

PLOWED UNDER.

I saw a field of rich, green clover grow
Its blossoms honey laden for the bee
And turning to the owner who stood by
I asked what time the harvesting would be.

A REPORTER'S "STORY."

How George Stanton Made a Discovery in Newspaper Work.

"Write for the Times! Do you imagine you went to college for that? You can't write."

"Have you ever given me the chance?"

"No. But I know you couldn't. I daresay you're counting on doing this, eh?"

"And have been laying in a stock of flowing rhetoric and fine-spun theories," the elder continued.

"What's to prevent my providing it as well as the other writers on the staff? Is my college education to be a drawback to me? If it is—"

"The sentence was left unfinished, and the elder man silently returned to his work of glancing over some copy spread out on the desk before him.

"What does that mean?" George Stanton inquired.

"Those letters stand for 'must go.'"

"Then whatever bears them goes?"

"It's apt to," he said, dryly.

"Then anything I might write would be printed, regardless of its merit, if you so marked it?"

"Certainly. But you must remember that an uncle indulgent to faults, and the proprietor of this paper—a successful business enterprise—are two distinct personalities."

"Which you bear, I understand. But surely literary merit cuts some figure?"

"Um—if the name of the writer who possesses it is well known, it does."

"Not otherwise?"

"The elder man shook his head emphatically. 'I've no use for 'em.'"

"Why, that makes out the newspaper of to-day a money-making machine of the lowest order," George Stanton exclaimed, indignantly.

"Exactly."

"There was a pause, during which the younger man tipped back his chair against the wall and gazed abstractedly at the ceiling. At length he brought the legs of the chair to the floor with emphasis.

"I still maintain that it isn't fair that I shouldn't be given a trial," he remarked.

"I suppose you've got a batch of manuscripts all ready to fire at me," the nephew's face flushed.

"Well, I don't want 'em. Now see here, what this paper wants isn't rhetoric, it isn't eloquence, it isn't philosophy, it isn't literary merit, as you call it—it's just life—plain, everyday life. I wouldn't publish the most beautiful flight of fancy that was ever written—I've no use for that sort. But life—things near, local, personal—give me those. If you keep your eyes and ears open, you'll find more tragedy in one block of San Francisco than in the whole of Shakespeare."

"Then you give me the chance?"

"Frederick Stanton hesitated. 'It's open to you the same as it is to all,' he replied, indifferently; 'you would be paid for space-work at our regular rates, providing we accepted it. Mind you, I don't say I'll take what you write.'"

"But if it suits, you'll 'm. g.' it?"

"If it suits," the other repeated, a little sarcastically, with a movement which closed the interview.

A week later the young man again presented himself in his uncle's private office.

"I've followed your advice, Uncle Fred, and taken life for my subject. I've thrown myself into a chair and gave a twist to his head in the direction of the inner door. It was slightly ajar, and he rose and shut it before he resumed. 'You see, what you said about the tragedies of life—and of course, I inferred that you meant the comedies as well—being right under our noses, as it were, set me to thinking. Meantime, I have found out the true meaning of your mystic letters. Whatever bears them must go in the columns of the next issue, regardless of time, space or other consideration. They are so potent as to require no explanation, no suggestions from the molders of public opinion who preside in the editorial den. Whatever an editor may receive from a proprietor initiated 'm. g.' will be printed, even if it be the death-warrant of the entire staff."

"Is this a lecture on the depravity of the press in general, or my own paper in particular?"

"Neither. It is to let you know that I have been further enlightened since we last discussed this subject. I now understand what exists as a mighty factor in the management of a newspaper, and I want you to put it on the top of that. I've tossed some sheets of closely written paper on the desk in front of the other."

"Humph!"

"If I listen I may gather the very material he wants," I said. I listened. Eureka! I flatter myself that I've got

something spicy and realistic enough to suit even you!"

"I told you that if you wrote anything fit to set up type for, it would be judged impartially and paid for at the regular rates."

"It isn't the pay so much," George Stanton replied, contemptuously.

"Want to see yourself in print, I suppose. Well, let's see what you've produced." He took up the sheets before him and began to read them. When he had finished he turned to his nephew in surprise. His eye beamed with the delight begotten of "scoops."

