes intoxicates me." She (in alarm)—"Hush—sh-sh. Don't speak of it. This is a local option town and I may be arrested and fined."—Detroit Free Press.

"PAPA gave me two pennies to put in the plate in church." "Do you know who those pennies were for?" "Course I do; for the organ man. I heard the music."—Judge.

YOU can get a very good idea of "natural selection" in its practical workings by viewing a clelery glass after it has been once round the table.—Tit-Bits.

AN AMPLE REASON.—She—"I cannot marry you." He—"And why not, pray?" She—"You don't pay any income tax."—Detroit Free Press.

The Bird's Eye.

A rustic audience in a far western town were enjoying intensely a magic lantern show. In the course of the programme the lecturer announced "A bird's-eye view of Paris." It was pretty and clear, but there was a slight defect in the paper of the photograph above the picture of the beautiful city, which was duly magnified, and assumed a conspicuous place on the canvas. Amidst the perfect quiet of the darkened room, broken here and there by soft sighs of ecstasy, a little voice piped up:

"Mamma, is that the bird's eye—above the city?"—Harper's Young People.

A Poisonous Mist.

This fitly describes miasma, a vaporous poison which breeds chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague, ague cake, and in the tropics deadly typhoid forms of fever. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters prevents and cures these complaints. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, nervous and kidney trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia and impaired vitality are also remedied by the great restorative.

"WHAT is the matter with that man?" asked the inquisitive small girl in the theater. "The man sitting in the front row?" "Yes'm. The one whose hair is too small for him."—Washington Star.

When You Want a Thresher,

Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. CASE T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their implements may be relied upon as *the best*. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

"I SEE you have a safe in your dining-room," said Perkins, who was visiting Jarley. "Is that for your silver?" "No; that's my wine cellar," said Jarley.—Harper's Bazar.

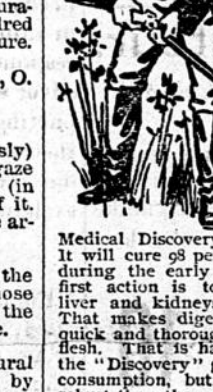
Looking for a New Location?

Persons who are looking for a new location, where they can engage in the raising of fruits, vegetables, etc., and make a living from a few acres, are invited to write to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A. Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn., for publications and personal information.

MONEY is a hand maiden if thou knowest how to use it; a mistress, if thou knowest not.—Horace.

PISO'S Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

THE devil fears a praying mother.—Ram's Horn.



Consumption kills more people than rifle balls. It is more deadly than any of the much dreaded epidemics. It is a stealthy, gradual, slow disease. It penetrates the whole body. It is in every drop of blood. It seems to work only at the lungs, but the terrible drain and waste go on all over the body. To cure consumption, work on the blood, make it pure, rich and wholesome, build up the wasting tissues, put the body into condition for a fight with the dread disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery fights in the right way. It will cure 98 per cent. of all cases if taken during the early stages of the disease. Its first action is to put the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys into good working order. That makes digestion good and assimilation quick and thorough. It makes sound, healthy flesh. That is half the battle. That makes the "Discovery" good for those who have not consumption, but who are lighter and less robust than they ought to be.

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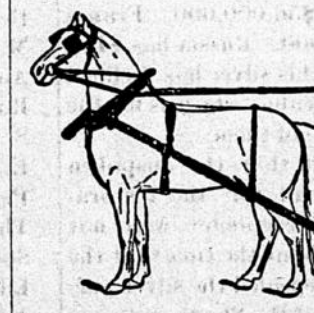

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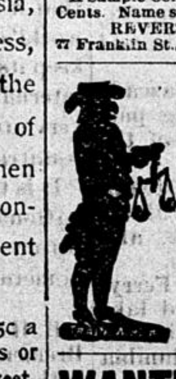

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