

THE SOUTHERN HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS:
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One year, in advance, \$1.50
Six months, 1.00

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Office in the Butler Building, Liberty,
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Liberty, Sept. 25, 92

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE
IN CHICAGO
AND NEW YORK
—AT THE OFFICE OF—
A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

HIS REASON.

Sam in love, and you ask why, old fellow?
By Jove, mas, but how can I tell—
Unless it may be, in her beautiful eyes.
That are story and tender like—well.

Like the pure eyes of angels in pictures—
But now I think it's her mouth.
With lips just like cupid's crimson rose leaves.
Warm and sweet with the breath of the south.

Then her hair—ah! her hair in the sunshine.
It's like copper and gold in its sheen.
And she trails it in some way that's perfect,
And it crowns her small head like a queen.

Perhaps it's her chin, or her nose, or her cheek,
She is always so faultlessly sweet,
From the crown of her low Paris turban,
To the small vanishing shoes on her feet.

There was never another dressed like her,
Nor carried herself with such grace,
Nor smiled in so winsome a manner.
With such archness and joy in her face.

You are laughing—(O!) come now, old fellow,
You're a celestial, heartless and wise—
So was I—yet a small thing may change your
Just one look into some woman's eyes.

—Marie Jouvenel, in Brooklyn Life.

PLANTIN' TATERS.

A Job Which Sam Pomeroy Cordially Hated.

How Joe Crane Showed Him a Pleasant Way to Get Rid of It—But Then Says and Harrests Are to Come.

When I was fishing down on Barley run Joe Barnes came in one day and said he had just been up to Farmer Ben Pomeroy's and Jim Crane's taking some potatoes in Ben's boy Sam and Jim's boy Joe. The circumstances that led to his call up in that neighborhood, as near as I could get it from authentic sources, were substantially as follows:

Fourteen-year-old Sam Pomeroy was industriously planting potatoes in a back field on his father's farm that forenoon when thirteen-year-old Joe Crane came along.

"Plantin' taters, Sam?" said Joe.

Sam said he was.

"What do you git fer doin' it?" asked Joe.

"Don't git nothin' fer doin' it," replied Sam. "Fer not doin' it I git licked."

Then there was silence for a moment. By and by Joe said: "It's too wet to plant taters. They'll rot."

"Don't seem to strike my pap that way," said Sam, and he planted along. Silence for a spell. Then Joe said:

"That's a wildcat up here apiece, Sam."

"Go 'way!" exclaimed Sam, straightening up and leaning on his hoe. "Whereabouts?"

"Just beyond the laurel patch, nigh the edge of the Devil's Hut," replied Joe. Sam pondered in silence for a minute, with his chin on his hoe, and then, sighing, resumed his planting. Joe broke the silence again:

"Can't you sneak your pap's gun?" said he. "I've sneaked 'em."

"Yes, I kin sneak it easy enough," said Sam, leaning on his hoe with one hand and scratching his head with the other. "But pap'll lick me like tar-nation fer knockin' off plantin'."

"That's two dollars bounty now for the wildcat's ears," insinuated Joe.

"An' the hide's worth two dollars more."

"That's so," said Sam, shaking his head dolefully. "Durn the taters!"

"That's a circus over in town next week," said Joe. "An' taint for yit till the Fourth of July. I s'pose your pap'll give you two dollars, o' course, to take 'em in."

"Not by a jugful, he won't!" exclaimed Sam, dropping the hoe. "Where'll I meet you, Joe?"

"By the rock spring," replied Joe. "I got pap's gun hid up there."

And Joe went back to the woods, while Sam took a circuitous route for home, as his father was plowing on the direct route. In less than a quarter of an hour he and Joe loaded their guns at the rock spring and marched for the place where the wildcat was alleged to be lurking. That there was a wildcat in the vicinity, and a big one, was well known. Some said there were two. One had been seen several times, at any rate, and a number of lambs had been killed and carried off, and poultry yards had been thinned out in a way that denoted the methods of the wildcat. So there was no doubt that one of these destructive prowlers at least was operating in the neighborhood. Men had hunted for it and trapped for it, but it had thus far eluded hunter and trapper.

The day Joe Crane appeared to Sam Pomeroy on the potato field he had been looking for a hawk's nest that he believed was somewhere among the old pine stubs around the Devil's Hut, which ran across a big wildcat, which ran up a tree, crouched in the fork, and glared back at him. He had thereupon hurried home, "muck" his father's gun, and with rare diplomacy induced Sam Pomeroy to "sneak" his father's gun and join in a campaign against the wildcat's pelt and ears.

