He Thrusts His Head.

is now the season of the year for gathering

which it pours into my coffers. I do it for

the reason that I think it makes me a better

I also want my boys to learn to love the

farm. So I got them to put into crop a small piece of ground and agreed to pay

them a high price for their vegetables.

Being a busy man, I have not paid much

attention to the process of their farming, but I have bought from them \$85 worth of

truck which I could have gotten of the neighbors for \$31 50, and which my young

agriculturists, I am told, did buy at even less than that. I hate to see boys do that

way to a man who has always been regarded as a first-class parent in every way.

TROUBLE WITH HIS ANIMALS.

things, of a rather coarse but well meaning cow, which we bought here. She was born at the South, and some of the best blood of

this country flows in her veins. Ideality is

small, but her alimentiveness and in-habitiveness are large. She has a vivacious

Lines to a Mule.

favor it at the time, this cow holds me re-

sponsible to a degree for the results of the war, and I have never been able to get en

rapport with her.
It is the same with a little mouse colored

ass, or burro, which I bought for use on the farm and for ornamental riding over the highly inflamed roads of North Carolina.

highly inflamed roads of North Carolina.
His name is Juanita—pronounced Whaneeta. Whaneeta, in the language of Patrick Henry, "is dead sore on the war," and regards me as having brought it on, whereas I did not do so, but, on the contrary, did all I could honorably to evade it. I wrote to a paper in 1860, being at that time at Winninger, that unless the war was prevented.

nipeg, that unless the war was prevented in some way I would stay where I was for a

long time. But Juanita gets mad about the war and broods over it, and mourns and mourns and mourns. Juanita is also child-

I think, than he otherwise would. Juanita was owned by a neighbor of ours here named

Nettles. Mr. Nettles did not seem to want to part with Juanita, but did finally, and last week when I offered to let him have

the little pet he said: "No; the wound

healed over now. Do not tear it open afresh by compelling me to go all through it

TAKES HIS OATS RELUCTANTLY.

When we first let the children ride or

him he did not seem to brood so much over the war, but we noticed that the children

felt uneasy about something, and pretty soon I discovered that little souvenirs of the

late war were to be found all over him. So I had to disinfect him and renovate him be-

fore we could use him. But he regards him-self yet as my superior, I can see that. Though poor and measly, with large bald places on his person where he has rubbed himself agains, an upright farm while try-

ing to forget the past and get rid of the re-sults of the war, I can see that he regards

himself as unfortunate, but refined.

Juanita regards me as a low, coarse

Yankee, whose oats are reluctantly taken in exchange for his refined social influence. He does not have much fun, and ever and anon he bursts forth into a wail that shows

how keenly he suffers. He is the worst sample of moth-eaten respectability and un-

aundried hauteur that I ever saw. He has

the pride of Lucifer and the personal habits

of Dives. He is most unfortunately made up of strange contradictions and unhappy warring elements which fill his breast with a wild tumult. I once wrote some lines to

a pet mule of mine, among which occur the following, which I have addressed to Juan-ita during the past week. There is a vein

of melancholy running through the work which some of my friends at the Author's

Club say remind them of Dante. It is in blank verse, which seems to be the only

literary method for successfully treating the mule. The words and music are as follows:

LINES THAT FIT A MULE.

Oh, lovely, gentle, unobtrasive mule, Thou standest idly 'gainst the azure sky

ess and that makes him feel th

My farm animals consist, among other

into kindling wood.

Stands Him \$5,000.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

THE JEHU'S IDEA OF BEAUTY.

and entertaining sights.

We found the cocheros obliging fellows, always delighted with the mission and proud to exhibit home institutions; but unfortunately their ideas of the beatiful

THE SIGHTS OF THE STREETS.

Another cochero, delegated with the same mission, made a bee-line to the almshouse;

another carried us at once to the peniten

lively panorama, slow-moving but kaleido-scopic, of unfailing interest to the foreigner. For example: There is a gray-bearded, dignified Guaso, mounted on a fine horse,

with his fat wife behind him. He is topped

by a broad-brimmed hat, the rest of his per-son enveloped in a bright-hued poncho, or

native blanket, with a slit in the center through which he thrusts his head; while

she wears a purple cotton gown, a scarlet shawl, and a man's hat of Pasama straw. The horse's bridle is plaited with silver,

and on the saddle are piled five or six

shaggy pillones, or woolen cloths, which almost cover his thighs. The rowels of the

Guaso's spurs are, without exaggeration, large as ordinary tea plates—from six to

eight inches across, and often heavily plated with silver. His stirrups are made

from a block of oak, elaborately care and hollowed inside—say 10 inches high

each weighing four or five pounds-

rocky defiles.

nine inches in diameter for a moderate siz

ing a complete protection for the feet when passing through mud, mountain bushes and

HOW THRY USE THE LASSO.

At one side of the saddle is fastened a coiled lasso, made of twisted hide, about as

thick as your thumb, 50 or 60 feet long, with a slip-noose at the end. The Quaso is never without his lasso, and the skill with which he can use it is amazing. If he

wishes to capture an animal that may be running off at full speed, he takes the coil

in his right hand, urges his horse to a mad gallop, and whirling the lasso to give it momentum, hurls its loop with unerring aim around the neck, horns or legs of the

animal, with as much ease and accuracy as a

porse is so trained that the instant the lasso

leaves his rider's hands, he stops and braces

himself, to bear the strain of the struggling

animal. Chileans of the Guaso class are

bred to this exercise from infancy, and

and Bolivia shy stones out of strings at

passers-by, and Patagonian boys, a degree less civilized, shoot their bone-tipped

Hurrying on toward the Polanco, we mee

and pass other birlocheros, all filled with chattering and smiling Chileans; drunken

chattering and smaling Chileans; dranken sailors, come over from the port of Talcahuano to "paint the town," galloping the streets at break-neck speed, knowing little about horsemanship and carring less; and peons, seated on the rear end of little donkeys, carrying before them huge panniers of fruits and vegetables.

MERCHANTS OF THE SIDEWALKS.

