

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 6, 1891.

ROBIN, MY SWEETHEART.

Oh, sweetheart mine, with the bonnie brown hair,
With eyes so merry and brow so fair,
'Tis a year to-day since you came to me,
And never was I more loving and true,
Robin, my sweetheart.

Yet I wonder, sometimes, as I fold you fast,
If love like yours can ever last,
How it will be as the years are old,
When you have grown wiser and I have grown old,
Robin, my sweetheart.

You have won my heart by your words and smiles,
You have won my heart by your winking eyes,
And I wish, oh, I wish I could hold for aye
The place in your heart that I hold to-day,
Robin, my sweetheart!

But when I am sadder and far less fair,
When the snows of time are thick in my hair,
When pain has furrowed my cheek and a brow,
Will you love me then as you love me now,
Robin, my sweetheart?

You bring to my lips your young life's wine,
And promise, dear, to be always mine,
Yet still I wonder, as I gaze at you,
When you are thirty instead of three,
Robin, my sweetheart!

But away with doubt and fears away!
You are mine to-day, sweetheart, to-day!
So we'll sing and be merry, and dance, care-free,
Nor dream of the time when you may not be,
—Emma C. Doud, in the Youth's Companion.

BRIGITTE'S FORTUNE.

Short, thin, dry and wrinkled as an apple that lay withered during a long winter, such was the good man, Farmer Landry. Indeed, he was one of those close-fisted old French peasants of whom it is graphically said that they can shave something from an egg shell. Since the death of his wife he had retired from agriculture and lived alone in a little house at the end of the village.

And yet, not entirely alone, for he had with him his old servant, Brigitte. But the poor woman counted for so little in the household, a little above the dog, but not so much as the donkey that cost a hundred and twenty francs. She entered his family at the age of twelve to guard the cows, and had been there ever since. She knew no other family than this one, and the exceeding parsimony of the master seemed to her entirely natural. She was now a tall, hale woman of fifty, red-faced, square-shouldered, with feet and hands that might have been the pride of a pugilistic trainer. While exacting very little in the way of compensation, she drudged like a pack horse; for indeed, she could not do otherwise in Farmer Landry's house. Besides, in her simple mind existed a canine attachment and real admiration for her master, who was not ashamed to take advantage of her good nature.

Of course, in the service of this master Brigitte had not earned a fortune. But the honest creature was amply satisfied when the old peasant, in a patronizing tone, praised her: "What a good, simple creature you are, Brigitte, are you not?"

Then the good woman's mouth would open into a loud laugh.

"He! he! he! master! you have always your little manner of joking; he! he! he!"

One day while Farmer Landry was himself replastering his garden wall, so as not to get the mortar on his nose, a false step and fell into the pool just over the point where the deepest hole was. He splashed wildly about for a few moments, calling vainly for help with all the power of his lungs. At last, worn out by his efforts, he was about to sink from sight, when Brigitte at last heard him. The devoted creature courageously jumped into the water, at the risk of drowning herself. She succeeded in pulling him to the bank; he was entirely unconscious, but she raised him in her strong arms, as she would a child, put him to bed, and with rubbing and remedies recalled him to life. On seeing him open his eyes, the good Brigitte shed tears of joy.

"Ah, good master, how glad I am that you are not drowned and buried in that hole!"

The old peasant was glad of it, too, although he had one lively regret—the loss of his trowel, which fell into the water at the same time with himself. However, he had the decency not to express the wish that Brigitte should return and jump in after that ass. Indeed, in the first impulse of gratitude he said to his servant with a touch of emotion:

"It is you who pulled me out of the hole; I shall never forget it, my good girl, you may be assured of that. I am going to make you a present."

"Oh, master, indeed, there is no need of that."

"But I tell you I will give you something; don't doubt it!"

And really, the same evening, after a thousand hesitations, he drew forth his long leather purse and called Brigitte to him. While making a grimace like one having a tooth drawn, he selected a silver piece of twenty cents.

