

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 1, 1890.

THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
In golden seas when strong winds cling
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the range of the me,
Enraptured zone of memory,
There lies a land long lost to me,
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted, such as swung
In golden seas when strong winds cling
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dared men with its melody;
Oh, such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever grids
The air with bells of singing birds,
And soars all sounds with such sweet words,
That even in the loving hours
A meaning lives so sweet to me,
Lost laughter ripples dimly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter and the whistled tones
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent moons,
That summer's through-sung afternoons,
To serenading pleasures,
When starlight fell so mystically
That peering in from behind knee,
I dreamed I saw a bride's smile
Hunz over Used-to-be.

Oh, land, of love and dreamy thoughts,
Of shining fields and shady spots,
Of cool, green, grassy meadows,
Of sweet, white, daisy-like flowers,
And all the blooms that cunningly
Lift their sweet faces up to me,
Out of the past, I kiss in these
The lips of Used-to-be.

I love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmering on the skies,
My blessings like your perfume rise,
Till over my soul a silence lies,
Sweeter than any song to me,
Sweeter than any melody,
Of its sweet echoes all three,
My dreams of Used-to-be!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Powderly's Fourth of July Speech at Pricburg.

His Text the Declaration of Independence.

We make the following extract from an address delivered by Mr. Powderly to the Knights of Labor at Pricburg, Luzerne county, on the 4th of July, 1887.

Mr. Powderly said: On coming here this afternoon I did not know but what it might have escaped the thought of those who preceded me on this platform to read, or refer to, the Declaration of American Independence. I took with me a copy of that immortal document, and, with your permission, will make it the text for my sermon of this afternoon. I will admit that before I got through reading it some one may shout "obsequies," and to many this Declaration may not sound strange or new. I hope that it is so familiar to the majority that it may appear almost as a chestnut, but I doubt it. Written over a hundred years ago, of a condition which existed then, we were on the verge of the closing days of the nineteenth century—a century in which the advances of civilization are more worthy of record than in all of its predecessors—how it comes that the indictment drawn up against the English king applies with such startling force to the agencies we now find usurping the "divine right of kings" and making slaves of men who proudly but thoughtlessly, boast of their freedom—that freedom which they claim came down to us from revolutionary sires as a heritage to be enjoyed in the full glare of the sun of universal liberty. Are we the free people we imagine we are? Do we as fully appreciate the blessings of liberty as we think we do? Let us analyze our feelings as we peruse this Declaration and not the changes that have taken place, and then let us ask ourselves whether the conditions now confronting us are the conditions that our sires intended to present to us on the threshold of the twentieth century. Not long since the Humane Society of Philadelphia went around asking for signers to a petition to the Czar of Russia craving clemency at his hands for the poor wretches who had incurred his displeasure and in punishment were sent to the fastnesses of Siberia to atone for what to us might appear as the highest attributes of manhood. This petition was signed by clergymen, lawyers, doctors and business men of all kinds, and it is presumed that it is now in the hands of the Czar. While that document was being circulated in the city of brotherly love the cry of deep distress was going up to high heaven from man and woman equally as good as those in Russia. It went up not from the starving mouths of those who had committed no crime, unless it be a crime to feel that the independence guaranteed in this document is a living truth instead of a living lie. The miners of Punsawtany were out on the streets; they were starving; they were subject, not to the Czar of Russia, four thousand miles away, but to an American Czar, who punished them, not because they asked for liberty, but for bread. Not a solitary petition went up to the owners of these mines; but then none of the residents of Philadelphia owned stock in the Empire of Russia; they were not partners with the Czar in gathering in the money wrung from the sweating frames of his subjects; and I fear that the very Heavens would rend in twain before the cry of the working-men of the Keystone State would so far operate as to bring forth a petition asking for clemency for the starving people of this State. Though no Czar rules here with autocratic sway, the rule of wealth is as absolute, as heartless, as tyrannical and as exacting as the rule of any Czar could possibly be. The chains are not known by that name but they bind as fast as those that fetter the limbs of the slaves of Russia, and they cut as deeply into the hearts of men of thought as the chains that gall the limbs of Russian serfs. I devoutly hope that they will continue to gall, to burn and pain until at last the people of this land will assert their manhood and rise to the full dignity of American independence and make a brilliant, blazing truth of that which is now sooted as a mere ideal of men who lived a hundred years ago. I will read the Declaration of Independence, or as much of it as may be necessary, and

you must pardon me if I comment on it as I proceed. It begins:

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

Does it not seem as if that Declaration could be made to day? Should we not make an effort to dissolve the political bands which have connected the vital interests of the American people with the trusts, combines and monopolies of the present age? Are we not bound down to-day beneath the rule of a more soulless tyrant than was the English king a century since? Is it not high time for us to cast about for a means of separation, and should we not declare the causes which impel us to shake off the yoke of monopoly when we seek for the final separation? The bands which connect us in the Keystone State with the great corporate interests were not of our forging; they were riveted in the State Capital and were bought by money which was wrung from the wage-earners of the State; they are not of our seeking, and are all the more galling to thinking men, for they represent the rule of money and not intelligence or honesty.

After reading that part of the Declaration which says "all men are created equal" and "are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," Mr. Powderly went on to say:

I believe that all men are created equal, but do they continue to be equal during the race of life? Men may be created equal, but the conditions of life and the means of gaining a living are so unequal that it appears to many that that Declaration is an untruth. I hold that it is as true to-day as a hundred years ago. While men are created equal they may grow up differently, and some may not possess the keen, business-like faculties of others, and as a consequence, they are at the mercy of those who, sharper than themselves, are enabled by the existence of a pernicious system to rob them of the rewards of their labor. If to every man belongs the "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," then there exists no power under God that can take away that right, and a "long continued train of abuses" cannot obscure the truth or take away from the poorest of mankind the rights guaranteed to him by that Declaration and by his Creator.

I said they cannot be taken away, but they have been taken, they have been stolen, from men who walk the earth in poverty, men who are as good as we and who have not done anything to condemn them to lives of slavery and misery. "To secure these rights governments are instituted among men." How can a government be said to secure these rights to men when it has passed into the hands of the enemies of these men? Can our own government be said to have such an object in view when it gives millions of acres with a lavish hand to the rich, and, on the other hand, taxes the clothes of the backs of the men who work? Is it securing the man of to-day in the right to pursue happiness to keep it just in front of him all the time, but allowing other men to place such obstacles in his pathway that life's dreary journey will be no more before the pursuit is an end? Is it to be understood that we are only to pursue happiness but never to overtake it? "That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Does it exist now by the consent of the governed, and do those who make and unmake laws and statutes seek the consent of the governed before acting? Let us see. I referred to the Czar of the Russias a moment ago. His power, as compared with that exercised by some men who govern in the United States, is absolutely insignificant. Russia has one autocrat, and he rules by some shadow of right; but the czars of this nation rule more despotically than he, and the willing serfs are not bound by any obligation, human or divine, to obey—but they obey as surely as do the subjects of the Russian monarch. A few weeks ago the question of fixing the place where the World's Fair would be held was under discussion. A vote was cast where it is held. For one spot is the same to me as another on this continent; but New York City stood a chance of getting the Fair and the whim of one man in the Empire State threw the people of that State into confusion. His narrow, vindictive views could not be changed, his partisan bias stood higher than love of country or pride of home, and, rather than yield, the Fair went to Chicago. Boss Platt was the autocrat there. Had the English king remained undisturbed in his jurisdiction over the colonies he could not have done that, and to admit that the intelligent people of this age will allow such a thing to be done is to say that we are not quite fit to govern ourselves yet, particularly so since we allow such dictation from party bosses.