Every street corner is occupied by

charcoal pots over which garlic-seasoned tomales are sizzling in grease. Others have gay feather dusters, made from the plumage of Patagonian ostriches; and the stock in

trade of one or two are elegant robes of guanaco skins, a fine, soft fur of mingled causry color, buff and white, brought from down toward the Straits of Magellan, and

skilled baseball player sends his ball.

bolical persistence that the gamin

and entertaining sights.

she found herself regarding Freds with I should think you would be above leading a man on," she said once.
Freda raised her eyebrows.

My dear, you mean Breton?" Dear child, he's leading me on. Besides, I thought you didn't care."
"I don't. Yet, as a friend-"

Daisy stopped and blushed furiously, as her eyes filled. Freda answered clearly: "You are a goose. Mr. Breton is a nice fellow. He thinks a great deal of you. A transient infatuation for me won't hurt him, and it won't hurt his regard for you. I am only 'an actress' to him, but he respects you. He might woo me if he got a chance, but he would marry you. He's a man of the world, dear—don't expect him to be anything else. They are, after all, the best men. They make the best friends, the best lovers, the best husbands.

Daisy looked at her in horror. "Do you think I would marry a man like

"Do you think I would marry a man like that?" she grasped.

"I hope so, if he loved you and you loved him. Don't judge men by books. Take them as they are."

Daisy shuddered and Freda went on:

"I have no interest in him—not a bit. If you say so, I will see no more of him, but I tell you frankly a man won't he choked you, frankly, a man won't be choked off that way. To evade him now will only make him worse; yet, if you say so, I will see no more of him."

Daisy made an indignant gesture.

"Well, it would be unfair to me. He seems inclined to find out what sort of girl I am, and it's only fair to me to let him; yet, I will do as you like."
"Pardon me," returned Daisy, with simple dignity. "You will do as you choose." Freda's brows knitted in an ugly way.

Thanks," she said, "I will. She felt herself ill-treated, and her warmhearted frankness met with covert insult. She wrote Breton on a line saying she would sup with him after the theater.

As the cab drew up, "What place is this?" asked Freda.

"Carson's," Breion returned easily, but with inward trepidation.
"The place is considered rather Bohemian, is it not?" Freda inquired with perfect

'I think not, but if you object, of "I presume you are able to protect me if necessary," Freda returned indifferently. "Besides," with an air of sincerity, "it would not occur to me to object to a place to which you, a gentleman, bring me."

Breton bowed. He seemed to be known. A greasy but self-satisfied waiter showed em into a supper room. It was occupied by a half dozen separate parties, and it was rather dingy. Presumably patrons stood all this because they thought themselves doing something wordly, and because ordinary dishes were served as English cookery, and

because prices were high.

Breton watched his companion closely. Her face was bright, her manner unconstrained. With the supper he ordered As the glasses were filled, Freda said, her lids drooping and her voice pretty with a childish infliction: "You must ot let me drink much of it. It is the only wine that affects me.

We must be careful." She laughed merrily. Then, with an air of bravade, she half drained her glass, stop-ping at the half to laugh over the brim into reton's eyes. He was not sure why she laughed, but there was provocation in her

"You are more merry to-night than I can "You surely did not bring me here to be

"I hope not. Yet I remember that I shall soon see no more of you, and I cannot laugh as I think of it." Your pathes lacks sincerity, but as comedy it is good."

I'I am sincere."
Freda lifted her brows, but the pause did not embarrass her.
"Life seems one long list of partings."

"The audience was moved to tears, permit me!" and Freda applied the corner of her handkerchief to her eye.
"You are pleased to jest, Miss Sonaday, yet your life must have taught you the sad-ness of meeting only to part."

"I've often found it more embarrassing to part only to meet. Our conversation drifts toward wig making. May I have more

"Do you know, I think it is best that I should have no more of your regard," he anid as he filled her glass. "Don't be offended that I do not sak why.
I'm not interested. I know what your answer would be '

"I should love you-"Very likely. Where do you think of 'My business calls me to San Fran-"Dear me, I thought you were going to Africa. San Francisco isn't safe; there are

actresses there." "The jest is unworthy of you. As I thought it over last night, it seemed and to me. To meet one like yourself-a con-genial; to feel a subtle tie binds one to her, tie which might, if the gods permitted bind one to her forever, and a parting

"And often how lucky it is it comes," interpolated Freda cheerfully. He went on as if in good faith. "Fortunate sometimes, I suppose, yet how and, how sad always."

"Your regrets are misplaced. Most peo-ple who please each other for two weeks would bore each other in three."
"But why cut short the blessed two?" Freda smiled over the rim of her class

Was it cutting short any blessed two? There fell a pause. Breton seized he hand. She shook his off imperiously. "Don't. You are stupid."

"Am I stupid? What do you mean?" "I mean you are stupid. "Be serious. May I still see you?"
"My dear sir! you may run around after the company as much as you choose. "Can you not see that I love you!"

"I had not noticed it. I have done everything a man can do t "Oh, dear! You have chased after company chiefly to keep watch of a girl for whom you care; incidentally, to amuse yourself. In the latter cause you have taken me

"I beg of you! Ah! do you not see! I love "Exclamation points do not constitute logic. My dear Mr. Breton, you have talked a lot and gotten nowhere, except, perhaps, into the sympathies of the waiter who is

Breton was disappointed. He had looked for something like piquancy in the affair. Freda's business-like, "You have talked a lot and gotten nowhere," was deplorably cold blooded. He tipped his chair back and spoke with a sudden new inflection of

"Will you marry me and go on a trip to

Europe?"
"And my engagement?"
"And my engagement?" "It can go to the dickens."
Freda, her clow on the table, sat looking

into Breton's eyes. Then she smiled "And I can go there after it-um! You plan is not praticable. "Yes, it is practicable. I can settle my

business so that I can get away. You-"Oh, yes; it's practicable for you of I meant for me." "Why not?"

"Such plans never are practicable for the WOMBH.

"It should not be impracticable." "But it is."

She smiled sweetly. "But it is."
"Come now, why for the woman if not for
the man—why?" "Recause as society, stands an elopement does not pay the woman."

