

LITTLE MILLIONAIRES.

Twenty little millionaires
Playing in the sun;
Millionaires in mother-love,

CINDERELLA.

Young Hetherington filled his brier wood pipe.
"Yon don't mind, do you? You are always so jolly and chummy."

She smiled a little deprecatingly. There were times when somehow she wished Hetherington did not find her so jolly and chummy, though these times had nothing to do with the brier wood pipe.

And he did not know just yet that the magic which was touching her and him, too, was older even than fairy godmothers.

He thought he saw a smile fit over the face, bent away from him though it was, and he took her hands that were now heated, though still scarred a little.

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Another thing that is great fun is to have three saucers—one with a ring in it, another with a piece of money and a third with a little water. Blindfold each person in turn and then change the positions of the saucers so that the one blindfolded does not know in what order they stand, and then let her put her hand into one of the saucers.

Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all!

She marries an Indian.
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had some nasty experiments to make, and maybe she would not want to stay, although he had looked as though he would have liked to have had her.

By this time the others had come. But it was really all over. She staggered out to look at Hugh. His eyes were closed, his face blackened.

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There is an ancient rhyme running in this wise:
Married in white,
You have chosen all right.

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way. Have someone write verses, enough for all. Then in the middle of the evening when the fun is at its height, have someone slip away unnoticed, and disguise herself as an old gypsy. Have her then ring the front doorbell and be admitted. She can make a little speech or not, just as she pleases, and then tell each one to step up and learn his or her fortune. The fortunes should be written on little pieces of paper, rolled up in a scroll and tied with ribbon pink for the boys and blue for the girls.

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Gen. Custer's Slayer.
When Appearing Elk Became a Christian He Told It to Pastor who Converted Him

A former Sioux chief, now an Episcopalian, the Rev. Philip Dolorio, of Flora, S. D., who is attending the council of the Protestant Episcopal church in Philadelphia, said on Wednesday:

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Physicians Indicted For Robbery of Graves.
The grand jury Saturday afternoon returned a partial report, including 25 indictments in the grave robbery cases in which have been under consideration for the last three weeks in Indianapolis.

