THE STORY TELLER

COMPENSATION.

There's a quiver of pain in your cry, bonny bird,
And a frost-rime tipped on your wing;
There's a glimmer of fear in your eye, bonny bird,
And a quavering note as you sing.

And I see you shrink from the storm, bonny bird,
'Neath the sheltering branch of the tree,
While the fluttering droop of your wings, bonny bird,
Is a pitiful thing to see.

So I grieve for you sore, in my heart, bonny bird,
For the cold that stiffens your wing;
For the frost-rime blowing your feathers apart
And choking your throat as you sing.

But I know for a truth, from my life, bonny bird,
If you beat in the face of the blast;
If you sing when the tempest is rife, bonny bird,
And sing when its terror is past,

You will rise with new strength in your wing, bonny bird,
That shall conquer the winds as they blow,
And clearer your notes as you sing, bonny bird,
From your brave little heart in the snow.
—Maude Meredith, in Banner of Gold.

PHILURY'S BLACK SILK.

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

"What be you doing?" asked Mrs. Bean, coming suddenly into the desolate room where three women hovered about the still stark form on the bed.

Despite the fact that she was the dead woman's sister, her sharp voice was unmoderated; but a suspicion of moisture softened the keen black eyes turned upon the others. It was plain to be seen that they were slightly afraid of her, for the bravest one answered while the others shrunk back somewhat. Mrs. Dollard—or Sileny Dollard, as she was called in the neighborhood—buoyed up by a sense of duties properly fulfilled, said, soothingly:

"We're layin' of 'er out, Mis' Bean."

"But what be you doing with that black silk of hern?" touching the black folds and then glancing at the gleaming scissors in Sileny's hand.

"I was jest goin' to rip out the back breadths, though I didn't mean to let you know it till afterward. 'Tain't customary to say nothin' to the relatives, but we alwuz do it. It dooz seem sech a pity to bury up good, rich silk like that. Even when Mis' Crowley died over to the Center (she was a Spencer afore she married), I took out the back breadths of her best brocade silk to lay her out in. And when I was a-doin' of it Janet Spencer come in jest as you did. She sorter turned away her head and made b'lieve as if she didn't see what I was a-doin' of, but passed out through the door slow and solemn. She used the silk afterwards to trim a dress with. There was three good yards of it, and there will be of this, Mis' Bean. You can use it for yourself or for Ellen to trim with, or you could match it for a dress."

"I ain't going to match it for a dress, nor Ellen sha'n't have't, I tell you. Put down them scissors. I ain't Janet Spencer. Philury shall have the good of that black silk, poor cretur!" looking pityingly at the pale, pinched features of the dead.

"Wall, if you say so," said Mrs. Dollard. "'Tain't fur me to contradict. I s'posed you'd be glad to have it. I laid out folks now for more'n twenty year, and you're the first one to make a fuss."

"Never mind, Sileny," said one of the other women, motioning her to look at Mrs. Bean, as she smoothed the thin face turned sideways on the pillow with a loving touch. "P'r'aps 'Lizy'll want to put the dress on herself. Some do, you know."

"Yes, I'd luff to. I'd luff to put that black silk on Philury; for if there is sech a thing as the spirit coming to earth hern will be sure to come."

"She never wore it, did she?" whispered Mrs. Dollard.

"No; that's the worst on't; and that's why I dassen't take any of it from her now—not if I was tempted to, which I hain't. Philury wanted a black silk ever sence she was a little girl, and at last when she did get it she died. She might 'a had it, but she gave the money 'way three times; she was so denying of herself that she wouldn't spend foolishly. That's what she called it, buying black silks, 'spending foolishly.'

"'You don't know, Lizy,' says she to me, 'how I want one.' But I did; for I'd heard her talk of it ever sence Miss Wiggins came up to spend the summer at father's when we was children. I rec'leg' jest how she looked. She had a long, thin, yeller face, with little bunches of curls on each side; false they was, but dreadful black and shiny; and her dresses had a set to 'em as if she wa'nt mor'n sixteen. Philury was a queer, still thing, with a kinder wistful baby face that looked as if she was ready to cry; and she used to set and drink in Miss Wiggins' words as if they was pure gold. Wall, she was good to us, Miss Wiggins was, and Philury was her favorite."

Here Mrs. Bean sank down helplessly into a chair, and said to Mrs. Dollard:

"You put the dress on, and I'll stand ready to help; but I feel as weak as a rag when I think of her laying there and never having no good of it."

"And you so faithful a-watching of her night after night," said Mrs. Gray, feelingly.

"'Twa'n't that. I could 'a' watched a dozen nights more with Philury and never felt it. 'You must get well,' says I to Philury, 'to wear your black silk.' 'I sha'n't never wear it, 'Lizy,' says she; and she didn't. But she's go'n'ter wear it now, the whole on't," starting up with fierce energy.

