

He lived to show that wit may be Divinely kind, divinely wise; That looking on earth's misery, The clearest are the kindest eyes.

And when Death came to find our friend— As loth to do the world such wrong— He took his tenderest way to end At once his service and his song.

—H. C. Banner, in Puck.

The Old Coach Dog.

"That dog said Silas!" "No."

"Yes, he spoke it just as plainly as I do now. I taught him to say that word when I was a young man, and used to go hunting in the woods around the marshes. He said Silas, and no word ever fell on my ears that has given me such cause for gratitude as that. He was an old coach dog. I drove the stage between Boston and the cape before I went West. He used to lie under the leather boot to guard the mail bags."

It was Thanksgiving Eve. My good grandfather had asked that we should all relate the incident of our lives that had given us the greatest cause for thankfulness. Each had related some remarkable incident, except Uncle Silas, the stage driver and prospector. I glanced towards him as the firelight fell on his kindly face, and asked him the same question. His answer startled the company, though the events to which he referred were not new to me. I had heard him relate many times at huskings and on long winter evenings his story of the speaking coach-dog, or, as he was accustomed to name it, "The Window in the Woods;" others called it "The Phantom Inn." The story in part was told in old newspapers and on red settles forty years ago.

"Silas," said I, "tell us the story of the dog that said 'Silas'! It will be new to the company."

"The story of the 'Window in the Woods'! Maybe, they do not care to hear it. Some folks do, and then some folks don't—some folks say it makes 'em lie awake when the shutters bang."

The company eagerly demanded the tale.

It was a strange room. In one corner were brush baskets heaped with corn. Uncle Silas shelled corn as he said "form company," on other than holiday or Sunday evenings. Over the corn baskets were strings of dried apples, pumpkins and red peppers. Near the fireplace were rafter for cheese, and under the rafters were candle poles. The fireplace revealed great foresticks, apple tree wood, which made an especially hot fire, and was used on Thanksgiving eves and at special times. Apples in rows were toasted on the hot hearth. The family consisted of an old couple, named White, and their sons and sons' wives and children from towns near Boston, and a few invited guests.

There had been a nut-cracking after Thanksgiving dinner, followed by a merry-making, at which an old New England drollery had been sung to Silas' fiddle. This old song was called "Uncle Jedediah," and represented the happy arrival of guests from Boston, and the chorus was sung amid a most lively bobbing of heads.

"Oh, won't we have a merry time? Oh, won't we have a merry time? Polly, put the kettle on And we'll all take tea!"

Uncle Silas caught up his chair and lifted it in the jumping way of the old Colonial times to a place nearer the fire. A shutter banged and he cast his eyes mysteriously towards the window. The room grew very still.

"The clouds are scudding over the moon," he began. "The wind is rising—I can hear it in the tops of the trees. Many's the time I have gone down to Greenharbor in the old stage coach on nights like this, and leaped from the seat and snatched the mail bag from the boot, and when I said 'Silas,' there would creep out of the boot that old coach dog."

"That dog was given to me by a sailor who was about to go to sea from the old North River. He was a pup then. I never knew a dog that seemed to think so much of his master as that dog did of me. His eyes were never off me. I taught him a number of tricks, such as to stand up on his hind legs and beg, which he did by uttering a sharp, pitiful cry. While begging one day he made a sound like 'Silas.' I repeated it, and he uttered it again. After that I would hold back from him his food until he had made that sound. 'Say Silas,' I would say, and after a time he would utter the word, or what sounded like it. In time he would rise on his hind legs, shake his fore paws, and say 'Silas' whenever he wanted food. I was very proud to have him call me by name, and I had him do it whenever I met my friends. He became a kind of neighborhood wonder, and was called the talking dog."

"The old stage coaches had great leather boots that covered the driver's legs, and in cold and stormy days could be raised so high as to protect nearly the whole body. Many a time have I driven my horses, protected from the rain or snow by the boot. Under the boot I carried the mail bags, and such packages as we to-day send by express. The mail coach was sometimes robbed, when the boot was known to carry valuables. I carried my own money in a large wallet, in a side pocket of a great gray coat, and money for others in the same way. I drove the stage for ten years, but I was never molested or robbed. And in those ten years

my dog Silas always slept at my feet among the mail bags.

