AMONG THE FARMERS.

Some Points on Wheat Top-Dressing—Profitable Information for Wheat Growers.

A Unique But Very Comfortable House That Will Accommodate About Forty Fowls.

Shop Tools Should be Kept in Good Repair--Rye for Fall and Spring Pasturage.

What Grain Lands Can Do if Supplied with Water--Holstein Milk--Recipes and Notes.

Wheat Top-Dressing.

Excepting commercial fertilizers, which should always be drilled in with the seed, any manure for wheat will do most good if applied as a top-dressing. There will be no loss in putting it on any time after plowing, in which case, if applied early, much of it will be worked slightly under the soil in preparing the seed bed. This, however, is not essential, and the very best crops of wheat may be grown on comparatively poor soil by top-dressing after sowing, and even after the surface of the ground is frozen hard enough to bear up teams and wagon. In this way little or no injury is done to the plants by trampling the ground. A few leaves may be broken off, but the root is uninjured, and ready, with the stimulus of the manure, to send up plenty more leaves and stalks in the spring. Sometimes the top-dressing is deferred until the ground is covered with snow. Manure is then drawn out and distributed from the sled. It is easier drawing out manure on the snow than at any other time. It is easy pulling for the team, and not so heavy lifting the manure as into a wagon.

Whatever manure, however, is now in the barnyard should not be left until winter before drawing out. It is impossible to clean a barnyard thoroughly in winter. The out-of-the-way corners, where valuable deposits of old and finely-rotted manure are often found, will be either covered with straw as they should be, or, if uncovered, will be frozen too solidly to get at. If manure is largely drawn in winter, it must be mainly from heaps thrown out from the stables and sheds as fast as made. What is needed now is to thoroughly clean the barnyard and remove the accumulations of manure made during the summer. In spring it is very rare that the winter-made manure is all got out. Work is then too pressing, and besides, in the spring much manure in the barnyard is so mixed with straw and cornstalks as not to be easily or profitably handled. Left until fall, as much winter-made manure necessarily is it is then rotted down, and, with what is made by cows in the barnyard at night and horses in the stable, a farmer ought to have enough to top-dress what wheat or other winter grain he should sow. If only so much wheat were sown as could be thoroughly top-dressed, prices of wheat would be much better, and, what is more important, all would be grown at a profit. The experience of English farmers proves that it is possible to more than double the average yield of wheat per acre, as they have done within the last fifty years. If we grew the same amount of wheat that we do now on half the acreage, it would be sold with profit even at present low prices. We are satisfied that this is the way out of the difficulty of wheat growers, and that restricting seeding to what can be top-dressed is the means of securing profitable returns.

Tools and Repairs.

Cultivator.

It must be a very bungling farmer who cannot afford to have from $10 to $25 worth of sharp tools and a good place to keep and use them. The interes such an investment will be less than it may cost to make a single trip to the village to get some small but very indispensable repairing done when harvest is driving, and perhaps several men waiting with nothing to bo but to figure up how much they will get for the time they are idle. Some men have very little faculty in the use of tools, but if there are two or three boys in the family there will probably be at least one that will learn to use tools, if he can have them to use. Unless we lived very near a shop we should about as soon think of trying to get along without a plow or cultivator as to get along without a good hammer and monkey-wrench, and yet until mowing machines came into general use and wrenches were put in as a part of the outfit by the manufacturer monkey-wrenches were quite rarely found on farms. An old pair of broken-jawed pincers were frequently the nearest approach to a wrench when a nut needed to be taken off for putting a new point to the plow. We know this, for we have had our fingers pinched many times trying to do just this thing, before good wrenches became common. No farm outfit is complete without two or three saws, a claw-hammer, a hatchet, a square, some planes, a set of bits and bit-stock, screw driver, a few gimlets, awls, punches, files of different shapes and sizes, two or three chisels, a mallet and a good work-bench with vise attached.

Rye for Fall and Spring Pasture.

Iowa Homestead.

Allow me to urge every farmer to sow rye on every available acre just as soon as the ground is in proper condition. It is now evident that the dry weather will shorten our crops, and we should at once look for some means by which to replace the loss. By the early and extensive sowing of rye an immense amount of pasturage can be secured for stock, which will add very greatly in carrying the cattle and horses through till another season. If rain comes soon and the sowing to be done promptly a large amount of pasture can be secured for use this fall; but if circumstances are such as to prevent sowing in time for fall purposes it will be ready for early spring and may be pastured into May, and with a favorable spring a fair crop can still be secured, or if the land is then wanted for corn, pasture close and turn under. After years of experience it has been the conclusion of the writer that there was no crop which, all things considered, paid better than rye, except, of course, grass, which is the crop for Iowa. After the rains come sowing may be done at almost any time before the ground is frozen. Having purchased a farm late in the fall a few years ago I was delayed in sowing that place until the 29th of October. The ground being wet at the time the grain sprouted at once, and was just beginning to come through the surface when everything froze up for the winter, but the rye came through all right and yielded a bountiful crop the next season.