The dress was soon put on the still statuesque form, the frills of lace neatly adjusted about the neck and wrist, and then, with a last loving touch of the brown hair thickly streaked with white, the four women left the room for an adjoining one, taking care to leave the door ajar.

"I don't seem to rec'lec' Miss Wiggins," began Mrs. Dollard, as they sat down together.

"No, I presume not. Like enough it was before you moved here. Le's see, Philury couldn't 'a' been more'n 'leven. Wall, 'twas her set Philury to thinking about a black silk. 'Every one 'd'oughter have a good black silk,' says she. 'They're good for funerals, an' good for weddings, an' for church, an' everything.' Well it jest went in one ear and out 'tother with me; but Philury took it all in an' began to plan right off how she could git one. 'But, goodness!' s'I, 'you ain't nothin' but a little girl.' 'I shall be sixteen in five years,' says she; 'an' it will take as long as that to git the money to buy it. Miss Wiggins says it will cost jest for the silk fifteen dollars, and you know, 'Lizy,' says Philury, 'I can't earn more'n three dollars a year plumming and knitting sole feeting.'

"You see she'd got it all figgered out and everything. Wall, mother didn't fall in with the idea. She said 'twasa dreadful foolish streak in a little girl to plan so fur ahead. But for all Philury's soft look she was set as the hills. She cried and took on so that mother gave in, and Philury set to earning of that black silk. She'd talk and talk about it. 'Silk is so soft and pretty. Miss Wiggins says it's spun by little worms out'er their own bodies. I should luff to see 'em spinning of the silk, shouldn't you, 'Lizy?' she'd break out some night when I's most asleep, and I'd tell her, cross as could be, to shet up.

"Wall, if you b'lieve it, when she was sixteen she had money enough to buy a black silk, an' she'd earnt every dollar of the whole fifteen, picking plums and selling of 'em and knitting sole feetings; and once she kept house for old Mis' Blossom when she went visiting down below where she come from. She stayed a week, I rec'lec'; and she paid Philury a dollar.

"Wall, why it should 'a' happened jest as it did I'm sure is more'n I can tell; why 'twa'n't next week or even the next day, but no, the very day, I might say the very hour, Philury got her money together who should drive up but Samanthy Ann Holmes and Lanson Holmes with their boy that was a cripple. They was in a peck of trouble. It seemed they'd heard of a doctor in Boston that cured jest sech cases, and they was all up in arms about it—I didn't wonder, seeing he was all they had and a great sufferer—if they could git him cured. But 'twas lack of money that troubled 'em. Lanson said he'd scraped and saved and couldn't git the money to save him, and it did seem as if he couldn't stand it, now he'd a hope hild out to him, not to take hold of it. And Samanthy she cried and hild her little boy up clost and tender, and mother cried and I did a little, though I wa'n't never any hand to, no more'n I be now. 'How much be you short?' says mother. 'Fifteen dollars,' says Lanson.

"Somehow mother and I looked at Philury. 'Twas the sum that made us; 'twa'n't nothing else; but Philury sat there calm and still, 'cept for a kinder sca't look. I can't describe it no better than by saying it was a sca't look. But in a few minutes she got up and went out, and I followed 'er. I found 'er looking at 'er money and kinder sobbin' like. 'What is it?' s'I. 'What be you go'n'ter do with that?' 'Give it to Lanson. I've got to; but oh! 'Lizy, it seems jest as if 'twould break my heart to give up my black silk.' 'I wouldn't, then,' s'I. 'Oh!' says she, 'but think of his poor, crooked little back and alwuz having to go so, 'cos I wouldn't give up my black silk. I've got to give it up; but mebbe,' says she, 'I can earn it again. It wouldn't take so long next time, now I'm bigger.' 'Pon that she seemed to kinder straighten up and make up her mind not to feel bad any more. She went to the sink and washed the red off her eyes, and then back to the long kitchen where the rest was. They was beat, I tell you, when she handed out the money and told 'em it was for Charley's back. They said they'd pay it back if they ever could; but they never did, for Lanson lost his health and died next year, and Charley, though his back seemed to be better, didn't have no health, and died when he was twelve. Samanthy never forgot it; but that was all she could do. poor cretur, and Philury never begretched the money nor spoke of it—only to feel bad for little Charley and the rest.