"Here, Brigitte, is your present. It shall not be counted in your wages, you know. Do not be extravagant with it; that would be a sin."

For the service rendered it was not unbridled generosity on the part of the giver, and the former had some dim intimation of the fact, for he added (as if to enhance its value):

"It is just the price of a lottery ticket. Buy one, my girl, and you may win twenty thousand."

It was the first time in his life that the poor man allowed himself to be liberal, so the thought of it haunted him for a long time; he was constantly wondering about the fate of his bright silver piece. He often asked the servant if she had yet bought her lottery ticket.

"Not yet, master," was her unvarying answer.

But at length she decided to end this constant questioning by pacifying him,

So one day she replied:

"Yes, master, I have bought one."

"Indeed! What number?"

"Oh, the number is 34."

"Very good!" said her master, repeating the number to impress it on his mind. Be careful not to lose it!"

"Never fear, master."

"Because if you do fear sometimes to lose it—"

"Eh, master?"

"Well, you need only give it to me and I will hide it in my bureau."

"Oh, I shall certainly not lose it!"

The habits of daily life in the little household, disturbed by these events, soon settled into their regular course; eating sparsely, very temperate drinking, few hours for sleeping and many for work.

Farmer Landry was almost consoled for his forced prodigality, when one morning, in the barber's shop, where he went from time to time to read gratis the *Gazette*, a terrible emotion struck him. He read the result of the lottery drawing and at the head these words like lines of fire, flashed before the dazzled spectacles of the good man:

"The number thirty-four has won the great prize of 100,000 francs." The old gentleman gave such a sudden cry that the startled barber, in turning towards him, almost clipped a corner from the ear of the schoolmaster, whom he was shaving.

"What's the matter, Father Landry?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing," answered the farmer, who quickly recovered his calmness.

Rearranging his spectacles, he read again slowly, spelling each syllable to "make assurance doubly sure."

There was no mistake; the number 34, Brigitte's ticket, had won. He dropped the journal and started off in great agitation towards his house. Brigitte had prepared her master's frugal breakfast of nuts and cheese. He placed himself at the table, but could not eat, for his emotion seemed to clutch his throat and prevent him from swallowing.

"What is the matter, master?" anxiously asked Brigitte.

"Nothing at all."

"You are not ill?"

"No, I tell you," he answered angrily.

During several days he secretly observed the poor woman. Did she know that she had won 100,000 francs? No indeed! Entirely ignorant that she was the object of such close scrutiny, she performed her daily tasks with her usual good humor, while her master was in a fever of unrest.

One day he dared to asked her, trembling while doing so:

"Is there any news, my good girl?"

"Nothing, master, except that one of the hens has the pip."

"Very good! She knew nothing about her good fortune. As for announcing it to her—that was entirely too much for his nature and long life habit. It seemed to him monstrous that another should profit by this marvellous windfall of a hundred thousand francs, produced by his piece of twenty sous—his own bright, silver bit! Time was lengthened from days to weeks. A notice in the journal (he really bought a copy of the one containing the announcement) formally stated that after a delay of three months the unclaimed prizes would be employed for a new capital.

The poor man had no more appetite for eating or drinking, or power to sleep; he was dying of uneasiness. Twenty times he was on the point of speaking of the ticket to Brigitte; and twenty times he bit the tip of his tongue. One word only might put his servant in the way to learn her good fortune.

One morning, after an unusually sleepless night he rose with a smile on his thin lips. He had found the key to the problem. He commenced by ordering Brigitte to kill the plumpest chicken, and to cook it in the oven with a good piece of pork. And finally he gave his servant money to buy coffee and sugar.

Brigitte asked herself if her master had gone mad?

"Surely some demon has taken possession of his mind!" she thought with a thrill of fear.

It seemed a fearful increase of the malady when the old gentleman, after having ordered her to lay the table for two, asked her to take her place as his vis-a-vis.