Permanent Pastures.

What grass lands can do in affording a great amount of pasture if applied with water, when most needed, may be seen from the following account in the Colorado Farmer of a pasture on the farm of Alfred Storrs, of that state:

This gentleman has a field of fifteen acres, including a little lake of two acres, that was seeded to red clover, timothy and blue grass four years ago. This farm was mowed two years ago, and since then has been used as a pasture. When we saw this field last week there were grazing on it thirty-five head of Shorthorn cows and calves, and the pasture was almost knee-high, fresh growing, luxuriant, the cattle were sleek and fat, fit for beef, every one of them.

We were informed by Mr. Storrs' foreman that this piece of ground had carried on an average through this entire season, and all of us know how unusually dry one it has been, twenty-five head of cattle, including and taking into consideration the absence of the cattle from the field during the days of irrigation, almost two head to the acre, and he said if the field had been made into two they could have run on these fifteen acres at least two head per acre of grown cattle.

This is better by far than can be done in any state east of here, and it is because of our system of irrigation. The grass is kept always growing; it never dries up for want of rain. By irrigation the grass can be kept at that stage of growth that makes it the most nutritious. The irrigating dissolves the droppings of the cattle and distributes it over the surface of the field, thus continually keeping up the fertility; there are no burnt-out knolls in the field, no spots of over-luxuriant grass that the cattle will not eat.

Here is a sample pasture for the inspection of every doubting or halting farmer in the state. Now is the time to plan for your pasture field, and we would urge every farmer who can to make it possible to do so at once; get ready to make a pasture for their cows and horses, as there is money in it.

Peculiarities in Holstein Milk.

First—It takes the cream longer to rise than it does from the milk of other breeds.

Second—Holstein milk is more dense and does not sour as soon as other milk; hence this quality is particularly valuable to the milkman and the cheese manufacturer.

Third—Holstein milk is remarkaly rich in caseine, the cheese basis; hence for the production of cheese it has no equal.

Fourth—Holstein milk is rich, and has a good body even after it has been skimmed.

Some of my friends who are breeding Jersey cattle may question these statements, as they claim Holstein milk is thin even before the cream is taken off. How do they know? Not one Jersey breeder in a hundred ever owned or milked a Holstein cow. I make no war on Jersey cows, as they are good for butter, but I do know that many of the assertions made by Jersey breeders respecting Holstein milk are not true. I know whereof I speak, as I have made tons of Holstein butter and cheese, hence I know the appearance and nature of Holstein milk when it is first taken from the cow; also after it has been skimmed; and for family and general dairy purposes it has no equal. After all the cream has been taken out of Holstein milk it is not blue and thin, like the skimmed milk from Jersey cows, but is still rich in caseine and is of superior quality for raising calves and pigs.

A House for Forty Fowls.

A comfortable house may be built, say twenty feet long and ten feet wide, and eight feet front and five feet back, boarded upright and battened, with a shed roof, shingled, the flooring to be made by filling it with mellow loam to the top of the underpinning; this we consider better than a cement floor. This building had better be divided into two compartments, with partition and door; the south front should have two windows of six lights, 8x10 glass; the east, one window. Ventilators should be fixed at the highest point on each end. The roost should not be over two feet high, and about eight inches above a platform twenty inches wide; underneath this platform the nest boxes can be placed. A dust bin must also be provided. And now you have a comfortable place for forty fowls at a cost of not over $25. Yards can be built on the south side corresponding with the width of the coops, and as long as room can be spared to make them. Your fowls must have access to a grass run each day (an hour or two toward evening will answer), or else grass or weeds must be cut and thrown to them in their yards. Carbolic acid largely diluted with water will drive away the lice in your hen-house; it may be applied with a wisp, which we should consider preferable to a small pump. It would hardly pay to heat the house in cold weather; it would be better to make it as warm as possible by either ceiling it or lining with tarred paper.

Household Receipts.

Peaches dried with sugar—Peel yellow peaches; cut them from the stone in one piece, allow two pounds of sugar for six pounds of the fruit; make a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a little water, put in the peaches and let them stay till they are quite clear, take them up carefully on a dish and set them in the sun to dry. Strew powdered sugar over them on all sides, a little at a time, and if any syrup is left remove them to fresh dishes. When they are quite dry lay them lightly in a jar with a little sugar between each layer.