"What do you mean?"
"I mean that, viewed practically, and a a matter of business only, it does not pay the woman. Your maintenance of me as a wite would accommodate me no better than I am able to place myself. Your generally would supply my purse less regularly and doubtless less liberally than does my salary. My present business engagement is for three years and bound by contract. My marriage with you would be for most time and secured by nothing. In I am able to place myself. Your generosity my present position I daily increase the

personal standing. In the proposed wedlock I should waste the one professionally, and, from a social standpoint, sacrifice the other. From my present engagement I can step into any other, or into any other station of life. At the termination of the wedlock you suggest, I should find my field limited. Moreover, my good looks would be impaired and my pocketbook doubtless depleted. It does not pay, my friend, it

does not pay." "How can you be so cold-hearted ?" "I'm not cold-hearted; I'm cool-headed."
"My darling, evidently this is no life for you! Love must teach you how to live and to trust. Let me take you away from all of this! Let me take you—"

"Where?" "Where your nature can have the development it needs."
"Theoretically charming, but geographically unsatisfactory."
"Does it mean nothing to you that a man

"Very little, usually. You know men are always falling in love with us. Sooner or later they declare themselves and that is the end of it. Is it not? Your declaration really calls for no further discussion, does it? Let us talk of the weather."

"Freda! "Miss Sonaday, please, just as usual." "Will you listen to me?"
"Dear me, I have. You have done me the honor to offer marriage, which would be transient, I am sure. I have done myself

"You have misunderstood."

"You have misunderstood."

"Dear boy, I have explained to you as clearly as I could that your proposition as a business one does not appeal to me. Don't insult my intelligence by repeating it in a new set of words."

new set of words. "What has business to do with it? I love

you and wish to marry you."
"So you have said. If I reciprocated the honor, business might have less to do with it, but though my judgment would perhaps be so far affected, the facts would remain the same. The compensation, is wholly in-adequate. I don't want to marry you, you

The blood tingled to his finger tips, and for a moment his sight watered.
"What more can I do? I love you. You, what more can I do? I love you. You, who known men so well, can see that."
"Please do not work yourself into a belief that you love me, or you may become violent. You know as well as I do that there is no question of love involved. You are merely trying a vulgar and very usual of your business. To close further discussion, however, I will say that were you a was a quick disappearing of her h

sion, however, I will say that were you a thousand times more sincere and more convincing than you are I should not consider myself free to change my decision. I shall love a man sometime, and I shall want to marry him. May I call your attention to the fact that it grows late?"

"Are you afraid?" Breton scoffed. "Not a bit. Doubtless, had you proved more interesting, I should not have observed

thought of Daisy.

"Let us be friends," she said gently.

"We understand each other, but we need not be ill-tempered about it."

She put out her hand. He stooped and kissed it Freda felt bored when, having got back to her hotel, she was alone. She was accustomed to men's flattery, and she was an "Mr.

selves or seem to take you for one. Either to take such precautions as are yet avail-

is uninteresting to the woman."

As a thought of Daisy came into her mind she paused before entering, and, leaving her door unlocked, turned up the hall to go to Marguerite's room. The elevator was not running. She climbed the one flight lazily, Daisy sat at the mirror, her dark hair loose

The chink of chips still sounded. Sup-Marguerite's room. The elevator was not running. She climbed the one flight lazily. Daisy sat at the mirror, her dark hair loose

Daisy's greeting changed all that. Mar-guerite grew pale, paused a moment and then said bravely: "Freds, I don't believe you are t

and-I wish you would go away." "Why do you think I am not your friend?" Freda was interested at the other girl's show of courage.

Daisy flushed painfully and could not go

"Pooh! it's Breton. I doubt if he is worth the bother, Daisy. I have been to supper with him," she added by way of exanation, "and he seemed very ordinary."
"You are leading him on," Daisy said

slowly. "You said that before, and I pointed out your error. He is leading me on." "I don't believe it. He is an honorable gentleman. "My dear it doesn't interfere with

honor of the modern gentleman to find out what sort of a woman an actress is, and to treat her as he finds her. I believe I suggested that to you, too."
"I don't understand your theories,
Freda."

"It isn't theory—it's experience." "Do you want him to love you?"
"Certainly not. He hasn't it in him to love me. Yet, cool-hended, honorable gen-tlemen are liable to take a sudden notion

that they're in love. Your friend may get such an attack of me, but it won't last long, and the won't really fall in love with me. Besides, the man probably loves you. Any man must, I should think, for whom you

"I don't care for him," burst out Daisy, and began to sob. Freda put her hand on the girl's shoulder.
"I think you do. Don't fret! He's as

or think of him as an abandoned profligate. He's only what most men are till the right woman comes along and lays hold of the est in him, and makes a man of him. And, dear, don't pitch into me for a lost-to-shame coquette. I amuse myself with as little harm doing as possible." "Go-oh please, please go!" moaned

"Al! right," Freda said cheerily, but she didn't feel cheerful. "I wonder if marrying Fred Sticknor would make a happy woman of me," she

thought.
She went swiftly down the hall toward her room. The lights were turned low and the place was quiet. The door just beyond hers and on the other side was outlined by light from within, and the transom showed bright. Through the silence sounded a faint chink of poker chips, and then a voice: "Somebody shy! Come up, Parlance, don't gum the game!"

"How did the boys come to get that room, I wonder," Freda thought, for a moment half inclined to go in and ask for a There was no key in her door. "I must

have laid it down at Daisy's," she thought, congratulating herself that she had left the lock turned back. The room was dimly lighted, to be sure The men had come up for the trunks. Why will the management make people live in bags over Sunday? She groped to the

center of the room, stumbling over an unexpected chair, and turning up the one lighted jet of the chandelier, found herself facing Breton. The two stared at each other. Then Bre ton said courteonsly, but with an ugly

"This is very good of you, Miss Freda.
Will you not sit down?"
"Thank you," returned Freda slowly,
"but you are the guest here, and, I am constrained to add, an unwelcome one. What

strained to add, an unwelcome one. What nonsense is this? Must I ring to have you put out of my room, or call to the boys across the way, or will you save a stupid scene, and go off yourself?" Breton walked to the door, turned the key, which with a shock Freda observed was on the inside, and removing it read the tag, 164. Of course, if I am mistaken, and this is your room, I must apologize."
"One hundred and sixty-four," repeated

She put her hand over her face a momen Her cheeks were scarlet and her lips quiv-ering when she looked up, but she spoke

clearly and with simple earnestness.