Joe, as the arbiter of the hunt, sent Sam through the laurel patch when they got there, where he shrewdly suspected the catamount had his refuge, while he himself went around the patch to be ready for the wily game if Sam routed it out. Sam started the big cat and got a shot at it. He broke one of its hind legs, but the wildcat bounded out of the laurel on three legs. It came out near Joe, and he gave it a charge from his pap's gun, and tumbled it heels over head. It fell, kicking and yelling, right on the edge of the Devil's Hut, and its dying kicks carried it over the edge, and it fell headlong to the bottom of the rut.

The Devil's Hut, so-called, is a canyon on a small scale. It is a seam in the rocks, not over ten feet wide at its widest part, thirty feet deep and a quarter of a mile long. Joe and Sam looked down into the Devil's Hut and could see the wildcat lying there dead. To climb down the side of the opening was an impossibility, and it looked as if the hunt was to be a fruitless one after all.

"We're dished!" said Sam. "An' I'm a heap worse off than nothin', fer all I'll git now'll be pap's frown!"

But Sam was too much of a pessimist. Joe was optimistic. If he hadn't been he would have lost the wildcat's bounty and his skin, perhaps, but both he and Sam would have returned home with more skin of their own than they did, to say nothing of clothes.

It is a great place for wild grapes around and about the Devil's Hut. The vines extend from tree to tree, some of them in continuous stretch for fifty feet or more. It took Joe Crane no longer than two minutes to think out a plan for securing the wildcat, and all that it implied. He traced out a vine that had grown itself through the trees for fifteen or twenty yards from its parent cane. He climbed the trees in succession, cutting the vine loose from the branch vines and tendrils that held it, and at last had it free, a long, strong, natural rope, fully fifty feet in length. The two boys tested its strength by both putting their weight on it at once, and hanging from it. It held staunch and safe to its native tree.

Joe lowered the vine to the bottom of the Devil's Hut, and went down into the ravine, hand over hand upon it. His intention was to fasten the wildcat's carcass to the vine and haul it up. But while Sam was waiting for the signal to pull away he heard Joe shouting something else.

"Hello, Sam!" Joe's voice came up from the rut. "Drop down here with the guns! That's a hole full o' more wildcats!"

Sam couldn't drop down with the guns, so he tied them to a long grapevine and lowered them to the bottom. Then he dropped himself down Joe's grapevine and joined Joe in the rut.

"Look in yonder!" said Joe, pointing to a big hole in the rocks. Sam looked, and saw four balls of fire, all in a row.

"Each pair o' them balls o' fire," said Joe, "is two dollars bounty on two dollars fer hide, that's totem four is eight, and this fellar here over here is totem two is four, makin' twelve, 'cordin' to Duboil. You take the two balls on the nigh side, Sam, an' I'll take the two on the off side. When I say three, let 'em off!"

It seemed a good while to Sam before Joe said three, but when the word came he "let 'em off," according to directions. Both guns went off at once, and the four balls of fire disappeared, but something else came in sight. Two wildcats bounded out of the hole in the rocks, over the bodies of the two Joe and Sam had shot, and while the report of the guns was still booming along the narrow passage in booming echoes, and before the boys had time to be surprised they found themselves mixed up on the rocky bottom of the Devil's Hut with wildcats, grapevines, guns and stones in such a way that the impress of it on their minds will be fresh and vivid long after the impressions it made on their bodies have healed up and disappeared.

Neither Joe nor Sam can recall just how they managed to bring the end about, but the appearance of the two wildcats' heads conveyed the impression that it was accomplished principally by the butts of guns. At any rate, when the rush and whirl and yelling was all over the boys found themselves sitting on the bottom of the rut without much clothing on to speak of, and with scarcely a spot four inches square from their shoulders down that didn't have the marks of a wildcat's claw imprinted on it. As they sat there wiping blood with neckties and shirt and things as still hung to them, Joe was the first to break the silence.

"That hole," said he, "was a little fuller o' wildcat than I calculated on. But them last ones makes totem four is eight more, Sam."

Sam said he "know'd it," but made the apt suggestion that they had better be diggin' out of there and making for home to get patched up. So they agreed that they had done their share, and would go home and send their paps back after the guns and the wildcats. They hauled themselves out of the rut by the grapevines and lumped homeward.