"Oh, master, I should never, never dare to do that!"

"Sit down there, I tell you foolish woman!"

Brigitte had heard that one must not oppose the wishes of manias.

So, without answering, she seated herself in great embarrassment on the edge of the chair.

"Come, eat and drink, Brigitte, my girl," he said, filling her plate generously.

However, this was not the last surprise for Brigitte. When the coffee was served the old gentleman suddenly said:

"You see, my good Brigitte, this means that I am going to get married!"

"Indeed, master, it is not yet too late; if you are old, you are still hale and well," answered the simple servant approvingly.

"Since that is your view, if you like, we will marry each other."

After the roast chicken and pork, and the coffee and sugar, Brigitte expected to hear almost any strange thing on the part of her master. But that! Oh, no, that!

"You are joking me, master!"

"Not at all," answered the old peasant. He explained that he was growing old, was without children or family, and did not wish to die alone like a dog. Beside, he was grateful! He could not forget that Brigitte had saved his life—his faithful Brigitte. One must not be forgetful of such a service.

Finally, the worthy woman, whose head was turned by this stroke of good fortune, believed in his sincerity. She, a humble servant, marry her master? Think of it! It was, indeed, some-

thing to turn one's brain.

The bans were published, and the marriage followed. The couple were greeted at the church by the good natured smiles of the whole village.

After the ceremony the new husband hurriedly conducted his wife home.

Having crossed the threshold he hastily demanded in a joyful voice, while energetically rubbing his hands:

"Brigitte, my girl, where have you put your ticket?"

"What ticket?"

"Your lottery ticket, No. 34?"

"What lottery?"

"You know very well," he cried, impatiently. "The one you bought with my twenty-sou piece, that I gave you!"

The bride began to laugh stupidly.

"Ah! the twenty sous! Listen, Master. One seldom wins in those lotteries. It was very cold last winter, very cold."

"Well, well?" interrogated Landry, who began to grow very yellow.

"Oh, indeed," she concluded, "I did not buy the ticket. With the money I bought some good fur-lined slippers, which I was sure would do me good. Yes, indeed."—*From the French, in American Cultivator.*

The Porcupine.

The Micmac or shore Indians are very partial to the porcupine as an article of food, the Abenakis not excepting it so highly, much preferring the flesh of the muskrat, which the former Indians do not care about, indeed the Micmacs call the Abenakis (of St. John River at any rate) muskrat or musquash Indians.

The Indians make use of the quills of the porcupine, which they dye to ornament their birch bark boxes with. Some of this work is very pretty. When the white hunters of our forests find a porcupine they very often make use of his flesh for food. The black cat or fisher is very partial to the flesh of the porcupine, and will dare all the dangers of his quills to secure one; and the hunter-of-finds that the fisher which he has captured carries some of these quills in his hide.

The porcupine is very fond of fat or grease of any kind. It frequents old camps, and one almost always sees some part of the *deacon-seal* on which grease has been spilled gnawed away by the sharp teeth of this animal.

I admit that the porcupine does eat the bark of trees. I do not think, however, that he girdles them so that they die. His chief food in winter seems to be the leaves and small buds of the sapling hemlock. He is a good climber, but slow in fact, he is a very slow walker and his movements are far from graceful. As Mr. Flower says, the porcupine can strike quick and dextrous blows with his tail. I have cut a piece of beech and stirred up a porcupine in his den by means of it and on withdrawing the stick found the hard wood filled with quills which had been driven it by the animal's tail.

With Mr. Flower I admit the damage which one of these animals can do to a house. I do not think, however, that they are especially notorious for trespassing on man's domain, chiefly confining themselves to the forest. They are very fond of making their dens among loose rocks. The interior of Nova Scotia, which is very rocky and has little soil, is the best ground which I have ever seen for porcupines.—*Forest and Stream.*

It's a Way They Have in Russia.

