Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 25, 1898.

OUT OF ARCADIA.

The country boy was in love, and young,
But he urged his cause with an eager tongue,
But the maiden bade him work and wait;
She wanted a man who was strong and great.

He loved his home and the country life,
And he wanted a tender, little wife,
He wished to live in peace and ease,
In the shade of his spreading old elm trees.

But the maiden bade him go and win
A name she could prize and glory in.
She said she would wait and wed him when
He had made his place in the ranks of men.

Then the boy plunged into the city's roar,
And he learned the market's sordid lore,
And he learned that life is an awful fight,
Where the wounded fall to the left and right.

But on their bodies he slowly rose,
And he gained new strength from his vanquished foes;
As he overcame them and bent them down,
He grew in wealth and in wide renown.

But his heart was cold. He forgot to feel;
His chilling smile had the glow of steel,
His brain grew keen and his face grew hard,
As he stood a victor, seamed and scarred.

Then his words were treasured throughout the state,
And all men followed and called him great;
But he smiled when he thought of the country boy.
And he sneered at love as a childish toy.

Harry Romaine in the Puritan.

A COUPLE O' CAPTAINS.

"Jiminy Christmas," groaned Tom, "how my arm aches!"

"Don't think o' your arm," said Gene, twisting in his blankets. "I'd take your wound for the prospect of promotion that hangs over your head."

"Be quiet," said Tom, and he sighed heavily.

The stars were burning like coals of fire in the blue above them, and all about the winds were breathing in the sage-brush. The two boys had been in battle that day—a hot fight with the Sioux—and Tom labored and larruped a wily warrior single-handed and alone under the very nose of the Colonel, and for that reason and not because he had received a slight, tough painful, wound in his arm, his comrade Gene argued that promotion would come to Tom. It did come, and still another, and in less than a month's time he was a captain.

Gene was a big, brave, strong youth, and it was not long until he, too, began to take on markers at the tops of his shoulders. Without any of that invisible something commonly called "pull," both boys fought themselves up so that at the end of the five years' strife with the Sioux they were captains of cavalry. It was all very exciting; even thrilling at times. But the war ended one fine day, as wars will, and the two captains found themselves without employment, and, one of them at least, without tangible means of support. The disbanding of the army had thrown some thousands of men suddenly upon a country in which all the good jobs seemed to be filled.

"We must do something," said Tom.

"Yes," assented his friend; "we'll have to get married or go to work sooner or later, I suppose."

"I wish we could get into something together."

"Like enough if we did get in together, they'd put us in separate cells," said Gene. He had money—not much, perhaps, but money—and parents well-to-do, and could afford to joke. But it was a serious matter with Tom. He was as poor as a Greek and as proud as a Spaniard. One day he hailed Gene with a happy shout, and announced that he had a job for both, where they could work together by day and bunk together at night.

"So it's work, is it?" asked Gene, looking his friend over.

"Well, yes. You were not expecting a job stopping balls in a tennis court, were you?"

"Not exactly; but I thought we were going into some sort of business together."

"This is business—good business, and you wind it up with a brake-chain every time the whistle blows."

"What is it?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

"W-h-a-t?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

Gene smiled.

The Burlington had just been opened as far as Omaha, and Ottumwa was only a small settlement. Iowa was right out on the raw edge of the wide, wild West. The Indians were wrecking stations and robbing freight cars, and a flagman three cars from the caboose couldn't call his skin his own.

"Passenger train, I presume?" said Gene, breaking the hush.

"Freight."

"What?"

"Freight."

"Say, Tom, you're crazy. What do you want to throw yourself away on a box-car for? It won't do—not for me—it's preposterous!"

"It beats walking."

"Perhaps, but we haven't had to walk yet. Think of it! Society column of the Chicago '*Tribune*,' 'Captain Smith and Captain Jones are breaking on a freight out of Ottumwa.' Come, Tom, I'm not broke yet; besides, you are too young and handsome to be killed."

"Then you won't go?"

"No," said Gene, and he began to sing:

"Don't you go Tommy, don't go;
Stay away, Tommy, don't go."

