

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, three insertions, 3.00
One Square, one inch, one year, 30.00
Two Squares, one year, 50.00
Quarter Column, one year, 30.00
Half Column, one year, 50.00
One Column, one year, 100.00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

The cost of the great German army for a year under its present condition is said by military authorities to be \$120,000,000.

So delicate is the adjustment of the most powerful cannon that allowance has to be made for the curvature of the earth before the discharge.

The New York Mail and Express calculates that a subscription of \$32.27 from every inhabitant of the United States would wipe out all form of public indebtedness—National, State and municipal.

The city of Cincinnati has for many years been a favorable abiding place of Hebrews, remarks the New York Press. At a recent celebration there Rabbi Wise said that "Cincinnati would hereafter be the Zion of Judaism in America."

There is much in the lingo of the Wyoming war, confesses the New York Commercial Advertiser, which is as perplexing as some of that in the Bering Sea quarrel. A ruster appears to be a person who gains a livelihood by stealing other people's cattle, while a regulator is a gentleman who is paid \$6 a day for killing rustlers.

It is stated that a sugar refining company in Chicago, Ill., is making 150 barrels of oil per day from corn. The oil resembles lincsed oil and may be used for similar purposes. There is about four per cent. of this oil in the grain, which has hitherto been wasted by the ordinary methods of making starch and glucose.

Now that rance culture has begun seriously to engage the attention of planters in the Tropics, it is interesting to learn on the authority of a foreign journal that rance fiber, under great hydraulic pressure, may be made to assume the compactness of steel. It is asserted that when so prepared it will be particularly serviceable for steam pipes, as it will not be subject to contraction or expansion and also will not rust.

Within three years passenger rate on the railroad across the Isthmus of Panama have been reduced to ten and five cents a mile for first and second class tickets. Up to that time the charge for passenger transportation on the Panama Railroad was the highest in the world, being \$25 in American gold for first-class and \$10 in gold for second-class passengers between Panama and Colon, or about fifty cents and twenty cents a mile, respectively.

It is not a very infrequent occurrence in the London police courts, declares Once-A-Week, for infuriated prisoners to attempt to assault the presiding magistrate. Mr. Montagu Williams, who sits in one of the East End Courts, often has boots thrown at him, and on one occasion he received a severe blow in the face from such a missile. The habit seems to be spreading. The other week the newspapers reported a case in which a disappointed litigant kicked in open court his own lawyer, for which he may have had some excuse, and assaulted the reporters, for which there could be no justification.

The remarkable progress of women engaged in business affairs is instructively set forth in the Massachusetts State Bureau of Labor statistics. According to the figures there presented in 1885, there were only about 180,000 women engaged in industrial pursuits. Now there are more than 800,000. Two thirds of these working women are under thirty years of age, and inasmuch as this proportion has been maintained during the half dozen years, it seems to indicate that marriage constantly tends to deplete the ranks. "Such being the fact," comments the New York News "there need be little fear that the industrial independence of the gentler sex will result in an increase of old maids."

The New England Courier, a German-American weekly, published in Boston, Mass., gives some very interesting figures showing how great and influential the Teutonic race has become as an element of immigration into this country. In Illinois one-half of the foreign born population is German. In Minnesota the proportion is one-third; in Nebraska and Iowa more than one-third; in Wisconsin one-half, or one-eighth of the whole population; in Indiana, the banner German State, out of 244,000 foreigners, 80,000 are of German birth, or fifty-five per cent. of the whole. Out of 12,000,000 immigrants into this country since 1820, 4,500,000 have been Germans. Coming from the most thrifty and best educated country in Europe, observes the Boston Globe, these people, constitutionally endowed with patience, skill and perseverance, have engrafted a solid, thoughtful, industrious, and peace-loving element into the composite structure of the Union.

EVERYBODY'S GARDEN.

All along the wayside is everybody's garden! There the wild rose blossoms through the summer days; Bounded by field fences, and ever stretching onward. It is God's own garden. For it give Him praise. 'Tis gay with goldweed, Then blooming grasses nod, And sunflowers, small and yellow turn ever in to the sun; Quaint daisy-heads are there, And daisies wild and fair. In everybody's garden, each flower's the loveliest one!