The Vertizins were nobles of enormous wealth and power. Paul held his high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in the grandest hall in the palace, while his eyes scanned her gross figure with covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and with a smile handed him her tiny ivory tablets, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first was written: "The imperial ball room, St. Petersburg." On the last, "the mines, Siberia."

He read it; his face grew gray as that of a corpse, he bowed low, kissed her hand and withdrew, "taking" says the old chronicler, "this wife, the beautiful Princess Ivanovna, with him." He was hard to say, as he left the ball room, "My minutes are numbered; let us not lose one." Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of Catherine on her victims was inexorable as death. Prince Vertizin was forced to remain passive in his palace, while each day the power, the wealth and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him.

First he was degraded from all his offices at court; next, his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him; and he was given that of a serf. His wife and children were driven out of the palace to herd with beggars. "On the last day," says the record, "Paul Vertizin, in rags and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade an eternal farewell to his home and departed to the dark and icy north. He was seen of men no more."

A Mexican Farm.

"On one farm in Mexico I saw enough of the luxuries of life produced to make any man happy," remarked C. F. Wood, of El Paso, Texas. "The farm was not large as some farms go in Mexico; it was, to use a slang phrase, a 'stunner.' I don't think the mind of man could imagine a vegetable product that could not be produced on that farm. At any rate I saw growing there coffee, sugar, rice, potatoes, rye, wheat, oats, corn, berries, cabbage, tomatoes, apples, bananas, cocoa, figs, cochineal, and a dozen other products. On the upper end of this farm you could find gold, silver, sapphires, onyx, and other precious stones. Some of these articles were not produced in quantities large enough to pay to market them, but they were all found there, and all at the service of the owner of the land. Oh, I suppose the farm contained 10,000 or 20,000 acres of land, but it extended through all temperatures and all elevations."—*Kansas City Times.*

EQUAL IN THE GRAVE.

Cremains dead; remove his robe
And strip him of his gold;
The reaper grim has come for him,
His form is still as lead.
The crimson stream has ceased to flow,
The haughty head is lying low,
He done with worldly pomp and show,
Here rests his paltry soul.

Upon you lies a pauper lies,
His soul has taken flight;
His senses clay wears no display—
Ah, 'tis a sorry sight.
With tribulation he is done,
His perfect rest is just begun—
The rest of death's long night.

Lay this one in his marble tomb
And you one in the ground;
O'er this a stately shaft appears
O'er that a simple mound,
But which shall sleep the sweeter sleep—
While the first shall break the silence deep?
Ah! they are equal in death's keep,
The Gabriel's trump shall sound.

—Frank B. Welch in Buffalo Express.

An Awkward Mistake.

A clubman relates at his own expense the following reminiscence of his visit to London last summer. Wishing to take advantage of the alleged cheapness of clothing in London he carried with him no more than he actually needed for the voyage, and on his arrival posted up to London in his steamer dress, to find an important dinner engagement awaiting him, only a few days off. It was an extremely hot day and he was tired, but he went at once to the establishment of a tailor who had been recommended, and asked to see the proprietor, Mr. X. That gentleman appeared and the following conversation took place:

"You are Mr. X?" the American asked.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Well," continued the American, "I met your customer, Mr. A., on the steamer. I've just landed from, and he advised me to come and see you before looking anywhere else."

"But really, my man," the tailor said, looking the dusty, travel-stained visitor over from head to foot, "I am awfully sorry not to oblige Mr. A., you know, but really we don't need any more help at present."

The American is neither vain nor lacking in a sense of the ludicrous, so that instead of becoming mortally offended, as many might have done, he simply laughed and explained that he wanted some work done himself, and on this footing he was at once treated with a consideration designed to atone for so awkward a mistake.

Insurance Agent's Profits.