"Well, I've always feared it would come to this sooner or later," said Tom. He held out his hand, and Gene took it.

"I love you, Tommy," said he, "but I can't join you in a blue jumper and go skating with you over the icy tops of rolling cox-cars."

"Good-by," said Tom.

"Good-by! God be good to you, captain—my captain!"

"The same to you," called Tom, and his friend watched him wander away down among the cars in the newly railed freight yards.

* * * * *

"Ticket," called the conductor.

The man was reading.

"Ticket," and he touched the man's shoulder, and the man looked up.

"Why—hel-lo, Tom. What you doing?"

"I'm trying to run this train," said Tom, passing the punch to his left hand in order to shake the hand the passenger held out.

When the conductor had worked the train, he came back to the passenger with the book.

"Say, Gene," said the ticket-taker, "I was so elated over this unexpected pleasure that I forgot to get your ticket. You ought to be ashamed to make me ask the third time for it."

"Well, you can keep right on, for I've got no ticket. I had barely time to throw myself aboard as the train pulled out."

"Well, you've got money, haven't you? 'Cause if you haven't, I know where you can borrow."

Gene smiled and gave up, and then the two ex-captains of cavalry sat and talked of the old days, when there were no railroads there.

"Well, Tom, you've made a great success of this railroad business, and I'm proud of you," said Gene, glancing at the bright blue uniform the Captain wore.

Tom smiled. "What are you driving at, Gene?"

"Readin' law."

"Well," said Tom, "I guess that'll beat brakin' on freight."

And so the two men talked on to the end of the run, the conductor dropped off, and the law student went on to Chicago.

* * * * *

In the jam and crowd about the gates of the Burlington station at Chicago men often bump up against old comrades unexpectedly, and so it fell out that as Gene was sweeping through a narrow gate he ran bang into a man.

"Hello, Gene," said the man, "wait a moment."

Gene waited impatiently for five minutes, it seemed to him. He was glad enough to meet an old friend, but the diagram had gone to the sleeping-car conductor, and Gene wanted to secure a place. Finally, as the train was about to pull out—in fact, the time was up by the big clock on the wall—the waiting traveler was gladdened by the re-appearance of the busy man.

"What's the matter with you, Tom? Do you want me to get left?"

Tom smiled. "My dear Gene, don't you know this train would not pull out without you!"

"That's all very funny," Gene replied; "but I've got no place to sleep."

"Well, you won't sleep much to-night, for you are going to sit up and visit with me."

By this time Tom had been met by a smart black porter, who, at a faint signal from the master, took the hand baggage from the over-anxious traveler and ran up the rear steps of the rear-most car.

"Is this my car?" asked Gene, stopping and glancing along the platform.

"No, it's mine; but you can ride. Come, hand yourself aboard; I shan't make you put up this trip."

The train conductor, ever alert, saw the two men enter the car, lifted his white light, and the big engine breathed softly, and moved out of the station shed.

Gene, following the trail of the black boy, stood upon the platform of a car that seemed to be all plate glass, and stepped hesitatingly into a luxurious drawing-room.

"Now what's all this folderol, Tom?" asked Gene, for he had been abroad and had lost track of his old "pal" of the plains.

Tom was a modest man, and so told his friend in a modest way that he was the General Manager and that this was the private car that the company had given over for his comfort and convenience. We may suppose it was a pleasant evening that the two captains passed as the train carried them away to the West.

A few years later Tom left the Burlington and went over to take charge of the Union Pacific. He had an agreement that gave him a fabulous salary, and the written promise of the owners of the property that the road should be run by him from Omaha and not by anyone else, and, above all, that he should not be compelled to take signals from the seaboard, given by men who were in the habit of putting a day coach in the shops to have the stove changed to "the front end," instead of turning the car on the table or running it round a "Y."

This good and useful man had been at his new post but one short year when he was called in by the Great Manager of the Universe, and when the news of his death went over the wire it made heavy the hearts of thousands of railway employees all over this Continent, for he was, without question, one of the most humane managers that has ever lived.