AT THE RANCHO DEL FUEGO

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

It was so hot that even the dogs did not lift their heads to bark at the approaching horsemen; they lay with swollen tongues hanging over their teeth, occasionally quivering in feeble protest at the prevailing battalions of insects which short-

ened the life of the California dog. The adobe soil cracked under the pitiless sun, the whitewash on the outer walls of the big adobe house arose in blisters. The undulating line of brown hills which encircled the Rancho del Fuego were dim under the materialized heat; the creek was dry; the little brown huts of the rancheria in the willows were silent as tombs; even the Indians were taking their siesta.

The visitor urged his tired and reeking horse to what speed it was capable of, anxious to get under shelter himself. As he reached the corral he roused a vaquero, sleeping beneath a tree, and bade him follow and take charge of his steed. At the long corridor of the house he dismounted, and leaving the horse to await the pleasure of the vaquero, entered hastily and without the ceremony of knocking into the coolness of the interior. Between these thick adobe walls the climate was that of a Northern country. He threw himself on a sofa to rest and await the awakening of the family from the siesta. He had taken his uncomfortable journey in the hot daytime rather than in the blackness of the night, for there would be no moon for two weeks and his business was urgent. But he was a New England man and the California summer was more than he could stand without protest.

It sent him to sleep. As he slept he dreamed, and in a few moments some one might have been heard moving lightly on the bare floor, behind the thin door set midway in a wall some three feet deep.

The door opened and a girl entered and stood gazing with an expression of unmistakable repugnance at the sleeper. She was a beauty of the type so often seen in California before and in the early days of the American occupation; dense black hair that hung braided to the hem of her white gown, eyes large, black, with a light in their depths that suggested an unaccountable rapidity of changes, delicate features, a full, red mouth and white skin, a figure little, graceful; about the whole an indefinable atmosphere of hope and sparkle and capacity for happiness.

She looked nothing but happy, however, as she gazed at the strong, shrewd features of the sleeping visitor. Her gaze may have been magnetic, for he suddenly opened his eyes, then rose hastily and greeted her with manners as good as though less profuse than those of the caballeros who had adored her since she had lengthened her frocks.

"Do not think me rude," he said. "I did not wish to disturb any one, and I am afraid the heat overcame me and I fell asleep."

"I am glad you sleep," she said with graceful but unsimiling hospitality. "No one should be awake when it is so hot. Sit down, No!"

She took one of the ugly horse-hair chairs, he another facing her, and for a moment they gazed silently at each other, both somewhat defiantly.

"It is no proper I all you alone like this," she said finally. "But I have reason so I do it. And," scornfully, "my father no care so much, I suppose, because is you. Now, I tell you what I want. I beg you, I go on my knees, as you like it, to no come here any more and ask my father if you can marry me. I no love you at all. Never I can love you. I love—always I have love—Antonio Rivera. He no have the moneys now; the American take all, but my father letting us marry si you no coming and spoil all. Ay, senor! Go! Go! No make me so sorry!" She leaned forward and clasped her hands, the tears splashing; she was a charming picture.

The American regarded the floor for a moment, then his eyes dwell on her once more, then shook his head.

"No," he said. "You are the only woman I ever wanted, dear Dona Amata, and I cannot give you up. I have the less scruple, because I know that you will be far happier with me than with your idle, shiftless Spanish lover."

But he was not allowed to proceed. Dona Amata sprang to her feet and beat her little hands clung together.

"No say one word by him!" she cried, her voice choked with wrath, her eyes

flashing. "No say one word. You think not man have the right to living at he no can make the moneys! Before the American coming we have plenty moneys and live happy; but now you take all. You are very—how you call him!—smart. You lend my father the moneys and make him sign the paper to give you the ranchos si he no can pay. We never sign the paper, one for the other. Always when we lend the moneys we trust, and always we are pay. But you have the heart like the stone. And because it have been bad year, and the cattle die, and my father no can pay, you make me pay. You have fine chance and you tell him, 'Give me your daughter, never mind si she hate me or not, never mind si she break the heart or not, give her to me and I give to you your land.' Oh, you are bad man."