Sweet Tomato Pickle—One peck of green tomatoes and six large onions, sliced. Sprinkle with one cupful of salt and let them stand over night. In the morning drain. Add to the tomatoes two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar. Boil fifteen minutes, then drain again and throw this vinegar and water away. Add to the pickle two pounds of sugar, two quarts of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, two of allspice, two of ginger, two of mustard, two of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of cayenne, and boil fifteen minutes.

Preserved Cucumbers—Split the cucumbers and extract the seeds. Let them remain for three days in salt and water. Put them now into cold water, with a small quantity of alum, and boil them till tender. Drain them and allow them to lie in a thin syrup for two days, then take them out, boiling the syrup again, and pour it over the cucumbers, repeating this operation twice more. Now boil some clarified sugar until, when a spoonful of it is taken up and blown through, small sparks of sugar will fly from it; put the cucumbers into this and let them simmer five minutes. Leave them until the next day, when the whole must be boiled up again, and afterward put by for use.

Pickiette—Four large cabbages, cut fine; one quart onions, chopped fine; two quarts vinegar, or enough to cover the cabbage; two pounds brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls ground mustard and black pepper, two tablespoonfuls cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls turmeric, two tablespoonfuls celery seed, one tablespoonful allspice, one tablespoonful mace, one tablespoonful alum, pulverized. pack the cabbage and onions in alternate layers, with a little salt between them. Let them stand till the next day. Then scald the vinegar, sugar and spices together, and pour over the cabbage and onions. Do this three mornings in succession. On the fourth put all together over the fire, and heat to a boil. Let them boil five minutes. When cold pack in small jars. It is fit for use as soon as cool, but keeps well.

Farm Notes.

Incubator chicks are increasing in the market every season, and yet the prices are still very high during the period between Christmas and June.

A mixture of several kinds of grain for feeding stock is always better than one kind alone. Variety in grain is as important as variety in bulky food.

During the dry season a large supply of fine road dirt should be stored away for winter use as an absorbent. It is excellent in the stalls and also in the manure heap.

The Ohio Experiment Station recommends as an efficient remedy for the cabbage worm a mixture of one ounce of pyrethrum with four ounces of buckwheat flour, applied with a bellows.

A good sharp fodder cutter, used at every feeding, will save more than its cost, as well as pay for the labor of cutting every season. All the coarse food should be passed through the fodder cutter.

The small Yorkshire is an excellent breed of hogs for crossing on common stock. They are white in color, mature very early, and make a large proportion of pork for the amount of food provided them.

If when young sheep are shedding their teeth they look poor and ailing, separate them awhile from the rest of the flock and pamper them a little with extra food easily eaten. They will soon regain their wonted appearance.

In shearing sheep speed is secondary in importance to a number of considerations, such as evenness of work, absence of double cutting, injury to sheep, tearing and mixing portions of fleece, and for worry and fatigue of both workman and sheep.

Sand is not a substitute for gravel in the poultry yard. The hens usually pick up the sharpest and most irregular pieces. When oyster shells are provided they should be broken into pieces the size of grains of corn, and not ground to a fine powder.

With the use of bulls of the beef-producing breeds, steers are now raised that reach nearly eight hundred pounds when one year old, and this shows the value of the breeds, the best results being obtained from choice grades and liberal feeding.

No Imputation.

Wall Street News.

"Gentlemen," said an old-fashioned Baltimore merchant, as he called his clerks around him, "I have decided to make a new departure. I shall put in a cashier who will hereafter handle all the money and make all the change."

There was great sensation among them them at once, with muttered threats about resigning.

"But, gentlemen," he continued, "to prove that this step is no imputation on your honesty, I will agree to advance every clerk's wages to cover the amount he has been in the habit of forgetting to deposit in the drawer at night. Please hand in yo ur figures this afternoon."

The new departure was inaugurated without a single resignation being offered or any figures submitted.

Do You Know'

That McLain has the best assortment of flannels at the lowest prices of any one in the city. See his red flannel at 25c a yard. Don't forget the place. McLain's, 384 Wabasha street.

SMACKS ON THE MOUTH

Various Kinds of Kisses as Considered by Different People.

Historical Touches of the Lips by Which Victories Were Won.

Definitions From an Unpublished Directory of Osculation.