It happened that not long after Sam Pomeroy had abandoned operations in the potato field and joined Joe Crane in the wildcat hunt, his father straggled over to the field to see how he was getting along. Finding the hoe there alone, Farmer Pomeroy hurried home to see what had become of Sam. Not finding Sam, but noting that the gun was gone, he started for the woods. In the course of his reconnoitering he at last came upon Sam and Joe as they were making the best time they could homeward, tattered and disabled.

"List what I ben a 'spectin'!" exclaimed Farmer Pomeroy. "That gun has gone and busted on you at last! Sarves you right, an' I'll give yer hide a tannin' when I git ye home."

"Don't know about that, pap," said Sam. "You won't find much hide left on me to tan, I'm thinkin'."

Then the boys told the wildcat story, and Farmer Pomeroy helped them home on the double kick, turned them over to their mothers, sent for the doctor, and he and Joe's father went to the Devil's Hut and brought in the wildcats and their guns. After Joe Barnes had patched Joe and Sam up, he said:

"Potato plantin' will all be over, Sam, when you get around again."

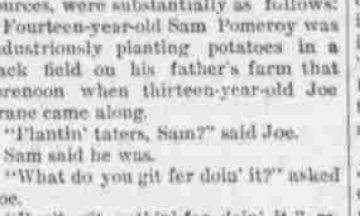
"So it's so," said Sam. "But then comes the grass and the rye. Them wildcats seen me through the plantin' all right. I only wish that me an' Joe could find another hole full o' more 'em. That'd help me over hay'n' an' harvest, too."—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

SCIENCE IN FARMING.

Surface Cultivation Retains Moisture in the Soil.

The constant evaporation at the surface of the ground causes the moisture in the soil to creep upward over the surface of those soil particles which touch each other. Stirring the soil checks this upward movement by putting air between many of the particles. To ascertain how much moisture is retained by surface cultivation, F. H. King, at the Wisconsin station (R. 71), plowed and harrowed twelve-foot strips in the spring, and summer-fallowed them. One strip was rolled May 14 and afterwards not disturbed except to scrape off the weeds. Another strip was frequently cultivated three inches deep until July 13. The soil was a sandy clay loam, underlain at four feet with sand. On May 23, the ground water was found at a depth of seven feet, and on July 17 it was six inches lower. Six times samples were taken with a soil tube to a depth of six feet, from near the ten points marked in the diagram. Each foot of moist soil was weighed, then thoroughly dried and again weighed. Thus it was found that, from May 29 to July 17, each square foot of the scraped surface lost, from a depth of six feet, 8.84 pounds more water than the cultivated surface.



This amount is equivalent to a rainfall of 1.7 inches. As 291.49 pounds of water are needed to grow a pound of dry matter in American corn, the above saving of moisture would, in a drought, increase the yield 16 per cent. The engraving shows the per cent. of soil moisture, on July 23, at each foot in depth of the slightly sloping ground. The most moisture is retained near the cultivated surface, in reach of the plant roots. Shallow surface cultivation has kept the soil moist through the severe droughts, by retaining the subsoil moisture.—American Agriculturist.

DAIRY INSPECTION.

Some Foreign Methods of Regulating Cows and Milk.

In order to calm the anxieties of the public respecting the consumption of milk from diseased cows, the French authorities have passed a law requiring Paris dairymen henceforth, when stock of their sheds, to produce a certificate from the official veterinary surgeon in whose district the animal has been purchased that the milk cow is free from organic disease. They must also advise the similar officials in the city of the arrival of the purchase. As a further protection, all dairy cattle are to be inspected monthly by the government veterinary surgeon, who is also empowered to report on the sanitary conditions of the cow stables and surroundings.

These measures are not untimely in presence of the heavy human mortality from tuberculous affections; of the increasing use of milk as a diet, and of the communications of tuberculosis from milk from diseased cows—a fact now placed beyond controversy. The recent researches of Dr. Bang, of Copenhagen, have established that milk can contain the Koch bacillus of tuberculosis without the milk glands or udder exhibiting the symptoms of that disease, though the latter was detected on the cow being slaughtered. The disease germs can exist in the cream as well as in the creamed milk despite no external signs of the malady being perceptible.

To sterilize the microbes in milk the Pasteur plan of heating the liquid and then rapidly cooling down is resorted to. A temperature of 158 to 167 degrees Fahrenheit does not kill the septic anaerobes; it rather checks the rapidity of their multiplication. Prof. Dubouche has shown that even at the boiling point vitality is not conquered in the ferment germs, an additional twelve degrees is necessary to make sure. Highly heated milk loses none of its nutritive qualities, but is not so easy of digestion as the ordinary milk, and acquires the cooked flavor that so many dislike. Milk thus heated and placed in vessels that have been steam-sterilized keeps for a long time.