"Wall, that was fall er the year an', if you b'lieve it, 'fore the next fall Philury had earnt her money again. How she done it, the Lord knows, I don't; but she saved here and pinched there, I s'pose. Anyway she had it all in three crisp five dollar bills, when who should come to our house but Janet Woburn that had been to work in the fact'ry, and she told Philury she must have some nice black lace to trim it with, jest a little round the basque waist an' the neck an' sleeves. Janet was dreadfully ragged out herself with ruffles all over her, a'most—'twas when they wore sech a sight of trimmings, and Philury see that Janet was right—she'd either haf' to have the lace or thelse git more silk an' cut it up into ruffles, an' that seemed clear waste. So she decided on the lace and put away the bills till she could earn that.

"It was jest on the aidge of them hard times, and father was beginning to look anxious 'bout a note that old Squire Hopkins hild ag'inst him. You know, Sileny, something about Hopkins."

"I guess I do," murmured Mrs. Dollard. "We got into his clutches once, and 'twas years afore we got clear."

"Wall, this wa'nt no great 'mount that note he held ag'inst father; but it seemed jest as if 'twas witchwork, for when he'd got enough, all but fifteen dollars, he sorter stuck right there and couldn't git no furder. We all kep' it from Philury, for we knowed what she was; but one night she come home unbeknownst while we three, father an' mother an' I, was talking of it over 'round the fireplace. I can seem to see now jest how we set; father was at the end facing the door, mother was opposite, an' I in the middle. Father hild the hard-wood poker and kept puncing of the fire; he was sorter nervous and didn't jest sense what he was doing, when all of a suddint the back log flew apart an' the live coals scattered fur an' wide. I jumped for the broom to sweep 'em back when who should I see but Philury standing by the door as pale as any ghost. She'd heard every word of what we'd been saying; I see that; but she motioned me not to speak, and she went right upstairs.

"Wall, the long and short of it was, the nex' morning father found the extry money in his leather wallet; an' when he charged Philury with putting of it there she laughed, as gay as a cricket, an' said she'd concluded not to buy no silk this year, silk was turrible high, an' so was lace; she'd concluded, she said, to lend him the money, perviding he had any use for it. You see he never knew that she'd heard him fretting about the debt, an' so he spoke an' said: 'I have got a use for it, Philury, an' I shall be turrible glad of the money ef you'll promise to let me know when you want to get your dress.' So Philury said she would, an' father settled up with old Hopkins. 'Twas wall he did, for, as I was saying, it was the aidge of the hard times, and when them come there wa'n't no luxuries going for anybuddy but the rich. Father didn't see the time that he had fifteen dollars by him that wa'n't due somewhere; an' you may be sure Philury never hinted of a black silk. An' she didn't try to earn it, either. We all put our shoulders to the wheel to live and pay up and buy good, decent clothes, which was all that we could do.

"Wall, I got married after awhile, an' Philury stayed with father an' mother till they died. They didn't leave no great—an' Ephraim come in for his share an' I for mine, an' it left Philury with jest the house an' garding spot. But after she'd got everything all straightened out, says she to me: 'Lizy, would you think I was silly if I bought me a black silk?' 'Silly,' s'I, 'no, I should think you was silly if you didn't, seeing you've always wanted one.' 'Wall,' says she, 'I've got the money laid up, an' I thought I'd buy one if you didn't think it would be silly, an' me an' old maid.'

"I never see her look so pretty as she did that minute, when she called herself an old maid; her skin was so kinder pink and her eyes so shiny a-thinking about that silk dress, I s'pose it was. But she didn't git it. I didn't see her for 'most a week, and when I went over who should I see setting in the corner of the kitchen knitting, as big as life, but old Granny Lucas, knitting and nodding to me, and a-saying: 'I've come to live here with Philury.' 'What dooz this mean?' says I to Philury, when I found her up chamber; 'what's old Mis' Lucas here for?' An 'pon that Philury set down on the bed and pulled me down beside her and begun to cry. 'Don't scold,' says she, 'I couldn't help it. The poor soul come to my door Sunday night, the sca'test thing you ever see, cos she said they was going to take her to the county farm, and she thought mebbe I'd let her stay with me. She's some relation of mother's, 'Lizy,' says Philury. 'Fiftieth cousin,' says I, kinder short. 'Wall, I come over to see your black silk. I didn't see it laying 'round nowhere, so I s'pose it's cut and made up an' hanging in the closet.' 'Lizy,' says Philury, looking as 'shamed as could be, 'I don't b'lieve I shall git one jest yit; I had to buy a few things for granny, her shoes was all out, and she hadn't on warm flannels.' I felt jest like giving Philury a good shaking, and telling her, the same time, that she was a saint on earth. But I didn't do neither. I went right on home, and Philury never knew how worked up I was.

"That was a'most ten years ago. You know how Philury kept and done for Granny Lucas long as she lived, set up with her nights and tended o' 'er days till I wonder her feet didn't drop off sometimes.