"I think," said a clever society lady to the Chicago Herald note taker, "that the kisses which one woman bestows on another at meeting or parting are the most insipid, cold, comfortless, stupid, nonsensical, forced, frozen, false and foolish kisses imaginable. That is, when they are not between relatives. It's an abuse of the lips."

"A waste of sweets," suggested the scribe.

"Not sweets, oftentimes anything but that, but a waste of patience, and a demand on courtesey that is excessively trying," and with this explosion of momentary wrath, which lady readers have all occasionally felt, the lady settled herself in an easy chair and listened to the scribe, while he took occasion to make a few remarks on kissing and the art thereof.

Sam Slick said a kiss was like creation; it was made out of nothing, and was very good. That applies to kisses that are kisses, not to kissing between women or between men. Among our English ancestors it was customary for men to kiss each other, but the vile habit was turned over entirely to our French and German friends. Great bearded men among them kiss each other, and it is not pleasant to see. Nor does Mr. Slick's definition apply to those kisses of ceremony or state symbol, where the subject kisses the hand or the foot of his sovereign or the ground before him, as has been customary in one age or another of the world. When Gladstone surrendered the seals of office the other day, and Salisbury received them, they both knelt down and kissed the queen's hand. The Roman emperors demanded to be kissed on the feet, and later to have the ground before them kissed.

There have always been religious kisses, duly enjoined in the writings of the Apostles. The Bible has many tender, and some terrible, passages concerning kissing, the extremes of which are that of Mary Magdalen, so full of love and pathos, kissing the feet of the Savior, and that of Judas, betraying him.

But these are not the kisses one thinks of when the word is spoken, but rather of the kind Sydney Smith speaks of: "We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long, and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy; let there be soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but to give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle—deep, but delicate. We have the memory of one received in our youth which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die." So far the witty divine, and there are a good many of us who have similar recollections.

To kiss one's sister is not particularly unpleasant, but it is only a bread and butter affair. Good, but not sweet. To kiss one's cousin is somewhat different and gives a jam taste to the operation, particularly if she comes under the denomination, dangerous. But to kiss somebody else's sister or cousin, that surpasses the other as far as ice cream and cake surpass bread and jam. Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. Sterne called it "flesh and blood with an angel on the inside."

Shakespeare has many epithets for kisses and innumerable allusions to them, but he nowhere undertakes to give a full description of a kiss. Possibly even he could not do the subject justice. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," he calls lips "those kissing treasures." Titania "kisses the fair, large ears of her gentle joy," and seems to take much pleasure in it, while further on come the quaint kissings of Pyramus and Thisbe through the chinks of Tinker Snout's fingers. There is the kiss of Petruchio:

He took the bride about the neck
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

Then there is Romeo's kiss in the vault, o tender and sad, and Othello's farewell kisses that almost did persuade Justice to break her sword, and Anthony's dying kiss:

Of so many dying kisses, the poor last,
I lay upon thy lips.

And the grand kiss of Coriolanus:

"Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge."

And Bassino and Portia's kiss, full of such wealth of loyalty and love.

Byron's wish

That womanhood had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from north to south

Does not particularly commend itself to the connoisseur in kissing. It is rather too vast a concentration. One at a time would be more practical and more pleasant. Leigh Hunt says:

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer,

But there is room for argument on that proposition. For real enjoyment it is a trifle too humid, but it may be classed under the same head as kissing your cousin. Of such kisses one must never kiss and tell. Sweet and lovely is the maiden's kiss in Paradise and the Peri, "the last long kiss, which she expires in giving." Tom Moore wrote some most excellent verses on the kiss.

One of the most famous kisses in history is that of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, when she was canvassing for Fox's election. A butcher said he would vote for Fox if the lady would kiss him, which she thereupon did, thereby making the kiss, the butcher and herself immortal in history. The Duchess of Gordon, in Scotland, recruited a Highland regiment in the same way.

Gilbert Stuart, the great painter, was once met by a lady on the streets of Boston, who said to him that she had just seen his likeness and had kissed it, because it was so much like him.

"And did it kiss you in return?"

"Why, no."

"Then it was not like me," replied the gallant painter.

Tom Hood once wondered in his "Oddities" if Hannah More, that prim and very respectable maiden we all remember, was ever kissed by a man. Probably not, but the humorists of "The Rejected Addresses," in one of their famous verses, say:

Sidney Morgan was playing the organ,
While behind the vestry door
Horace Twiss was snatching a kiss
From the lips of Hannah More,

But the testimony is not fairly credible, and we must fain conclude that she went to her grave unkissed.