Dr. Smeater, of Normandy, sends milk to Paris in a perfectly sweet condition without resorting to any agent for its preservation save extreme cleanliness.—Rural Canadian.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

The cow that has not had good treatment through the winter will show the result in a marked manner in the spring.

There are many people who take first-rate care of their horses, but neglect their cows. Why? Is not the cow entitled to as good treatment as the horse?

Too much feeding alone before calving time is a good way to produce milk fever. Feed the bone and muscle forming foods in reasonable quantities. Breeding animals should be kept in a middling condition.

TREAT THE COW AS IF SHE WERE A LADY, some one has said. Treat her as if she were a cow. That is all there is to do. It is the duty of intelligent men to treat every beast kindly, and the cow, especially, will pay well for all such treatment.

RENNING streams on farms are estimated far above their value, in our opinion. Contagious diseases among animals have often been spread by renning streams. Whatever impurities get into them above, of course, must come below. A good well, with a good windmill, is the safest and best in the long run.—Farmer's Voice.

CURIOUS LAWS OF OPTICS.

The Zebra's Stripes Make the Animal Almost Invisible at Night.

Almost every writer who treats of the colors of animals refers to Gairdner's observations that in the bright starlight of an African night zebras are practically invisible even at a short distance, but there can be no doubt that their peculiar striped appearance is also of great protective value in broad daylight. On a recent zebra hunt near Cradock, in which I took part, several members of our party commented on the difficulty of seeing zebras even at moderate distances, although there was nothing to hide them, the black and white stripes blending so completely that the animals assume a dull brown appearance in harmony with the general color of the locality in which they are found, and in which, for instance, Rooi rebbot (*Pelica capreolata*) is also well protected on account of its peculiar brownish coat. A member of our party, who, on another occasion, gave proof that he is possessed of excellent eyesight, and who has frequently hunted in similar localities, saw a zebra which was wounded in one of the front legs at a distance of about four hundred yards, and, strange to say, he mistook it for a big baboon. In a letter which I received from him a few days ago he said: "It galloped like a baboon from me, and I could only see that the color was grayish-brown. At about five hundred yards from me it ran on to a little knantz, and mounting the highest rock, drew its body together just as a baboon does when its four feet are all together on the summit of a little rock." His remark as to the grayish-brown color of the animal is the more valuable, as I believe this gentleman, Mr. Wrench, A. R. M. of Cradock, is quite unprejudiced. In my own letters to him, which drew forth these remarks, I had only asked him for the distance at which he saw the zebra, and I did not ask him how it was that he mistook a black and white zebra for a brown baboon on a perfectly clear South African day.

My own observations also confirm that the stripes of the zebra are of protective value. Riding along a slope I suddenly saw four zebras within one hundred yards above me. They were galloping down the hill, but stopped when they caught sight of me. As soon as they stopped I saw their stripes pretty distinctly. After I had fired and wounded one of them they started again galloping down the hill round me in a semi-circle at a distance of about twenty yards. All this time they presented a dull brown appearance, as stripes being visible, although I had my attention fixed on this point. They disappeared beyond a ridge, went down a little valley, and I heard afterward that they ascended the next slope, which was not more than fifteen hundred yards away from where I stood with a native servant. Yet even this lynx-eyed native could not see them going up the slope. They had vanished from me.

Perhaps it may interest some of your readers that zebras are still fairly plentiful on the rugged hills west of Cradock. A troop of forty-one animals was seen on the very ground over which we hunted a short time before we arrived. Our party was eleven on two days, but I believe three were seen on two days, but on three different occasions. This would reduce their number to eight if not to five. They are protected by government and also by the farmers themselves, but I am afraid that in spite of that their days are numbered. They are said to be very destructive to wire fences, and, as the inclosing of farms with wire fences is steadily on the increase in this colony, many a farmer will have, though perhaps reluctantly and in defiance of the law, to take up his gun and clear them off his property. There will then probably be an outcry by people who know the difficulties of south African farming only from books written by travelers who hurry through south Africa but who really know south Africa well will say it is a great, great pity, but it can not be helped unless proper government provides speedily an abode for these and other animals threatened with extinction. The first step in the establishment of a government zoological garden; but I hope others who are more competent than I am will stir the people of Cape Colony up before it is too late, so that something more than mere game laws may be done to preserve them.—Nature.

ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

One Bad Habit Which the Napa Valley Has Inherited—Blazing in Florida.

"It was my first hunting trip in Florida, and I was anxious to shoot an alligator, so I snatched up my gun before the camp was half made and wandered along the bank of the Indian river looking for one. Although I wanted big game, I did not despise the small, and so carried a double-barreled breech-loader, one barrel of which threw ball and the other shot. I had a splendid retriever, too, for which I had paid a pretty sum, and I expected him to earn his price.

"It was not long before I came upon a little flock of coots, a curious waterfowl, looking like a cross between a duck and a hen. I fired into the flock and killed two. My dog dashed in after them, and retrieving one, brought it ashore. When he turned to go after the other it was gone. I thought it strange, and so did the dog, evidently, for he ran all about looking for it. Suddenly he gave a yelp, struggling violently for a moment in the water and then disappeared beneath the surface.

"I had found my alligator. That thought struck me all at once. And he had found my expensive dog, and I did not like the meeting one little bit. Not knowing how big the brute might be, and having had no experience of alligators anyway, I felt genuinely afraid to tackle this unseen, noiseless foe and go to my dog's rescue. Wading cautiously, I leaped upon a fallen tree which lay half in and half out of the water a few yards from shore. On the other side of it the river bed came suddenly deep, and here I could see my poor dog, half under water in the jaws of a good-sized alligator, and slowly drowning. The alligator was taking things coolly. He was in no hurry. Nature had fitted him on purpose to drown animals in his jaws, while he breathed freely in the air above. His nostrils were on top of his upper jaw at the end, and he was thus able to keep them just above surface of the water, while my dog was wholly immersed.

"Quick as a flash I fired both barrels at him. The bullet struck the water just above his head and recoiled rods and rods away, and the shot kicked up a little ripple above him and that was all. He dived deeper and moved off with my dog and I never saw either of them again. That was my first experience with an alligator.

"The next one I met was lying basking in the sun on a mud flat. I waded cautiously up within gunshot and before firing watched the curious creature. I was astonished to see a little plover settle on his ugly head and began to pick, pick, pick among the big bristles' scales. Thought I, 'My little fellow, you will be snapp'd up by those cruel jaws for your impertinence.' Presently the plover got around to the alligator's nose, still picking, picking, and the big jaws began to open slowly. They opened about a foot and to my surprise the little plover walked right inside and began to pick more vigorously than ever among the horrid teeth. I laughed so that the alligator took alarm and waded into deep water; not without holding his jaws open long enough, however, for the plover to come out of his mouth and fly away.

"I afterward learned that this species of plover greedily eats the water leeches which fasten on the alligator's gums and other pests which burrow under his scales, and the big lizard will not hurt the bird so useful to him.

"My third alligator I shot dead and I had the pleasure of skinning him. I learned then how the brute can hold his mouth wide open under water, without letting anything go down his throat or windpipe. There is a valve in the back of its mouth which can be made to shut off the mouth completely from the throat, and as the upper jaws lift upward and the nostrils are on top, as I said before, the creature can breathe without showing anything above water, but the tip of his nose.

"Every body knows that an alligator is well supplied with teeth, but few know that the baby alligator is born with all its teeth in place. They are conical on top and hollow at the base. The new ones come up and shove their conical tops into the hollow base of the old ones, gradually forcing them out. This shedding and renewing of teeth goes on all its life. Moreover a baby alligator probably grows more, in proportion, than any other animal. It comes out of a shell no bigger than a goose egg. From the start it has to fear the cannibalistic appetite of its father. It is a curious fact that his ancient ancestors had the same trick, for in the fossilized bodies of the marine plesiosaurs have been found the fossilized fragments of baby plesiosaurs. "My fourth and last alligator I captured alive with the aid of a daring negro hunter. By means of a squealing, huggo little pig tied to a tree a short way from the river bank we enticed a fine, medium-sized alligator to crawl up the bank and little way into the grass after the succulent porker. Then we got between him and the river, and with a singular boldness and agility my hunting companion jumped astride the back of the scaly beast and, bending down, grasped one of its short forelegs in each hand, and by main strength dragged them back and yanked them upon the alligator's back, for all the world like crossing a man's arms behind him. In this undignified position the alligator fell forward on its belly and throat, and could only lash its tail about in impotent rage. It was not hard to tie it up after that, but it seemed to me a dangerous way to 'monkey' with a 'gator.'—N. Y. Tribune.