All night long, from North to South, from East to West, as the conductor swung down from a coach or a way car the operator would meet him and say in a low tone, "Tom Potter's dead." In most cases the conductor would make no reply, but when he handed the order up to the engineer he would say, as the operator had said to him, "Tom Potter's dead."

"No!" the engineman would say, turning to watch the conductor, who was already taking his way sadly back to the caboose to break the news to the brakemen.

"What's that?" asks the fireman.

"Tom Potter's dead." And then the engineer would open the throttle slowly, and if she slipped, he gave her sand and humored her, and he didn't swear.

The other captain, who has also made a name and a place for himself, is still with us. He is the "split-trick" in the prosperous law firm of Gleed, Ware, and Gleed, of Topeka. He is the wholesome, happy, two-hundred-pound poet of the Kansas capital whose *nom-de-plume* is "Ironquill;" and if you doubt this story, it is probably because you have been reading romances and have lost confidence in the simple true tales that from time to time appear in print. By Cy Warman, in *McClure's Magazine*.

Congressman Hicks.

He Brings Civil Action for Libel Against Rev. Dr. Swallow.

Congressman J. D. Hicks, of Altoona, brought a civil action for libel against Dr. Swallow, late fusion candidate for Governor, Friday at Harrisburg, claiming $50,000 damages for the publication of an article in the Commonwealth last January charging him with mis-using the funds of the Pennsylvania building and loan association, of Altoona, while acting as president of the concern. Mr. Hicks alleges that the article "was libelous and was published maliciously to bring him into public scandal, infamy and disgrace with and among his neighbors and other good citizens." The building and loan association is in the hands of a receiver.

Right You are, Malloy.

From the Lansford Record.

When the Americans sent soldiers to assist struggling Cuba, the Cuban soldier did not materialize. So it was with the Philadelphia Democrats. When the country districts took a hand in fighting Quay's Spaniards, the Quaker Democrats were missing. But when it comes to shouting in a state convention or making deals with Republican factions of Philadelphia, the Ryans and the Delahuntys are very much in evidence.

Eli Whitney and the Cotton Gin.

Eli Whitney was one of those bright, precocious Yankee boys who in early years revealed a great fondness for making things, and who showed ingenuity in doing what ever they turned their hands to. His father was a plain Massachusetts farmer, who tilled his acres near Westborough, in that State. Eli from the first disliked farming. He avoided farming whenever he could, and instead spent much of his time in his father's workshop. The good farmer was in the habit of repairing his own wheels and chairs and mending his own fences, so that he had a small collection of tools. These tools were Eli's delight. Whenever he had a chance he would slip away into the workshop and try to fashion some article which his already ingenious mind had designed.

On one occasion, when Eli was twelve years old, his father on a return from a journey, asked what his boys had been doing during his absence. The reply was that the other boys had been steadily at work in the fields, but that Eli had spent much of his time in the workshop.

"And what was he doing there?"

"He has been making a fiddle."

"Ah," sighed the worthy farmer. "I fear Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles."

Nevertheless, the fiddle proved to be a very good one, and served its purpose very well at the country dances in the neighborhood.

Another time the farmer going to church one Sabbath morning, chanced to leave his watch, a big old fashioned silver "turnip," at home. As soon as his father was out of the house Eli seized the watch, and eagerly took it to pieces, bit by bit. When he saw what he had done he was horrified, for his father was a very strict man, and would be sure to punish him severely for spoiling his watch. So Eli set to work and by dint of his skill succeeded in putting the watch together again just as the farmer got back from church. So neatly did he do this that his father never discovered how his watch had been treated, until years after, Eli told him what he had done.

There are many other stories of Eli's youthful ingenuity, which there is not space to repeat here. He was always trying his hands at something, and he usually succeeded at whatever he attempted. His step-mother found him useful in a hundred ways in the household, repairing old utensils and making new ones. When the Revolutionary war broke out Eli began to make nails, which were greatly needed by the patriots. Then he turned his hands to make the long pins which the women of that day used for fastening their bonnets; and he also for awhile drove a thriving trade in walking sticks, in which he invented many striking and graceful devices.

