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BACK TO THE OLD FARM.

I used to kind o' think I'd sort o' like to settle down
An' mebbe quit this farmin' an' enjoy a house in town
An' clean fangit the atmosphere of worry an' of toil
That seems to settle 'round you when you're tillin' of the soil.

I've tried it an' I'm satisfied. I'm goin' home agin.
Compared to all them snow drifts country mud is slick an' thin.
An' when the fuel's gettin' low 'twill do my feelin's good
To know the ax is handy fur to chop a load o' wood.

I'm goin' home again; out where there isn't any law
To keep a man from sittin' down an' waitin' fur a thaw.
I used to think 'twas hard to spade the ground; but I dunno.
It's easier diggin' garden than it is to shovel snow.

I'm goin' back to where the pantry's allus fill o' pie
An' the bacon from the rafter is a-bangin', not too high;
Where all you've got to do is lift your rations from the peg
An' the hens don't want a nickel every time they lay an egg.

Washington Star.

THE TEMPER OF OLD MISS PATIENCE.

Who Was Not Such a Tartar as She Seemed to Be.

BY MRS. JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Times.

I wouldn't advise ye to tackle Miss Patience," said the hired man. "She ain't got no work but what I kin do, in the first place; an' she's jes' as like as not to bite your head off, the very firs' pop. The whole country knows Miss Patience is a Tartar from the head o' the creek."

The young fellow in the worn clothes looked at the house, and then glanced down the long, frozen road.

"I guess I'll risk it," he said, with spirit. "I can't be much worse off than I am now—even with my head bitten off," he added, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Besides, I must have work. It isn't a matter of choice any longer."

And with that he walked resolutely up to the kitchen door and knocked, and the door was opened as promptly as though some one had been standing with his hand on the knob.

That somebody was a sharp faced little old woman, with the fiercest of silver-rimmed spectacles perched on the fiercest of aquiline noses. She wore a piece of white cloth tied over her head and under her chin, by way of a cap; and she was so little, and her check apron was so large, that it seemed to swallow her up completely.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" she demanded sharply. "Why don't you wipe your feet and come in?"

Walter Land took the hint without delay, and not only wiped his feet and came in, but made straight for the stove, which was glowing like a furnace in the corner. After a little he became conscious that the Tartar was watching him.

"Beg pardon for taking possession in this way," he said, between shivers; "but I came in to ask for work, and the sight of the fire was too much for me."

"And no wonder," exclaimed Miss Patience severely. "What do you mean by going around through the country dressed like that, at that time of the year? Trying to take your death of cold, so as to have somebody to wait on you, I reckon. What was Jim Long saying about me out there?"

Miss Patience had a way of pouncing at one with sudden questions that was simply awful. Walter found himself caught and held up, as it were, and looked as guilty as though it had been he, and not the hired man, that had made those uncomplimentary remarks about Miss Patience.

"He said he didn't think you had any work for me," he replied, after a careful pause.

"Nonsense!" snapped Miss Patience with another pounce. "Maybe he did say that, but he called me an old cat, and all the other names he could lay his tongue to—you know he did! You needn't deny it."

Walter looked thoughtfully at the stove, and wondered why it was that he should have to wear the guilty look that properly belonged to the hired man. But Miss Patience—how had she come to be named Patience?—was not to be appeased by his silence.

"Jim Long!" she cried with a grim and portentous sniff. "I'd like to know where he'd be if I hadn't taken him up and looked after him like his own mother. But I'll pay him for this. I'll turn him off to morrow morning, and he and his mother shall move out of that house of mine, and nobody else will take 'em in at this time of year, and they'll starve to death and freeze by the roadside, and good enough for 'em!"

Poor Walter stared at her with wide eyes, his face growing pale. No wonder the hired man had called her a Tartar! He began to think that Tartar was a very weak and meaningless word when applied to this dreadful cruel, bitter, bloodthirsty old woman.

"Besides, he doesn't know anything about it," she went on with another snap and a bounce. "I have work for you—plenty of it. You sit down there and get warm while I fix you a bite to eat."