CLIFF-DWELLERS.

A Primitive Tribe That Makes Its Abode in the Rocks.

A deep ravine cutting in a right angle to the Rio Colorado in Chihuahua, Mexico, closed our way in the north as we ascended the winding trail, and when we had worked our way to the steep bank some two or three hundred feet, a favorable exit from the low, scrubby pines gave me an opportunity to look straight across this picturesque ravine, and was surprised to see, on the other bank, which seemed even more precipitous than the one on which I stood, a deep cave walled up in front nearly to the top, and evidently indicating cave-dwellers. My first thought was that the curious habitation in front of me belonged to the sort of similar buildings in Arizona and New Mexico, which the best authorities assign to a very old period. This, however, was a Mexican "gentleman" who had been to the cave, and was inhabited, but that the cave was untenanted, and that the occupants would not be able to see them without forcing all entrance into their strange home. He believed that most of them were inside peeping at us over the rude walls and around the very dilapidated animal's hide that served to close the door. The cave was not over two hundred yards away, and, with the aid of our field-glasses, we could plainly make out its details.

My impressions led me to the theory that these were vagabond individuals of the local Indian tribes who were occupying this old cave-dwelling in the cliffs, much as we see the corresponding class with an occasionally occupying digouts, shanties built into the side-hills, and even caves around the suburbs of towns. But one of the Mexicans, who argued against forcible intrusion into the homes of these people, said that we would find a great number of them further on in the deep recesses of the Sierra Madre range, and that among so many we would have good opportunities of seeing them to better advantage than we possibly could here. My Mexican friend was born and reared in this part of Chihuahua; his father and uncle owned one of the largest and richest mining districts in that portion of the Sierra Madre toward which our course was directed, and to reach which he attached himself to our party for a couple of days, when our paths separated. His business called for almost constant traveling in these parts, and the number of living cliff and cave-dwellers in this part of Mexico at nine thousand to twelve thousand persons. We afterward saw from three hundred to five hundred of them, which, considering their great timidity and the small part of their land traversed by us, would give an air of reasonableness to the estimate of Don Augustin Becerra, for such was my friend's name.

Even as we stood on the edge of the cliff opposite this singular home, we saw an Indian in the canyon far below. He appeared to be wearing only a breech-cloth of animal skin; he carried a long bow and arrows. He looked almost as dark as a Guinean negro as he skirted the shadows of the canyon, and his hair was long. A rattling noise, falling chains of beads drew his attention to when he at once stalked behind a big boulder at the base of the cliff, and we saw him no more.—Fraser's Magazine, in Century.

ONLY A HORSESHOE NAIL.

The Tale of the Young Lady and the Pair of Broken Suspenders.

She was a beautiful girl, upon whose lustrous curls twenty summers had laid their roses in showers of color and fragrance, and upon whose fair shoulders the decree of fashion had placed a pair of suspenders.

If any who read these lines have not yet got themselves upon this sad, they should at once look up the latest fashion plates.

She was radiant in her loveliness, and the young man who sat beside her when the shadows of the evening fell was as happy as she was beautiful.

It was an iridescent combination.

He had proposed and been accepted and he had just concluded a wild, impulsive embrace that now was tapering off gradually in a tender, one-armed hug and lingering as a case of the grip in a hard winter.

"George," she murmured, "will you do me a favor?"

"A million!" he exclaimed, with tropical luxuriance; "a million times a million, darling."

"One is enough, dear," she said, with a little soft smile of joyous contentment.

"What is it, darling?" he whispered, drawing her closer to him.

"Will you lend me a horseshoe nail?" she asked, blushing.

"We have busted my gaiter."

And George's great heart yearned and broke then, for he had come to the trying place without a horseshoe nail.—Detroit Free Press.

AMERICAN SPELLING.

British Writers Object to Our Labor-Saving Improvements in Orthography.

What do British writers mean when they animadvert upon "American spelling"? So far as I have been able to discover, the British journalists object to certain minor labor-saving improvements of American orthography, such as the dropping of the k from kinnick, the omission of one g from wagon, and the like; and they protest with double force, against the substitution of a single l for a double l in such words as traveler, against the omission of the u from such words as honour, against the substitution of an s for a c in such words as defence, and against the transposing of the final two letters in such words as theater. The objection to "American spelling" may be deeper than I have here suggested, and it may have a wider application; but I have done my best to state it fully and fairly as I have deduced it from a painful perusal of many columns of execrated British writings.

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