The Kentucky Court of Appeals has just fixed a new scale of prices for olds that a judgment for Nannie Ezell filliam Ragsdate is not nd therefore affirms the verdice of the lower court,

Women have cause for encourage ment in the fact that the British national census taker, six years before the accession of Queen Victoria, set down domestic service as the only wage-earning occupation for women. Now there are in the United Kingdom 130,000 teachers, 30,000 in the postal service, together with large numbers in other employments too numerous to mention.

The island on which Dreyfus is imprisoned is called the Isla of the Devil, not, as some have supposed, because of its inhospitable and insalubricus character, for it is, in fact, a most attractive and delightful "summer isle of Eden," but simply because it was once the prison of a convict so hideonaly deprayed as to have been known to his jailers by the sole name of the Devil. It will have a new name if it shall be proved, as now seems not unlikely, that Dreyfus was convicted of a crime which neither he nor any one else committed.

At its recent special session the Legislature of Kansas passed a bill that is a decided novelty in railroad legislation. The bill, in brief, provided for the establishment, not of an ordinary commission, such as exists in most of the States, but of a regular court vestel with exclusive original jurisdiction over causes of controversy between the railroads and the public. To it would be extended the authority belonging to courts of common law and equity, under which it could obtain evidence and compel obedience to its decisions. The first Judges would be appointed and their successors elected; hence, the public would have a personal interest in the court, and have no occasion to charge the selection of incompetent or irresponsible Judges.

Syrian silk producers are advocating the direct shipment to the United States of the raw silk raised in Syria. which now reaches us by way of shipped to France to be refinished and re-exported to the United States, could, with the establishment of direct communication between America and Syris, be sent here direct, to the benefit both of the grower and of the manufacturer. That there is force in this view none can deny, says the Dry Goods Economist, and since one large house in New York is said to have placed in Beirut an order for samples of Syrian raw silk, the elimination of the French middleman in this particular case seems not distant.

After two years of investigation a commission on water supply in Pittsburg has recommended a system of sand filtration, estimated to cost \$1,700,000. The commission says that the investigation narrowed itself down to a recommendation either of the sand system or a mechanical system. An examination of the relative efficiency of the two methods in the light of experience showed that, so far as the removal of bacteria from the water is concerned, the sand filter leaves but little to be desired. In addition to bacterial efficiency is the question of the adaptibility of the effluent for steaming purposes. The effluent which yields a minimum scale formation and shows no corrosive action upon the points in the boiler generally first exposed to the attack, is, all other things being equal, to be preferred. Here again the sand filter appears to have given the best satis-

Mr. Theodore C. Search, of Philadelphia, the President of the National Association of Manufacturers, advanced some impressive figures in the course of the formal address which he delivered before the annual convention of that body in Philadelphia several days ago. Going back seventy-five years in the commercial and industrial progress of the United States he showed that the exports of manufactures in 1821 aggregated only \$5,623,077, or 12.88 per cent, of the total exports which in that year aggregated \$43 .. 671,894. Then coming down to the present time he showed that the exports of the manufactures in 1898 aggregated \$288,871,499, or 23.87 per cent, of the total exports which in that year aggregated \$1,210,292,097. From this disclosure one can easily form some idea of the extraordinary progress which this country has made in commercial and industrial directions during the past seventy-five

THE MAN AND THE WIND.

PHE MAN. Wind on the hilltop! Wind in the tree!
Is there aught in earth or heaven
That bindeth thee and me?

I through the long hours
Feebly creep and crawi
O'er the green, smooth shoulders
Of the huge mountain wall.

Whilst thou in a moment
With roaring skirts cutspread
Leapest from the valley
To the black mountain head.

THE WIND. Little puny brother,
Why question thus of me?
There is need of me; I doubt not

Without pity, without wrath, As I smite the gauzy May fly On the rain-swept path!

I envy not, nor question,
As I play my eager part,
But I think that thou art nearer
To the Father's heart!

A Frontier Stage-Ride and How It Ended.