He had risen and listened to her outburst unmoved. When she paused for breath he replied, "My dear Dona Amata, I at least am aiming to benefit some one besides myself. You say that I am a bad man. What will you think of yourself when you see your father beggared, living on charity in an Indian's hut? I say nothing of the fact that your delicate hands will probably have to cook his beans. Now, be reasonable."

"Oh, I hatches you," cried the girl with another burst of grief, "and I no want marry old man."

"Old man! Why, my dear senorita, I am only forty." He looked at her anxiously; he was certainly not old enough to be sensitive.

"But it is very old to us," sobbed the girl. "I only an eighteen and Antonio so is more than twenty-two. When our men are forty they are very stout and have the complexion like coffee, so I no can think it young. You," spitefully, "no are stout, because you work all the time make the moneys."

At this juncture another door opened and an old man entered the room. A black silk handkerchief was knotted about his head, he wore short clothes of green cloth decorated with large silver buttons. He was very stout, and even his features seemed to have relaxed under the enervating influence of the California life of that period. His black eyes were a trifle bleared, his indefinite features wore a somewhat testy expression as he glanced from his daughter to her suitor.

"Don James Cunningham, I am glad to see you," he said, slowly. "What is the matter? I tell her to marry you and she do it," and he brought his cane down sharply on the bare floor.

"I no do it!" cried Amata, roused to filial rebellion for the first time in her life. "I no marry him; I marry Antonio. Ay, Antonio, Antonio!" and she flung herself upon the sofa and went into violent sobbing.

"She tell you she no marry you?" asked the old man of Cunningham.

"She certainly does not seem to approve of me, but you know the perversity of woman, Don Pedro, and I assure you once more I shall make the best of husbands—and sons."

Don Pedro placed his stick upon a chair. He hobbled over to his refractory daughter and raising her in his arms, bore into her own room and laid her on the bed. He then went out and returned with a hammer and nails, with which he fastened her window within six inches of the sill.

"Now," he said, in Spanish, "here thou will stay and have nothing to eat but bread and water until thou marryest me, Don James Cunningham. Don't thou think that I will be left sitting in the road that thou mayest marry a man who sleeps in a hammock all day and gambles all night? Thou art like a silly child to refuse to marry a man who can make thee like a queen. But I have spoken."

He returned to the sala, locking the door behind him, followed by the sobs and shrieks of his daughter. "Ay, misericordia! Ay, infeliz de mi! Ay, senor! Santa Maria! Santa Dios! Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay!"

"She marry you," said Don Pedro. "Now you stay here, not for few days 'til all is settled, then can marry and have to through."

Cunningham spent the next few days listening to his prospective father-in-law's reminiscences of bull fights, horse racing, religious processions, climbing the greased pole, catching the greased pig by the tail as it ran, the balls that lasted a month, all the various distractions of Arcadian California whose sun was forever set. The young men of the house secretly sympathized with their sister, but approved of their father's course in view of prospective plenty.

One of the vast ranches had been sold several years before at an absurdly low figure to an American in order that the eldest son of the house, since dead, could gratify his political ambition. Another had gone for American taxes. Still another had been "squatted" upon, and although the law had promised the Californian redress it was tardy of fulfillment and the squatters were tilling the soil and making it yield in an astonishing manner. The two remaining ranches left were mortgaged to the American Cunningham, and when he handed them back they would willingly let him manage them, having the greatest respect for his hard American sense.

Meanwhile, Amata sobbed and starved. Her lover serenaded her the first night, but went to Los Angeles the next day and forgot to return for several. For three days the spirited Californian was obdurate; then her delicate, luxurious stomach began to cry out for the dainties to which it was accustomed. As the pangs grew sharper she became positively terrified, never having felt physical suffering before, and not knowing what avert and it portended. She begged pitifully for some corn-ape, at least for just one enchilada, a solitary dish, but her father was equally obdurate, and she had no mother to plead for her. She was also horrified to observe that she was growing less pretty. Her cheeks were hollow, her eyes had great black stains beneath them and stared pathetically from her colorless face.

"God of my soul!" she thought, "I shall be an old hag at twenty!"