"While I was driving the stage, free, healthy and happy, and feeling as though I was running the new world, there was some strange things that happened in the old Dedham woods. Several travelers who had gone through these woods at night had met with strange adventures. They had seen a window and a light in a lonely place, and heard the ringing of a bell like a supper bell. Two of them had turned in towards the window, but as they attempted to approach it, it seemed to draw back into the heart of the woods. After walking toward it for a considerable distance it seemed to them no nearer, and they had become alarmed and suddenly turned and fled, believing it to be a ghost. One traveler, who had entered the road at dusk, had never been heard of again.

"After these events, anyone who saw the window at night took to his heels, and at last few persons would go through the woods after dark, except in a carriage or in company. No one riding in a carriage had ever seen the mysterious window, but one man riding there alone had been attacked by an unknown person and robbed. The Dedham woods began to have a bad reputation, but the dark events that had happened there were assigned to ghosts, and the vanishing window and light were spoken of as the 'Phantom Inn' that traveled away. I sometimes made a side tour through the Dedham woods, and I used to be warned to beware of the phantom inn. I used to answer such warnings by speaking to the dog and saying:

"We are not alarmed, are we, Silas? Speak, dog!" And the dog would rise up in the air and shake his paws and say sharply, "Silas!"

"Was I ever afraid when riding alone in the old Dedham woods? I always speak plainly, and I must say that I sometimes was. A sort of a shadow of a fear would come over me. I never believed in ghosts or haunted houses after my early years. Yet a superstitious nature clings to me. It has often made me feel creepy, until I stopped to reason. It stands to reason that dead folks don't appear with leather boots on, and hats and buttons and clothes woven in looms."

"The Dedham woods used to be a lonely place. It is most farms now. They stretched then away towards the coast. There were no towns like Hyde Park then; no Ponkapong with villas; no costly summer homes. They had a woody smell in fall, and the air was full of the odor of sassafras in spring. The crows had nests in great groves of pine trees that looked like islands amid the white birches and oaks. The sunlight spaces between the trees were full of bluejays that would eye the coach with outstretched necks. I can seem to see them now. The Indian pipe used to grow by the wayside, and back of it wild roses and green brakes and clematis, which bloomed and feathered late. In the fall the fringed gentians lined the ponds and dotted the cranberry meadows. The horses liked to slack up in summer and walk under the cool shadows of the trees."

"The sun glistened as it were through the bowery trees, and the locusts sang in the oak tops on mellow August days. The air was full of greenness, light and bird songs. Many's the time I've rattled the coach over that detour from the main way."

"Oh, those were lonely roads in winter. The winds used to whistle like this—woo-oo-oo. Just as though they were spinning—woo-oo-oo. They seemed to catch the spirit of the sea, which was not many miles away—woo-oo-oo; like that."

"People began to move away to York State. They called it 'up country' then. The Mohawk Valley seemed as far away at that time as the prairies do now. I had a good offer to go to Albany and take a stage route from there to Buffalo. I caught the 'up country' fever, and resolved to go. I may seem weak, but one of my greatest regrets on parting was that I would have to leave my old friend Silas, the coach dog, at Greenharbor, and I might never see him again."

"One day as I was stopping at the old Scituate Inn, just before setting out for Albany, I met a stranger there. He called himself Searle. I shall never forget the eyes of that man. There seemed to be a hidden spirit, not himself, looking through them. They reminded me at once of the traveling window and light or the phantom inn."

"But Silas, the dog—I never met such a mystery as when the dog's eyes first met those of that man. It used to be said in Old New England times that dogs would see ghosts coming and start up and howl, before people could see them. That dog seemed to see something mysterious in that man's eyes."

"He leaped into the air when Searle appeared and said 'Silas.'"

"He then shook all over, dropped on his feet and ran round and round me, whining in a fearful tone. It seemed as though he must have seen Searle somewhere before, mysteriously, in some out of the way place. What did it mean? I have thought of it a hundred times—what did it mean?"

"Going up the country, I hear," said Searle.

"Yes, I have concluded to take the Albany route," said I. "There is more money in it."

"Go in to take your dog here along with you? He's a fine one."

"No," said I, "I'll have to go by the way of New York, and up the river to Albany, and I must leave him behind. If I were going by the

way of Springfield I would take him along. I set a store by that dog."

"Don't want to sell him, do ye?"