And that was how Walter came to be hired by Miss Patience, after three months of idleness in the city, and a month of tramping through the country, looking for work. A seat by that glowing stove, something to eat; a regular feast, after a fast of twenty-four hours; an opportunity to get warm and sleepy; was there ever anything like it?

After awhile, dark having fallen, the fierce little old Tartar put a candle into the tired boy's hand, and showed him the way to the attic bedroom, where there was a real bed, with mountains of covers on it. It had all happened so suddenly, and was almost past belief!

But then, there was poor Jim Long, who was going to lose his place in the morning; who was going to be turned out, with his mother, homeless and in want; and all on his account. In spite of his fatigue and his comfortable surroundings, Walter could not sleep, but tossed about in his bed, and thought of Jim Long.

He was down early the next morning, but Miss Patience was in the kitchen before him, and the stove in the corner was was glowing again.

"You look as if you had been awake all night," snapped Miss Patience. "What business have young things like you lying awake? Now, I don't sleep either, but it's the mice. They run through this house at night like a drove of horses. If something isn't done, they are going to carry me off bodily one of these nights."

"Why don't you keep a cat?" cried Walter.

"A cat!" shrieked Miss Patience, glaring at him through those fierce old spectacles. "Have a cat in the house, sleeping on my beds, and up on the table the minute my back's turned? Not much! A cat came here once, and I—"

"What did you do with it?" asked Walter, feeling horrified at the cruelty of this awful woman.

"Oh, I settled that cat's hash," she replied, grimly and mysteriously.

What had she done with that unfortunate cat? Had she hanged it? Had she drowned it? Had she—horrible thought!—had she burned it? Walter turned pale, and was half tempted to fly from the house that sheltered this hard-hearted woman. But then, work was work, as he had found to his cost, and was not to be lightly thrown away.

"If you don't want a cat," he suggested presently, "why not have a trap?"

The old woman's eyes sparkled.

"That's just what I'll do," she cried, as though the idea had never presented itself to her before. "You shall go to town this very day and get me a trap; and be sure to get one that will choke and squeeze them. I'll kill every rascally mouse that shows his head about this place. You won't mind riding in the cold, will you? But you've got to put on warmer clothes before you stir out of this house, I can tell you that!"

So Walter found himself enveloped in heavy clothing that was fished out of some mysterious recess, and hurried off to town for a mouse-trap, as soon as breakfast was over. He would have given much to know the fate of the hired man before he went. As for that cat, whose "hash" was "settled," that would not bear thinking of. And to be sent for a trap that would "choke and squeeze," was there ever so dreadful an old woman?

But she had given him clothing, at least, had let him ride one of her horses and had intrusted him with money. Few people would have shown such confidence in a perfect stranger! Walter felt that he could not secure that mouse-trap and return home fast enough.

"Here it is," he cried, as he entered the kitchen and exhibited his purchase. "Six little holes, you see, for six mice, and when Mr. Mouse puts his head in there and begins gnawing the cheese, snap! goes this piece of wire around his neck, and there he is."

Miss Patience watched the baiting of the trap with much interest.

"I shall catch six mice in this every night," she declared; "and then, after awhile, may be I can sleep."

All the remainder of that day, as Walter worked at getting wood and water, and making a new shelf in the pantry, or mending a broken table, he was haunted by a gloomy thought of the hired man. Once he caught a glimpse of him going across the barnyard, and several times he heard him whistling merrily about his work. The bolt had not yet fallen; but Walter felt sure, from the awful expression on the face of Miss Patience, that some dreadful punishment was going to be visited on the unhappy man. Perhaps it would be only the worse because it was delayed. If Miss Patience could think up such awful things on the spur of the moment, what might she not think of when you gave her time?

Walter went to bed, thinking of Miss Patience and the visiting cat, and Jim Long—and in another minute, it seemed to him, it was broad day. He dressed and ran down stairs, to find Miss Patience sitting red-eyed and pale by the kitchen stove.