On the fifth day she succumbed. A week later she was married. The next day Mr. Cunningham foreclosed the mortgages.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Wonderfully Dramatic Scene.

Benjamin Brewster, afterwards attorney-general of the United States, was a wonderfully dramatic scene in a Philadelphia court. Mr. Brewster's face, it will be remembered, was frightfully scarred by an accident in his youth. He was extremely sensitive of his facial misfortune, but never referred to it himself nor did any of his thousands of friends ever ask him its cause. The trial referred to was a bitterly contested affair, and Brewster at every point got so much the best of the opposing counsel that his leading adversary was in a white heat.

In denouncing the railroad company this lawyer with his voice tremulous with anger, exclaimed, "This grasping corporation is a dark, devious and scurrilous in its methods as is the face of its chief attorney and henchman, Benjamin Brewster!" This violent outburst of rage and cruel invective was followed by a breathless stillness in the crowded court room that was painful. Hundreds of pitying eyes were riveted on the poor scarred face of Brewster, expecting to see him spring from his chair and catch his heartless adversary by the throat. Mr. Brewster slowly arose and spoke something like this to the court: "Your honor, in all my career as a lawyer I have never dealt in personalities; nor did I ever feel called upon to explain the cause of any physical misfortune, but I will do so now. When a boy—and my mother, God bless her! said I was a pretty boy—when a little boy, while playing around an open fire one day with a little sister just beginning to toddle, she fell into the roaring flames. I rushed to her rescue, pulled her out before she was seriously hurt, and fell into the fire myself. When they took me out of the coals my face was as black as that man's heart."

The last sentence was spoken in a voice whose rage was that of a lion. It had an electrical effect, and the applause that greeted it was so loud that it almost turned to the most contemptuous hisses directed at the lawyer who had so basely insulted Mr. Brewster. That lawyer's practice in Philadelphia afterward dwindled to such insignificance that he had to leave the city for a new field.—Boston Transcript.

The Power of the Rivers.

The possibility of utilizing the current of our rivers to furnish power, a shore has often been a subject of speculation. There are few minds which have not recognized the immense benefits that would accrue from such an achievement if it were possible; but the majority, both lay and expert, have been accustomed to accept the difficulties presented by the unreliability of the flow, the variation of the height of the rivers and the slight fall as practically insuperable from the engineering point of view.

An expert who refuses to be tied up by precedent, however, declares his belief that these difficulties can be overcome. It says that it will be done half a century hence, and the generation of fifty years from now will stand amazed at the wastefulness of this day. The methods by which he would harness the river—air-tight drums on water wheels communicating their power to dynamos which generate electricity to be distributed for power and light all over the vicinity—do not appear to be as inherently improbable as those by which any of the inventions of the past were made successful did before their success was demonstrated by actual practice.

Without waiting for the grand children of the next generation to achieve this advance, it is safe to say that the engineer who can make it work in the present day will confer an immense benefit. It will create a zone of cheap electric power and light along the bank of every river and stream with a living current, and revolutionize a great many of the existing industrial institutions. It is hard to draw a limit to the changes that might not take place—when this power is successfully utilized.

But we fear that any invention of this sort will have to depend for its success on adventuresome aid to prevent the shrinkage of streams in summer to a beggarly eighteen inches or two feet in depth with no current worth speaking of.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Pitting Snakes Against Rabbits.

A good deal of attention, writes a South Australian correspondent, has been bestowed upon the subject of rabbit destruction, and some astounding suggestions have been received from various parts of the world. The last suggestion is that a number of carpet snakes should be let loose among the rabbits, which would, it is asserted, be speedily eaten up by the reptiles. When from five feet to six feet long they are able to eat two or three rabbits at a meal, but when fifteen or sixteen feet long they are able to eat six rabbits. Anticipating inquiry as to what would happen if the snakes became more numerous than the rabbits, he proposes that carpet snakes of one kind only should be used, and after eating all the rabbits the snakes would then proceed to eat each other.—Boston Transcript.

The Summit of Epicurean Pleasure.