HE wind shricked and upon the siding. The air reverberated with artillery-like reports as the dense ice sistible desire to scream. Fifteen snapped and cracked with its own miles out they stopped at an Indian's weight and the intense cold, while the cabin to change horses, and two hours rickety old hack that conveyed pas- later Maverick Bill pulled up his tired sengers in winter from the eastern team before the door of a long, low, bank of the "Big Muddy" to the dirty-roofed, log tavern where their sleepy little town of Riverside (the midday meal was awaiting them. county seat of Gumbo County and emporium of the vast stock range that stout, elderly lady, whose reckless atretched away to the westward) rattled noisly along with its scanty bur- birth, met them at the door with a

In the principal store Mr. Meggs, sit up by the huge, red-hot heater merchant and postmasier, was busily and thaw themselves, while she engaged in sorting out and tying up poured out the fragrant coffee and packages of mail for the lonely added a few more dishes to the already ranches that did duty as postoffices ample spread. along the star route that extended | They resumed their journey none some two hundred miles farther into too soon, for the days are but scanty

ach preparatory to a sixty-mile ride a lean, hungry-looking coyote eyed over the aforesaid star route. At one them curiously for a moment from the ther end of the room a little coterie of then dropping upon his haunches he ranchmen, cowboys and gamblers had elevated his nose and gave yent to a gathered. Bill eyed the group long- weird, blood-curdling howl, like the ingly as he remarked to the host wail of a banshee foretelling death, who was also the Sheriff of Gumbo This prelude was immediately an-County and Deputy United States swered from a neighboring draw, and Marshal: "Twenty-two below, an' then half-a-dozen of them joined at coyotes. I tell yer, it's a picnic, swelled still louder by the hoarse, deep packin' mail on a day like this. Mix bass of a gray wolf concealed among the me up a bottle of your best ol' rye an' sombrous shadows of the cottonwoods. Jamaica ginger.

nobody but fools and mail-carriers will pocket, saying as he did so: "Take a drop of this, Minnie. A sip of some-

The stage-driver growled something | thing hot is just what you need now.' incoherently a little later the host | Minnie dropped the blanket from France. It is held that four-fifths of observed, from his post at the win- her face, and her eyes flashed fire as sixteen of the big, gaunt brutes, their they do beef or mutton or pork." the 900,000 pounds of silk annually produced in Syria, which is now shipped to France to be refinished dow, "You'd better get a wiggle on yourself, Bill, Old Meggs has just shamed of yourself for making such ashamed of yourself for making such shipped to France to be refinished."

Identify the wint as poss at the wint less thanked of the slaughtered horses are tanned and used for shoe leather. The bones are used for fertilizing purwalk and Mike is waiting for the a suggestion."

coat pocket, and hurried with some- back East for the last two year. I what unsteady steps across the street. don't 'spect you'll mix with common He had just finished tying the mail- cow-punchers any more." pouch to the buckboard when the panting team beside the vehicle.

"Train just got in, Bill," said he. "Cuts are full-Rotary busted-got a passenger and some express for you. Will you wait for this mail?"

"Not as anybody knows on," returned Bill, "three or four days won't cut no figger with them fellers up the

the carriage, and a tall, stylishly take me on her knee an' read to me dressed young lady emerged from its out of the Good Book, an' I rememdingy interior.

Good morning, Mr. Harris," said she in a low, musical voice; "I was crites," or words to that effect. Well, so afraid that we would not get here on time! I want to go out to the lers in the fire fer bein' hypercrites," ranch with you to day," "Perhaps not; but, Mr. Harris,

Bill stared at the new arrival for a moment in open-mouthed astonishment and then exclaimed: "Why, Minnie Crawley! is that you? You that she knows about them just the sure don't think of trying to ride same? When I first knew you, years sixty miles on a day like this! You'll ago, you never drank, or smoked, nor be plumb froze to death."

Oh! I must go, Mr. Harris; I haven't been home for nearly two about the ranch. What has made years, and Mamma will be so disap-

"She'll be a whole lot more disappointed if I bring you in froze stiffer an a dogie. But if you must go, come inside and get some more duds. That rig may do in Boston, but it a poor little Maverick kid without ain't no account out here on the kith or kin in all this wide world as

When they emerged from the store a little later, Miss Crawley was clad holt on me, an' I allus aimed to act remarked: "Well, it looks like you'd in a huge coonskin coat that reached | right an' save my money-ad' I did | nearly to the ground. . A fur cap was fer quite a spell. In '86 I had a nice upon her head and a pair of thick little bunch of cattle of my own; then German socks over her dainty little the hard winter come and wiped 'em boots. Maverick Bill helped her into all out. Arter that I put my money gathered at their usual rendezvous, the buggy, tucked the robes carefully in the bank, but the bank went broke, about her, then presenting her with a an' put me afoot again. Next thing, thick, dark-blue, woolen blanket, plainly inscribed with the well-known character U. S. I. D., he politely re-