"I went up to Daisy's room from mine.
When I left her I forgot I was not on my
own floor. This room is directly above
mine. I must apologize," Freda went on,
"and go home as fast as I can." She laughed slightly and with a pretty show of unfrightened distress she held out her hand for the key. Breton turned it on his finger, staring at her somberly.

"Please don't forget what is due to your-self." Freda went on a little breathless; "please don't make me suffer any further

embarrassment over my stupid mistake."

Breton had half a mind that it was no mistake and that she had come there to accept his plan of elopement and marriage.

"I have told you that I love you," he said sullenly. "Will you marry me?"

"And I have told you that the informs." in the fall crops. The yield has not been up to what I had looked for on my own tion does not interest me. Give me the key. Let me go. You know as well as I place. Farming with me is not indulged in for the coarse joy it yields or the wealth

key. Let me go. You know as well as I do that I can ring the bell and have help in a moment. You know as well as I do that I can call to the boys over the way."

"You won't do either."

Her color faded. "That is so, too. This is your room, not mine. I remember that. I should alarm the house and compromise—well, you, after all—for I am an actress, and of course for me it does not count. Still, as of course for me it does not count. Still, as you say, I'm not going to do it. If it will satisfy your maily dignity in any way to keep me here, well and good. Just remem-ber, it's the lock and key that keeps me,

ser, it's the lock and key that keeps me, and not you."

She looked him over with very hearty disgust, and added: "What a very contemptible person you are!"

She crossed the room to a sofa, pulled it out so that it faced him, pulled her cloak about her, and saying whimsically: "I suppose you don't expect me to keep awake do you?" She lifted her feet with a brisk move most graceful women have, and move most graceful women have, and disposing of them well wound in her skirts, settled herself comfortably.

Breton glared at her from under bent

brows. "Don't you understand," he said, striding heavily to her, "that you are here alone and at the mercy of a scandal. Have you no

fear?"
"Pooh; not a bit! Don't be more obnoxious than you can help," she said roughly.
He staggered to his feet, crossed the room unsteadily; then, with a swift move turned and took a small pistol from the bureau. experiment. I do not rebuke your moral standards. They are none of my business. I have not advanced my own; they are none of your business. To close further discussion, however, I will say that were you a was a quick disappearing of her hand in the

folds of her dress. Then she cried clearly "If it's pistols, I carry one myself," and a dainty silver muzzle covered him.
Only their sharp breathing sounded.
Then Freda said in a low voice: "Pull yourself together! Remember, there is a girl in this house for whom you care, a girl whose name I will not she

more interesting, I should not have observed the flight of time."

He rang skarply, ordered the check and adjusted Fredn's cloak. Meanwhile, Freda thought of Daisy.

Beston's brain cleared. He laid down the weapon and bowed his head in his hands.
"What fools women make of us!" he

Then he unlocked the door, motioned to it, and bowed his head in his hands again.

Freda hesitated. Then she said softly and

"Mr. Breton, I will never speak of this noved to find the same old story told in shout the same old way.

to anyone. Don't forget the girl you care shout the same old way. about the same old way.

"Why will I always meddle with situations" she thought fretfully. "I ought to know by this time that no man proves interesting. They either prove fools them
tor. I know you are a better man than you have shown yourself to me." Then she added quaintly: "By your leave, I will know by this time that no man proves interesting. They either prove fools them-

She opened the door quietly, but without

Daisy sat at the mirror, her dark hair loose about her shoulders. She started up at sight of Freda.

"What do you want?"

"To say good night, my hospitable friend."

Freda had come in soft-hearted mood, but Daisy's greeting changed all that. Marguerite grew pale, paused a moment and the kept of Daisy's door, then leisurely rethe knob of Daisy's door, then leisurely reshe reached them the poker room opened and a man came toward

"Freda, where have you been?" "That you, Parlance, How much are you in? Daisy has the blues, and she nodded her head backward toward Daisy's

"Seven out. That's no reason you should be up all night. Go to bed."
"Good night, dear boy. No—don't see
me to my door. It might make a scandal. Your good manners will get you into trouble some day. Good night."

She found the key in the outside of the door as she had left it. In another moment was safe locked inside. She drew long breath. "That was dramatic! I must get some body to load that pistol for me."

CHAPTER X.

AUNTY IS DONE FOR Daisy was not in the room when Freda went there a few days later, but she came in presently, a soft flush on her cheeks. Freda sat at the foot of the bed, curling some stage feathers with the dull edge of a dinner knife. She had been wondering to herself whether she ought to tell Daisy of the interview with Mrs. Marimone.

"Hello, Daize," she said shortly, feeling very guilty. She was certain that by some lucky chance the Breton family had overlooked entirely their relative's interest in Daisy. And a good thing, too, she thought, for if ever poor Daisy had encountered Mrs. Marimone, that dignified and ponderous lady would have ground the poor child to powder. Daisy was just the child to go and sacrifice herself and all that, book-fashion, because a release lead any turned up and bullied her.

velvet clad aunt turned up and bullied her. Yet should she not warn Daisy? Could she warn her without producing much the result Mrs. Marimone herself would have brought about? Would it not be better to speak to Breton? Yet that would seem hardly delicate towards Daisy. While she debated Daisy came to the bed, and leaning over the foot board said shyly:

"What pretty feathers!"
"Pretty rocky, you mean."
"No, I don't. Put themsup, Freda."
"Couldn't get anything on them, my

"I—I want to speak to you, Freda."
"Speak away, friend mine."
Daisy slipped somehow to her knee Daisy slipped somehow to her knees be-side Freda, and lifting her arms about her waist said: "Please kiss me first."
"With my heart on my lips, dear! There.

Now what's the trouble "Henroyd has been here." Freda had never heard her say Henroyd Freda and never heard her say henroyd before, but she made no comment; she only tightened her clasp about the girl. Daisy's head drooped; then lifting it close against Freta's breast, she said falteringly: "Freda, I want you to forgive me for the wicked thoughts I have had of you. I know now how generous and true you are. It was my own selfish heart that misled me. Please forgive me. Freda."

Please forgive me, Freda." Freda gulped nervously. "Don't talk like that, Daize-you make me feel a goose."
"But please let me." She unclasped her hands from about Freda's waist. just seen him."
"Who?" with sudden interest.

"Henroyd." "Where?"