"When she died, I says to Philury, s'l: 'Now, if I was you, I'd git me a good rich black silk; I'd trim it with lace and I'd have it nice.' 'Why don't you have one?' says she. 'I don't want it,' s'I. 'A good wool is all I ever wanted; I could 'a' had one dozens of times,' s'I, 'if I'd felt so; but you always wanted a black silk.' 'Yes,' says Philury, 'I alwuz did, and I believe I will have one.' 'Now don't change your mind,' s'I; and I went home thinking of nothing else but Philury's silk. Thinks I, something will happen to prevent her gitting of it, jest as they alwuz have, and so what did I do that very afternoon but put Nathan's supper on the table and go over to Philury and stay right by her till I'd put her up to buying it that very day. But I never, in all my born days, see anyone so nervous as she was. Her hands trembled when she tied on her bunnit, and more'n once she said, on the way to the store: 'It don't seem right to spend so much money jest on myself. Jest think, it would feed a poor family over a month, and there's so much misery in the world;' but I larrupped right along, pretending I didn't hear, and when we got to Harmon's I says to Mr. Harmon, s'I: 'My sister here wants to look at your black silk.' 'A good piece?' he says. 'Yes,' s'I, 'the best you've got.'

"Wall, 'twas easy after that. Philury was perfectly delighted with the piles an' piles he spread out of the black, soft, rich, shiny stuff. I'most made up my mind to buy me one. Wall, Philury picked out the thickest, shiniest, softest piece they was, and had it done up with the trimmings and carried it home. When we got 'most there she turnt 'round and says to me: ''Lizy, you hain't no notion of how foolish I be, but I never was so happy in all my life before,' and she looked jest as happy as she said she felt.

"I went over and helped sew on it. Miss Jones cut and fitted it, but Philury and I made it. It set like a glove, and Philury looked splendid in it. But before we finished it she began to fail up. I see it, and Miss Jones see; and Philury told me the day we finished it that she didn't b'lieve she should ever wear it. 'You will,' s'I, 'for I'll put it on to you myself, and make you go to church.' But come Sunday Philury wa'n't able to set up, and a Wednesday she died."

Mrs. Bean gave a dry sob at the recollection. Then she looked into the sympathetic faces of her audience, and said: "That's why I wouldn't have the back breadths cut out. I know they do it, and it's jest as folks feel about it, I s'pose; but Philury robbed herself of the joy of wearing of it while she lived, and slaved all her life for others. Now, she's dead, she shall have it; and I b'lieve, I *do* believe, and I don't care who thinks me foolish for saying of it, I do believe that Philury, wherever she is, knows that she's dressed in that black silk;" and Mrs. Bean looked around defiantly.

"I don't blame you," said Mrs. Dollard, in her most sympathetic manner.

"Nor I neither," murmured the others.

And in the next room the face on the pillow wore the calm, glad look which seemed to affirm that her sister had indeed spoken truly.—N. Y. Independent.

A BELOW-STAIRS CONFAB.

Hannah Confides Her Troubles to Her Neighbor.

"She told my missis that you sassed her."

"I never did. I said to her: 'If you'd remember where you put things you wouldn't be suspecting the girl of stealin'."

"An' what did she say to that?"

"Said it was my business to find them."

The girl, who was scrubbing the front steps, was talking to her friend next door, who was washing the front windows.

"She ain't got any more feeling for me than if I was an old glove. Last night she comes into the kitchen and she says: 'Who was that I heard talkin'?'"

"An' who was it?" asked the girl on the step-ladder, with interest.

"Meself. What did you think it was? An' I said to her that I got so lonesome I most went crazy, and she said: 'This is no 'sylum, and if you don't like it you know what you can do,' and with that she looked at me as if she had glass eyes, and I sat right down and cried."

"Then what did she do?"

"Went into the parlor and thumped on the pianny to stop the noise. An' I'm goin' to wait till her company comes next week; then I'm a goin' to another place, and she can whistle for all of me."

"Hannah!" called a commanding voice, and the two culprits resumed work with military precision.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Cure a Balky Horse.

There are numberless expedients for curing a balky horse. The worst of them are those that inflict severe pain or come from the anger of the driver. Any simple device that turns the attention of the animal in a new direction will usually cause him to forget his obstinate whim. As simple a one as any perhaps is to take the front foot by the fetlock and bend the leg at the knee joint. Hold it for three or four minutes and then put the leg down, when the horse will probably go. After a few repetitions an animal will rarely get into a balky mood. Another method that has been successfully used is to allow the horse to stand, unnoticed or untouched, for ten to fifteen minutes, and then give a feed of oats. The animal will very likely forget its balkiness.—Farm and Home.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—William N. Jackson, the veteran railroad man of Indiana, says that when he sold tickets for the Madison & Indianapolis road, the first road built in the state, the name of every passenger who boarded the train was taken.