"Well, my boy, that's a corker!" he said, heartily. "Where did you get it?"

"Listened and heard some old gossips tell it, as you told me to do. All I know is, that it's the escapade of a woman high in local social circles, just as I've said."

"Escapade, well I should think so, and she saves her reputation by having a midnight supper charged to Mrs. H—, who is not in a position to object."

"Of course I had to exaggerate it a trifle—touch up the high lights, you know."

"And darken the shadows. Well, that's what we want, and you've hit it the first time. Only if we could give the name of the woman who did it, or those of her relatives, it would be stronger. Don't know it, eh?"

"No."

"Well, the name of the woman she personated is enough for one scoop, and we've got that. Perhaps others may know it, and it'll set 'em to talking."

He took up his blue pencil and wrote "m. g." at the top of the page. "Perhaps you'll make a newspaper man after all, in spite of your college education—who knows?"

George Stanton seized the manuscript and hurried off with it to the editorial den, where he deposited it gleefully upon the top of a pile of papers on the editor's desk. After that, dinner, the theater, supper, followed in succession, and at midnight he tried to possess himself with patience to await the arrival of the paper which would contain his maiden effort in journalism.

An overwhelming disappointment awaited him. For, when he unfolded the sheet, not a line of his production could he find. After searching several times through the sixteen pages of the paper, the conviction was forced upon him—it had been omitted.

He hastened to his uncle's office, for, although it was Sunday morning, he knew he should find him there.

"My article has been omitted," he announced.

His uncle surveyed the crumpled sheet before him.

"Omitted? I haven't had time to glance at the paper yet—there's no room for it—but it can't be possible."

"It is, though. Here's the paper; look for yourself."

The proprietor glanced hastily over the sheet.

"I never knew Bacon to do such a thing before in all the seven, seven years he's been on the paper."

"Where is he?"

"Home, I suppose; I haven't seen him. Ring up the porter and find out."

The man reported that Mr. Bacon had been in his office all night, "walkin' up and down, sor, strange-like. I axed him wor anyone after him, but he said 'No,' kinder absent-minded-like, and went on walkin' up and down."

Frederick Stanton dismissed the man. His words had deepened the mystery.

"I can't understand this at all. Come, George, we will find out what it means."

At the door of the editorial office, a haggard face confronted them. Mr. Bacon silently ushered in his visitors and closed the door.

"I sent you some stuff last night, Bacon," said Frederick Stanton, "and I've come to hear your explanation—if you can give one—as to why you kept it back."

The man addressed began to pace the room nervously.

"It was about—a woman," he said, finally.

"Well, what of it?" demanded his superior. "Her name wasn't mentioned, though it ought to have been, and if it had been, is that any reason why you should scruple to publish what I send in? You've never hesitated before over such a trifle as a woman's reputation."

"There was an ominous pause."

"We may as well understand one another first as last," the speaker continued. "It will never do for an editor to doubt the policy of an owner. You would be asking my reasons next. If you are to presume to dictate to me, we may as well sever our connections at once."

The man addressed staggered slightly. His face paled and a hunted look came into his eyes.

"It was only a woman's reputation that was at stake," he said, quietly, "but the woman was—my wife!"—John Howe Bargate, in San Francisco Argonaut.

Too Short Notices.

Old Mr. Johnson, familiarly known as "Uncle Zeke," was so fond of his coppers as to have acquired the reputation of being a "leetcie nigh," but he was also fond of creature comforts.

Sometimes it taxed his ingenuity to reconcile these conflicting tastes. The citizens of Milltown were noted for getting up entertainments of a social and edifying nature, called "subscription parties," and Uncle Zeke was almost invariably one of the participants. He satisfied his desire for economy, however, by fasting for a certain length of time beforehand. On one occasion a party was hastily arranged in honor of some transient guest of the town, and Uncle Zeke was informed of the affair on the forenoon of the very day on which the entertainment was to be given.

"No, no," said the old man, emphatically. "I should have been happy to go if you'd give me more notice. You generally charge about four times what it's worth, anyway, but if I have a chance to get ready, I can give about half my money's worth. As it is, I can't go this time. It's too short notice."—Youth's Companion.

EARLY SHEARING.

Several Reasons Why It Is to Be Recommended.