As Eli approached manhood he began to feel sorely the need of a better education than the country school afforded. He had studied much by himself in the intervals between work, and he knew more about mathematics and mechanics than most lads of his age. But he was not satisfied with this. He wanted to go to College. His father was resolutely opposed to this, and refused to give him the means. So Eli set hard to work, and managed, by making various articles and teaching school, to save enough money to enter college. He went to Yale when he was twenty-three years old, and graduated four years later. While in college young Whitney gave many proofs of his mechanical ingenuity. On one occasion he repaired the apparatus of one of the professors, who was about to send it to Europe for the purpose, as he supposed no one in this country had the skill to do it.

Eli Whitney at first intended to adopt teaching as his profession. His heart was wrapped up in mechanics, but he was poor and could see no way in which he could follow his natural bent. Not long after graduating, therefore, he accepted an engagement as a tutor in the family of a gentleman who lived in Georgia. It was a fortunate accident that, while on his way to the South, young Whitney made the acquaintance of the widow of the famous Revolutionary hero, General Nathaniel Greene. This lady, who lived near Savannah, at once took a liking to him, and on their arrival in Georgia invited him to stay for awhile at her home. This was all the more agreeable as Whitney found, to his disappointment that the gentleman had selected another tutor. Mrs. Greene kindly cheered him, and told him to make her house his home.

Thus left without employment which had been promised him, Whitney again turned his attention to his first love, mechanics. It happened that an occasion soon arose when he was able to show his generous hostess and friends how skillful he was in mechanical devices. The good lady was fond of embroidery, but found that the ambour or frame upon which she did her delicate work, was not well fitted for that purpose. Whitney eagerly assured her that he could make a frame which would serve her much better He set cheerfully to work, and had soon completed a frame far superior to the old one.

This proof of his inventive talent greatly impressed Mrs. Greene, and soon opened to the young man the grand opportunity of his life. It was not long after Mrs. Greene entertained a number of her husband's old army friends at Mulberry grove, her home. One day the conversation happened to turn upon the cotton production of the Southern States. One of the officers remarked that cotton could easily be raised all through the South, but that so long as it required so much labor to separate the cotton from its seed the cotton crop could not be made a profitable one. If any device could be made, he added by which the cotton could be easily cleaned the production of cotton would become an enormous paying industry. "Gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, who was intently listening to the talk, "tell this to my young friend Mr. Whitney. I verily believe he can make anything."

Now Whitney had never seen a piece of cotton in his life; none the less he promptly made up his mind that he would devote his every energy to solving the problem thus put to him.

He first examined some cotton, and saw at once what the task was he had to perform. He had no tools with which to begin his work, but he sturdily set about making some.

In less than ten days he had completed his first model of a cotton cleaning machine. He was delighted with its success, and went on improving it by every device he could think of. In two or three months he had perfected a perfectly practicable working cotton-gin. It was speedily proved that this machine, which could be worked by a man or woman, could clean more cotton in a single day than could be done by a single man or woman, in the old manual method, in several months. The immense utility of the cotton-gin was at once recognized throughout the South; and now Whitney suffered as so many inventors had suffered before him, from the dishonesty of greedy money makers. The building in which the cotton gin was kept was broken into, and the cotton gin taken away. It was at once copied and put into use in various places before he could get his patent.

The fruits of his great invention were thus stolen from him. Although he got several patents, he never grew rich, as so many southern planters did by the use of his machine. In vain he petitioned Congress for redress and compensation. The inventor of the cotton gin, by which he undoubtedly created the wealth and power of nearly every southern State, lived and died almost in a state of poverty. But his was a patient and heroic spirit. He bore the injustice of men and the ingratitude of his country with cheerful serenity, and died assured at least of a deathless fame, with his name enrolled high up on the list of America's greatest inventors.

A Tragedy of the Sea.

Thrilling Story of Survivors of the Wrecked Atlanta.—Only Three of a Crew of 26 Men Escaped Death After a Fearful Battle With the Waves.