"There came a strange light into the man's eyes. I cannot describe it. It made me think of the traveling window in the woods again."

"I hesitated."

"Stranger," I said at last, where do you live?"

"Oh, in a lonely place down by the Dedham ponds. They say it's getting dangerous there, and I want a dog. I need one. Say, as you're goin' off, what will you take for him?"

"I don't know—I wouldn't sell him for anything, if I didn't have to."

"I'll give you \$10 for him. That is high, but I'm lonely like, and they say them woods are gettin' dangerous. What do you say?"

"You may have him."

"I felt somehow that I had done an unworthy thing—that I had sold any dog to an unworthy master. That dog had such a true nature that he would never have tricked me with any act. There is something dark in any moment of life when a man feels that he is false in anything. The Scriptures of a man's inner life are true, and they demand, as in the old Hebrew commandment, that a man shall be sincere even with animals, and keep the golden rule with the brute creation."

"How should I part with Silas? I felt my head ache at the thought of it—the dog had been so faithful. I decided I would have Searle put a rope on his collar, and would leave him in the evening in the office of the inn with him, and so steal away from him unknown. I did so, and if ever I felt like a coward it was then."

"I never could bear to think of that dog, and yet I could never quite forget him. I used to feel him lying at my feet on the Albany stage."

"Five years passed, when one November day I received a letter at Buffalo from Greenharbor. My old friends, the Whites, had remembered me, and they invited me to spend Thanksgiving with them at Greenharbor. My wife's folks lived in the old town of Dedham, and she urged me to accept the invitation, as she wished to go with me to Dedham. Her folks were getting old—but, poor woman, they outlived her."

"So I secured a driver to take my place for a few weeks and we set out together for Boston and Dedham. One day, late in November, I left my wife among her folks and set out for Greenharbor, intending to walk over to Weymouth, to see some friends and there to take the stage for Marshfield. I had expected to start in the morning and make a day of it, but I was delayed until the afternoon. It was a delightful Indian summer weather and I did not mind a night walk, as I could rest in Weymouth."

"Don't stop at the phantom inn," said my wife as we parted.

"I shan't stop at no phantom inns," said I, "if I expect to reach Randolph to-night, there will be no acorns sprout under my feet."

"But," said my wife's mother, "they do tell strange stories still about those woods. Are you armed?"

"Yes, as much as I ever am."

"But you used to keep a dog."

"I stalked away laughing."

"Nightfall overtook me on the border of the old Dedham woods."

"I remember the strange, mysterious feeling that came over me as I entered the shadow of the skeleton trees. I stopped and looked back. The west was red; corn stacks stood on a hillside farm, and I could hear the merry voices of the huskers. The air seemed hollow and still. As I stood listening, there came a vivid impression that somehow I was in the companionship of the old coach dog, as I used to be. I could feel my heart shrink as I recalled how meanly I had treated him, and I eased my conscience with the reflection that I had done as well for him and myself as I could."

"I entered the lonely way, when another strange thing began to haunt me. It was the eyes of Searle. I could almost see them again now. Every rattle in the bushes seemed to bring them back again."

"As I walked along, with a witch-hazel stick for a cane, a great light rose like a fire among the tops of the gray rocks and skeleton trees. It was a full hunter's moon coming up from the sea. After a time it went into a cloud, but the way was still clear. It was almost as still as death."

"Occasionally a rabbit would cross the way; once a white rabbit leaped out before me, and I felt my heart beat, and thought again of the old coach dog, Searle's dreamful eyes and the tales of the phantom inn, at which I used to laugh when I drove the cape stage."

"The way grew more lonely amid the oaks and the russet leaves, sayings, pines and rocks. In places the road was strewn with fallen leaves, and at some points with rustling leaves. Once the eyes of a white owl confronted me on a decaying limb—I thought again of Searle."

"Here and there the faint, poisonous odor of the wild dogwood bushes drifted across the cool air; again I met the old familiar scent of the wild grapes which hung over the crevices of rocks and the cloying smell of wild apples. The moonlight fell in rifts as the clouds scudded, driven by some ocean wind along the sky."

"I hurried on, hoping to reach Randolph before midnight, when suddenly I heard a sound that stopped my feet at once and sent a chill over me. It was a hollow tone, like the ringing of a supper bell, such as used to be common in the farmhouses and inns. I looked in the direction of the

sound, when I saw a little way from the road a window and a light among the trees. I stopped nervously.