"Pull that wakapomany blanket over your head an' keep your mouth wild bunch. But what worriet me the shut until we get to the road-ranch. I hope the o' lady'll have a good hot a little gal on one of the ranches that dinner ready when we get there, fer was just as sweet an' pretty as an an- seemed to be doing well; but I must

we'll sure need it." Then taking the lines from Mike's willing hands, he sprang into the seat beside his fair companion, and with a sharp cut of the whip sent the horses gailoping down the street. The town, with its huddle of squat, unpainted houses and its single deserted street, used to kinder like me, too. But bend above Jack Crawley's-where was quickly lost to view. Instead appeared's long, winding valley, bounded away to school, an' I knowed that set- know-and he's got as nice a bunch in the world. London and German on either hand by bleak, desolate tled it. She wouldn't have no more of cattle as you ever set eyes on. Of papers contain advertisements offergumbo hills and snow-covered ridges use fer an' old broken-down cowcrackled under the wheels of the when I thought about it, 'it made my years more he'll be out of debt and wig Loewenstein Wertheim Freudenbuckboard. Long icicles attached heart bad, as the Injins say. I did- flying high. as they sped along.

MISS CRAWLEY'S HOME-COMING.

Minnie obeyed instructions to the whistled through the letter by keeping her face covered empty cattle pens and her mouth firmly closed, although and rocked the palace at times when the vehicle swayed and stock cars to and fro joited about, crossing deep, narrow

> Their hostess, Mrs. March, a short. cordial greeting and urged them to

length at that season of the year, and Across the street Maverick Bill, the sun was already sinking towards stage-driver, was fortifying his stom- the western horizon. Off to the right of the green-baize tables at the far- top of a small, conical-shaped butte, Minnie shivered as she listened to "it's sure pretty rocky weather; erick Bill drew the flask from his

Bill gave vent to a long, low whistle. "I plumb forgot that you'd been

"Certainly not unless they behave hack driver from the depot halted his themselves like gentlemen," retorted

"Well, that depends; if you figger that we're agoin' to act like them Eastern dudes, your're away off; but I tell you what, Minnie, we're just as good as they are, only they're sly an' deceitful about their onerryness, an' we've got the rough all on the outside. When I was a little kid, way back in The hack driver opened the door of Tennessee, my ol' mammy used to out of the Good Book,' an' I remember one verse 'specially that said: 'God loves sinners, but hates hyper-He sure ain't got no call to put us fel-

> don't you do a great many things that your poor old mother would't approve of if she were alive-and it is possible gambled, and papa said that you were the best cow-hand that he ever had

such a change in you since then?" "Well, Minnie, it's hard to tell. You know I've been in the cow country a long time. I commenced wrangling horses fer the Cross Anchor outfit when I was only twelve years oldhe knowed on. But the ol' lady's teachin's had taken a mighty strong my horse fell on me an' drug me all gel. I used to holt her on my knee

an' be a man again.'

that the howling of a gray wolf, Mr. girls a-milling till plum sun-up the next morning."—Field and Stream.

"Yes," replied Bill, gloomily. "Have the wolves killed many cattle this winter?"

"Yes, a whole lot; they pulled down a three-year-old Flying V steer, up at the forks, day a-fore yesterday."
"Is it possible? They must go in

large packs to do so much mischief." "That's what they do, from fifteen to twenty in a bunch-One of the horses had stepped into a prairie-dog hole, and was sprawling upon the ground with his mate standing over him,

Bill sprang from the vehicle, dexterously disentangled the team, and

"That nigh hoss has got a bad cut reckon they'll make the ranch all

For some time they dashed along in silence, then Bill glanced retrospectively over his shoulder and gave sharp exclamation: "I'll be blessed if there ain't a bunch of wolves a-follerin' us. They've got a taste of fresh blood from the hoss's shoulder, an' now the onery brutes are after the hoss and us, too, I reckon. Here, Minnie, take the lines, an' throw the as such, whip into the hosses, while I pump lead into them wolves.