Here in our own State we have another illustration of what one man can do. For months the papers of all parties asserted that Matthew Stanley Quay would nominate a certain man for Governor. Long before a single delegate was chosen by the people that statement was made, and notwithstanding the record that is credited to that man, there was not independence enough in the party he belongs to to dispute his will. The man of his choice was nominated, and, if true as reported, he is the favored son of the Standard Oil Company—one of the giant monopolies of the world. The wishes, the will and the votes of the men of this State who belong to that party were as much chaff before the wind, and when the convention assembled at Harrisburg he had everything his own way. If Delamater is elected he will be Governor. Will he govern by the consent of the governed or by the will and consent of Mr. Quay, or the Standard Oil Company? I am not talking as a partisan, and if I am wrong, then I have been misled by the papers of this State, Republican as well as Democratic, for they all asserted that this thing would take place. How many of those before me who are Republicans took a part in nominating Mr. Delamater? If there is one man here whose con-

sent to be governed by him was asked before the convention, if there is one man here who was requested to signify his consent to have that man nominated, let him come up on this platform and tell how it was done. [A pause of a moment.] No one stirs.

"Have we a law in this State that secures the voter in the right to vote free from the scrutiny of an outsider? Stand at any polling-place in this State where corporate interests are at stake and there will you see the agent of the corporation on election day. The man who peddles the ticket that corporation is interested in will be under the scrutiny of the paid agent of the corporation, and the men who toil for a living under that boss or that corporation must take their tickets from that ticket peddler, or they take their chances of continuing in the service of that company any longer. It has even gone so far that some employers say that they have the right to discharge the man who does not vote as they dictate, who dares to vote against their wishes and interests. The machinery is now working to grind the faces of the poor when they attempt to vote for themselves, and until we secure a secret ballot we cannot be said to be free men."

"All experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." Unfortunately that is too true, but there comes a day and a time when it ceases to be within the possibilities to effect a change, and unless I am mistaken the people of this State will have to awaken very soon, or it will be too late to abolish the forms which are becoming so oppressive to thoughtful men. I can conceive of nothing so terrible as to be governed by the agents of trusts and monopolies. Our public servants are being sent to prison day after day for falling victims to the influence of those who have the money to buy them away from their allegiance to the masses, and a "long train of abuses and usurpations," pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce us under the absolute despotism of the moneyed men of the nation. Is it not our right to throw off such a form of government? Is it not to our shame that it can with truth be said that the bosses of parties, and not the masses of the parties, do the nominating? Can we call ourselves anything but slaves when we submit to such a rule without even an intelligent protest? We need "new guards for our future security," and they will come only as we get together to talk over such matters as these. We should not walk up to the polling-places as we do and take the word of any man for the deed we do at the polls, a careful and rigid investigation should be made by every voter of every charge made against every party and every candidate before a vote is cast, and no man should vote upon the statement of any other man without a careful scrutiny into the motives of that other man, as well as the statement he makes.

One hundred years ago we had one kind of limited powers. He was far away, and his sway was not absolute. Now we have a hundred kings, unnumbered ones, it is true, but monarchs of unlimited power. For they rule through the wealth that they possess. They are not far away, but reside within our boundaries, and over the poor their sway is most absolute. The encroachments of these kings are making papers of our workmen, they are driving men of small means to the wall, and they are crowding others not so rich as they out of the market by the means by which the masses are robbed. We hear a great deal about anarchy, and we are apt to denounce it, but its parent is allowed to go on unmolested. A few years ago a few anarchists were strangled to death in Chicago for inciting to riot, and the laws and statutes seek the consent of the governed before acting? Let us see. I referred to the Czar of the Russias a moment ago. His power, as compared with that exercised by some men who govern in the United States, is absolutely insignificant. Russia has one autocrat, and he rules by some shadow of right; but the czars of this nation rule more despotically than he, and the willing serfs are not bound by any obligation, human or divine, to obey—but they obey as surely as do the subjects of the Russian monarch. A few weeks ago the question of fixing the place where the World's Fair would be held was under discussion. A vote was cast where it is held. For one spot is the same to me as another on this continent; but New York City stood a chance of getting the Fair and the whim of one man in the Empire State threw the people of that State into confusion. His narrow, vindictive views could not be changed, his partisan bias stood higher than love of country or pride of home, and, rather than yield, the Fair went to Chicago. Boss Platt was the autocrat there. Had the English king remained undisturbed in his jurisdiction over the colonies he could not have done that, and to admit that the intelligent people of this age will allow such a thing to be done is to say that we are not quite fit to govern ourselves yet, particularly so since we allow such dictation from party bosses.