—During the month of April 40,444 immigrants arrived in the United States, against 36,220 in April, 1894. For the ten months ended April, 1894, the number was 254,943, while for the ten months ended April, 1895, it was 193,621.

—The Illinois river was so named from the Illini, a tribe of Indians on its banks. Another derivation is suggested in Isle aux Noix, Island of Nuts. Several derivations more or less fanciful are suggested by the etymologists and geographers.

—The Colorado river was named by the Spaniards from a word in their language meaning ruddy or red, an allusion to the tint of the water. La Salle first named the river Maligne, misfortune, one or two of his party having been drowned in its current.

—The Alpine tunnel, 34 miles east of Gunnison, Col., on the Denver, Leadville & Gunnison railroad, is being opened again to traffic, having been closed for about five years. The tunnel is about 12,000 feet above sea level, and in winter it is difficult to keep it open.

—The Manhattan Elevated railroad of New York city now runs nineteen express trains between the lower part of the city and the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street terminus (on the west side) in addition to those which have been run for several years on the Ninth avenue line.

—The Ohio river was so-called from an Iroquois word Oheo, meaning "beautiful." It appears on various early maps as the Albacha, Cubach, O-o, Ochio, Sabogungo, Cauissappione, Kitono-cepe, Ohuipeekhanna, Ohui, Opeek, Alliwege-Sepe, Oheezuh, Hohio and Youghiogheny.

—"We left our country for our country's good" is an expression first found in the prologue to a play presented by convicts in Sydney, New South Wales. The prologue was by George Barrington, himself a convict, and the allusion was, it is said, keenly appreciated by the convict actors and the audience.

—The wormwood plant is a native of Europe, growing wild in most parts of the continent. The plant was known to the ancients, and is extensively used in many parts of Germany in the manufacture of beer, to impart a bitter flavor to the liquor, thus taking the place, to some extent, of hops. All parts of the wormwood plant are bitter. The French drink known as absinthe is a preparation of the wormwood.

KIPLING WAS A TRAMP.

Interesting California Experience of the Famous Novelist.

Rudyard Kipling once found himself "dead broke" and in southern California. He fell in with a ragged pedestrian. Misery loves company, and Kipling associated himself with the stranger. They planned together, and finally determined to tramp to San Francisco, where Kipling had resources.

They started on foot to travel the two hundred miles, slept in barns or in the open fields beneath a friendly hedge. They murmured indistinct Spanish at greasers' doors seeking a crust of bread. They pilfered from friendly fruit trees, they did without the luxuries of life and some of the supposed necessities. Their one luxury was scenery.

The twain had no especially thrilling adventures. On one occasion the ancient tramp, who had scarcely said a dozen words, fell into a hole filled with mud and water. Kipling watched him for a few minutes and then pulled him out, and the victim said: "Thank you," which was a long speech for him. His fragments of trousers were hopelessly fouled, and to Kipling's astonishment he took them off. Kipling's emotion became amazement mixed with admiration, when he saw his companion clad in a sound pair, which he had worn concealed. This afforded Kipling ground for reflection. Had the latter inherited that second pair of trousers? No. Certain qualities in their appearance forbade ascribing to them great antiquity. Had he stolen them? Dismal thought! What if he, Kipling should be robbed!

Once Kipling complained that he was having a great deal of trouble with his feet. His sententious companion replied: "You would have a great deal more trouble without them."

Finally the tramps reached San Francisco. Kipling hailed it as his Mecca. His companion, however, led him to the harbor and together they boarded a yacht. Kipling was mystified until, by and by, an idea dawned upon him. His eccentric companion was the owner of the yacht!—N. Y. Herald.

THE REST CURE.

And How a French Women Took It to Avoid American Bores.

The rest cure is a distinctly fin-de-siecle product, of which the use and abuse is quite a social study. Comtesse de F., whose husband was a diplomat, was ordered to Washington from one of the most brilliant capitals in Europe. The change was most distasteful to milady, but with charming tact she concealed her dislike for a society which she found uncongenial, while she delighted the world with her seeming appreciation of our country and its people. Everyone regretted that her health was so delicate that now and again she was compelled to withdraw from the world and give up her engagements in order to take the entire rest prescribed by her physicians—the truth of the matter being that the fair exile was simply bored to death, and when she found it unbearable she would take to her bed in a fit of the sulks and remain there for a week at a time. She wore a charming saut de lit of silk and lace, with a daily bunch of fresh violets, of which she was inordinately fond, the latest French novels, and the most tempting little meals (for madame was somewhat of a gourmette), charmingly served on a tray.