YAQUINA, Ore., Nov. 20.—Additional particulars of the wreck of the British ship Atlanta, Capt. Chas. McBride, from Tacoma to Capetown, Thursday morning, five miles south of Alssead, were brought here by a correspondent who went to the scene. Twenty-three lives were lost including all the officers, and only three sailors survived as follows: Francis McMahon, of Belfast, Ireland, aged 18; John Webber, Tarrytown, N. J.; John Fraser, Philadelphia. The lost are: Capt. Chas. McBride; —— Hunter, first mate; N. C. Huston, second mate, all of Greenock, Scotland; David Steward, Liverpool; Aleck Beck, W. E. Croger, M. O. Plikington, Joseph Cassa, ——Williamson, T. Lewis, Michael Gallagher, David Green, —— Jacobson, Pedro Gregory, John Marks, John Smith, seamen; —— Hamilton, sailmaker. The unknown are two cooks, carpenter, sailmaker, second mate and one sailor. The body of Jacobson was recovered and buried yesterday.

Wednesday night about 12 o'clock the ship was steering southeast by east and running under full sail, when suddenly the lookout sang out "breakers ahead." Almost at the same time the ship struck with a tremendous crash. She arose again on the heavy ground swell, lurched forward, struck again, was carried further by the seas, struck a third time and commenced settling at once. The sea by this time was washing completely over the vessel. The crew had taken to the rigging, most of them to the mizzenmast. Within half an hour after striking the hull broke in two, and this started the mizzinmast, in which nearly all the crew had taken refuge. At this moment George Fraser, a sailor, plunged overboard, preferring to take his chances by swimming. He succeeded in catching hold of the main hatch and held on for a few minutes, when he was told that the port life-boat was near him. Fraser swam to the boat after a desperate struggle and succeeded in climbing into it, his shipmates in the rigging giving him three cheers. After helping McMahon and Weber into the boat, they soon drifted on shore. Fraser, in telling the story of the wreck, said:

"The first thing I knew the first mate called me and said the ship was on the beach. The other men came to the door and sang out 'All hands lay aft, we are going to wear ship.' The second mate shouted 'Clear away the boats, that's our only chance.' The second mate and myself jumped upon the boat skids to clear away the port bow. I shouted out for some one to give me a hand to the mizzen rigging. As soon as I reached the port, I was swept off my feet, but grasped a stanchion when the sea spent its force. When the sea cleared off the poop I ran for the mizzen rigging and climbed into it. I stayed there, I suppose, 10 minutes, when the ship righted and listed over to starboard. I crawled across the cross jack yard and got into the port rigging, when the ship broke in two. Shortly after that the main mast went by the board and it started the mizzen mast. I then took to the water and swam to the main hatch, which floated close by the ship. I stayed on the hatch about 20 minutes. The sea was throwing wreckage up, hitting me over the head until I drifted clear of the ship. Another fellow swam to the hatch, but I told him to get off the hatch and look for one of his own. He would not do it, so I got off myself, as it would not hold two up. There was another hatch nearby and I swam to it, but the breakers washed me off. The men in the rigging were watching me and told me the boat was coming. I swam to the boat and got one arm over the gunswale, the crew in the rigging cheering me all the time. I crawled into the boat, which was full of water, and, looking around, saw Webber on the other side. McMahon was among the wreckage and we hauled him into the boat. We had no oars, but soon drifted clear of the wreck and the breakers started us ashore. I looked toward the wreck to see if I could see anybody, but only one man was visible on the port aft davit. We kept the boat's head to sea and were soon washed ashore."

McMahon said: "The only reason I can think for the disaster was that the captain had lost his reckoning on account of the weather for three days preceeding, otherwise the accident is quite unaccountable. It was a pitiful sight to see the chief officers in the rigging crying and praying for help. I consider the escape of myself and two shipmates nothing short of miracle."

Appointed by Governor Hastings.

Governor Hastings has appointed the delegates to the National Pure Food and Drug congress, to be held in Washington on Jan. 18th to 20. Leonard Rhone, Centre Hall; W. B. Powell, Shadeland; Hon. Jason Sexton, Springhouse; Louis Emanuel, Pittsburg; F. A. Boericke, Philadelphia; Francis B. Reeves, Philadelphia; Thomas Martindale, Philadelphia; Sylvester S. Martin, Pittsburg; William R. Warner, Philadelphia; Thomas J. Edge, Harrisburg; Professor John Hamilton, State College; Major Levi Wells, Harrisburg; Dr. G. G. Groff, Lewisburg, and Dr. Charles T. George, Harrisburg.