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General Grant's Widow.

Mrs. General Grant seems to have found the elixir of youth. Although sixty-six she is as agile as a woman of thirty, enjoys perfect health, and barring the weakness of her eyes, which were never strong, her faculties are as keen as they ever were. The gray in her hair is hardly noticeable, her face is plump and of good color, and her interest in the affairs of the world evers beyond her. Any day in the week she may be seen going to her carriage from her home in East Sixty-sixth street. She has a tall, yellow-whiskered butler, with a back like a press-board, who opens the plate-glass vestibule doors when she passes, hops down the stone step and stations himself at the coupe with the door in his hand. Mrs. Grant dresses in rich black abby cloths or silk fabrics, every fold of which seems breathing forth the perfume of some oriental blossom. Her earrings are set with fiery solitary magnificence in cold metal, and through the twisted silk mitts that cover her hands the glint of pearls and the flash of diamonds may be seen.—New York World.

Enforce the Law.

There is a law in Pennsylvania which makes it a misdemeanor in any one to "playfully or wantonly point or discharge a gun, pistol or other firearm at any other person." Yet persons are continually violating this act with fatal results. The penalty may be a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or either or both, as the court may decide. This law is thirteen years old, but who ever heard of its being enforced? Yet the accidents resulting from this criminal carelessness and indifference have occurred innumerable without number. The deadly work goes on without check. It is time that the law should become better known through its rigid enforcement.

A Brief History of the Tokay Wines.

The vine yielding the famous Tokay wine was brought from the island of Cyprus (now Turkish territory) by returning crusaders in the 12th century, into the Tokay district, in Hungary, and the attempt was made to acclimatize it on the foot-hills of the Carpathian range of mountains. During the first few years and even decades no pronounced success was achieved with the imported vines, the wine resembling the product of the cool mountain grapes and the winegrowers even maintained that the taste became harsher and more unpleasant; after a twenty years trial, therefore, the attempt was abandoned and the foreign vines gradually extirpated by the majority of growers who supplanted it with the old home-grown known as the "Szamorodni."

At this time, so goes the tradition, there lived a pious hermit, Hieronymus, in total seclusion in a small hut on one of the highest of the hills, isolated and hardly accessible, but noted for the grandeur of nature's beauty and ruggedness, Mount Peggalyaer.

When the hermit, who was greatly interested in growing good wines in his secluded domain, heard of the failure to acclimatize the at that time world-famed Cyprus vines, he determined to repeat the attempt on his mountain. He therefore commissioned a poor crusader who had become benighted on the hills, and whom he befriended, to take the vines to him by way of the island of Cyprus, and to bring him some of the famous vines, with all the information he could gather concerning the building and caring for the vines in Cyprus.

After years of weary wandering this crusader really returned and having faithfully fulfilled his promise and communicated the necessary information with the vine-growers, Hieronymus commenced his experiments. Success immediately attended the work of the holy man, and the great difference between the imported and the home vines became fully apparent in the second year; the new wine was of a rich golden-yellow color, which no Hungarian wine had ever assumed; the unfermented wine had a pleasant, tantalizing sweetness of taste, and so fine a bouquet that the fame of the new wine, called Tokay, after the district which the mountain chain crossed, quickly spread over all Hungary, and gradually over the Tokay wine, and the success of the hermit on the mountain, who the winegrowers of the valleys had failed, was clear in that these vines flourished only on the mountain sides at high altitudes.