"Is it imagination?" I asked myself. "Is it a dream of the old story? Shall I run or turn toward the bell?"

"I was frightened and my heart beat, but I am not a man to run. After hesitating for a few moments, I turned into the wood in the direction of the window and the light, and found a path there, which I began to follow cautiously. I walked to the place where I had first heard the bell and seen the window and the light, but the window and the light were apparently as far away now as when I started from the road. As I watched I could see it move back, but I could hear nothing. I stopped again. The window and the light soon seemed to stop. Should I run? No. I would shout. So I cried out, 'Hullo!'"

"The rocks answered my loud call with many echoes. A startled partridge rose on whirring wings from some wild alder bushes near me. Then all was still, or—did I imagine it?—I thought I could hear the low, piteous, suppressed whine of a dog. The light vanished."

"I knew not what to do. I was unarmed. I went forward very slowly and cautiously, when the path grew soft and the earth began to crumble beneath my feet. I paused and listened."

"A cry pierced the hollow air. How can I describe it. It thrilled every nerve in my body. I can hear it now; it seemed as though all the intensity of a human heart was in it—it said—it shrieked as the cry of some pent-up force—it said—

"Silas!"

"I knew the voice. It was a warning tone. I knew that dog's tone of warning. I stepped back and listened again."

"I heard a struggle down in the distance. Where was it? It came to me. I was on the border of a ledge of rocks. Below me was a pond. Had I taken a few steps more I would have gone over into the water. I felt that the way led to a false projection over the water. I had been drawn toward a trap to destroy me. I felt the situation then as clearly as I can see it now. My every nerve quivered with terror, but my will grew stronger than ever before. I never knew how strong or how weak I was till then."

"As I stood listening a fearful oath rose from the pond. I will not repeat it. Then all was still. I looked up to the sky. It was the only object that seemed friendly. The clouds parted below the hunter's moon and a wide silvery light swept over the scene. I was surely on a projecting edge of rock or platform over a pond."

"Suddenly I heard a sound in the bushes. It was the patter of feet. A dog came bounding out of the ravine toward me. He rose up, springing as it were into the air, shook his paws and cried—I can hear it now—

"Silas!"

"It was my old coach dog."

"I hurried back to the road, followed by the dog. Was it a dream? What had happened?"

"At near midnight I came to my old friend's farmhouse at Randolph and roused the family. Before anyone could speak I pointed to the dog."

"Tell me, for heaven's sake, what is that?" I cried.

"That's a dog," said my old friend, the farmer; "your old coach dog. What did you think it was? Where did you find him?"

"We went the next morning to the scene of my night's adventure. One of the first things that we saw was the dead body of Searle, floating on the pond."

"The light in the window of the Phantom Inn had allured me to the edge of a broad, false precipice, and I was just about to fall over into the pond, when my old coach dog's warning word had saved me. The dog had evidently dragged his dark-minded master over the rocky cliff into the pond."

"Searle had carried the window and light in his hand, and with covered feet had moved back to allure travelers."

"Nothing ever made me so thankful as that one word, Silas, and I never passed a Thanksgiving of such humiliation and gratitude as that which followed in the old house at Greenharbor."

"Silas? Yes, I must answer that question. What became of him? I took him back to Albany with me. He was an old dog then, and used to repeat that word in his distress. He said it more than once on the day that he died."—(St. Louis Republic.)

Oil of the Sunflower.

The oil expressed from the sunflower seed is of a light yellow color, and is valued by artists for its fine quality for painting. There is but little use for it, so that it is not paid to go into the business largely. The plant is very prolific, yielding from fifty to 100 bushels of the seed to an acre. A hundred pounds of seed gives thirty-three pounds of the kernels, and these yield twenty-five per cent. of oil. Thus an acre of the flowers may yield about 1,100 pounds of the kernels and 275 pounds of the oil. The oil weighs somewhat less than eight pounds to the gallon. The oil is not the only valuable part of this plant. The yield of leaves, dry, is about 500 pounds to the acre, and they are readily eaten by cattle; the yield of stalks is three to six tons, dry, per acre. The stalks are excellent fuel, and where wood is costly it will pay well to grow this plant—for the seed, to be used for feeding cows, sheep, pigs, or poultry, for the leaves and for the stalks. To produce a full crop rich soil is needed.