Our Puritan forefathers were not at all in favor of kissing. It was not permitted to young people, and even a man could not kiss his wife on Sunday. Winwood Reade, in his book of travels in Equatorial Africa, says the negroes do not know how to kiss, and he admits that he frightened one or two maidens by attempting it. In New Zealand lovers do not kiss, but simply touch noses, but the South Sea Islanders understand kissing to perfection, according to some voyagers. They may have learned it at an early day from the first voyagers, and finding that it was good, kept up the custom.

In the dictionary of osculation, which has never yet been completed, are found some definitions:

Buss	a kiss.
Rebus	to kiss again.
Pluribus	to kiss all around.
Syllabus	to kiss the hand instead of the lips.
Blunderbuss	to kiss the wrong person, sometimes unexpectedly pleasant.
Omnibus	to kiss promiscuously.
Erebus	to kiss in the dark.
Incubus	to kiss some one you don't like.
Harquebus	to kiss with a loud smack. Petruchio's was a hark! we buss.

Kissing plays and kissing dances were greatly in vogue some years since, and doubtless the young people of to-day are not a whit behind their fathers and mothers in the romping plays of King William, Copenhagen, and Poor Sinner.

What fool would dance,
If that, when dance is done,
He may not have at lady's lips
That which in dance he won.

Henry VIII. says to Anne Boleyn:

Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you.

To kiss a lady against her will is an assault, punishable under our law by fine and imprisonment. So gallants must have a care how they yield to rosy temptation. Rare Ben Johnson, who said:

He was wishing
He might die a-kissing.

wrote also the immortal lines to Celia:

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.

And Dodsley's verse is almost as familiar:

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet shall pant for you.

HE WAS "ALL BROKE UP."

The Young Stranger's Hollow Eyes Made Him An Object of Solicitude.

A young man got off a train at the Northwestern railway station at Chicago the other day, says the Herald, and after walking slowly and laboriously up the short flight of stairs which led to the waiting-room, stopping a few times on the way to rest, he looked around for a place to sit down.

His wan, thin face, heavy eyes and general appearance of weakness and defection attracted attention, and a kind old gentleman accosted the stranger and asked him if he could be of any assistance.

"No-o," the young man drawled out; "I guess I'll get along if I take my time to it."

"Are you ill?"

"No-o, I'm not sick. But I feel as if I was all broke up."

"Been in an accident?"

"No-o. I'm just tired, that's all. Thanks, you may call a Hansom for me, if you will. Don't believe I could ever walk out to the street cars. I don't mind if you do carry my valise. I am so tired."

"What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing much. I'm just returning from my vacation. I'll be all right in a week or two."

Ammonia in Baking Powders.

Scientific American.

Among the recent discoveries in science and chemistry none is more important than the uses to which common ammonia can be properly put as a leavening agent, and which indicate that this familiar salt is hereafter to perform an active part in the preparation of our daily food.

The carbonate of ammonia is an exceedingly volatile substance. Place a small portion of it upon a knife and hold over a flame, and it will almost immediately be entirely developed into gas and pass off into the air. The gas thus formed is a simple composition of nitrogen and hydrogen. No residue is left from the ammonia. This gives it its superiority as a leavening power over soda and cream of tartar used alone, and has induced its use as a supplement to these articles. A small quantity of ammonia in the dough is effective in producing bread that will be lighter, sweeter and more wholesome than that risen by any other leavening agent. When it is acted upon by the heat of baking the leavening gas that raises the dough is liberated. In this act it uses itself up, as it were; the ammonia is entirely diffused, leaving no trace or residium whatever. The light, fluffy, flaky appearance, so desirable in biscuits, etc., and so sought after by professional cooks, is said to be imparted to them only by the use of this agent.

The bakers and baking powder manufacturers producing the finest goods have been quick to avail themselves of this useful discovery, and the handsomest and best bread and cake are now largely risen by the aid of ammonia, combined, of course, with other leavening material.

Ammonia is one of the best known products of the laboratory. If, as seems to be justly claimed for it, the application of its properties to the purposes of cooking results in giving us lighter and more wholesome bread, biscuit and cake, it will prove a boon to dyspeptic humanity, and will speedily force itself into general use in the new field to which science has assigned it.

Jumbles.

It is rumored that Geronimo has been engaged by a New York restaurant to scalp butter.—New Haven News.

"What makes the shoes go?" asks an exchange. We had always supposed it was the feet.—Burlington Free Press.

Jones—Hello, Smith! Got home again? Smith—I suppose so. I don't look as if I was out of town, do I?—Lowell Citizen.

"There is a great falling off of the population," observed the Brooklyn policeman, "since this bridge was erected."—Lowell Citizen.