"Sleep!" she echoed grimly in answer to his question. "I reckon you can sleep, for some folks have no hearts, anyhow. Why, I have been awake the whole blessed night, keeping the mice away from that trap—"

"What! Didn't you catch any mice?" cried the astonished boy.

"No, I didn't!" she said snappishly. "They were dead set on getting into that trap, but do you suppose I was a going to have their necks broken right before my eyes? There were two of 'em, a big one and a little one, that I had to watch the whole night long. You may just put that trap in the fire, Walter. I wouldn't have another such night, if the mice were to pack the house and all into the next county."

Walter was staring at Miss Patience with bewildered eyes.

"Miss Patience," he said after a little, a queer break coming into his voice; "what did you do with the cat that came to live with you once?"

"Don't talk to me about cats!" cried Miss Patience. "I won't have cats about me. I put it in a basket and took it to town, and gave it to a woman that wanted it for a pet."

Walter began to laugh, and to draw a little closer to Miss Patience.

"And you are not really going to send the hired man away?" he ventured, with a new light in his eyes.

"He deserves it!" said fierce, grim old Miss Patience, frowning dreadfully; "but it's too cold to-day, and I think now I will wait till spring. I wish you would call him in, Walter. I have a mince pie that I want to send to his mother."

And then all at once Miss Patience and Walter were the best friends in the world, and were talking together at such a rate that the hired man leaned up against the door and gasped when he came in unexpectedly and heard it. Could that be grim Miss Patience, the dreadful old Tartar, who was sure to bite people's heads off, whatever they did or said?

That very day Walter went to town and bought a new mouse-trap, which caught the mice without hurting them in the least; and when they were caught, every morning Walter carried the trap to one of the corn-pens, away down in the field, and turned them loose there, in a kind of a mouse paradise, where they might eat all they wanted, and no one would miss it, and no would be kept awake.

How Walter laughed to himself every day, as he turned the little creatures loose and watched them scamper away through the corn; and how tender he was of Miss Patience, and how watchful to anticipate her wants.

"Who would ever have thought that she was the kindest, tenderest-hearted creature in all the world?" he asked himself sometimes, for he never ceased to be delighted with the surprise of it. "But I never should have found the door to her heart if it hadn't been for the mouse-trap!"

Trifles Light as Air.

"You say she is a business-woman. What business is she interested in?"

"Oh, everybody's."—Answers.

Mrs. Crawford—What does your husband give up during Lent?

Mrs. Crabshaw—I never knew him to swear-off anything except his taxes.—Judge.

"That girl next door sings half her time, as loud as she can yell."

"I know it. She seems to be very fond of a high bawl."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Bacon—That woman going along on the other side looks as if she knew it all.

Egbert—I guess she does; she's been down calling on my wife.—Yonkers Statesman.

The heathen who is speaking as our story opens, wears a white Fedora and a skirt of palm leaves; whether by accident, or in the full consciousness that a high hat never goes with a business suit, we know not.

"Think of the millions," he exclaims "that are spent to send missionaries to us!"

The other heathen is visibly affected.

"It makes me feel guilty!" falters the latter. "Really, I suppose we ought to get along with refrigerated beef during the hard times, at least!"—Detroit Journal.

An Invalid's Bed.

The thoroughness of a nurse's training is often shown in the manner in which she makes an invalid's bed. It is a difficult problem how to make a bed with a sick person on it, without causing inconvenience or suffering. This is the proper method:

If the invalid's apparel is to be changed attend to that first, then allow a little time for rest. Then placing the patient on one side of the bed, with a light covering over her, proceed to make the other side, moving away the soiled lower sheet, putting on a clean sheet folded in the middle of the bed lengthwise, and place a clean pillow ready for the head. Now move the patient over to the fresh side and make the other, drawing out the folded part of the sheet.