"Que voulez vous, mon ami?" she would say to her husband, when he remonstrated to her about her eccentric behavior. "I should compromise you if I remained with those people; they make me nervous. As it is I repose myself and assemble my forces for another conflict."—Philadelphia Press.

The Cook Died Happy.

An elderly cook, who lived for a long time in the service of a wealthy octogenarian, has ended her days in a peculiar manner. The octogenarian, who was single, lately died and left her a handsome legacy. In order to celebrate her accession to fortune the cook went down to her old master's wine cellar, selected some of the finest and drank herself to death, after a hearty meal in the dining-room. The next morning the legal official who had charge of the will found the woman lying dead on the floor, surrounded by a heap of broken bottles. It is supposed she passed away while in delirium tremens.—Paris Letter to London Telegraph.

THE FARMING WORLD.

PLAN FOR HOG HOUSE.

Any Intelligent Farmer Can Build It Without a Carpenter's Aid.

In building a house on the plan I describe you will not need to employ a carpenter unless you wish, as any man who can use a level, square and saw can put up the house.

Fig. 1 shows a house 8x16 feet, with four posts 5 feet high and front 9 feet. This house is made with a loft above, but it will usually pay to make the rear posts 8 feet high and the front posts 12 feet; this will give a good story below and room to store several hundred bushels or more of corn above. Even if not wanted for corn, such lofts are always convenient for temporary storage for fruits or vegetables, or to spread anything you wish to dry or cure, and I would advise that the upper story be always built.

The door should be made high enough for a man to enter standing up, as when it is necessary (as is sometimes the case) to go into the house, it is not convenient to crawl through a window, and not safe if the house is occupied by a sow with a litter, to be obliged to get down on all fours to make your exit, for if the sow (as I have known one to do) makes a charge on your rear, she can move faster than you can, and

FIG. 1.

if she does not get a mouthful out of the seat of your trousers, will at least send you out head first faster than you want to go.

To enable you to ventilate the house well when the weather is hot, have the upper third of this door cut off and hinged separately, so that it can be opened when the lower part is shut. The windows, W, may have either sash or glass, or sliding board shutters to be closed in bad weather, and left open most of the time. S, S, are spouts through which swill is poured into the troughs. In building this house, corner posts 4 inches square are used, and a nail-tie spiked down on the top to serve as a plate. One tie will be needed between the floor and plate at the rear, and two at the front, and these can be either "gained" into the posts or "ship-lapped." Instead of 4x4 posts in the middle, at the front and rear, set two 2x4, 1½ inches apart. This is to enable you to put in a partition without nailing it, when you wish to divide the house into two apartments, as we usually do for our sows to farrow in.

The boards can be dropped into this slot and rest on each other, and a pin above the top one will hold them in place. There should be a notch cut in the bottom board large enough for a good-sized pig to pass through, and a small slide door made to close it when not needed, as when the pigs begin to eat (which is at 3 or 4 weeks old), the mothers should be shut out from one side and the pigs fed there separately.

We try to breed our sows so that two or more will farrow about the same time, and if one sow saves but three or four pigs and another eight or ten, we transfer from the large to the small litter. To be successful, this must be done when the pigs are but a day or two old, and care should be taken not to excite the sows or they may trample and kill some of the pigs. I have found one way in which pigs can be lifted without struggling or squealing, and that is to lift them by the tail. I have done it scores of times, and always with the same result. If you catch a little pig by the legs or body he at once struggles and squeals, and his mother rushes to his rescue; but reach over and get hold of his tail, and he goes over the partition without a struggle or a protest.

The boards for the partition should be carefully fitted so that they can be put in and taken out without any trouble, and there should be long pins, or a rack, on which to place them when not in use. If you expect to store a heavy weight above, put good joists under the door and bridge them well.

FIG. 2.

As young pigs at birth are easily chilled to death, the lower story of the house should be double boarded, with building paper between. This will cost but little, and one litter of pigs saved will more than pay the extra cost of the extra lumber and paper for an apartment 8 feet square. If one wants a house large enough for from 30 to 40 or more hogs, two of these houses can be made, each 32 feet long (four apartments) and stand them facing each other, 8 or 10 feet apart, and roof over the space between. This will enable you to finish off one more apartment at the back end of the space between the buildings, and will give you a sheltered place to feed from, and storeroom for meal and other ground feed.

If one needed still more room, the length could be increased at pleasure. The house should be located convenient to water, or a cistern can be made to receive the water from the roof of the hoghouse.

Fig. 1 gives an idea how one of these double houses would look. The spouts and windows are inside, and the doors do not show, as they are on the back side, and it would be necessary also to have some small windows at the rear for light, if the central space was all closed. The illustration shows it with one end open.—Waldo F. Brown, in Ohio Farmer.