First class life insurance agents who can approach what the companies call "big fish" earn almost fabulous amounts of money. A gentleman who represented one of the big New York companies in this city for a number of years, and who never "touched" a man for less than a \$10,000 life policy, was wont to boast that his annual income never fell below \$30,000. He was telling the truth, too. Mr. Gildendigt was a great success as solicitor. His company transferred him to New York, where he had a wide field of work. There he was as successful as he was in Cincinnati, and he flattered in every cafe and bar in Broadway, between Union square and the Gilsey house the certified check for his commission. The check was for \$30,000 and he boasted that he had "landed his fish" in one month.

He accomplished life insurance solicitor was sent to Berlin by his company, and reports from the German capital on the banks of the Spree are to the effect that there he is doing quite as well as the gentleman who kept the hotel. This man was "self made" in all that the term implies, for when he first came to Cincinnati, he worked as a common laborer in a yeast manufactory here. He was ostentatiously liberal, offensively so at times, but it was a part of his business.

The Head and Hair of Infants.

The heads of infants should not be washed in brandy, whisky, spirits of hartshorn, or other stimulating washes. They do no good, cause pain, and may irritate the tender scalp as to cause disease.

For cleaning the head, soap and water, or water and a little borax in it, is all that is needed. After washing the scalp, a soft hair brush should be used. This will remove any dirt or dandruff, and will not irritate the skin as a comb would be likely to do.

The hair of both boys and girls should be kept short till eight or nine years of age. This will conduce to cleanliness; prevent a great deal of trouble in combing and washing; will leave no harbor for the abominable creeps to which children are exposed; and, by keeping the hair cool, will render children less liable to the inflammatory affections of the brain—to which they are strongly predisposed at their time of life. Thus managed the hair will be smooth and glossy; sores and disgusting accumulations on the scalp will be prevented; trouble will be saved; and the health, comfort and happiness of mother and child greatly promoted.

The custom of putting caps on infants having been abolished by all well informed people, it is hardly necessary to say that the practice should be abandoned by all, as the head is warm enough without the cap, and in this way causing the brain affections to which children are so prone.

Language of the World.

While the lingual cranks are getting ready to impose a new tongue on the globe, commerce, invention and other results of brain and brawn are rapidly forestalling the superserviceable enterprise of the cranks. The English language is now the world's language in a sense and to an extent that can be truthfully affirmed of no other tongue. English is not only the language of Great Britain, Canada and the United States, but you hear English plentifully in Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus, in the British provinces of East and West India, Australia and South Africa; that is, in large parts of five continents. On the continent of Europe, English is as necessary as French in the schools. English is the language of commerce, and that means that eventually it is likely to forestall Volapuk.

Lincoln's Advice to a Naval Hero.

Among the inmates of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, Me., is Richard Rowley, who was captain of the guns on the Kearsage when she sank the Alabama off the harbor of Cherbourg, France and performed an act of bravery which probably saved his ship and her crew. The battle had raged for over an hour and a half, when a 100-pound rifle shell from the Alabama struck the gun which Rowley was sighting and fell on the deck, with the fuse still burning. In an instant Rowley picked it up and threw it into the sea, where it exploded just as it touched the water. The sailor's mustache and beard were burned off by the fuse, but he stepped back to his gun and sent a shot into the sinking Alabama. Capt. Winslow at once gave the order to man the rigging and give three cheers for Quarter-master Rowley.

The latter was greatly honored after his return to this country. Congress voted him a gold medal, he received other valuable gifts, and President Lincoln personally thanked him. For several days before his interview with the President, Rowley had accepted frequent invitations to drink champagne, and probably showed the effects. As he arose to go Mr. Lincoln gave him \$100, saying:

"Now, don't drink too much liquor; drink just a little, but not too much. I know you old sailors all like a little grog, but be careful and not drink too much."

She's a Cruel Creature.

The comedian on the stage had brought laughing by some allusion to a boy's first shaving encounter with a barber, when the young man leaned over his girl and whispered:

"That's true to life, I can tell you."