—(New York Times.)

IN PLACE OF COAL.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF NEW RAILROAD DEVICES.

Guarding Against the Operations of Train Robbers.

Developments in the past year or so have almost compelled the adoption of two new ideas by the railroads of the country. These are the substitution of cheap fuel for coal and wood for the locomotives and the protection of the employes and cars from train robbers. Wood is becoming scarcer every year and the forest fires in the west this summer are hastening the end. Coal has always been expensive. The month of October has furnished the details of a successful "hold-up" down in Arizona, the blind baggage car, or, more properly speaking, the car platform next to the locomotive tender, again being the vantage spot for the robbers.

It is now proposed to use oil in locomotives and to protect the engineer and fireman from robbers by doing away with the blind baggage platform and substituting a sort of combination tender and baggage car.

The mode of making steam for railroad locomotives through an oil instead of coal fire is accomplished by placing a steam radiator, the coils of which should be perforated, at the base of the fire box and the feeding of the same with oil. This description, although crude, fully covers the ground minus technical terms.

Of course, there are a hundred and one patents involving this idea of running a locomotive with steam made from an oil fire, but the majority of them are based on the plan of utilizing the present fire box for the flames and the locomotive tender as the reservoir.

As to the advantages of oil-burning locomotives on our railroads, it is stated that they are many. Contemplate, for instance, a hundred-mile ride free from the pesky cinder. That would be the chief comfort derived by the traveling public.

For the railroad corporations, it is claimed, there is a great saving as between the oil and coal and wood. It has been shown that to kindle a fire only one and one-half gallons of oil is required to do what takes one-eighth of a cord of wood. One car load of oil, equaling 6,000 gallons, will kindle as many fires as seventy-one car loads of wood, equaling 500 cords. The difference in the cost of transporting, handling, sawing and storing the wood and oil is saved by the use of the latter. Less space is occupied by the appliances and the material for kindling with oil than is needed for the wood. Oil is always equally efficient at all times, whereas wood, if it is green or wet, will not kindle readily. Wood is more liable to be stolen, there is more risk of fire when it is stored, and as a large number of cars are required to transport it, the danger of wreckage is greater. In the matter of kindling fires oil is therefore cheaper, the appliances are simpler, more convenient, cleaner; much time is saved in getting up steam; wood sparks, which are very liable to start fires, as the record in the Southern States will verify, are not thrown from the chimney, and the annoyance and delay connected with the supply of wood are avoided.

In the matter of coal, after the fire has once been kindled, the record is also greatly in favor of oil. When it is taken into consideration the many thousands of cars of coal that are used annually by the railroad and the transportation of the same to different parts of the road, an easy calculation can be made of the immense saving that must result. To make a run of a hundred miles the large locomotives now being used on passenger trains will eat up about eight tons of coal at a rough calculation, which is about half a car load. The immense "Hog" engines that haul freight trains will consume fully three times this much, and even after swallowing so much coal sometimes refuse to steam up to the requirements. For the same distance, in the case of a passenger engine, one reservoir filled with oil would suffice and in the freight-hauling service but one renewal of the reservoir would be ample. Therefore, in the matter of transportation we have one car load of oil against eight car loads of coal and seventy-one car loads of wood. The oil flame is much fiercer, and in consequence, steam comes quicker.

The chief objection against using oil for locomotive purposes is the supply. While the supply of oil at present seems adequate for all possible wants, still the proposed use would consume a vast quantity. While it is cheap now, such a great demand would surely increase its price and probably to such an extent as to make it prohibitive. Then, again, all patents are perfect in the eyes of the patentee and the general public until they are proven defective, and one defect, in some cases, is enough to squelch an idea forever.

During the great coal strike last summer the Burlington and Quincy road experimented with oil as a locomotive fuel instead of bituminous coal, which the strike had made scarce and high, so scarce, in fact, that the road had to resort to the expedient of sending the coal to different parts of the road under seal in express cars, for fear a rival road would confiscate it on account of being in the same straits. The experiment proved a great success, both as to the efficiency and economy of oil as fuel, but at the very zenith of success an explosion of the oil on a rapidly moving locomotive covered the cab, engineer and fireman with burning liquid, and demonstrated that a new element of peril was added to the life of an engineer, and, in a

slightly less degree to the whole train.