Feed Young Stock Regularly.

A plentiful and regular supply of food is essential to maintaining good digestion. This is often forgotten. If there is neglect in feeding, as often happens to stock that is confined, it is a common idea that it can be made up by more liberal feeding thereafter. This usually only makes the matter worse. If the stomach is weakened by deprivation of food it is less able to digest the surplus that commonly follows. Young animals, especially, ought to have their food at regular times, and not either too much or too little.

Linseed Oil for Sick Horses.

Linseed oil is not only a valuable restorative for sick horses, but is exceedingly useful in cases of inflammation of the membranes peculiar to the organs of respiration and digestion; it shields and lubricates the same, tranquillizes the irritable state of the parts, and favors healthy action. Put a couple of handfuls of seed into a bucket and pour a gallon and a half of boiling water over it; cover it up a short time, then add a couple of quarts of cold water, when it will be fit for use.—Farmer's Voice.

A TROLLEY CAR.

He Wanted an Imaginative Story of a Great Detective, With a Moral.

Blisters, chief of the third degree, sat in the secret sanctuary with lines of thought tied in knots upon his brow. About him in every corner of the room were clues—clues in packages, bunches and blocks of five. Beneath his feet were great heaps of newspapers, newspapers that he had carefully scanned—his never failing way of tracking criminals.

But Blisters, for once, was baffled like any cheap villain in a Bowery drama. A great murder mystery lay upon his mind. He was in such a mind even that he couldn't lift responsibility from his shoulders by "railroading" some innocent man. Detectives had failed him; he was foiled.

Suddenly he turned his haggard face to the light and a deep hiss broke through the brunette draperies of his mustache.

"Ha!" he cried. "I have it; they shall not escape!" He rapped sharply upon the wall. A secret panel opened, and a detective, with tear-stained face, walked in. To him the great chief said:

"In Brooklyn there are trolley cars; bring me one."

"Yes, sir; but why?"

"Listen," said the chief. "You and your companions fail to read the newspapers. You catch no criminals; you cut no ice. I suspend you all. I get a trolley car. When criminals are to be caught I start the trolley. That will run them down; it never fails!"

The detective wept again.—N. Y. World.

THE GUNMAKER OF ILION

Jefferson M. Clough Refuses a Tempting Offer from the Chinese Government.

His Health Was Too Poor to Permit Attention to Business—A Great Sufferer for Many Years, But Has Now Recovered.

(From the Springfield, Mass., Union.)

There isn't a gun manufacturer in the United States who does not know Jefferson M. Clough, and why? Because he has been intimately associated all his life with the development of the two best American rifles, the Remington and Winchester. For years he was superintendent of the E. Remington & Sons' great factory at Ilion, N. Y. After leaving there he refused a tempting offer of the Chinese Government to go to China to superintend their government factories—and accepted instead the superintendency of the Winchester-Arms Co., at New Haven, at a salary of $7,500 a year.

It was after this long term of active labor as a business man that he found himself incapacitated for further service by the embargo which rheumatism had laid upon him and resigned his position more than two years ago, and returned to Belchertown, Mass., where he now lives and owns the Phelps farm, a retired spot where he has five hundred acres of land.

Being a man of means he did not spare the cost and was treated by leading physicians and by baths at celebrated springs without receiving any benefit worth notice. During the summer of 1893 and the winter of 1894 Mr. Clough was confined to his house in Belchertown, being unable to rise from his bed without assistance, and suffering continually with acute pains and with no taste or desire for food, nor was he able to obtain sufficient sleep.

Early in the year 1894 Mr. Clough heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He began taking these pills about the first of March 1894 and continued to do so until the first part of September following. The first effect noticed was a better appetite and he began to note more ability to help himself off the bed and to be better generally. Last August (1894) he was able to go alone to his summer residence and farm of 163 acres on Grenadier Island, among the Thousand Islands, in the river St. Lawrence, where from the highest land of his farm he commands a view for 13 miles down the river, and 60 of the Thousand Islands can be seen.

Instead of being confined to his bed Mr. Clough is now and has been for some time able to be about the farm to direct the men employed there and he is thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for him.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

The Value of a Good Reputation.

A good reputation is of great value. One who has acquired the name of a truthful, honest, just, pure man has a great advantage over others not thus equipped. If a dispute should arise between two men, one of whom is known to be truthful and upright, while the other is suspected of being insincere and unreliable, the verdict of the community is sure to be given in favor of the former. If a man is seen in a place of bad reputation his name will go far to determine the judgment of his neighbors concerning his presence there. If he is known as a good and pure man the presumption will be that he is there on some benevolent mission. If his reputation is bad, every suspicious circumstance will count against him. He will often be misjudged because of his bad name. No doubt men have been convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence and executed, when another, against whom the same circumstantial proofs might have been alleged would have been acquitted. A good reputation adds much to one's influence when he seeks to do good. His arguments, appeals and examples are emphasized and strengthened by a good name. But a good reputation which rests on a good character is best of all. It shall not be overthrown nor permanently injured. Clouds may come over it, as they come over the sun, but it will shine forth as the light when the mists roll away.—N. Y. Post.