"How do you know?" inquired the girl.

"How do I know?" he repeated in a whisper, "why, by experience, of course that was the way with me when I first got shaved."

"When was that?" she asked innocently.

"Oh! before I raised my mustache," he returned, moving uneasily.

"What mustache?" she inquired, a little surprised.

"What mustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning red.

"Why, Charlie," whispered the girl, "I never saw any mustache. Do you mean—"

"Never-mind what I mean," hissed the young man through his teeth, and he was silent. There was lots of fun in the play, but Charlie never laughed again. He took the young woman home, but on the following Sunday night he went to see another girl.

Southern Negro Superstitions.

Women in the North have trouble enough over the servant girl question, but their ways are paths of pleasantness compared with those of Southern women except that the southern woman is less disturbed over the more serious situation. When a Virginia woman wants to change girls she is compelled to go at least three days without any girl at all. The kitchen help is black, of course, and superstitious. No colored girl will go into a house until three days after the retiring help has vanished, for fear of being "stricked,"—in other words, hoodooed, placed under a spell—by the dismissed help. Whatever the colored person doesn't understand he fears. He is full of superstition, believes in good luck from the rabbit foot when in his own possession and in bad luck when it is "put on him." Not long ago a large number of negroes were on the Virginia Railroad platform waiting for a train to take them to a picnic ground. A Boston drummer, with a face as serious as a parson's, took a piece of chalk and a rabbit foot and in the most business-like way began to make crosses on the backs of the negroes and touch them with the rabbit foot. The crowd broke for the woods in a panic and there was no picnic that day.

Threatened Strike of Pennsylvania Railroad Engineers.

A difference in regard to wages threatens to bring about a strike on the entire railroad system. The company having refused to comply with the demands of the men, a dispatch from Pittsburgh, dated 25th inst., says: "Forty engineers, representing the brotherhood of engineers of all the Pennsylvania railroad organizations, have decided to act with the other orders in their efforts to secure higher wages. This action was declared at the engineers' conference today. The conference has been in session since Monday and concluded its work this afternoon. This decision was received with the utmost satisfaction by the members of the other organizations. It means now that the engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen and switchmen of the entire system concentrated, act as unit. The engineers authorize the statement that the work of equalization of a part of the company is equivalent to cutting down at one point and filling up at another and will not be satisfactory."

THE WAY PAVED FOR A STRIKE.

"Anything wrong with the coffee this morning, John?"

"No, it's good enough."

"Biscuits all right?"

"I haven't any fault to find with the biscuits."

"Steak cooked all right?"

"I don't see anything wrong with the steak."

"No complaint to make about anything?"

"No."

"John, I wish you would let me have fifty cents to buy some ribbons."

MILK AS A SUMMER DIET.—A very important element of summer diet is milk, but it must be taken in moderation and carefully. Drink it slowly in small mouthfuls, and if there be any tendency to dyspepsia beat the milk a few moments to break the butter globules and render it easier of digestion. Skimmed milk and fresh buttermilk are infinitely preferable to ice water as cooling and refreshing summer drinks. Ice-water dyspepsia is a complaint which is very general, though its cause is very little understood.

How They Make Slate Pencils.

In the northwestern part of the town of Castleton, Rutland Vt., is the only factory in the United States of slate pencils. The stone as it comes from the quarry is first sawed into blocks from four to seven inches wide, according to the length desired for the pencils. These are split quite easily into little slabs a little thicker than the finished pencils—say 5-16 of an inch. These are passed through a planing machine and over an emery belt to make them flat, smooth and of a uniform thickness of about 3-16 of an inch. Next they are pushed into the jaws of a "crocodile," which consists of a pair of steel plates, in the under one of which are six rows of curved knives, each set so as to cut a little deeper than the one that went before it. These plow out parallel grooves half way through the slab, which a man then turns and lays on a steel plate, having ridges which just fit these grooves. This slides back under the six rows of teeth of a second crocodile lying in wait alongside, which puts the grooves on the other side, and leaves the pencils side by side. Lastly they are broken and rolled off for an instant, to point them, upon an emery belt. A man can give this last touch to about 8,000 in a day. The average daily output is about 30,000, and the mill gives employment to some thirty-five hands. The old plan was to saw out square pencils from the slab one by one. These were boxed and distributed among poor families, who whittled them round by hand, from a quarter to a dollar per thousand.