A moment later the sharp crack, crack, crack of a pistol rang out on the frosty air, as Bill emptied his sixof the wolves went rolling over in the snow, but the others, after a moment's hesitation, dashed forward, howling ferociously as they came. Bill fumbled in his belt for more cartridges and then turned pale in spite of his bronze.

"I've only got three cartridges left," locoed to have left town without filling

He glanced furtively at the young girl at his side as he spoke. With whip with a dexterity that betrayed long practice as well as great mental excitement. But the horses were fast thirsty pursuers, and the wolves were beef or mutton. rapidly shortening the distance that space in impotent rage, then laving poses. his revolver on the seat began to pull off his overcoat.

"I've got to do it," said he; "if them wolves ever get near enough to hamstring the hosses, we're done fer, but if I make a rush and give 'em three shots right quick, they may break an' run . . . if they don't . . . . you can get to the ranch all right alone; it ain't far from here." "Stop, listen."

Bill paused and turned his head. As he did so a loud "Hallo!" and the sound of horses' hoofs crunching on the snow came to his ear.

"Thank God, we're saved! that's your dad an' the boys a-comin'," cried

Almost as he spoke four horsemen swept past, and a volley from Winchester and six-shooters sent the wolves scurrying away in all directions. The horsemen turned their animals' heads, and with the stoical taciturnity of frontiersmen rode silently along behind the stage.

"Have you got my kid aboard to night, Bill?" finally inquired Jack Crawley.

"That's what I have," responded

the driver. Not another word was spoken until the buckboard paused before the Crawley residence, when a soft, white hand pressed Bill's big brown paw, and Minnie's voice murmured in his ear: "Try and be a man for my sake, Will." Then she sprang to the ground, caught the pale, tired-looking woman that had just appeared at the door in in her arms and covered her face with

Bill sat like one dazed, staring at the open floor, until the ranchman fall out of that wagin and come in-

Some twelve months later a small party of Riverside "flaneurs" were when the Sheriff entered with a prisoner, a short, heavy set French-Cauadian, who had been accused of sell- soon rain. over the flat with one foot in the stir- ing intoxicating beverages to the rup, an' it took a heap of money fer noble Sioux. The Sheriff seated himdoctor's bills. Seemed like the Lord self in one of the well-worn chairs, dun give me up an' turned me to the crossed his feet comfortably on the way during the day. billiard table, and began: "Well, I've worst of anything was this: There was seen pretty near all the old-timers on that has been worn by a two-year-old Alkali Creek this trip, and they all say that Maverick Bill surprised me. an' tell her stories by the hour; an' I You all know what a lusher he used used to braid horsehair quirts an' to be when he was whacking broneks the housewife sweeps under your feet bridles for her ponie. She was the on the stage line-we all thought he you will not marry within seven years. only critter on earth that I ever loved was dead hard. But he's done quit since my poor ol' mother died, an' drinking and gambling and put him apolis News. when she was a little thing I think she up a dandy little ranch in the next when she got older her dad sent her the big beaver-dam used to be, you course the bank's got a plaster on 'em ing a reward for information concern and ravines. The snow creaked and puncher when she came back, an' yet, but if he has luck for two or three ing the whereabouts of Prince Lud

I once thought she little Minnie Crawley's, I mean since.

really cared fer me I'd sure brace up Well, I've been to a hoe-down or two myself before now, but I must say, He tried to catch a glance from that one took the cake. The whole of Minnie's eyes as he concluded, but she Alkali Creek and a big gang of us was gazing far away over the moon-lit Riverside gobblers were there. Old Jack Crawley alus was stuck on Bill, "How thick the coyotes are to- and he just kept moseying around, anight," said she, presently. "Wasn't stirring up the drags, and we kept the

> HORSE MEAT CANNING FACTORY One at Linton, Oregon, That Makes No Secret of Its Business

A factory for canning horse meat is located at Linton, Oregon, and it is the only one in the United States that does not hesitate publicly to announce its business, relates the New York Sun. The factory was started four years ago, first as a fertilizing plant. This business was not a success. The attention of one of the company was attracted by the excellent appearance of the flesh of a horse that had just been soon had them in proper position killed, and the idea occurred to him to turn their fertilizer plant into a factory for canning horse meat for the on his right shoulder," said he, as he resumed his seat. "But I got 'em a large wooden structure built and sharp shod a few days ago, and I appointed like any other slaughter house. The horses are knocked in the head, skinned and all the available flesh dressed, cooked and pressed the same as beef. It is then put into cans, barrelled up and labelled "horse meat." Among the European cities where canned horse meat is sold are Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam and Copenhagen. A good deal of horse meat is consumed in London, it is said, but it is not sold