The Pennsylvania and New York Central roads have been experimenting with oil fuel for some time past and have found everything satisfactory but the supply. It is estimated that the use of oil in all the Pennsylvania locomotives would absorb so much of the oil produced as to raise the price very greatly, and make it economically unprofitable to use it. If this is an established fact the general use of oil as a locomotive fuel is, of course, out of the question.

With the rush of train robberies in the West came a great supply of ideas to the Patent Office, all of which guaranteed to protect the engineer's life, and, in some extravagant cases, also claimed to be able to capture the robbers. One of the best of these devices is put forward by a railroad mechanic with an inventive turn of mind, who has been giving his attention to the safety of the men on the engine and in the mail and express cars that form the forward part of every first-class train. This idea, which is covered by a patent issued last spring, is from the car shops of a great Western corporation, and is in the form of a tender provided with a vestibule. One of the principal claims of the device to general acceptance is its efficiency in keeping off train robbers.—[Washington Star.]

TEN MINUTES OF TERROR.

Miraculous Escape From 4,000 Stampeded Cattle.

"Yes, we have an adventure now and then out in our country," said Judge Thompson, of Wyoming. "If you'll come out and see us I'll refer you to five or six men whose hairbreadth escapes would fill a book. As for me, I haven't had but one close call worth relating."

"That's the very one I'm after," said the Detroit Free Press interviewer.

"Well, it didn't amount to much, as an adventure, I'm afraid, though I'm free to say I never was more frightened for ten minutes. Between what is called the Granite Ridges and Bad Water Creek, in central Wyoming, is a fine cattle range. I was out with a small party last summer prospecting for certain minerals, and had to cross this valley at about the center. There were four of us on horseback, with outfit packed on the three lead mules, and at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we sighted something to make the hair lift on our hats right off our heads."

"Indians or grizzly bears?" queried the scribe.

"Fish! The Indians were all right, and grizzly bears don't wander down into the valleys by daylight. What we sighted was a herd of about 4,000 cattle coming our way, and they were coming as if every critter was carrying 100 pounds of steam. Two or three herds got mixed, and in trying to separate them the boys had started a general stampede. In the old days the buffaloes used to be some on the wild rush, but let me tell you that the wild cattle of the West can run a third faster, and when they once get started they will charge a flaming mountain. The front of the herd wasn't over a mile away when we sighted it, and it was no use to run before it, turn back or ride ahead. Our horses were scrub stock and had no speed."

"And there was no convenient grove or rock to shelter you?"

"Not a tree nor a rock for five miles around, but just where we pulled up was a natural ditch about fifty feet long, cut out by the rains. It wasn't over two feet wide by twenty inches deep, but it was our only hope. We slipped off our horses, gave them a slap, and piled into that ditch, face down."

"And the herd passed over you?"

"Exactly. I hadn't drawn three long breaths when the front of the herd was at hand. Let me just tell you that I was never so scared in all my born days. Every critter was bellowing, horns clashing, hoofs digging up the soil, and as each one jumped the ditch he caved the dirt in on me. I felt fifty different hoofs scuff my back, and every instant expected to be stepped on. It took the herd only about ten minutes to pass, but the time seemed hours long to me. When the last one had come and gone I was regularly covered in and had to be dug out. Two of the party were stepped on and badly hurt."

"And your horses and mules?"

"Picked up on the horns of the cattle and tossed about and stepped on till they were reduced to pulp. Just cleaned us out as slick as a whistle. If we'd been in our saddles nobody would have recognized us as having once been human beings."

"Seemed like the hand of Providence, didn't it?"

"Of course. That's what we look for and depend upon out in our country. Come out some time and see how the old thing works when we are going to have an avalanche three miles long by a few thousand feet wide."

Transplanting Sponges.

"Sponges will probably be cheaper in the near future," said R. C. Kingsley. "Recently it has been discovered that these animals will grow and flourish when cut up into slips and transplanted. This brings up the old question as to whether sponges are vegetable or animal, and may result in overturning the old-time verdict that they are a lower order of animal life and not vegetable. However this may be, the sponge beds can be increased indefinitely by simply planting small pieces of them, which grow rapidly."

—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)