During the middle ages it was granted to but few mortals to taste of these precious Tokay wines, as shortly after the fame of the new vintage from Mount Peggalyaer had spread the entire district was appropriated by the various sovereigns of Europe, and the produce of the increasing vine-yards was jealously guarded and found its way exclusively to the winecellars of the European courts; but even at the courts the Tokay wine was served by the royal cup-bearers only on rare and most distinguished occasions.

Not until the close of the 17th century was this usurpation of the districts annulled, and then many large tracts were awarded to the nobility of the country, and others whose families have continued almost to this day, and some of whom still receive a tribute, called "the tenth," a very respectable revenue, as ground rent from the winegrowers of the district.

In the field of medicine this Tokay wine was only appreciated and adopted in the early part of this century, as is quite natural, since the profession could not well concern themselves with an article which was so enormously expensive that their patients were unable to procure it. In the early part of this century small tracts of this wine district at last passed from the hands of the Hungarian titled magnates into the control of the general people, and from this period dates the actual commercial existence of Tokay Wine, and also its adoption as a medicinal tonic. Competition ensuing the price was gradually reduced to reasonable limits, enabling the well-to-do people at last to purchase it, and quickly giving the Tokay wine the distinction of being the most popular medicinal wine. Since then prominent physicians everywhere have acknowledged the superiority of the wine and prescribe it for convalescent, the weak and aged, for women and especially for children during sickness.

By consulting the adv. columns of the WATCHMAN you will discover, where this extraordinary wine can be secured.

Famous Butcher Boys.

There have been at least five butcher-boys in America whose names have become well known throughout the length and breadth of the land. The original John Jacob Astor was the son of a butcher in the town of Waldorf, Germany, and served an apprenticeship at the block with his father until he reached the age of seventeen, and to "kick his heels" he went to America. Phil Armour, the big Chicago packer and railroad man, says that he is "only a butcher," and he was so in his youth. Forepaugh, the showman, was the son of a Philadelphia butcher, and when only nine years old he became his father's assistant the little shop that made their living. The two greatest turfmen of the day, the Dwyers, started in life as butchers, and as recently as 1876 they had a stall in Washington market. They were Brooklyn boys, and the first money they put into horse-flesh amounted to only a few hundred dollars, which they paid for a partial interest in a promising colt.—New York Chatter.

A Missionary's Terrible Experience.

Father Lawrence, a French missionary who has just gone to the mother house of the order of the Immaculate Conception in New York City, has had a awful twenty-three years' experience among the Maoris of New Zealand. Said he: "The people there exhibit some of the worst forms of savagery. The killing of infant children was an ordinary occurrence. I have seen inhuman mothers take their little ones to the water's edge, plunge them in until they died from suffocation and then send the tiny, lifeless bodies limb from limb. I myself have been subjected to shocking tortures. I have been strung for ten days by a cord attached to my hands, which were tied behind my back; my toe-nails were torn off, and see these deep grooves in my arms; they are the scars remaining where the flesh was cut from the wrist to the shoulders in strips nearly an inch thick.

"But my experience in China was even worse. I was one of a number of priests and nuns engaged in missionary work at Pekin. We were arrested, thrown into prison, and arrangement made for our execution. One day the three, thirty-four in number, were taken forth and thrown into huge coppers filled with boiling pitch. It was a horrible death, and made an impression upon my mind which time cannot eradicate. On the following day the other priests and myself were to meet the same fate. Our only solace was in prayer. Toward evening, on the eve of our threatened execution, a great commotion was heard outside the walls of the prison. The French soldiers had come and we were saved."

Father Lawrence will resume his work in New Zealand after a rest.—Washington Star.

Iced Tea.