The unfortunate who has not caught a nectarine in its best stages has the summit of epicurean pleasures yet to aspire to. It wants to be perfectly ripe, and then allowed to shrivel just a little in the sun. The man who got off the sentence that "doubtless the Lord could have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but certainly he never did," would be ashamed of himself could he see a bit of a perfectly manipulated nectarine. There is difficulty in fruiting them on account of the curculio. The smooth skin is attractive to this insect pest. Some day the man who has conquered the curculio in the plum and made plum growing immensely profitable, will try his hand on the nectarines also.—Meehan's Monthly.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Compressed air is to be used for running the street cars in Leavenworth, Kan. Rain making experiments, conducted in India, have resulted in complete failure. The signal officer at Cape May, N. J., reports the discovery of a new fish resembling the sea trout.

Platinum has been discovered in the Southern Hills, twenty-five miles southwest of Rapid City, South Dakota. The bark of the Australian Mimosa is now used as tannin for hides to make morocco leather, as it gives a slightly reddish tint.

The redevelopment of lost limbs is declared by an English naturalist to be not unusual among insects, in which it may take place either during the larval or pupal stage.

It is said that in all the forests of the earth there are no two leaves exactly the same. It is also said that amid all peoples of the earth there are no two faces precisely alike.

Wool glucose bread is used in Germany as feed for cattle. The cellulose is transformed into grape sugar, and added to it is about forty per cent. of meal of wheat, oats, or rye.

A specimen of capped petrel, a bird supposed to be an extinct or at least a lost species, was found recently in England. The original home of the petrel is said to have been the islands of St. Domingo and Gaudaloupe.

The vicid attract of galls upon the British oak attract small ants, which, according to Dr. E. Rathay, benefit the tree by killing great quantities of caterpillars and other injurious insects. In a single day the inhabitants of a single ant's nest may destroy more than 100,000 insects.

An insect of South America has its fangs so like the flower of the orchid that smaller insects are tempted into its jaws, while certain spiders double themselves up in the angle between the leaf stalk and the stem, and so closely resemble flower buds that their unsuspecting prey approach their destruction.

Wonderful things are related concerning the work of photography of the stars in progress at the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. One negative, representing a space only one-fourth the apparent diameter of the moon, contained impressions of 50,000 stars, most of which are invisible to the eye even when a telescope of high power is used.

Of all menagerie stock, the monkey tribe is the most precarious. The comparative comfort of a roof tree does not compensate for the activity of their natural life, and, considering that they feed on fresh fruits in their primeval forests, it is not amazing that after a time an unlimited dietary of hazel nuts and stale buns is apt to disagree with the quadrumanal digestion.

A new evaporating apparatus for sugar beet juices is attracting attention in Germany. The temperature and pressure are uniform throughout each compartment. Juices are introduced from the top upon tubes which are not hermetically closed. The concentrated juice that falls to the bottom is drawn off by pumps, and the juices are not allowed to remain at the bottom of a compartment.

Consul-General Playfair, in his report upon the agriculture of Algeria, gives some details about the measures taken there to preserve the crops from the depredations of the locusts. In the Department of Algiers the amount of labor with this end in view equalled 24,939 labor of monitors, 234,417 days' labor of soldiers, 1,195,573 days' labor of natives, and 46,951 days' private measures of protection adopted. The sum thus expended was nearly 5,000,000, but with the result of saving nearly the whole of the crops.

A Successful Submarine Boat.

George C. Baker has demonstrated that water can be navigated at any reasonable depth below the surface. A final test of his submarine boat, upon which he has been at work since December 1890, was made in the River Rouge, 6 miles from Detroit, and was entirely satisfactory.

The river is only sixteen feet deep, which admits of the boat being submerged two feet. It was run up and down and across the stream several times, turning, sinking and rising at the pilot's pleasure. The boat is cigar-shaped, made of oak, the shell being forty feet long, fourteen feet high, nine feet wide amidship and seven inches thick. The motive power is a storage battery of 260 cells, which is believed to be the largest ever made. This also generates light. The course of the boat is directed by a pilot who stands in a small conning tower which is provided with lookout holes. It is necessary, in taking bearings, to rise to the surface, but in so doing only a few inches of the top of the tower appears above the surface. With the conning tower hermetically sealed, the interior of the boat contains 1500 cubic feet of air. The wheels are on each side, midway between bow and stern and one foot below the center line. The boat is raised and lowered by letting water into the hold and by deflecting the side wheels. Mr. Baker is confident that this will eventually revolutionize present methods of naval warfare.—St. Louis Republic.