The factory at Linton gets many of the horses needed for nothing. Thousands can be had in eastern Oregon for taking them away. The ranchmen are glad to get rid of their surplus shooter into the hungry pack. Three supply of horses, as they consumed the hay that would be more profitably fed to cattle and sheep. The statement is made that 200,000 horses will perish of starvation in eastern Oregon this season. Last year the canning factory at Linton slaughtered 5000 horses; the year before 10,000. At said he; "I must have been plumb present they are not slaughtering any on account of the poor condition of

the animals. The business has not been a financial success, according to the statepallid cheeks and set teeth she was ment of ember of the firm, but it skillfully guiding the team over the is expected to outlive the prejudice the north wind a howlin' like a pack once in a hideous symphony that was rough and dangerous trail, plying the against horse meat in this country. A member of the firm quotes Professor Wheeler, of Philadelphia, to this effect that there is no objection to becoming exhausted, especially the horse meat as a food except that which 'Yes," replied the Sheriff consoling- this grewsome orchestra, and May- one whose wounded shoulder had first is founded on prejudice, and that it is attracted the attention of their blood- as good, healthy and nutritious as

"Many of the people at Linton," intervened between them and their said he, "have learned to like horse intended victims. There were still meat and eat it with as great a relish as

A Deaf Mute Traveling Salesman A. G. Kent, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is a traveling salesman for a Wisconsin chair factory, and as such there is not another in the country like him. He is young, handsome, bright. His peculiarity lies in the fact that he is a deaf mute. On his card is the in-scription: "The company that needs no talking," and he lets the photographs which he carries do the talk-

ing for him. Kent is twenty-eight years old and that the world is silent to him is due to an infantile disease that destroyed the hearing. He was educated at the State school for the deaf and when he came out to find a place for himself in the world he at first worked for his father in making and selling furniture. Then he secured a position as traveling salesman for the Wisconsin concern and has been highly successful

in the business. When he enters the store of a customer he lays down his card and as he has already become well known to the trade it is no longer necessary for him to explain his application. He produces his photographs with the cost marked on each, and the dickering which ensues is done on a scratch bank or by signs. Instead of being a handicap, Kent's infliction is a help to him in his business. - Chicago Record,

Some Hoosler Superstitions. If you sweep dirt out of the house, you sweep out your luck. Burn the

If a hen crows, bad luck is coming. Sell the hen to a peddler.

If you turn a chair around on one leg, or if you turn a loaf upside down, there will be a quarrel in the house. If you give away a cat or one goes away, don't let it come back or a cow or horse will die.

Don't turn back when once started on a journey or bad luck will follow If the cat washes her face it will

Don't put your left stocking or shoe on first when dressing in the morning or you will put your foot in it some

If you don't put a horseshoe-one filly-in the churn, the witches will take the butter.

If a chair falls as you rise from it, you will not marry within a year. If -English (Ind.) Letter to the Indian-

There's a prince astray somewhere

berg. Two months ago he attended themselves to the horses' nostrils and n't never go to be tough, but just non-their sides became covered with frost chally drifted that way, like a steer in lers up at the wedding? Bill's and beck Abbey, and has not been seen portance is attached by the supersit-

MOTORICK # MOTORIORICKEMONORICKEMONORICK # 3 M PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will ap

77.-Four Progressive Enigmas. 1. 1 2 3 4, was your 5 6 7 named after General 1 2 3 4 5 6 7? 2. 1 2 this where the ship 3 4 5 6 7 on these 1 2 3 4 5 6 7?

the 1 2 3 4 5 6 Islands. 4. I saw an 1 2 3 4 in London when

3. This 1 2 3 4 5 6 was brought from

I was on 6 trip; he came from 1 2 3 4 78 .- A Half-Square.

1. To whirl. 2. A little fastener. 3. A preposition. 4. A consonant in

79 .- An Acrostic. 1. A head-covering. 2. Part of the verb to be. 3. Another part of the verb to be. 4. An article, 5. Not there. 6. A possessive pronoun. 7. To knock. 8. At the present time, 9. A kind of fish.