How should iced tea be made? I will tell you, and much good it may do you. In the first place, take Congou tea, commonly called English breakfast. Take the best quality. Do not use Japanese tea, for it is not drinkable to a well-regulated palate. Oolong is good, also is young Hyson, for those whose nerves can stand green tea; but Congou has an especial agreeable flavor iced. Having got your tea, the next thing is an earthen teapot—a black Betty is the best. No metal pot brews tea as well as an earthen. Put the tea in the bottom of the pot, and pour boiling hot water upon it until the pot is nearly filled. Then let it steep a minute or two, but don't let it boil. That is a fatal error. Boiling gives even to the best of tea a disagreeable, herby taste. As soon as the steeping is done with strain the liquor out of the earthen pot into any convenient receptacle which has a tight lid and put into the refrigerator. In a few hours it will be iced cold, and can be used as wanted. It should be made fresh every day. A nice way of serving tea made and cooled in this manner is in cups, with a slice of lemon floating on top. The Russians do this with hot tea. It is equally delicious with cold tea. Unless you feel that you must from long habit, don't flavor iced tea with milk or sugar. It is the bitter flavor which you need, and which tends to quench the parched feeling of the palate and throat which is produced by hot weather. After a while that bitter flavor will become a desideratum, just as is the case with beer and ale. Made and drunk as I have described, iced tea is delicious and a snare, like the iced tea of restaurants, but a thing of beauty and a joy forever.—New York Sun.

Prescription for Longevity.

One of my prescriptions for longevity may startle you somewhat, says Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Atlantic Monthly. It is this: Become the object of a mortal disease. Let half a dozen doctors thump you, and knead you, and test you in every possible way, and render their verdict that you have an internal complaint; they don't know exactly what it is, but it will certainly kill you by and by. Then bid farewell to the world and shut yourself up for an invalid. If you are three-score years old when you begin this mode of life, you may very probably last twenty years and there you are—an octogenarian. In the meantime, your friends outside have been dropping off, one after another, until you find yourself alone, nursing your mortal complaint as if you were your baby, hugging it and kept alive by it,—if to exist is to live. Who has not seen cases like this, a man or a woman shutting him or herself up visited by a doctor or a succession of doctors (I remember that once in my earlier experience, I was the twenty-seventh physician who had been consulted), all ways taking medicine, until everybody was reminded of that impatient spirit of a relative of one of those invalid vampires who live on the blood of tired-out attendants, "I do wish she would get well—or something?" Persons who are shut up in that way, confined to their chambers, sometimes to their beds, have a very small amount of vital expenditure, and wear out very little of their living substance. They are like lamps with half their wicks picked down, and will continue to burn when other lamps have used up all their oil. An insurance office might make money by taking no risks except on the lives of persons suffering from mortal disease.

The Pesticiferous Sparrows.

Alexander McComas writes thus to the Baltimore American: "I am not a farmer, though born on a farm. I think, if the farmers would look into this 'plenty of straw but little wheat,' they would not complain of nature or had seasons, &c., but find the great fault to be that terrible nuisance, the English sparrows, which congregate in thousands on the wheat field at times, and pick out the grain of what when in the milky state. I think a thousand or so of these sparrows will ruin a field in a few hours, so far as a yield of grain is concerned. I have seen them in large flocks on the wheat fields in this vicinity. I remember some years ago the planters of the South had to employ a number of men and boys with guns to drive off the rice birds to prevent the destruction of their rice crop, and these sparrows are ten times more destructive than the rice bird."

Jellies.

With currants, grapes, blackberries and all juicy fruits and berries put no water, writes Eryphide St. John Whiting to Good Housekeeping, but crush a small part of those prepared for use, and allow the heat of the fire to draw the juice from the others placed on the top of the crushed ones. But crab-apple, quince and apples must be boiled with more or less water before the juice can be fully extracted. In making quince jelly the skins and cores will perhaps yield most of the gelatinous substance. Never allow the juice of acid fruits to drip into tin vessels, as the action of the acid on tin materially affects both color and flavor." Do not squeeze the jelly bag when straining the juice; let it drip. After fully dripping the bag can be squeezed, and the juice used for a second boiling and a second jelly. Squeezing affects the clearness of the jelly. I am not a believer in the old-fashioned brass preserving kettle, but consider the porcelain-lined kettle by far the best, the granite-ware standing next in order. In my estimation a flannel bag is preferable for straining the juice. These made of pure woolen and part cotton flannel shrink and consequently are best. Perhaps the most desirable shape for the bag is pointed, with a strong gathering string in the top or a hoop of strong tin wire. For the fruit-juice boiling, judgment must be used as to time—the reason is, to evaporate the watery part. Too much cooling of the jelly darkens it and affects the texture. In preparing the glasses for the jelly, rinse them well in extremely warm water and immediately fill to their utmost, as jelly in cooling contracts, and you will otherwise find, after cooling, your glasses only partly filled. Beware of putting metal or glass covers on the glasses before evaporation has fully taken place, as this vapor causes mold. My method is to put a paper shaped to exactly fit the top of the jelly, wet with the white of egg or brandy—and sometimes with neither egg nor brandy—and then cover the glass with a paper so cut as to allow to be pasted over the top and edges of the glass. Label with name of jelly and date of making. Jelly does not improve with age, and is best when made in small quantities at a time.