A Cow and Calf as a Wedding Feat.

Some of the tribes of India have a marriage custom which calls for the presence of a cow and calf at the ceremony. The principals and the priests drive a cow and a calf into the water, and there the bride and bridegroom, as well as the clergyman, clutch the cow's tail, while the officiating personage pours water upon it from a glass vessel and utters a religious formula. The couple are now united in wedlock, and the priest, in a spirit of devotion without human form, whose name is "Root of All Existence." By him the entire fabric of creation is sustained.

A Rude Theory of the Creation.

The savage Islanders of the South Pacific believe that the world is a cocoon shell of enormous dimensions, at the top of which is a single aperture communicating with the upper air, where human beings dwell. At the very bottom of this imaginary shell is a stem gradually tapering to a point, which represents the beginning of all things. This point is a spirit or demon without human form, whose name is "Root of All Existence." By him the entire fabric of creation is sustained.

In the interior of the cocoon shell, at its very bottom, lives a female demon. So narrow is the space into which she is crowded that she is obliged to sit forever with knees and chin touching. Her name is "The Very Beginning," and from her are sprung numerous spirits. They inhabit five different floors, into which the great cocoon is divided. From certain of these spirits mankind is descended. The Islanders, regarding themselves as the only real men and women, were formerly accustomed to regard strangers as evil spirits in the guise of humanity, whom they killed when they could, offering them as sacrifices.—Washington Star.

A GREAT CATTLE RANCH.

IT COVERS 700,000 ACRES AND IT CONTAINS OVER 100,000 CATTLE.

It is the Largest Ranch in the United States—How Orders for Cattle are Filled.

THE largest ranch in the United States and probably in the world owned by one person is in Texas, and belongs to Mrs. Richard King. It lies forty-five miles south of Corpus Christi.

The ladies who come to call on Mrs. King drive from the front gate, over a good road as any in Central Park, for ten miles before they arrive at her front door, and the butcher and baker and ice-man, if such existed, would have to drive thirty miles from the back gate before they reached her kitchen. This ranch is bounded by the Corpus Christi Bay for forty miles, and by barb wire for three hundred miles more. It covers 700,000 acres in extent and 100,000 head of cattle and 3000 broodmares wander over its different pastures.

This property is under the rating of Robert J. Kieberg, Mrs. King's son-in-law, and he has under him a superintendent, or, as the Mexicans call one who holds that office, a major-domo, which is an unusual position for a major-domo, as this major-domo has the charge of 300 cowboys and 1200 ponies reserved for their use. The "Wagon" ranch, as the people about call it, is a carefully organized and moves on as conservative business principles as a bank. The cowboys do not ride over its ranges with both legs at right angles to the saddle and shooting joyfully into the air with both guns at once. Neither do they offer the casual visitor a bucking pony to ride, and then roll around on the prairie with glee when he is shot up into the air and comes down on his collar-bone; they are more likely to offer him as fine a Kentucky thoroughbred as ever wore a blue ribbon around the Madison Square Garden and neither do they shoot at his feet to see if he can dance. In this way the Eastern man is constantly finding his dearest illusions abruptly dispelled. It is also trying when the cowboys stand up and take off their sombreros when one is leaving their camp. There are cowboys and cowboys, and I am speaking now of those I saw on the King ranch.

The thing that the wise man from the East cannot at first understand is how the 100,000 head of cattle wandering at large over the range are ever collected together. He sees a dozen or more steers here, a bunch of horses there, and a single steer or two a mile off, and even as he looks at them they disappear in the brush, and as far as his chance of finding them again would be, they might as well stand forty miles away at the very end of the ranch. But this is a very simple problem to the ranchman.