The postponement of the shearing of sheep until late in the spring is pretty sure to cause sad results that may lead to any amount of loss.

As a rule, this work should be done as early in spring as possible—before, in fact, any hot spell comes. If not, the animals, weighted down by their thick wool, are sure to suffer from the first warm weather, and if this is continued for any length of time their systems will become debilitated, and disease may set in.

It is quite essential that the flocks should begin their summer season in good condition, and by shearing them early they are sure to avoid any danger from disease. They also escape troublesome annoyance from ticks, which are sure to lodge in their wool in hot weather and cause considerable harm.

Early shearing also affects the lambs, for if the mothers are weakened by wearing heavy wools they are pretty apt to give poor health to their offspring. To have perfect lambs it is then quite essential that the mothers should be sheared very early in the spring. There is a final consideration that is important. By early shearing we are apt to get more for the wool than if kept until later, when the whole season's clip begins to come in.

There are many seasons when the wool market is scarce of supplies toward spring, and the first new wool that comes in is pretty sure to command a premium.

The value of wool also depends largely upon the condition which it is in when sheared. Wool that is long, silky and strong of fiber is sure to sell well and at a good profit. Good washed wool will generally bring from 20 to 30 per cent more than unwashed. It pays a sheepmaster to wash his own wool so long as such big deductions are made for the unwashed. The amount of weight lost in washing does not begin to correspond to the deduction usually made in the price. But washing sheep delays the shearing time until quite late in the season, until the water gets reasonably warm, so that a man can enter it without being chilled through. The question is frequently a pertinent one as to whether it is not better to shear early and not wash than to wait until late enough to wash the sheep in warm water that is sure to come in late spring.

On the other hand, if wool dealers could be induced to pay for unwashed wool just what it is actually worth per pound, it would be a more profitable practice to the farmers not to wash their wool. As it is now, it defers the clipping season until quite late and not only injures the physical condition of the sheep, but injures the owner's chances of great profit. But washing the sheep too early in the season is just as productive of injury. Many a sheep has caught a heavy cold that resulted fatally by being plunged in the icy water early in the season, and many more have had their systems temporarily deranged from the same cause. It is a question of two evils at present, and the flockmaster has little choice. Considering everything, one appears as good a practice as the other.—E. P. Smith in American Cultivator.

Amateur and Professional Drivers.

If a gentleman of leisure starts out to campaign a stable of trotters for his health or pleasure, competing with professionals, he ceases to be an amateur in the strict sense of the word, because he is doing exactly as the professionals do, with the exception that he is not being paid for his time and trouble, though he is saving the expense of a trainer, and therefore virtually paying himself. Such a driver has no place in the amateur ranks, but the man who leaves his business periodically every day or every week for a spin down the avenue and occasionally gets up behind his own or his friend's trotter and drives him in a race certainly is an amateur irrespective of whether he wins or loses. The fact that a wealthy man campaigning his horses himself through the big circuits is not thereby gaining a livelihood should not entitle him to a place among amateurs, notwithstanding the actual words used seem to fit his case.—Horseman.

Live Stock Points.

It is practicable if the thing is rightly managed to spray even large flocks of sheep with the kerosene emulsion, which is death to all forms of insect life. This spraying with the emulsion is much less disagreeable and laborious than the old way of dipping the sheep.

A writer says that the Pacific coast is far ahead of the east in the matter of knowing how to load a wagon. There is science in the adjusting of a load so that a team can pull it easily, a science that the ordinary ignorant driver knows nothing at all about. The writer mentioned claims that it is fully understood in San Francisco.

Balod, pressed ensilage has not proved a success. It decays.

Breed for fall pigs in June.

When a horse breathes hard and bloody matter runs from his nostrils, it is pretty evident he has glanders. Consult a veterinarian and find out for certain, and if it is a clear case kill the horse at once and cremate his body without skinning. A man died in Brooklyn a year ago from handling the hides of glandered horses.

Cows may be disarmed at any time and under all conditions if it is carefully done. Put a bandage of tarred muslin over the udder after the horns have been removed.

Dip or spray your sheep just after shearing. About 10 days after shearing the old sheep is a good time to spray or dip the lambs.

If you have no shade trees for your poultry, plant some sunflowers or aster beans to be ready for shade when the hot days come.