South Africa's Bank Robber.

An interesting account is given by the Johannesburg Star, South Africa, of the police chase after McKeon, the bank robber, whose achievements in the matter of perpetrating robberies, escaping from jail and eluding the police entitle him to rank with the notorious Jack Sheppard, and whose regard for his clever black horse reminds one of Dick Turpin. In the hurried state of Mr. McKeon when he escaped from the Pretoria jail, says the newspaper in question, the mounted police forgot to take handcuffs with them. Further, McKeon had friends along the route. He was born in Basutoland, and every Basuto is his fast friend, even to Mama. Consequently, when the police acquired along the road of Basuto, if they had seen two men pass on horseback, they invariably said that they had not. McKeon's love for his famous black horse, now at the mounted police barracks, was extraordinary. The police had to have three remounts before they could run that horse down. Two of the mounted police sighted McKeon and Cooper far ahead of them. They spurred on after them, thinking that they would bring the fugitives to halt on the steep bank of the Rhenoster River.

What was their surprise, however, when they saw McKeon leap his horse down the twenty-foot bank into the river, swim across, and when he saw Cooper's horse would not follow, come back, and reaching out, pull Cooper's horse down by the bridle and drag him through it. One of the policemen had a rifle and resolved to take a long shot. When McKeon saw the smoke of the gun rise he and his companion drew their horses apart, and the bullet passed between them. Shortly after McKeon drew his horse up, leaped down, removed the saddle, and stood patting his horse on the head. The police approached, and he surrendered without a word, giving over his two revolvers the remark that he was enriching the government with revolvers, for this was the sixth they had had from him. He said he gave himself up because he did not wish to kill his horse. Cooper handed over his revolver, too, looking rather glum. McKeon said he knew he would receive twenty-five lashes, but he would only stay in jail eight months when he would once more say good-bye to the authorities. He did not know why they had given him twenty-five years, for he had not murdered anyone or stolen a sheep or an ox. Robbing a bank of its surplus money was no crime. The police were entirely taken off their guard, and, consequently, at daybreak the next morning the birds had flown unobserved by them. McKeon has since been recaptured at Ladybrand.

Get the Best Blood.

Breeder's Gazette. Fewer and better cattle will yet prove the salvation of the industry. Here is a whole sermon in a dozen words. It is a favorite saying of the breeders of poor stock, "The feed makes the breed." This, however, is a great fallacy. Where the scrub would make thirty-six pound 121 ounces of butter in a week, as did Mary Anne of St. Lambert; or the 46 pounds given by Princess Second, or that would weigh at two years 1,950 pounds as did Brant Chief; or 2,415 pounds, Munro's weight at three years; or 1,510, the weight of fetisher as a yearling? Free access to all the feed grown in Manitoba would not do it.

A visit to the union stock yards in Chicago is an excellent education. There may be seen the lank, thin fleshed one and a half cent per pound Texas being slaughtered by thousands to supply the home trade of the United States, and here and there a bunch of fine grade shorthorns, Herefords or polled Angus worth from four to five and one half cents per pound, too good for the Americans, and which are shipped to England, where good beef is recognized and appreciated.