"In the parlor. And —." Daisy did
not seem to be able to tell very fast. She
sat back on her heels, and twisted and untwisted her hands, the fingers interlacing.
A gleam caught Freda's glance. She
lifted the slim left hand in her own, saying
quietly: "Dear girl, dear, dear friend is,

quietly: "Dear girl, dear, dear frie Daisey's head went down on Freda's knee, and she began to cry. Freda lifted the left hand, kissed the jeweled band upon it, and said in a choked voice: "Aunty is done for!"

[To be Continued next Secretary,]

NYE'S LIFE ON A FARM He Has a Cow That Is Aristocratic and a Mule That Is Haughty.

NEITHER CAN FORGET THE WAR. reatures are entirely under my control Two Variegated Steers Into Whose Mouths thoroughly subservient to my will, and my admirers need not fear that anything will happen to me that would deprive them of me, for I often enter their cage and fool PRIENDLY AND PELLUCID LETTER with them by the hour, at times inserting my head in their extended jaws as far as will go and then rudely removing BUNCOMBE COUNTY, N. C., Sept. 3.-It



way with her that wins everyone, but she still retains a feeling of intense hatred toward the people of the North. Though I Crops here are not above the averhad nothing to do with the war, and did not age this year. Rabbits are eating many of my vegetables, and that, together with a prolonged visit from the artist who is sketching my steers, will make times pretty

> EXPERIENCE WITH FERTILIZER. I used bonedust in my farming this year, and the crop will pay the drayage on this bonedust, leaving perhaps 18 or 20 cents for bonedust, leaving perhaps 18 or 20 cents for future use. I use only the best bonedust, if possible, no matter what the cost. It will pay in the end. Nothing is gained by buying the bonedust of inferior people. Apples are looking well, especially the Early Horse apple, the Low Flat Early Dutch Drum Head apple, the Isabella apple, the Limbertwig apple, the Late Wormless apple, the Dead Red or League apple with lignum vitœ works in it, the Winter Death Rate Seedling apple and the Trunk Line apple; all are looking very well indeed.

Plowing for winter grains is now going forward, especially on some of the more erect farms. Bye will be sown in large quantities here next year. A North Carolina farm looks best with vegetables at the base, then grain of some kind, and then at the

the moths out of my watermelons. WORKING OUT THE BOAD TAX, Willing hands are now working on the roads of Buncombe county, and orders are issued that the dead along the road who have perished from internal finities or cordurov dislocations, concussions, etc., shall be buried at the expense of the State. Our principal roads are soon to be macadamized and the Loriellanus will be memorated. ized, and the Legislature will be memor-ialized. This will be of untold benefit to

made perfect." The above suggests to me a note just received from a correspondent of mine who has been writing to me regularly for over two years, though I have not answered any of his letters because they were too deep for

CLEAR AND COMPREHENSIVE

DEAR SIR-Although it should not be consideration and very probably is not I would like to say I wish to take back the suggestions I sent you other than as applied myself increased to the extent that I want nothing to do with it whatever also probably uncalled for. The third party is all right enough and can be improved as having something to it and in any case is working in from every view the best direction free and the question brought up, taken out or given a back seat or no prominence or hedged, free silver coinage no good can possibly come from, but which within a need could be 1,000 times better handled and meet (case more money need and accompanying possibilities taken the best advantage of or furthered with it). The back gold pay idea in regard to illogical nonsense as a question and especially unjuse in lopsidedness both within the present condition and as policy. Very respectfully yours, probably uncalled for. The third party is

There are three other men and a woman who are writing me on the same subject every week. I like their clear and unanwerable logic, but I cannot do the work on every ragamuffin urchin old enough to toddle, is forever practising his art on noultry, dogs, cats and other small animals that come in his way, with the same diaa large farm and expect to be quick enough to grasp all these great questions in a min-ute. The fact is, that by the time I have done all the chores at night and bathed my chubby feet at the well and wiped them on

the grass I ought to go to bed.

And sweetly, sadly singest like a hired mar Who taught thee thus to warble In the noontide heat and wrestle with Thy deep, corroding grief and joyless woe?
Who taught thy simple heart
Its pent-up wildly warring wasteOf wanton woe to carrol forth upon the That It Will Cure Baldness. New York Morning Journal,

(Second Verse.)
I chide thee not, because thy
Song is fraught with grief-embittered
Monotone and joyless minor chords
Of wild, imported melody, for thou
Art restless, woe begirt, and
Compassed round about with gloom,
Thou timid, trusting, orphan mule!

Few joys, indeed, are thine, Thou thrice bestricken, madly Mournful, melancholy mule. And he alone who strews Thy pathway with his cold remains, Thy pathway with his cold remains
Can give the recompense
Of festering and injurious woe.
He who hath sought to steer
Thy limber, yielding tail
Fernist thy crupper band
Hath given thee joy, and he alone.
'Tis true, he may have shot
Athwart the zodiac, and looking
O'er the outer walls upon
The New Jerusalem,
Have uttered vain regrets,
Thou reckest not, oh, orphan mule,
For it hath given thee joy and
Bound about thy bursting heart
And held thy tottering reason
To its throne.

To its throne. Sing on, oh, mule, and warble
In the twilight gray,
Unchidden by the heartless throng.
Sing of thy parents on thy father's side,
Yearnsfor the days now past and gone,
For he who pens these halring,
Limping lines to thee
Doth bid thee yearn and yearn and yearn.

TRYING TO THREAD A TAIL. The above lines were written while recovering from an injury received while trying to thread the tail of one of those little
creatures through a split stick in the fall of
'75. Though the writer was racked with

pain, the poem seems to breathe a spirit of forgiveness and untutored poesy and trust and passion, as well as the massive poetic feet which characterize some of the earlier works of Thomas Brower Peacock, of To-

peka, Kan. peks, Kan.
I employ on my farm, also, a small pair
of variegated steers, which the artist has
kindly agreed to illustrate. They are having a sitting now as I write. These docile and though much larger than the average North Carolina steer of trade, they are Their names are Brin and Bolly



hard here during the winter.

top a border of peavines running around the upper edge of the farm, together with a molding of some kind to hang pictures on. Some of these farms look well when draped even by this gruesome display which pos-sesses extraordinary fascination for the low-class Chileno, he spent the remainder of the afternoon driving sulkily up and down with something pretty, and on cold nights I hang a dark drap de tat portiere over my farm, or sometimes a Rice curtain, to keep

The condition of this country is rapidly approaching completion, and will one day add to those already past, thus gathering in its wonderful career all those which is held the night cometh when no man shall roll together as a scroll, falling some on good ground and some on the just as well as the unjust," and as Isaiah would say, if I do not forget the exact wording, "Go forth as the cedars of Lebanon or a great rock in a weary land to cry out, fear not and flourish from the rising of the sun even unto the third and fourth generations of just men

Mr. Edgar W. Nye:

BILL NYE.