Primals-A famous American au-

80 .- A Diamond.

1. A consonant in Semper. 2. A ouch. 3. One of the States. 4. A kind of antelope. 5. A vowed in pro-

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

73.—Twelve Anagrammatic Cities and Towns of the United States-Lewiston, Winchester, Joliet, Laporte, Clarion, Galesburg, Dauville, Steubenville, Blairstown, Baltimore, Fall River, Maysville.

74 .- A Drop-vowel Quotation-Beter attack ten shadows than be robbed by one thief.

75. - Five Beheadments - M-old; n-arrow; p-rice; r-ash; t-aunt.

76. - Arithmetical Problem - He was dle two days. Analysis. - If he had worked twenty lays, he would have received \$100, but as he received only \$86, he for-

feited \$14. Now, as he lost his wages, \$5, and an additional sum of \$2 for every day that he was idle, his total loss for every such day was \$7, and he was therefore idle as many days as seven is contained times in fourteen, which is two.

Caesar's Funeral Pile.

The most important discovery hitherto made is yet to be recorded. When Julius Casar was murdered in the Senate House by the prototypes and fellow-countrymen of Caserio, Angiolillo and Lucheni, his body was carried to the Forum. The body was cremated there, and then and on the spot a column of Numidian marble was raised with the inscription, "to the father of his country," to mark the spot to future generations. The column was removed later on. Its marble is probably now gracing some church or cardinal's palace, while its base gradually became buried under the debris of ages, so that its very site was unknown. This base has now been found in front of the temple erected to Cæsar by his kinsman and successor, Augustus. The temple, like the column, is gone, but what remains of both has now been brought to light, and will be henceforward one of the sights of Rome. Around this column base a tesselated flooring was observed, and on the removal of one or two slabs a quantity of ashes and charred wood was discovered, evidently the remains of the funeral pile on which Caesar's body was burned 2000 years ago .- Chicago Record.

The Music She Plays.

Here is what a Philistine has to say in an English weekly concerning "The Music She Plays." It is given

for what it is worth: "There are worse ways of choosing a wife than by the music she plays, and the way she plays it.

"If a girl manifest a predilection for Strauss, she is frivolous; for Beethoven, she is impractical; for Liszt, she is too ambitious; for Verdi, she is sentimental; for Offenbach, she is giddy for Gounod, she is lackadaisical; for Gottschalk, she is superficial; for Mozart, she is prudish; for Flotow, she is commonplace; for Wagner, she

is idiotic. The girl who hammers away at 'Maiden's Prayer,' 'Anvil Chorus,' and 'Silvery Waves' may be depended upon as a good cook and healthful; and if she includes 'Battle of Prague' and the White Cockade' in her repertoire you ought to know that she has been religiously and strictly nurtured.

"But, last of all, pin thy faith upon the calico dress of the girl who can play 'Home, Sweet Home.'

A Hapsburg Tradition.

An ancient tradition of the Hapsourg family, the most ancient and tradition-laden family in Europe, decrees that the bodies of all its members, shall be divided into three parts. It has all the sacredness of law. In accordance with this tradition, the body of the late Empress lies in the crypt of the Church in the Capuchins, her heart in a silver urn in the Church of the Augustines, and the rest of the internal organs in a gold and crystal receptacle in the Cathedral of St. Stephen. Such a dissection, attended with so much ceremony, appears dreadful to us. To the Austrian imperial family it is only a fulfilment of an ancient and honored

A Rhyme of Easter Rain. A good deal of rain on Easter Day

HIS SWEETHEART OF LONG ACO. Molly is firin' ter marry-Jenny is livin' An' the boys bain't been back at the o' home

Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

ne Square, one inch, one insertion...\$ 1 00 ne Square, one inch, one month... 2 08 ne Square, one inch, three months... 5 00 ne Square, one inch one year..... 15 00

in many an' many a day.

An' somehow the spring's lost its sweetness an' lone some an' long falls the snow,

An' nuthin' is left but the pictur' of the sweetheart I loved long ago.

I never was one fer complainin'-but some thin' seems lost from life's skies.

An' often in sunshine it's rainin'—it's rainin' eround' my ol' eyes! eround' my or eyes!
Fer here's whar their arms was eroun' me-an' here's whar she smiled on me, An' all that is left is the pictur' of the sweet heart I loved long ago.