Cheap Excursion Rates to the East and West.

For the various Annual Conventions announced for the summer of 1895 THE NORTHWESTERN LINE (C., St. P., M. & O. Ry) will make cheap excursion rates from Minneapolis and St. Paul. Tickets to be on sale on dates as follows:

National Republican League—Annual convention at Cleveland, O., June 17th. Round trip rate, $31.50.

Epworth League—Annual convention at Chattanooga, Tenn., June 25th and 26th. Round trip rate, $28.75.

National Educational Association—Annual convention at Denver, Col., July 4th to 7th. Round trip rate, including membership to N. E. A., $27.90.

Christian Endeavor—Annual convention at Boston, Mass., July 5th to 8th. One lowest first-class fare for round trip, via route traveled.

Baptist Young People's Union—Annual convention at Baltimore, Md., July 15th and 16th. Round trip rate, $29.00.

American Pharmaceutical Ass'n—Annual convention at Denver, Col., Aug. 11th and 12th. Round trip to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou or Pueblo, $25.90.

Knights' Templar Conclave—Triennial Conclave at Boston, Mass., Aug. 19th to 24th. One lowest first-class fare for round trip, via route traveled.

Cheap excursion tickets also on sale daily to principal Canadian and New England points and to Denver, Salt Lake and California.

For further information about these cheap excursions and for particulars as to train service and superior accommodations offered via THE NORTHWESTERN LINE call on or address the following agents: J. A. O'Brien, Minneapolis, 18 Nicollet House Block; T. J. McCarty, St. Paul, corner Robert and Sixth streets. T. W. TEASDALE, General Passenger Agent.

NEW HAVEN has a policeman called Penny. A veritable copper.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Hamlet in French.

A story is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakspeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

(1.) "To was or not to am."
(2.) "To were or is to not."
(3.) "To should or not to will."—Harper's Round Table.

A Real Bargain.

There was a vivacious smile on her face which was most winsome.

"Oh, dear me," she murmured happily. "I've just gotten *such* a bargain!"

"How, dear?" inquired her friend.

"I sent a telegram, only a quarter for ten words, and at least six of them were words of more than three syllables."—Washington Star.

Presumptive Evidence.

Fannie—Are you perfectly sure, Jennie, that he is really going to marry you?

Jennie—I am perfectly sure of it.

"What makes you so certain?"

"All the presents he has given me lately are useful articles, such as he would have to buy if we were to go to housekeeping."—Texas Siftings.

You Don't Have to Swear Off

says the St. Louis *Journal of Agriculture* in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one, a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. No cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

MAIDEN OF BLUSHING FIFTEEN—"You have changed a great deal of late, Charlie." Callow Youth—"To my own advantage, I hope." Maiden—"Certainly to your own advantage. Formerly you brought me a box of candy every day."—Truth.

I'm All Unstrung,

Is the remark of many a nervous individual. He or she will soon cease to talk that way after beginning and persisting in a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nothing like it to renew strength and appetite and good digestion. It checks the inroads of malaria, and remedies liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney disorder. It is in every sense a great household remedy.

A NATURAL RESULT.—Barber (insinuatingly)—"Your hair is getting very thin, sir." Grimshaw—"Yes; I treated it for two weeks with anti-fat, under the impression it was hair restorer."—Puck.

A NICE Single Harness for $3.75. A good Double Farm Harness for $15.12. What do you think of such prices? Write for cuts and price list.

The Estes & Wood Co., St. Paul, Minn.

LIGHT HOUSES ALWAYS WARNINGS.—It is a peculiar circumstance that when dramatic companies are stranded, they are stranded where light houses are very common.—Philadelphia Times.

Foul breath is a discourager of affection. It is always an indication of poor health—bad digestion. To bad digestion is traceable almost all human ills. It is the starting point of many very serious maladies. Upon the healthy action of the digestive organs, the blood depends for its richness and purity. If digestion stops, poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood—there is no place else for it to go.

The bad breath is a danger signal. Look out for it! If you have it, or any other symptom of indigestion, take a bottle or two of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will straighten out the trouble, make your blood pure and healthy and full of nutriment for the tissues.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

DO YOU WANT A FREE HOME In a LAND OF HEALTH AND PLENTY WHERE CROPS