Mountain Peak 20,000 Feet High.

The G. H. Eldredge geological survey party, which has just returned from the Cook's Inlet country, is said to have discovered the highest mountain in North America. The peak, which towers far above Mount St. Elias, is situated in Alaska to the right of the Sushitna River. It is more than 20,000 feet high. Its Indian name is thought to be Bullshae.

——Jack—I don't see why you call her a queer girl just because she told you to see her papa when you proposed.

Algy—Ya-as; but perhaps you don't know that her papa has been dead for five years.

Chicago's Big Duck Farm.

Where 20,000 Ducklings are Raised Yearly on Land Worth a Million Dollars.

Chicago has a duck farm, well in the heart of the city, and located on land that is worth $1,000,000.

Chatham Fields, as the farm is called, is located at the corner of Seventy-ninth street and Cottage Grove avenue. The cars go whizzing by all day long within quacking distance of 20,000 ducks, which enjoy all the advantages of city life. In the end, every one of the 20,000 will share the fate of the ordinary barnyard fowl, however, and find its way to the broiler and the spit. And these city-bred ducks run their reckless and fin de siecle careers in about half the number of weeks that it takes their country cousins to round off existence.

The duck farm on a big scale, located on a $1,000,000 tract of land, is owned by L. G. Fisher, a capitalist and manufacturer. He holds the land as an investment, and while holding it he decided to indulge his taste for amateur farming. At first he invested in a few fancy chickens, ducks and geese. The chickens came more nearly eating their heads off than the ducks did, and were not so satisfactory. A year ago Chatham Fields was converted into a duck farm almost exclusively, with 400 or 500 chickens to make things more homelike.

These ducks are hatched in incubators and brought up by hand. Mother Nature is allowed to have as little to do with it as possible. The fowls are turned out by machinery, fed by machinery, and meet their death by guillotine at the tender age of 10 weeks.

The 150 acres of the farm are a rolling piece of ground, sloping away from a clump of trees. The main building is a big, flat, steam-heated brick barn, 600 by 180 feet in size. This is divided into two parts, the larger section being subdivided into pens which hold about 500 ducklings each. The other subdivision is covered with steam pipes raised slightly from the ground. A loose burlap curtain swings between the two. The little ducks are put into the pens, which are kept at an even and moderate temperature. If from any cause the ducklings become chilled or damp, they poke their knowing little necks under the burlap curtain, push through and huddle up under the steam pipes. The whole floor is of clean dirt, the top layer being changed often.

The entire philosophy of scientific duck-raising may be given in a sentence. "Keep the ducks dry and stuff them all the time."

According to Manager Bellows, the ducks don't take to water. At Chatham Fields they would not be allowed to if they felt so inclined. On fine days the pens are opened and the thousands of ducklings are allowed for a while to get out of the big building and play in the sunshine. At the least sign of rain back they are all hustled indoors. They never swim and never enjoy a drop of water, except what they drink. This is provided at a watering trough constructed like a saucer, with a teacup inverted in it.

During the season about 1,000 ducks are set aside for breeding purposes. These are selected for their size, robustness, etc. "The season" on the duck farm reverses the ordinary poultry season as the farmer's wife knows it. At the farm eggs must be laid from December to April, and the ducks hatched and sold from April to August. The thousand fowls set aside for egg laying are allowed to run about freely in a big, grassy yard. They are given enough to eat to keep them in fair condition, and are expected to hustle for salads. This they very much enjoy, as it gives them a chance to dig their bills in the ground for roots and worms.