The medder still feels the lark's shadder an' frequent I hear the birds sing, Jest as ef nutbin' had happened terail the

red roses of spring!

Jest as they sung at her weddin'. But how kin the single birds know.

That nuthin' is left but the pictur' of the sweetheart I loved long ago?

Nuthin'? Thar's Moliy a-comin' and bringin' a rose ter me. Well, Life's story's tol' over an over, 'till nuthing is new that we tell. Her arms eroun' my neck, an' her blue eyes in tears at my takin' on so Kissme, dear-fer you're jest like the pictur of the sweetheart I loved long ago!--F. L. Stanton, in the Ladies' Home Jour-

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"So they were married. That was the last of their troubles, of course.' "Last, but not least."-Detroit Jour-

"I won't take this picture, Mr. Artist, It doesn't look like my wife at all." "Well, then, you are to be congratulated."

Arizona Bill-"What killed your friend? Horse run away with him?" Texas Pete-"No; he ran away with a horse."-Yonkers Statesman.

She wrote some grand verses on worry—
To trace up the world—and then—well—
She got in the worst kind of flurry For fear that those verses won't sell.

—Detroit Free Press. Annette—"How seedy the Bredwells looked to-day." Jocelyn--"Yes,

they were going to make a call on his wife's wealthy relatives."-Brooklyn "Was Beatrice weeping because her husband had appendicitis?" "No, she wept because he didn't get it un-

"Oh, mamma," cried Pussie, as the snake gave a start and glided away in the grass, "it seems to be all made up of ball bearings, doesn't it?"-Brook-

til it was out of style."-Chicago

Young Lady (soulfully)-"Life is one grand, sweet song!" Old Bachelor (crabbedly)-"Yes; but some of us have fearfully poor voices."-Rox-Hustle Nit-"This book says that bloomin' Frenchman Marat wuz

stabbed while taking a bath." Parkbench Daly-"Is dat all he got fur "Bunker seems to be completely under his wife's thumb," "Yes; her father gives her the same personal al-

lowance she had before she got married."-Chicago News. Stayleight-"Tommy, do you think your sister is fond of me?" -"I don't know. She gave me a quarter to set the clock half an hour

fast."-Jewish Comment. "I bet ten kisses!" he cried, And Marjorie answered, "Done!" Quoth he, "They're just as good as won." "They're ten times better than one," si

-Detroit Journal "Why can't you wait a few minutes?" called the guests to the departing train. "Because time and tied wait for no man," shouted the groom: and then the shower of shoes de-

scended .- Judge. "Whatever induced you to call your daughter Birdie? Is that her right name?" "Oh, no; her real name is Hortense, but she thinks she has a voice, and there's a pretty bill at tached."-Chicago News.

Raising Frogs Artificially. The unrestricted hunting of frogs has caused a rapid diminution in their numbers, [and consequently frog farms, for their artificial propagation and raising, are coming into vogue. The largest of these are located in Ontario, in the Trent River basin. It has been in operation about twenty years, and annually yield comparatively large output of frogs. The waters were stocked by means of mature mated frogs. No attempt is made to confine the frogs until the time or shipment approaches, when they are taken alive at night, with the aid of , terchlight and confined in small pens These are drained and the frogs captured when they desired for market No food is given, as this is naturally present in sufficient amount for successful growth. The species is the Eastern bull-frog, which reaches maturity in three years, and reaches ; marketable size in four years. Dur ing the last three years this farm yielded annually 5000 pounds of dressed frog legs and 7000 living frogs for scientific purposes and for stocking other waters.

Aguinaldo's Whistles Galore.

Private Andrew Spencer, of the Twentieth Kansas, says in a letter from Manila that every other native he meets wants to sell him a brase whistle purporting to be the cele brated gold whistle with which Aguin aldo provided himself when he assumed the dictatorship. "I have had opportunities to buy at least three hundred of these whistles," writes Spencer, "and the natives appear to be greatly offended when I question the genuineness of the souvenirs. Each one tells a different story about how he came into posession of this trophy, and the prices asked range all the way from ten cents to \$30."-New York Tribune.

Bilian. The Indian never enjoys burying he hatchet so much as when he has he skull of an adversary to buryit in.

Boston Courier.