Then take the clean upper sheet and spread over the covering already on the bed, to keep the patient covered while the other upper coverings are removed. If the patient is too ill to hold the upper part of the sheet, pin each upper corner to the bed, and from the foot draw out the loosened soiled sheet, or whatever is to be removed, and put on the other coverings.

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Honors to the Aunt.

A queer telegraphic correspondence was carried on recently between the capitals of Saxony, Bohemia and Russia, says the San Francisco Post. Somebody or other in Dresden had a maiden aunt who was taken sick and died in a hospital at Prague while on her way to Vienna. The nephew was notified and he telegraphed to the Prague authorities to send the body to Dresden for entombment in the family vault. When the coffin on its arrival was opened it was found to contain not the body of his aunt, but that of a uniformed and bedizzered Russian general. Immediately the nephew wired to Prague:

"No dead aunt, but Russian general. Where dead aunt?"

From Prague came the reply:

"If dead aunt not arrived, then Petersburg."

The next telegram went to the railway authorities at St. Petersburg, and read:

"What do with dead Russian general? Where dead aunt?"

And from St. Petersburg was received the characteristic reply:

"Bury general in all silence. Aunt just buried here with highest military honors."

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe. So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00.

Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed.

SAID MARINES WERE COWARDS.

A Naval Officer's Accusation Repudiated.

The Spaniards had slunk away from the Plaza del Este. They had tested the American marines and they were satisfied. The buzzard-picked bones in the simmering valley of Cusco, where "Fighting Bill" Elliot and his 200 men trapped the lurking guerrillas, were a warning to which the Spanish troops at Calmenara paid heed. Camp McCalla was as peaceful as a State gathering of militia. The warships in the outer harbor of Guantanamo lay still on the warm blue waters, with no fierce booming of heavy guns to frighten out to sea the timid hammer-headed sharks so thickly crowding the bay. Boats filled with jackies were pulling about between the ships and the shore with rarely an anxious eye being turned at the wooded bluffs on either side of the camp where so short a time before were hidden the sharp-shooting Spaniards. On the beach, says the New York Sun, the marines were busy with the police work of the camp and the officers off duty lolled beneath the shade of the mess tent at the base of the hill, glad of the respite from actual fighting. Peaceful as everything seemed, however, there was no relaxation in vigilance. The outposts were on duty at the cross-roads and at the salt pond and the danger of a surprise was eliminated.

Among the officers under the mess tent the talk was about the three days' steady fighting they went through after landing. They knew they had done good work, and they were telling one another incidents, some heroic and some amusing, and wondering what the folks at home were thinking about it all. Pretty soon there came up from the landing a tall young lieutenant of marines. He looked as natty as on parade in the Brooklyn Navy yard, and the contrast he offered, coming as he did from one of the warships in the harbor, with the camp-soiled and fight-torn uniforms of the officers in the land battalion was very striking. His brother officers greeted him warmly, for, aside from any personal reason, a new face was welcome, as it meant news of some sort from the other world, from the fleet off Santiago, or perhaps from home.

The newcomer seated himself on a box of hardtack and joined in the conversation concerning the repulse of the Spaniards in their attack upon the camp.

"Boys," he said hesitatingly, "I heard something on one of the colliers to-day that I did not like. I don't believe it, but as it concerns you all, I think you ought to know it."

"Oh, we're not thin-skinned any more," said one of the officers on shore. "It'll have to be pretty tough to worry us after our little experience of the last few days."

"Well, this will worry you, if anything will," replied the visitor.

"What was it?" asked several.

"Why, I heard," went on the visitor, "that if it hadn't been for the Cubans you fellows would have been wiped out. They say you flunked the Sunday night the Spaniards jumped you and that the Cubans had to rally you. The report is all over the fleet."

There was just a moment of silence, while several of the men who had faced death all through the fighting without flinching looked at one another a little queerly and then grew angry. The accusation was so unjust, so unexpected, coming from their own branch of the service, too, that they hardly knew what to say or do. Then a big fellow with a full black beard grew red in the face and stood up.

"Who told you that?" he asked as his eyes flashed in an ugly way.