The sixth volume of the American stockbook is out. It contains the register of all the thoroughbred horses in America, so far as they have been reported.

What She Thought.

The teacher had told the small girl with the old woman's ways, the story of George Washington and his little hatchet.

"And did he really tell his papa that he done it with his little hatchet?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Boys is just like me," she said with a wise shake of her head.

This was a bit too deep for the teacher.

"What do you mean by that?" she inquired.

The child seemed surprised at the teacher's ignorance.

"Why," she replied, "always trying to blame it on somebody else. The little hatchet couldn't help itself."—Detroit Free Press.

Sure Sign.

Watts-Tebson must be awfully afraid of his wife. He is always telling us how she will give him fits if he don't hurry home.

Potts—That's the best sign in the world that he is not afraid of her at all. The man who is bossed by his wife never says a word about it.—Indianapolis Journal.

TO THE DEATH.



Patsy Casey—You endeavored to engage de 'fections uv de 'finced wife uv me frind Mister Jamesy Corregan, so he requests you will accept dis challenge an' name yer frind.—Judge.

Manages It Somehow.

No more does she the stage obscure With her too lofty hat. She wears a comb and high coiffure, And shuts it off with that.

—Kansas City Journal.

His Feelings Had Changed.

First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel.

Second Gentleman (sternly)—I did, sir.

First Gentleman—And I told you that I had just been married and I did not care to risk my life at any hazard.

Second Gentleman (haughtily)—I remember, sir.

First Gentleman (bitterly)—Well, my feelings have changed; any time you want to fight let me know.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Years Less Object Than Money.

Mr. Lazarus Goldstein—I love your daughter, and would like to marry her.

Mr. Isidore Goldfogle—You may have her, my boy. Mit Lebecca, who is 18 years old, I give \$5,000; mit Sarah, who is 24, \$10,000; mit Lowza, who is 30, \$25,000. Veh one do you vant?

Goldstein—Haven't you van about \$40,000?—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Couldn't Take a Joke.

She was a very serious maid. Of jokes she seemed to be afraid. A tunny man had courted her. From which, perhaps, you might infer that he had hopes of getting her. But his hopes are no good. She died him into suit-ide. In deep despondent tone he spoke: "She must have thought I was a joke."

A Proper Time for Everything.

"If you wish to retain your situation, Mr. Piper, it will be necessary to pay more attention to your personal appearance. You look as though you had not shaved for a week."

"But I am raising a beard, sir."

"That's no excuse, sir. You must do that sort of thing outside of business hours."—Life.

Time to Consider.

"Will you be my wife?"

"I cannot answer such a question as that without taking time to consider."

"Pardon my impetuosity. How long must I wait?"

"I think there will be time for you to close the doors and turn down the light a little."—Puck.

An Instance.

Miss Passe (sighing)—They say these photographs don't do me justice, Mr. Seddit.

Mr. Seddit (firmly)—No, they do not. But, then, justice, you know, should always be tempered with mercy.—Chicago Record.

Made Him Feel Better.

Freddie Trumpleigh—Why, Cholly, my boy, you look as spick and span as a new button, after last night's racket.

Cholly Trumpleigh—Yasas. Went home and changed me ene.—Hallo.

Wanted Willie's Respect.

Father—Bobby, I thought I told you to divide that apple with your little sister.

Bobby—Well, I wasn't going to have Willie Bryan think we had only one apple in the house.—Judge.

Limitations of Hypnotism.

New Boarder—What's the row, upstairs?

Landlady—It's that professor of hypnotism, trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.—N. Y. Weekly.

Hubb No Chance.

Hotel Proprietor—We don't allow any games of chance here.

Gambler—This isn't a game of chance. My friend here has no chance.

—Brooklyn Life.

An Emphatic Question.

"What was that awful noise in your world last night?"

"Oh! My wife merely asked where I'd been."—Hallo.

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POSTED.

This notice forewarns hunters, fishermen and others not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Signed: M. LACKOWITZ, T. D. NEWLAND, G. E. LYON, FREDERICK MANN, R. L. WHITE, J. L. BECK, C. E. BALE, PETER BALMER, I. S. PHILLIPS, J. K. BRUCE.

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