Mr. Kieberg, for instance, receives an order from a firm in Chicago calling for 1000 head of cattle. The breed of cattle the firm wants is grazing in a corner of the range fenced in by barb-wire, and marked pale blue for convenience on a beautiful map blocked out in colors, like a patch-work quilt, which hangs in Mr. Kieberg's office. When the order is received, he sends a Mexican on a pony to tell the men near that particular pale blue pasture to round up 1000 head of cattle, and at the same time directs his superintendent to send in a few days as many cowboys to that pasture as are needed to "hold" 1000 head of cattle on the way to the railroad station. The boys on the pasture, which we will suppose is ten miles square, will take ten of their number and five extra ponies apiece, which one man leads, and from one to another of which they shift their saddles as men do in polo, and go directly to the water tanks in the ten square miles of land. A cow will not often wander more than two and a half miles from water, and so, with the water tank, which on the King ranch may be either a well with a wind-mill or a dammed canon full of rain-water, as a rendezvous, the finding of the cattle is comparatively easy, and ten men can round up 1000 head in a day or two. When they have them all together, the cowboys who are to drive them to the station have arrived, and take them off.

At the station the agent of the Chicago firm and the agent of the King ranch ride through the herd together, and if they disagree as to the fitness of any one or more of the cattle, an outsider is called in, and his decision is final. The cattle are then driven on the cars, and Mr. Kieberg's responsibility is at an end.

In the spring there is a general round-up, and thousands and thousands of steers are brought in from the different pastures, and those for which contracts have been made during the winter are shipped off to the markets, and the calves are branded.—Harper's Weekly.

A RECIPE FOR A DAY.

Take a little dash of water cold, And a little leaven of prayer, And a little bit of morning gold Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment, And a thought for kind and kind, And then, as your prime ingredient, A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love, And a little whiff of play; Let a wise old book and a glance above Complete the well made day.

—Amos R. Well, in New York Observer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A whaling outfit.—The birch roll. The bacillus has become famous for his ill nature.—Boston Transcript.

When one jumps at a conclusion he rarely reaches it.—Dallas News.

If you want to keep up with the times you must go slow.—Dallas News.

It is unkind to refer to the choir boy as a note shaver.—Washington Star.

The least overworked institution in this country is the office that seeks the man.—Life.

Money is not exactly a religious article, but still it has a denomination of its own.—Rochester News.

The man who points out our faults to us is a true friend; but we feel like kicking him just the same.—Puck.

It is not every bicycle rider who can lower the record, but it is a poor bicycle that cannot lower the rider.—Truth.

Water.—"Will you have salt on your eggs?" "Guest—"No, thank you. They're not at all fresh."—Puck Me Up.

If you have rowed against the tide, And all your ready cash is spent; If you have nothing left but pride, The landlady's sure to raise the rent.

Said Franklin, "He who takes a wife takes care." Therefore, my son, take care and do not take a wife.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Epeco.—"You cannot say I did the courting; you were coming to marry me." Epeco.—"I must have been a gibbering lunatic."—New York Herald.

The rooster won his rival nuts With crow and proud parade— He quits his mother once Laid him in the stable.—Truth.

There is no perfect state in this world. While the poor man has no food for his stomach it often happens that the rich man has no stomach for his food.—Boston Transcript.

Person in Authority.—"And how do you like going to school, boy?" The Coming Man.—"I like going 'wiff nuff; it's the sto-ping' when I gets there I hollers at it."—Fun.

Dressmaker.—"Miss Fustbudget, will you have your dress cut with a train?" Miss Fustbudget.—"Yes; but for good looks, my sakes have it an accommodation."—Springfield Union.

Primus.—"They didn't think my speech was cut and dried, did they?" Secundus.—"No; they wouldn't possibly think any of it had been cut."—Kato Field's Washington.

Dicker.—"I am told that you are a very different man in your family than on the street." Bond.—"Yes; Mrs. Wall says he's a bull on the street and a bear at home."—New York Herald.

He wrote a weather poem, Full of sound and sense, and wit, And the weather promptly shifted, So the poem wouldn't fit.

—Washington Star.

It is amusing to watch a man working his head off to save money to buy a home, while another who owns a home, is trying to sell it at a sacrifice in order to save money by hoarding.—Puck.

Bachelor.—"Say, Henpecker, as your wife is away let's go to a lecture to-night." Benedict (shuddering)—"No, thank; I prefer a change from my usual domestic routine. It's go to a deaf and dumb asylum."—New York