In a New State.

Driving over the prairie, yesterday, I came across an old man sowing his wheat. It is no offense to introduce yourself here—the people are sociable. I stopped him when he got to the end of his row, and asked him how long he'd been in Dakota.

"I ben in Dakoty," he said, "goin' on eight year."

"Where did you come from?"

"I was born in Vermont, but I kim here from Wisconsin."

"How much land do you own?"

"Jest one square mile."

"How much did you own in Wisconsin?"

"Two lots in a buryin' patch."

"How much wheat did you raise last year?"

"Air you buyin' wheat?"

"No, but I'd like to know, if you don't mind telling."

"Tain't no secret. I raised a crop of two thousand six hundred bushels."

"What'll you sell your farm for?"

"Air you buyin' property?"

"No, bu—"

"Oh, I got my price. Anybody who pays me fifteen thousand dollars down kin hev my farm."

"How much money did you have when you came here?"

"I hed my things to set up house-keepin' with and fifty dollars in money which I buried. I didn't sell my lots in the buryin' groun'."

Down With Trusts.

The Indiana Senate knows how to talk about trusts. It has passed a bill making all combinations to decrease outputs, control prices or limit production, criminal conspiracies to defraud, punishable by \$1,000 to \$5,000 fine and two to five years imprisonment. Every stockholder is to be such criminal and fraudulent conspirator, the charter is to be forfeited, and civil damages to the amount of double the injury inflicted by a trust on a citizen's business can be recovered. Public opinion likes and will sanction just such mailed hand blows at trusts as this. The people are tired of the way these great grasping concerns crush out the small producer with one hand and squeeze the consumer with the other.

A FINANCIAL DISCUSSION.—Old Man Moneybags (facetiously).—

"Come, my dear, aren't you going to advise me? Here's a man that wants me to lend him \$10,000 on his Aetichion stock. Now what do you advise me to do?"

Young Wife—"Why, you know that I don't know anything about money."

Old Man Moneybags—"Don't know anything about money! That's pretty good, when you made as much in one day as I have made in all my life."

Young Wife—"Why, when was that?"

Old Man Moneybags (uproariously).—"When you married me."

Young wife—"Yes, but all my friends have told me that I couldn't have made a worse bargain."

—Many a man has broken his back and lost his heart on a poor farm which he has suffered to run down by bad management. He has spread his labor and capital over 100 acres, when by confining himself to twenty-five or thirty he might have become happy and rich. The way to repair such an error is to begin with one field and get that into good condition, and let the rest lie, and so go on through the farm. One rich field will then make it easy to enrich another or two; and while the beginning is slow, it is down hill work, and as the end is nearly reached progress is fast and easy.

—One pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Rub in generous tablespoonful of butter. Beat one egg light and add to it three-fourths of a cup of milk. Mix with the flour and other ingredients into dough. Pour the mixture into shallow pans and spread half an inch thick. Stick into the dough three rows of one-eighth sections of apples and bake half an hour. Serve with sugar and cream or none, or it can be eaten as a cake. It is recommended as excellent.

TIME FOR BUDDING.—Pears on pear stocks are usually budded in July; on quince in the first half of September. Plums are in the best shape for this operation from the latter part of July until the middle of August, and apples from the first to the middle of August; cherries on mazzard stocks about the first of August, and on male about a month later. Peaches are usually budded in the nurseries the same season the seeds are planted and about the first of September.