The expense of keeping these breeding fowls is small. About December the ducks begin to lay eggs. The eggs are put in the incubators, 300 to a machine, and are hatched in 21 days. The ducklings are put at once into the "brooder," where they live out their 10 or 12 weeks of life. By this patent process of raising ducks the percentage of loss is considerably less than when the farmer's wife persuades a good natured hen to hatch out a setting of duck eggs. The experts at that farm never make the mistake of putting an egg into the incubator unless it is sure to hatch. They are all tested and must not be over a week old. So altogether the loss will not reach 25 per cent. from all causes. Baby ducks are fed every two or three hours, and yet they are hungry all the time. They simply live to eat, and have no other ambition in life. The food is made up of a variety of things, all intended to make white, juicy meat and small, soft bones. The ideal hash for ducks is made on a basis of soup of boiled bones, scraps, etc. With this soup cracked oats, corn meal, "seconds," and various cereals are mixed. Nearly all the food is cooked. This material here in the city costs little. If meal is damaged in bolting, or a lot of rolled oats gets wet, the dealers are glad to sell it for a small amount. South Water street furnishes cheaply all the green stuff that ducks like so well. A few parcels of wilted celery, cabbage a little the worse for wear, and salad greens of all sorts can be bought at low figures by wholesale.

Ducks at Chatham Fields are expected to be lazy. They are prohibited from taking century runs, and discouraged altogether from flying. What with eating every two hours and never taking any exercise, they grow wonderfully fast, and the meat is light instead of dark. The breastbone of a young duck raised this way can be cut with one swipe of a carving knife, and nearly the whole duck can be sliced into white pieces.

The cost of raising these ducks and putting them on the market varies greatly with the season, but the average is about 25 cents apiece.

"We aim to take advantage of a season and a market which is not overcrowded," says Mr. Bellows. "That's the secret of making a thing like this pay. Let into the market when nobody else is selling, and with something distinctive and curious if you can."

Nearly all the ducks raised are sold for broilers. They stand on the same footing as fried chicken, and are said to be far superior to the ordinary roast duck.

"Broiled tame duck is nothing new to the people in the East," said Mr. Bellows, "but until recently there was no market for them in Chicago. We have sold all of ours here to clubs, hotels and restaurants."

A duck which costs 25 cents to raise sells for 75 cents. A young duck brings more than an old one by the pound. A 10-weeks old duck weighs from two to three pounds. The old ones weigh from four to eight pounds, and sell for from 14 to 16 cents a pound.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

——Miss Annie Frances Bayard, whose death is reported at Algiers, is the second daughter of the late Thomas F. Bayard. She was known as "Miss Nannie," had been absent from home for years and had been living with her sister, Countess Lewinbaupt, in Paris. She went to Algiers for her health, accompanied by Philip Bayard, youngest son of the late ambassador.

No Excuse for Being Ill.

Mrs. Rorer Discusses a Diet for the Sick and tells How to Keep Well By Eating Proper Food.

"Nobody need be sick if properly fed," says Mrs. Royer. "But people do not eat the things which keep them in the best condition. Every pound of fat more than necessary means one pound of disease. And there is no more excuse for thin, nervous people than there is for excessive fat."

Mrs. Rorer calls attention particularly to the albuminous or the muscle making foods, such as lean meats, eggs, milk and cheese and grains. Man needs, she says, both meats and grains to furnish him proper sustenance. Vegetarianism finds no support in Mrs. Rorer. She argues that a human being has both meat teeth and grain teeth, and that nature never makes a mistake; we were meant to use both kinds.

Milk, as one of the important diets for a sick person, comes in as a large share of her consideration. To those who complain that milk makes them bilious, Mrs. Rorer announced that pure milk cannot do this. It is the over amount of nitrogenous foods which are taken at the same time. For milk should not be treated as a beverage—not at all. Milk is a food.

It is made most easily digestable for sick people when the cheese is removed from it and a little sugar of milk and white of egg added. The acid may be removed by adding dissolved pepsin tablets, or by adding wine and making wine whey. Koumys is a very good form of milk and may be made by adding "Kiefer" to milk and bottling the product. Yeast and a little sugar will give the same result as the "Kiefer" does.

But milk should never be taken iced, and it is better warm than boiled or sterilized.