His brother officer told him, naming a lieutenant on one of the ships in the harbor.

"Go back to him," said the angry man, "and tell him for me that he's a liar. Tell him I'm sorry I can't get over there to say it myself."

So indignant was the speaker that the other officers forgot for the moment the reflection upon them contained in this galley gossip, and they laughed.

"No, don't tell him," went on the angry officer. "I'll do it myself. I'll let him know what I think of him, even if I can't get at him."

With that he abruptly left the sheltering mess tent and strode out into the blazing sun along the trail leading up the bluff to where the camp proper was and where the flag, planted on the ruins of a Spanish blockhouse the day they first set foot on Cuban soil, still waved defiance to the impotent Spanish general in Calmenara. The others watched him as he stormed along through the chapparal, kicking the variegated land crabs from his pathway. They saw him climb laboriously up the steep winding ascent and slip in front of the signal tent where stood a signal boy leaning against a guy rope. In his hand the boy held the red signal flag with the white square in the centre. Grabbing it from the private, the officer made three or four passes in the air.

"He's calling ——'s ship," said one of the officers in the mess tent as he read the signal.

"What's he going to do?" inquired one of the others, and we all stood up to watch him.

The man with the flag kept calling and calling, and finally there came an answering signal from the ship he wanted. Then the officers below read this message from the hill:

"Present Mr. ——'s compliments to Mr.—— and say to him that he's a damned liar."

Whereupon the wigwagger, having let off steam, came down the hill somewhat mollified. When he reached the tent again he was greeted with good-natured jeers.

"And you can tell him," he said to the visiting marine, "that I'll back it up the first time I get a chance."

This opportunity never came. Explanations followed the next day, the offending officer declaring that he had but repeated reports heard by him, and a lasting peace was arranged. However, had the Spaniards been able to read the American signal code they would no doubt have been somewhat surprised by this particular message.

Kept His Cigar Alight.

Speaker Reed not only enforces punctiliously the rules that he prescribes for the lobbies and corridors of the House, but he obeys them himself. This holds true of smoking. Nevertheless, he loves a good cigar, and when, right in the midst of a smoke, he has business at the other end of the capitol, it is not easy for even a strong-minded man to let his cigar go out.

Such was the case with the Speaker recently. He was comfortably ensconced in a big chair at the rear of the hall of Representatives, and the blue smoke was rising heavenward. It occurred to him that he had an errand at the Senate, says the Washington Post. Out through the swinging doors at the north side he shambled at full speed. Carefully covered by his right hand was the half-consumed weed. It was a long-lived cigar that could survive the journey to the far end of the extended corridor. Watchful officers were stationed all along the way. None of them would dare to stop the Speaker if he puffed the smoke in their presence, but the Speaker isn't that kind of a man. With an anxious look occasionally at the precious cigar, he scudded on beyond the domain where his own authority is recognized, past the Supreme Court, and into the sacred precincts of the august Senate.

As the Speaker swung around toward the rear lobby of the Senate, he took a swift pull at the surreptitious cigar, and still another pull, quite unmindful of Senate rules. Then he darted inside, emerged again a moment later, glanced at the weed as he hastened to cover the home-stretch to the House, and in a short time was back in his easy chair to conclude his smoke.

A Managing Woman.

A managing woman is quite a term of reproach; but it ought not to be so, for every wife and mother should try to be this. The fact is that women feel this pretty generally, but a good many have not the tact and wisdom they need to help them in their work. Management, when recognized, is always resented, both by children and grown-up people, as an indignity; but a tactful woman never lets it be seen, and peace and happiness smile under her reign. She studies the dispositions of her husband, children and dependents, and wins rather than drives. She is gentle and courteous, and requests and suggests more than she commands. The great secret of successful management at home is to keep your own temper, and to take care not to upset any one else's. In the control of her servants, the good mistress gives praise where it is deserved, and gives credit for good intentions even where the performance has not been wholly satisfactory. If sometimes it is necessary to administer a reproof, she chooses a time when she can do so pleasantly.