SINGEING THE HAIR. Experience Has Led New Yorkers to Doub

The fallacious practice of singeing the bair in order to prevent its falling out in handfuls has largely fallen into disuse. There used to be a time when every barber shop in the city had wax tapers, and the employes would politely ask customers if they desired a "singe," much the same as they now insist on a person taking a sham-

Does not be philosophy of the singe is simple, but it is fallacious. Barbers contend that the hair is a hollow tube, and the oil from the bulb of the hair exuding from the tubes cause the hair to dry up and fall out. Singeing the hair closed up the ends and pre-vented the loss of oil, thus keeping the hair from falling out. But the fact remains that it did not prevent the hair from falling out, and the practice has become almost ex-

The Boers and Natives.

Cases of cruel treatment inflicted by Boers on natives are by no means rare, says Lord Randolph Churchill writing from Africa to the Philadelphia Press. The Boer does not recognize that the native is in any degree raised above the level of the lower is in any animals. In conversation he describes the

New York Board of Health on Wine.

Dr. Janes of the New York Board of

here used for foot rugs in winter time. Now and then one is so fortunate as to encounter Health says: "I take great pleasure in testifying to the an itinerant comerciante with some of thos splendid robes made of THE BREASTS OF OSTRICHES,

four to six inches long, which are prepared by the Patagonian Indians. I have succeeded in capturing a beauty, about three yards square, which was originally intended to be worn as a dress by the favorite wife of a Patagonian chief. These feathery skins wear as well as furs, and nothing can be so beautiful for soft cavarines. Capturing captures the capturing contributes the capturing captures. His Idea of a Pleasure Ride Is a Tremendous Shaking Up. autiful for soft coverings, carriage robes

ODD CONCEPTION OF THE SIGHTS. ean caballeros (gentlemen) out in full force on their prancing nags, exhibiting horse-manship of which they have good reason to be proud. In this country horses are seldom broken to harness, all the teaming and hauling being done with oxen. The gear of the Chilean gentleman's saodle horse is a most curious and complicated affair. The bit is a long heavy fut nices of iron, which The Horseback Outfit of an Aristocrat STREET SCENES IN CONCEPCION bit is a long, heavy, flat piece of iron, which rests on the horse's tongue and presses against the roof of the mouth. At each end is a hole, through which is passed a long iron ring about four inches in diameter, which encircles the lower jaw. At each side of the mouth is placed each ring. CONCEPCION, CHILE, Aug. 5 .- In this country when one desires to take a ride, he does not send around to the livery stable side of the mouth is placed another iron ring, to which the reins are fastened. The for a vehicle, but sallies forth on foot, carrying whatever paraphernalia the excursion entire mouth rigging weighs about five pounds, and if suddenly jerked is powerful may require, and walks until a birlochero pounds, and if suddenly jerked is powerful enough to break any animal's jaw. The reins are made of finely braided hide or horse hair, and are joined together when they reach the pommel of the saddle, ter-minating in a long lash called a chicote, at the end of which is a small piece of lead, usually hidden in a handsome tassel. comes along. These public carriages are much like the "hacks" in common use at home, except that they are built in more substantial fashion, for these roughly-paved roads would soon shake an ordinary coach

CRUEL TO THEIR HORSES.

Hail a passing birlochero, and its drover will whirl his raw-boned horses two or When not in use, the chicote hangs down three times around in the narrow street, the flank of the horse, often dragging on ground. Its load of lead is usually heavy enough to furnish a weapon of defense and offense as formidable as a slug shot, and the grazing the houses on either side, to the imminent peril of pedestrians, for he considers that a deal of noise, flourish and whip cracking are necessary to do proper poor horse is beaten unmercifully with it. These soft-voiced, mild-mannered and exhonor to the occasion. Having satisfied his conscience in that regard, and brought his foaming steeds to a stand-still, you clamber cessively polite Chilenos are as cruel to beasts as to men. Horses are so cheap that even beggars may ride. A good native broncho can be bought for \$5 and his owner in and are whisked away, pell-mell, over the stones, at a pace that may be truly termed a "spanking" one, for you are bounded against the top like a rubber ball and hurled into your neighbor's arms with force enough to fracture thinly-cushioned knows no mercy. The beasts are driven un-til they drop and then fresh ones are subjected to the same treatment. No care is taken to protect domestic animals or to make them comfortable. Although the winters in this latitude are cold to a degree of ice and snow, stables for horses and cattle are unknown. When their day's labor is warying the line with little excursions in ribs-bonnets battered, hats knocked off; but you may be consoled by the reflection that you are riding for pleasure, and that this heroic exercise is good for garlic-imdone they are turned into a corral, or a pasture, or the street, to seek their own

Hercabouts the favorite after-dinner drive is to a suburban pleasure garden called the Polanco, which is much frequented by all classes of society. The place in itself has no attractions; but there are few ways of varying the monotony of life in Chile, and the human species are like sheep, the world over, you know, in the following the lead of a bell-wether. When first arrived in this part of the country, we used carefully to explain to our food, and every year thousands of them die from overwork and starvation. I have seen a number of fancy bits made of solid silver and bridles plated with gold, of solid silver and bridles plated with gold, with reins made of golden wire. Senera Cousino—the wealthiest widow in South America—has one that is said to have cost \$2,500. Those costing \$1,000 or more are common in Santiago. The Chilean saddle is even more queer and complicated than the bridle. First half a dozen sheepskins are silled one above suchar on the borse's try, we used carefully to explain to our coachman that we were strangers in the land and desired to be shown the most beautiful are piled, one above another, en the horse's back; a leather strap is passed around them and firmly secured. Then comes a sort of skeleton saddle, or rather a piece of wood cut into the shape of a saddle tree with a cantle at each end; on top of this are piled any number of sheepskins, or, if the owner is rich enough, rare and costly furs furnish the seat, which is called a montura. The four corners are fastened down by broad bands of canvas or leather. differed greatly from our own. The first Jehu drove us straight to the slaughter house, and throwing wide the door, triumphantly invited us to enter and view the whole process of killing and dressing. Having declined the amusement, to his infinite surveine and disconninterant hadroning.