An English physician says short hair deprives the brain of electricity. There are lots of people who need long hair.—Hartford Post.

In Collinsville, Ind., a tree fell and killed a man who was whistling "Tit-Willow." It is supposed to have been a chestnut tree.—New Haven News.

General Guitar is running for congress in the Sixth Missouri district, and there is music in the air. The opposition are endeavoring to play Guitar for a flat.—Philadelphia Press.

A young Vermont fisherman has just landed a speckled beauty, so he writes us. We imagine from the tone of his letter that he has married a freckled girl.—Burlington Free Press.

A prize-fighter, who was captured in the ring and brought before a justice of the peace, gave as his excuse that he "couldn't help it; he was roped in."—Burlington Free Press.

"Science enumerates 588 species of organic forms in the air we breathe." Just think of it! Every time you draw in your breath a whole zoological garden slips down your windpipe.—Kentucky State Journal.

Small coins are said to becoming into prominence. We are glad to hear it. Heretofore they have had a mean kind of way of getting down in one corner of your vest pocket and staying there.—Rochetser Post-Express.

Reporter—I suppose you were badly scared by the earthquake?

Georgian—I didn't know anything about it till I saw it in the papers. I thought it was a fresh attack of fever and ague my wife had.—Lowell Citizen.

Go, Ganymede, and bring it quick,
That little chestnut bell;
We'll ring it on the earthquake, lad,
Which hath a musty smell.
Washington Critic.

"There are many temptations to profanity besetting the unwary, and particularly those of hasty temper. Do you ever swear, young man?"

"No, sir; I don't," was the reply. "I'm a proof-reader. It's the other fellows that do the swearing."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

At Political Headquarters.

Bumble—"They say Smith is up for the house from your district. What are his chances—has he got a barrel?"

Bamble—"I don't know for sure; but I shouldn't wonder. 'T any rate, I never saw him when he didn't have a bottle."—Boston Transcript.

No Chance to go Out.

Norristown Herald.

The big vessel, the Great Eastern, has become a "floating theater." It may be possible to sink as much money in a floating theater as in one that doesn't float; but it has one advantage: the bibulous young man can't go out between the acts to flavor his breath.

Hissed Off Life's Stage.

Rochester Post-Express.

An Italian actor who had been hissed went out and shot himself, whereas Dixey, the New York favorite, when hissed in London, sought the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales. We don't know why it is, but somehow our sympathy goes out to Dixey in preference to the other fellow.

Title Insurance.

The subscription books of the Real Estate Title Insurance company are open for inspection at the National German-American bank.

PRETTY BLUE EYES.

Pretty blue eyes, so kind and true,
Gaze in mine with love's own hue.
Do you know how sweet from you
Comes your answer ever new:
"I love you! I love you!"

Pretty eyes, that pierce me through;
Ne'er a lover ever knew.
When sweet kisses first he drew
Warm from lips of crimson hue,
Joy like mine when, fond and true,
Soft you whisper: "I love you!"

Pretty eyes, how gay are you?
Your gaze in mine seems to strew
All my life with morning dew;
Fair and radiant is the view,
Ever sparkling, ever new;
Ever constant, fond and true,
As you whisper: "I love you!"
—Elsie Serrano.

THE LIEUTENANT'S PHOTO.

"It was a cold day toward the end of the autumn of 1879," said a Russian officer, "That I, Alexis Pletneff, sub-lieutenant of the regiment of the Chevaliers Gardes de l'Imperatrice, placed myself in the hands of the well-known St. Petersburg coiffeur, Deleuri, and dolefully ordered him to shave off my mustache, the cherished object of so much care and attention. Alas, there was no help for it. I had been unfortuuate enough to lose a wager to my pretty but mischievous little cousin, Vera O——, who had taken the very mean advantage thereof to extort from me a promise to have my photograph taken in female costume.

"In the space of two minutes my mustache, which had taken so many long, weary years to grow, was gone, and Deleuri was arranging my hair into a most elaborate coiffure, which he finally finished off by pinning on my head an enormous Rubens hat, trimmed with a great yellow bird with its beak wide open. I had on a most elaborate black silk carriage dress with a velvet mantle, and had it not been for my tall stature and ungainly movements I could have passed off as a by no means ill-looking young lady. Deleuri and my servant then helped me down stairs and across the pavement to my carriage, in which I was driven rapidly off to the court photographer. Levitsky, sitting as far back in the vehicle as possible, so as not to be seen.