Let the Chance Go By.

Several years before the discovery of oil at Pithole, says Harper's Bazar, an Irishman named McCarty and his son Dan came to this country from the Emerald Isle. Dan was a young man of twenty, but his father looked upon him as a mere boy, and seemed to take delight in ridiculing him before people.

"Yis, Dan is a good b'y," he would say, sarcastically, "but, Danny, me b'y, yez'll niver set the river on fire."

This was his stock witticism, and it annoyed Dan very much, but he did his best, and soon surprised the old gentleman by securing a lucrative job.

"Yis, Danny has a job all right," he said; "it's a dollar an' a half a day, but the b'y'll never set the river on fire. Not he."

When oil was found at Pithole, Dan hurried to the scene, and was soon earning unusually large wages as a teamster. All the petroleum was drawn in barrels, and teams were in great demand. He saved his money, bought an acre of land, and soon had a well drilled that was producing 100 barrels of oil per day at $10 per barrel. The elder McCarty joined him, saw the well, received a liberal gift of money, and then shook his head ominously.

"'Tis a good thing, Danny," he croaked; "ye're doin' well; but mar-rk me worruds, yez'll niver set the river on fire, me b'y."

A few days later a flood wrecked one of Dan's wooden tanks, the oil ran down into the river, and there was great excitement. As Dan and his father stood on the bank watching the oil float away, Dan drew a match and lighted it.

"Father," he said, coolly, "the next toime yez say ol'll niver set the river on fire, plaze remimber that oi had a chance wunst, and—and didn't do it, bedad!"

Then he blew out the match.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Out to Look Out.

In the Near Future.—"Got the latest accident?"

"What is it?"

"An autocab in trying to dodge an autoambulance ran into an autopatrol wagon!"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

A Crow Congress.

But the crows, what of them? Luckily, I gained an advantageous point of view, after a deal of painful crawling through the weeds; and briers' thorns are sharper in January than at other times, or human flesh more sensitive. Adjusting the field-glass, I saw—not fancied I saw—that one crow, from a commanding position, was haranguing the assembled multitude.

What I heard was one crow's voice that varied or rung the changes on the basic syllable kaw about as follows: Ka—ee, ka kaw! kaw ka; and then there was a babel of kaw—ka-a-a, that clearly expressed assent, an apparent "that's so," that was ludicrously like the chatter of congregated humanity when an orator stoops to their comprehension. After a momentary pause, the orator, as we will call the speaking crow, resumed his speech, and the variations of kaw ka were repeated, but with many sounds like e-e, and a trill, as ar-r-r-r.

The latter were always, I thought, uttered in a more rapid manner than what I have called the basic syllable kaw, and certainly were accompanied with more gestures. Accurate description is impossible, words and actions were so rapid, but my impression would doubtless not have varied had the crow been more deliberate.

The most striking feature of it all, however, was the dissent of the gathering on two occasions, which was as plainly marked as the previous assent had been. The utterance was wholly different, and the accompanying gestures likewise varied. The twisting and turning of the head and neck was most pronounced—a turning away, as it were, from the suggestion; and there was also a decided wing movement that I did not notice before, corresponding in some measure to the hand and arm movement among ourselves when excited to the point of being demonstrative.—C. C. Abbott.

Good to Himself.

"The youngest member of the Fifty-sixth Congress" has mailed to Washington a circular which is unique. It is printed in a pretty and captivating brown ink, with a wide margin. It is an altogether sweet and lovely thing.

"The youngest member" is Martin Glynn, of Albany. He is a little over twenty-six years of age, and the circulation of his laudatory broadside is an evidence that he lacks not in self-esteem. He prides himself upon being born near the birthplaces of Martin Van Buren and Samuel J. Tilden, announces that his record as a student was "peerless," and congratulates himself on the fact that he won all the prizes and carried off all the honors. But let Mr. Glynn speak for himself:

"He swings a facile pen and has contributed a number of articles to the leading magazines of the country. But it is as a speaker that he has gained most prominence, and wherever he has appeared he has won golden meeds of praise from the press. His speech at the recent banquet of the Albany society of New York won him laudatory notices from the press of the metropolis. Although young, the opinion is prevalent that Mr. Glynn will be favorably heard in the House of Representatives should any measure call him to the floor during his term of office."