Beef, whose tendon is one of the most difficult to digest, was made into appetizing and safe balls and served upon tiny squares of toast on the invalid's tray. Mrs. Rorer scraped the meat for this preparation, but advised chopping it for a person who had simply a weak stomach.

Albumenized Whey.—Heat one quart of milk to blood heat (98 degrees); add two junket tablets, dissolved. Allow the milk to stand until chilled; then stir in the curd and strain it, saving the whey. When the whey is perfectly cold add the whites of two eggs. The better way is to put a portion of this into a shaker or fruit jar; put in the white of egg and shake until the whole is thoroughly mixed. Now, you may add to this a teaspoonful of brandy or whisky or whatever stimulant is ordered, and it may be given in feedings of about two ounces.

Another Method of Making.—Heat a quart to a little more than blood heat, then add four ounces of wine, sherry or Madeira; stir for a moment; strain; add the curd to the whey thus made: add again the whites of two eggs.

Frozen Junket.—Make a plain junket, using a half pound of sugar to each quart of milk, and adding a half cup of cream. When the junket is congealed turn into a freezer and freeze quickly.

Chicken Panada.—Chop fine sufficiently cooked chicken to make a pint; put it over the fire; add a pint of water; when boiling add a tablespoonful of cornstarch; moisten in a little cold milk, and just before serving season it and add a tablespoonful of butter.

Beef Paste.—Scrape uncooked beef. After you have sufficient quantity of paste make it into tiny pats; put each pat on a square of bread; toast quickly; serve with a little salt and butter.

Lumber in Wisconsin.

Facts About the Timber Districts in That State.

Lumberman in this vicinity will be interested in following facts about the timber districts in Wisconsin: According to a report written by Filbert Roth, a special agent of the United States department of agricuture, the state of Wisconsin, with a population of about 2,000,000, and taxable property to the amount of $6,000,000, has a home consumption of over 600,000,000 feet of lumber annually, besides enormous quantities of other wood materials, which, if imported into the state, would cost the state over $25,000,000. Of its northern half, a land surface of over 18,000,000 acres, only 7 per cent. is cultivated, the rest forming one continuous body of forests and waste land. From this area there have been cut during the last sixty years more than 5,000,000,000 feet of pine lumber alone, and the annual output for the past ten years has exceeded 3,000,000,000 feet every year.

The industries exploiting this resource represented in 1890 one-sixth of the total taxable property in the state, paid over to 5,000 men the sum of $15,000,000 in wages, and the value of their products was equal to more than one-third of the entire output of the agricultural regions. Of an original stand of about 130,000,000,000 feet of pine, about 17,000,000,000 feet are left, besides 12,000,000,000 feet of hemlock and 16,000,000,000 feet of hardwood. The annual growth which at present amounts to about 900,000,000 feet, and of which only 250,000,000 feet is marketable, is largely overbalanced by the natural decay of the old and overripe timber.

At present nothing is being done either to protect or to restore the denuded lands, of which fully 80 per cent. are unproductive. This policy causes a continuous and ever growing loss to the commonwealth, which at present amounts to about 800,000,000 feet every year of useful and much needed material. A further result is that the spoiliation of these forests is making a marked change in the natural climatic condition and is operating injuriously on the amount of rainfall the state should receive.

To remedy this condition, Mr. Roth is of the opinion that stringent legislation will have to be immediately adopted, and measures framed to preserve and restock. He concludes his report by saying that, in his opinion, it will be necessary for the State to repossess itself of these lands, either in whole or in great part.

All He Craved.

The proprietor of the restaurant had just issued a new advertisement, intended to call attention to a reduction in rates. After quoting the prices of various articles to conclusively demonstrate the fact that everything was cheap, he added at the bottom of the advertisement: "Bread, butter, and potatoes free."

He knows better now. If he had to do it over again he would word it a little differently, and all because a solemn-looking man came in one day, and, after taking his place at a table, pointed to the advertisement and asked:

"Is that on the square?"

"Certainly," replied the waiter.

"Then give me some bread, butter, and potatoes," said the man.

"Yes, sir. What else?" asked the waiter.

"Nothing else," replied the man. "That't all that's free, isn't it?"