STATION AND SILVER.

In Chile it is distinctly understood that finite surprise and disappointment, he drove "next to the big hospital, where legs and arms are sawed galore, and where a vast array of amputated sores and tumors and monstrosities are set fourth in glass bottles. Finding us still not agreeably diverted even by this greeness divoler, which not the amount of silver on a man's riding out-fit indicates his station in life and naturally there is a good deal of competition in that direction among the swell caballeros.
While the poor man's stirrup is a sude affair, hewed by hand out of a block of wood, as above described, his aristocratic neighbor uses one quite as heavy, but much more ornamental, made of brass or silver, usually in the shape of a slipper. Those designed for ladies are often made of solid silver, beautifully chased, and are a favorite gift. English manufacturers are shie to the same streets, evidently ruminating upon the stupidity of Gringoes. ite gift. English manufacturers are able to produce these equestrian adornments so much cheaper than the native workmen, who have no labor saying machines, that another carried us at once to the peniten-tiary, and another to the poor little ceme-tery. At last we learned that Concepcion has no "sights," even her churches being too new to be interesting; and now on our afternoon drives we give the unvarying or-der, "Vaya al Polanco," go to the pleasure garden. One is sure to encounter many novelties en route, and the streets are a

nearly all are imported.

When the rider is seated in the saddle, when the rider is seated in the saddle, his legs are entirely concealed by the furs and sheep skins. If going on a journey, he wears on his back a poncho, which bears no closer resemblance to that of the quaso than does the rest of his outfit. It is about the size of the rubber blankets used in the White States and is wearen. size of the rubber blankers used in the United States and is woven of vicuna hair, or lambing wool, which keeps the wearer cool, for the sun's rays cannot penetrate it, an umbrella as for an overcoat and sheds the rain better than rubber, because the oil has not been extracted from the wool. The vicuna (the Andean goat) is yearly becoming more scarce and nowadays a good poncho shawl, which it somewhat resembles, and is worth from \$150 to \$500. Thus you see that a fully equipped saddle horse for a Chilean caballero, with silver spurs, vicuna poncho, gold or silver mounted saddle and bridle. etc., represents an investment of \$5,000 or more. It is considered the height of vulgarity among the aristocracy to use com-mon English saddlery and new ponchos, for in their families those almost indestructable articles have been handed down from generation to generation, growing more

aluable with age and usage. TRAFFIC BY LANTERN LIGHT.

Returning to the city in the twilight, we notice that each squatting street merchant has lighted a tiny lantern and will doze over his wares till bed time. The police are being detailed to their different beats for the night. They are divided into two forces, the Vigilantes, who preserve order during the day, and the Serenos, who watch by night. Some are mounted, and all are armed with sabers and uniformed in coarse blue cloth. On no account is a Sereno al lowed to leave his beat until a comrade has responded to his whistle. A householder may send him in greatest haste to call a priest or a physician; but if either reside outside his particular district, he must pass the message along through his next com-rade. After 10 o'clock he cries the hours throughout the night in a prolonged sing-song tone; and the presence of a belated person is announced by a shrill whistie, sounding from Sereno to Sereno, to put all

on the alert.

And, oh, the dogs! they are the pests of the city—of all kinds and colors, from the tiny Lucia poodle, a parlor pet which is washed and brushed every morning, to the homeless mongrels of mangy aspect and vicious propensities. They prowl about the streets and sleep in doorways, and hundreds that have no masters gather their food by night from the city offal. One day, to our horror, a donkey fell dead in front of our door. We wondered why the authorities did not immediately remove the careass; but their negligence was explained when a horde of half-perished dogs pounced upon it, and in a few hours no trace of the eased animal remained.

FANNIE B. WARD

DANGER AND ART IN WHEELING. An Old Cycler Regrets the Introduction of the Safety Machines.

ragged exile from sunny Italy, with hand organ and monkey, grinding out music to the delighted populace. These trouba-Philadelphia Press.] the delighted populace. These trouba-douring nuisances are more fortunate here than in the far North, for in Chile they are "I am heart and soul against the safety bicycle," said an old wheelman. "I admit than in the far North, for in Chile they are never routed by the police, but are actually paid by the authorities. Here comes a peon with a long pole over his shoulder, from which dangle bunches of tallow candles, while he sings in a musical voice with many variations of inflection, "Velos de sebo" (tallow candles). Behind him comes an-other barefooted citizen carrying an armful of sountry by the same arms hains meraly. it is more useful and convenient than the now neglected 'ordinary.' But must everything be reduced to terms of utility? Riding a high wheel was something of a fine art; it was pure and simple recreationrather bloody sometimes, with an after smell of arnica, but it had its rewards. It of country brooms, each being merely a bundle of broomcorn tied around the end of a rough stick. We pass no end of mer-chants, male and female, seated on the ground with broad, shallow baskets before them containing cakes and dulces for sale, or required grit and a certain bravery, and while you were sailing through mid-air on a 56-inch wheel you felt that you were of

some importance.
"These safeties any little boarding school miss or any superannuated old preacher can mount and ride. To go creeping along the road on one of these dwarfed wheels isn't much fun. Half the sport in bicycling was the danger connected with it. All that has disappeared."

A Druggist Surprised.

J. G. Bone, a druggist at Dunmore, Pa., says he has never sold a medicine that gave such universal satisfaction as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy, and that the large demand for it has been a great surprise to him. It is sold here by druggists.

or rugs. Arrived at the Polanco, we find the Chil-THE FRENCH HAVE RUSSOMANIA.