Many more bouquets does "the youngest member" throw at himself, says the Washington Post. He speaks of his "success in the journalistic world," compliments himself on his pluck and ability, refers to himself "as the hardest kind of a student," but admits rather shyly that he "finds time for social pleasures." Altogether, this dark-brown circular gives one the impression that there is no one in it with Martin H. Glynn, which is evidently the very impression that Mr. Glynn desires to create.

All of which calls to mind John Allen's story of the Mississippi campaign orator, who said of a certain candidate for Congress that "he had recommended hisself so highly that nothing was left to be said."

Calling a Man a Liar.

The Texas Legislature is considering a bill which is of interest to liars there and everywhere else.

If this becomes a law, proof that a man has been called a liar will become a full defense in assault and battery.

That is to say, the man with the battered nose, blackened eye, and hiatused front teeth will learn in a court of justice that it "served him right."

The laws governing liars in other States vary. In Kentucky it is a misdemeanor punishable by a $20 fine to call any man a liar, and a police justice of Louisville has declared from his bench that a lie in Kentucky means a blow. This memorable declaration was given in discharging honorably a man who had knocked down another fellow for calling him a liar, and had been brought to court to answer.

In Virginia, by the law of 1895-1896, a man who calls another man a liar is guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction may be fined not more than $25.

In Georgia it is slander, punishable by $1,000 fine or a year in the penitentiary, or both, to call a man a liar unless you can prove that he is one, in which case you get clear. The Georgia courts hold that a lie constitutes the first blow and justifies a violent response.

In Arkansas passing the lie is a misdemeanor punishable by a fine.

In Mississippi insulting words are civilly actionable. In South Carolina and West Virginia the same.

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

A household necessity—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

Work for Early Spring.

The farmer who gets his seed in the ground early has an advantage in several ways, as he must first plow his ground as soon as the teams can go on the land. A week's difference in the plowing has much to do with getting the soil fine, for should a heavy frost come on the plowed land it will greatly assist in pulverizing the lumps, as well as destroy many insects which are thrown to the surface in such cases. The early plowing also gives the farmer more time to thoroughly harrow the ground until it is in a very fine condition, and that is one of the most important matters connected with the breaking up of the soil in the spring. One of the lessons that farmers have received and which is confirmed by their own experience is that the land will yield a much larger crop when plowed early and worked over until fine than when simply plowed and harrowed once. Deep planting, especially if subsoiling is practiced, permits surface water to go down, and as the water goes down the soil becomes warm. Later on, when moisture is not so plentiful at the surface, the roots of plants will be better enabled to obtain a supply than would be the case with hardpan subsoil, but the working of the soil with harrow and cultivator also does much to prevent loss of moisture, as well as preserving a larger proportion of plant food to the crop by reason of the soil being more friable and capable of absorbing a greater amount of moisture than does soil filled with lumps.

PLANTING EARLY.

There are advantages also to be gained by planting early. When the seeds are in the ground some of them will fail to germinate and may be replaced by others, the full season for growth being obtained, but should the seeds go in late and many of them fail the whole season may be lost, because to replant may incur the risk of frost in the fall. Much loss occurs to farmers from late planting, and should the rains in spring not be up to the average in frequency, with a dry period early in summer, the farmer will have to lose more time by waiting for rain before he can prepare his ground or replant that which is not filled out in the rows. The best results from fertilizers are also obtained when the crops go in early, as it takes a large amount of water to dissolve them, and if a scarcity occurs at any time the effects of drought will be more marked on plots on which fertilizer has been applied than on land not given such material, for the reason that the plants will have made more growth and their demands are correspondingly greater. The