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Making Muck
Twain in Need of Fuel
Concludes Bonds and Greenbacks are Cheaper than Coal
New York City, Oct. 3rd, 1902.
The following letter was received at the Treasury Department in Washington last week:
New York City, Oct. 3rd, 1902.
To the Honorable, the Secretary of the Treasury.
Sir: Prices for the customary kinds of winter fuel having reached the altitude which puts them out of the reach of literary persons in straitened circumstances, I desire to place with you the following order.
Forty-five tons best old, dry Government bonds, suitable for furnace, gold seven-per-cent, 1864, preferred.
Twelve tons early greenbacks, range size, suitable for cooking.
Eight barrels seasoned twenty-five and fifty-cent postal currency, vintage of 1866, eligible for kindling.
Please deliver with all convenient dispatch at my house at Riverdale at lowest rates for spot cash and send bills to:
Your obliged servant,
MARK TWAIN.
Who will be very grateful and will vote right.
Sultan Doesn't Like Her.
Miss Stone Will Probably not be Sent Back to Turkey.
The American board in view of the hint that the Sultan of Turkey would regard Miss Ellen Stone, the ransomed missionary, as persona non grata and refuse her permission to land in his dominions, will probably not assign her to her old field of work in Macedonia.
Rev. E. R. Strong, of the board, said Wednesday night:
"We are making no arrangements toward sending Miss Stone again to Macedonia or anywhere in Turkey. We know that she would not be welcomed by the authorities."
"And when you marry," she softly said, "I hope you'll remember to invite me to the ceremony."
He looked thoughtful.
"I will be awfully crowded, no doubt," he said, "but I think I can ring you in somehow."
And a moment or two later she declared the ring was an astonishingly good fit.—Cleveland Plaindealer.
It was an affecting scene in the United States district court in Pittsburgh Tuesday afternoon when Mrs. Margaret Reish, young and pretty, who until recently was assistant postmistress at McKee's Gap, Blair county, appeared before Judge Joseph Buffington, accompanied by her counsel, ex-Congressman Hicks, and pleaded guilty to three charges of rifling the mails. She confessed immediately after the grand jury returned true bills against her. Curiosity prompted her to open the letters, and it is claimed, she had not figured on finding money. For years she was assistant to her father, postmaster John Bonner. The court was informed that Bonner had made restitution for \$280, all the authorities have discovered to be missing up to date.
Great Well Wasting Gas.
Pennsylvania Spouter Sends Out 2,000,000 Feet a Day.
The greatest gas well ever struck in Armstrong county, if not in Pennsylvania, is now sending into the air more than 2,000,000 cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours.
It is defying all efforts to bring it under control. The well is on the Peter Kerr farm, a short distance south of Worthing. The gas escaping, it is estimated, would supply a city of 10,000 inhabitants. In the eleven days that have elapsed since the gas was struck more than 22,000,000 cubic feet of gas, it is believed, have gone to waste.
Fruit and Fruit Stores.
Some interesting facts picked up at New York's Great Horticultural Show.
Those enterprising people who are arranging a "symphony of perfumes" as an entertainment could get points at the horticultural exhibit of the American institute. They are all "common or garden odors," but they run a fine gamut of odoriferous harmony, from the spicy to the seductive, to the subtly elusive to the enticing.
Few people know that celery has a clean, delicious odor when hunched in great masses.
Then there is the family pungent smell of the peppers, the evasive odor of tomatoes the mellow scent of ripe pears and apples, the frankly bucolical breath of the pumpkins. Even the brilliant, scentless autumn flowers have each their own faint characteristic odor for the appreciative nose.
There is probably no other sort of show which brings multi-millionaires and producers into competition for prizes. Women who have large country places are becoming more and more interested in fruit and flower growing, and Mrs. Olivia Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn. has taken all the prizes in grapes, and Mrs. Trevor, who has a place at Youkers, has made fine entries. Miss Delia Marble, the daughter of the late Mantou Marble, is about to set out extensive orchards on her place near Bedford, in Westchester county, the pupils of Briarcliff manor taking charge of the work for her. She will have a cold storage plant in connection with her orchards.
Men of a different type are also tuning to fruit culture for both pleasure and profit. For instance, a New York banker, who a year and a half ago was nearly wrecked by the unwise investments of his partner, has retired to a 300-acre farm, which his wife happened to have bought near Bedford. This fall he has 1,000 barrels of apples to sell, and is going to plant more orchards and put up a cold storage plant.
A retired leather manufacturer of Lowell, Mass., has just completed the setting out of 10,000 trees at Pittsfield, Mass. He is going to run the orchard for profit, employing all his best business methods in it, and declaring that he will make it an object lesson to the farmers of New England. A deal of the inspiration of this interest has come from George Powell, superintendent of Briarcliff manor agricultural school. Mr. Powell's own farm near Ghent, is the object of many pilgrimages on the part of those who have gone mad over big peaches or thousand-barrel crops. They go out to see his trees, which it is a common saying, have been "bred like horses." This fall he has 2,000 young peach trees, 500 pear trees and 2,000 plum trees, all bearing their first crop, and alongside of them is an orchard, set out by his father fifty years ago and bearing as well as it ever did. With proper care most orchards are ruined by insects and exhausted soil at the end of thirty years.
It is bits of lore like this which are floating about up at the institute. A story is told of a man who lives near Peekskill, New York, who was formerly a discouraged grower with his farm. He could make no money from it and his boys were impatient to leave. Acting on expert advice he planted thirteen acres of shadly soil with peaches. Four years after he made from the first crop \$1,500. The summer of 1901 he opened a little store in Peekskill and stuck out a sign of broom paper with the sign, "Blank's peaches, fresh from the farm every day." At the end of the season he found that his summer's work had cost him \$1,100 and brought him in \$5,100. And he was a man 70 years old when he planted his peaches.
"The abandoned farms of the East will all be reared by the man who will combine the methods of the business man with the producer," declares Mr. Powell. "They will know how to market as well as how to produce. The West is far ahead of us in that. The Grand Junction peach growers, the Rocky Ford melon growers, have their agents in Chicago and New York, and sell to the greatest advantage at all times. The use of fruit has very greatly increased in America within the last generation. I once sold Bartlett pears at \$25 a barrel. Now I sell them for \$3, but I make more money than I did at the former price, because of the enormous market. The use of flowers should increase in the same way. It has quadrupled, I think, in the last ten years, but still it is not a circumstance to what it ought to be. Around Glasgow and many other Scotch and English cities one may see vast flower fields, and companies of workmen going out from the city every day to cultivate them. They are planted with all the favorite garden flowers, and the blossoms are shipped to every city and town in Great Britain and sold in cheap bouquets, for a few pence, to the people. I want to see that here. I want to see large numbers of men making a living raising flowers, instead of in sweatshops."
"Do you know," said Mr. Powell, with fresh enthusiasm, "that a number of those New York boys who have had gardens up at De Witt Clinton park last summer have gone to Mrs. Parsons and asked if they could not get a chance to work on farms? That farm garden of Mrs. Henry Parsons was one of the best movements ever started in this city. I can see a development of it which ought to follow. There are thousands of farmers scattered through New York state who want one or two or more boys to help harvest fruit every fall. There are men near me who are shaking their apples to the ground and selling them for forty cents a barrel who might get \$1 if they could get any one to pick them by hand and pack them carefully. Boys are the best help in the world for that. What? Yes, I think there would be few apples after they got through. The grapes should furnish points of communication through which city organizations could send boys to the farmers. It would be worth more than all the school they would lose to these little city chaps, and lots of them would stay there and have the invaluable advantage of growing up country boys."
Overhanging Trees.
Adjoining Owner may trim them Even with the Line.
An interesting opinion has been rendered by Judge McClure, of Philadelphia. He said:
If the branches of trees growing on one's land hang over the line upon the other, the adjoining owner may cut off the limbs perpendicular with his line, providing the branches have not been allowed to extend over a period of twenty years or more, without objection, when no right would be gained to cut them off. Fruit on the trees of the reality is not the subject of larceny. If the fruit had fallen to the ground the neighbor could pick it up and use it. The right of the adjoining land owner to lop off branches of overhanging trees before twenty years of permissive acquiescence has elapsed does not carry with it the right to the fruit hanging on the tree. The fruit is not the product of his soil or labor.
A Woman's Vow.
"Think of it, my dear," said Mr. Close-fist, laying down his newspaper, "there are more than two thousand million dollars in circulation in this country!"
"Is that so?" replied the wife cheerfully.
"Well, judging from the difficulty I always experience in getting you to give me a quarter I thought there wasn't more than three dollars and a half in the whole world!"—Comfort.
Fort year old Tommy was rolling his hoop on Sunday.
"You mustn't roll your hoop in the front yard on Sunday," said his mother. "You must go into the back garden."
"Isn't it Sunday in the back garden, mamma?" asked Tommy.
Christian Kline, of Lancaster, has raised a group of the "Indian club" variety that measures 50 1/2 inches in length and a Japanese bean 9 1/2 inches long.