> Their Red Breeches. TOTTERING OF THE EIFFEL TOWER

Smokeless Powder May Rob the Soldiers of

Paris, Aug. 28.—Good Pennsylvanians n Paris have their hearts warmed daily by the sight of THE DISPATCH at the rooms of the Anglo-American Bank. It matters little that the news is ten days old. The paper's generous pages, liberal spirit, and honest expressions, after the stingy columns of the Continental journals, with their strange languages and often inspired utterances, are as reviving as a sight of the Stars and

I ought not to complain, however, of the papers here. The oldest friend I have mes was in the columns of a Parisian paper. I had stumbled through a long and thrilling description of suffering, done in the best French reportorial, when I met him—a universal panacea, "The American Shakers' Tisane"—an out and out patent medicine advertisement. Surely internationalism need not be agitated among chariatans. papers here. The oldest friend I have met

Nina Van Zandt Malato has registered here. Notice that Nima is particular to write in full the name under which she won fame in Chicago. Her visit will be more piquant for the precaution. Few reporters would go on the search for plain Madame Malato. But Nina Van Zandt! The fraternity in a body are after her.

varying the line with little excursions in varying the line with little excursions in-land, such as down the Nile, up the Korgo, etc. He will add Madagascar to his intin-erary and browse around its coast for a time. We may be sure Mr. Vincent will give us some spicy writing of adventure and ob-servation. One can forgive a man for in-cessant gadding when he turns it to so good an account as Mr. Vincent has his previous journeys.

here at present are World's Fair people. They are feted everywhere. I ran across a body of lesser lights on World's Fair busi-ness the other night at a small Parisian ness the other night at a small Parisian hotel and watched them dispose of a long drawn out table d'hote dinner. The proprietor had secured music for the occasion—a woman with an accordeon. She played American airs with enough skill to wring showers of coppers from the representatives. The hardest American heart melts in this land at the sound of "Suwanee River," and "Hail Columbia" foll wed by "America" are sure to leave the pecket dry "America" are sure to leave the pecket dry "America" are sure to leave the pocket dry and the eyes wet.

Paris is threatened with a severe attack of Russomania. It is all on account of the Franco Russian good understanding, of course. The Russian hymn draws the wildest cheers from a crowd anywhere, and in the gardens, especially among the students, the gardens, especially among the students, it is demanded repeatedly and greeted with frantic uproar. The Provinces are in no way behind the capital in their enchusiasm. The funny man has begun to announce Russian novelties for the winter: Puddings a la Toistoi, turkey de la Cheronese; salade Russe; Neva gowns; boots a la Louranoff, bats a la retour de Moscow.

France, in fact, is noisy with delight over the fetes at Cronstandt and Portsmouth. She is gratified, too, that Austria and Germany take a generous view of her glory. Italy scowist To be sure. But Italy is not "in it" and is in debt. All these politenesses can-not conceal the fact that the powers show ugly teeth in these smiling festivities. War seems to be a foregone conclusion. Even the learned bodies take it so; for instance, the learned bodies take it so; for instance, the Hygiene Congress at London recommends, in the present session, to the governments that arrangements be made to cremate on the battlefield those killed in war. Of all developments on the subject, however, none seem to me so ingenuous as the declaration of the Socialists of Brussels: War against war. An international strike on a declaration of war, would certainly do

The Socialist Congress has been watched narrowly by the French and until "the last days it was thought there would not be much done. The loud call for internationalism and the enthusiasm with which the French delegates adopted it, has given a

French delegates adopted it, has given a more serious aspect to the session. Conservative French thought dreads ideas which will attract attention from the conception of nationality which the Republic has been struggling so hard for. The Journal des Debats thus laments the attitude of the French Socialists:

"Is it not sad to think that the idea of nationality, which has been the controlling idea of the nineteenth century, which has caused so many heroic struggles, with which the French Revolution was so inwrought, should to-day be set aside by representatives of new ideas, and that in place of liberty with which our fathers greeted the erty with which our fathers greeted the dawning of the age a great body of people from all nations should think of imposing upon humanity the brutal despotisms of an all-powerful State!"

It is a common enough thing in the off region for women to burn themselves to death by carelessness in using oil in building fires, but one scarcely expects such things to happen in a land where fires are luxuries slowly built and carefully used; vet a woman has just died here from burns eaused by kindling a fire with spirits of wine in true oil region style. To quicken the blaze she dashed on the alcohol, the liquid in the bottle caught fire, spread to the her ciothing and the horrible scene we are so amiliar with in Western Pennsylvania

was repeated in Paris.

There are signs now and then even Paris that the hours of service are to be shortened. The hatters of the city in amihave just signed an agreement that after the 1st of October shops will close at 9:30 r. M. the 1st of October shops will close at 9:30 r. m. on weekdaws and at noon on Sundays. The Socialists' Congress will not rub its hands very heartily over the announcement. But to people who believe that reforms are not made, but grow, the concession will seem worth something. It would be a pity of pities however, if when the hatters and those who imitate them close their stores evenings, they should put out the lights in their windows. The brilliancy and fascination of the boulevards would be materially affected and nobedy who has wandered through them would see them lessened without regret.

There has been considerable nervousness of late concerning the stability of the Effel Tower. The feeling was quickened no doubt by the fate of Monsi-ur Effel's bridge by which so many people lost their lives. The great engineer has made satisfactory assur-ances, however, that it cannot fall and has shown this confidence in them by taking the young King of Servia to the top.

This young King, by the way, shows him self a good democrat. He dired yesterday at one of the popular Duval restaurants where students and other economists, wno love neatness, good cooking and fair prices always go, and he went with the crowd on the first floor, too.

Smokeless powder is bringing a train of unforceseen trials upon the military people. The latest rumor is that the French soldier must give up his beloved red breeches. Is must give up his beloved red breeches. It has been found that the breeches counteract by their brilliancy much of the good effects of the smokeless powder. Gray or brown must be substituted. The authorities do not smile at the idea. It is no laughing matter for even a great Republic to buy 5,000,000 pairs of new breeches.

IDA M. TARRELL.

Would It Go Now?

The people who first settled in Pennsylvania were very decided against allowing vania were very decided against allowing sycophantic usages and anything like adulation of the nobility to creep into their life. William Bradford, in his almanae of 1865 (or of the year 3979, in Noachian chrono'o'y, a. h.z figure dit, salluded to Lord Penn. and the Provincial Council very promptly made him blot it out of every copy of his