"In far too short a time I had arrived at my destination, the chasseur handed me out of the carriage, and, my deep blushes hidden by the veil, I began slowly to ascend the staircase leading to the photographic atelier on the second floor. Suddenly, when about one-quarter of the way up, I heard a door open on the first floor landing, and, looking up, to my horror beheld the czar coming down stairs buttoning his long military cloak over his uniform. Being only 19 years of age at the time I did what many older men would have done in my place—that is to say, I completely lost my presence of mind. Instead of merely remaining where I was and courtseying as he passed, I drew myself up erect as if on parade, with my right hand brought to the side of my hat in true military salute.

"The emperor, considerably surprised at this behavior on the part of such a well-dressed young lady, came down the stairs, stopped short in front of me, stared at me for about half a minute from head to foot, and finally exclaimed:

"'What does this mean? Who are you?'

"'Alexis Pletneff, sub-lieutenant of the Chevalier Gardes l'Imperatrice, sire,' I replied, in fear and trembling.

"'And what may be the meaning of this masquerade?' he inquired, severely.

"'May it please your majesty, I have lost a wager to my cousin, Vera O——, and have been called upon to pay forfeit by having myself photographed in lady's dress.'

"Before I had finished the frown on the czar's face had given way to that ever-memorable and winning smile which those who have seen can never forget.

"'Well, go and have yourself photographed in accordance with your promise, and afterward go to the general commanding your regiment dressed as you are, and tell him that I ordered you to report to him.' With that he went down stairs, leaving me convinced that my military career was ruined forever.

"I hardly know how I got through the sitting for my portrait, which, however, Levitsky pronounced very successful; but an hour later I rang the bell at the door of Gen. Baron H.'s house. The orderly who answered the door inquired politely: 'What name shall I announce, miss?' and was greatly staggered when I angrily exclaimed: 'Why, you idiot, don't you know me? Announce Lieut. Alexis Pletneff.' The man stared at me a minute, and then, stuffing his handkerchief into his ugly mouth to prevent his screaming with laughter, went into the general's library and announced me.

"I heard the general reply: 'Tell M. pletneff to come in.' As I entered the room the general, without looking up, bade me take a seat until he had finished a letter he was writing. I sat for a few minutes. At length he threw down the pen and raised his eyes. Starting up, he exclaimed: 'I beg ten thousand pardons, madame, for keeping you waiting; but I understood one of my servants to say that one of my officers was here to see me.' There was no help for it, so, standing up again erect as on the staircase at the photographer's an hour previously, I brought my right hand up to the side of my hat in military salute, and said: 'Excellency, I am sub-lieutenant of your regiment. For the sake of a wager I had to go and get photographed in this costume, and on my way I met his majesty, who ordered me to come and report myself to you dressed as I was.' 'O!' shouted the dear old general, who was very fat and apoplectic. 'What! the emperor saw you? The emperor! Why, the boy is lost!' and almost choking he fell back in his armchair, gasping 'Water! water!'

"Seeing the old man in danger of a fit, I yelled for assisstance, tore down the bell-rope, and attempred to unbutton the collar of his uniform. Among the persons who rushed into the room in answer to my calls for help was the general's wife, who, seeing her husband half insensible in the arms of a strange woman, as she thought, was seized with a violent fit of jealousy.

"Catching hold of me in no gentle manner, and apostrophizing me as a 'shameless minx,' and other equally polite epithets, she attempted to pull me away.

"'Why, I am not a she, Baroness; I am a he,' exclaimed I, almost crying with vexation.

"At these words the baroness stared at me for a minute, recognized me, and then, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, fell into an utterly uncontrallable fit of laughter. The general recovered after a few minutes, and, having ordered me to remain under arrest in his dining-room until his return, he buckled on his sword and went off to the winter palace.

"Meanwhile, thanks to the indiscretion of the orderly, the story of my adventures had spread like wildfire through the barracks, and within a quarter of an hour every one of my brother officers were in the dining-room convulsed with laughter, in which, though in despair as to the future, I could not help joining. At last, after about two hours, during which I had been made to waltz or polka with each of them in turn, the general returned and informed me, in his usual kind manner, that the emperor had taken the matter most good-naturedly.

"His majesty had ordered that I was to remain under arrest for two days for appearing in public without my sword, and that as soon as my photograph was ready I was to go to the palace and present a copy to the Emperor in person. When a few days after I reported myself to his majesty he chaffed me in the kindest manner about my appearance in petticoats, and was pleased to express his high approval of the portrait, which he made a point of keeping."—Tid-Bits.

Quips from the Authors.

"The Three Feathers"—Contents of a boarding-house pillow.

"Nora's Love Test"—Letting him see her when she wasn't powdered up.

"The Lonely Heir"—The one on the dude's lip.

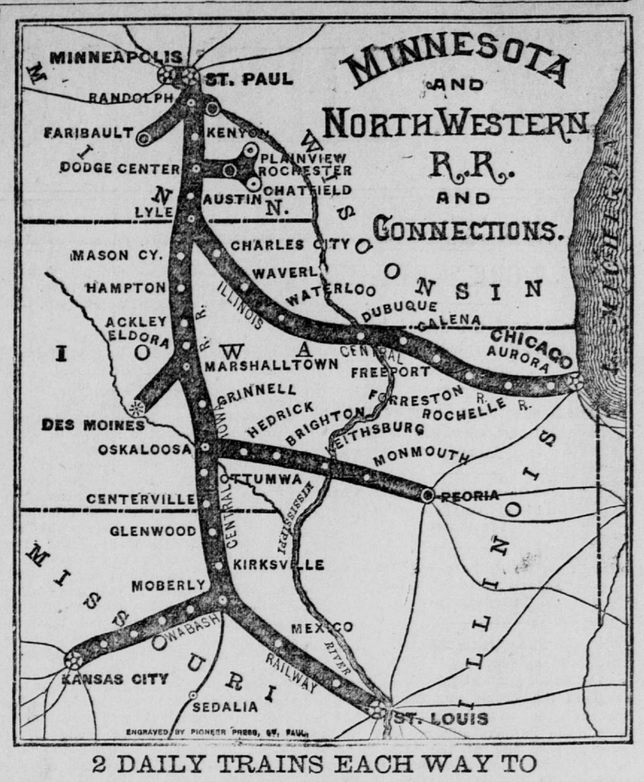
"Picked Up Adrift"—The snow in the snow shovel.

"Beyond the Breakers"—Ornaments out of the children's reach.

"What He Cost Her"—Not half as much as she cost him.

"Cometh Mp as a Flower"—The weed.

"Lady Audley's Secret"—Her age.—Life.



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†11:20 a m	†7:50 p m	‖7:55 a m	ST. PAUL,	†8:15 a m	‖7:05 p m	†4:30 p m
†9:20 a m			FARIBAULT,			†6:36 p m
†9:05 a m	†5:45 p m	‖6:00 a m	KENYON,	†10:10 a m	‖8:55 p m	†6:40 p m
†7:30 a m			ROCHESTER,			†8:20 p m
†7:15 a m	†4:12 p m	‖4:27 a m	AUSTIN,	†11:50 a m	‖10:29 p m	†8:33 p m
†6:50 a m	†3:50 p m	‖4:05 a m	LYLE,	†12:10 noon	‖10:50 p m	†9:00 p m
Daily Ex.	†11:30 a m	‖12:10 a m	WATERLOO,	†6:10 p m	‖2:55 a m	Daily Ex.
Sunday.	†7:15 a m	†7:50 p m	DUBUQUE,	†9:50 p m	‖6:30 a m	Sunday.
	‡10:00 p m	‖11:00 a m	CHICAGO,	‖6:35 a m	‖2:50 p m	
	‡2:39 p m	‖3:27 a m	MASON CITY,	†1:24 p m	‡11:57 p m	
	†11:15 a m	†11:55 a m	MARSHALLTO'N,	†4:40 p m	‡3:05 a m	
	†9:10 a m	†10:05 p m	OSKALOOSA,	†6:50 p m	‡5:02 a m	
	†1:10 a m	†1:00 p m	PEORIA.	‖6:25 a m	‡2:00 p m	
	†11:50 p m	†5:20 a m	BLOOMINGTON,	†9:10 a m	†9:25 p m	
	†8:30 p m	‡2:10 a m	DANVILLE,	†12:30 p m	‖1:00 a m	
	†4:45 p m	‡10:50 p m	INDIANAPOLIS,	†3:45 p m	‖4:20 a m	
	†11:15 a m	‡5:00 p m	SPRINGFIELD, O.	†9:30 p m	‖9:55 a m	
	†9:30 a m	‡3:10 p m	COLUMBUS, O.,	†11:00 p m	‖11:20 a m	
	†8:10 a m	†9:05 p m	OTTUMWA,	†7:50 p m	†6:00 a m	
	†1:55 a m	†3:00 p m	MOBERLY,	‖1:55 a m	†12:10 p m	
	‡8:25 p m	†9:00 a m	ST. LOUIS,	‖7:00 a m	†6:10 p m	
	‡7:40 p m	†7:00 a m	Lv. KAN. CITY, ar.	‖7:35 a m	†8:10 p m	
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