

LIFE'S COMPLAINT.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue,
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied,
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has, in their aid—
Love that not ever seems to tire—
Such rich provisions made.

The Foreman of the Jury.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

As the Lake Shore train from the east rolled into Toledo one morning a dozen years ago, a detective was waiting to see the conductor and make an arrest ordered over the wire an hour before. A detective who has been in the business for a dozen years seldom meets anything that surprises him, but as this officer was asked to arrest a handsome, well-dressed woman on the charge of robbery, he opened his eyes in amazement. There were two handsome, well-dressed women, and one said to him:

"Officer, this person has robbed me of jewelry to the value of \$6000 and I want her arrested at once!"

The other looked at him in a cold, haughty way and made a gesture of contempt as she replied:

"Officer, this woman's charge is false, and if you detain me it will be at your peril!"

"My name," continued the first, "is Mrs. John Wickham, of New York city. I am on my way to Chicago to visit relatives. This person boarded the train at Buffalo, and we became quite friendly. I had the jewelry in a small satchel. Late last night or early this morning she obtained possession of it. I wish to have her arrested and searched."

"If you dare to do it I will have you sent to prison!" exclaimed the other.

Here was a straight charge and a firm denial, and the detective was nonplussed. If the woman had stolen the jewelry, she must have the plunder about her person or in her baggage. He asked her if she was willing to be searched, and she promptly replied:

"Not only willing, but I demand it in order to clear myself. Afterwards I will deal with this woman!"

The two ladies left the train and were escorted to a hotel. Mrs. Wickham identified herself as the wife of a New York millionaire, and sent a telegram to her husband to come at once, and a search of the other proved her innocence. None of the missing jewelry was found upon her. She gave her name as Mrs. Taylor, of Buffalo, and she hinted that her husband would demand the fullest satisfaction for the insult forced upon her.

By the advice of the chief of police, Mrs. Wickham attempted to get out of the affair as best she could, but Mrs. Taylor stood on her dignity and wanted \$10,000 for her injured feelings. She must either have \$10,000 in cash or she would sue for \$50,000 damages. Perhaps the two women might have reached some sort of a compromise but for the advent of Mr. Wickham. He heard his wife's story and realizing that he was in a box he tried a bluff game on Mrs. Taylor. He struck the weak spot at once by demanding her husband's address in Buffalo. She refused to give it, and her refusal aroused suspicion that something was wrong. When pressed to give her identity she positively refused, and the result was a formal charge and her arrest in due form.

When the alleged thief was arraigned circumstances were so much against her that she was held for trial in the higher court. She continued to give the same address as at first, and added that she would see the case through without any assistance from her husband. Her policy was one of haughty independence. She had a fine wardrobe, considerable jewelry, and was also bound for Chicago. Her cash in hand amounted to less than \$1000, but no sooner had she secured a lawyer than money was sent him to make a desperate fight for her acquittal. Wickham was not only an aggressive man, but he had to convict the woman or pay damages. He therefore aided the police in every possible way.

Buffalo was turned upside down without finding a James Taylor to fit the case. Every effort was made to locate the woman, but beyond the fact that she had taken the train at Buffalo nothing could be learned. There were plenty who said she was an adventuress and was guilty of theft, but there many also who contended that she belonged to some honorable family, and was seeking to shield the name from scandal by giving a false one and withholding information. She didn't seem to worry at all during her commitment, and when the case finally came to trial she was in the best of spirits.

I am a quiet, steady man of family, not in the habit of reading the newspapers much. If I had not been drawn on the jury for that term of court I doubt if I should have ever heard of the case. As a juror I had to listen to and weigh all the evidence, and for three days the accused woman sat within ten feet of me. The evidence was purely circumstantial, but not particularly strong as circumstantial evidence. Mrs. Wickham had section No. 7, and Mrs. Taylor had section No. 5. Both had handbags. Mrs. Wickham had said nothing about the jewelry, but the bag in which it was stored had disappeared. There were only four passengers in the sleeper. The third was an old lady—the fourth

the president of an eastern college, and therefore to be considered above suspicion. If the car porter had taken the bag he had passed it to some one during the night, but the defense did not even hint that he might have stolen it.

It was a singular and yet a strong defense. "If the prisoner preferred to fight the case out without revealing her identity that was to her credit, and could not be used against her. As she did not know the contents of the bag, why should she be tempted? If she had taken it what had she done with it? She was perfectly willing to be searched, and nothing had been found. The old lady might have taken it by mistake—even the college president might have been tempted. There was the train conductor, the car conductor and the porter. As the bag had not been opened by its owner before New York and Toledo, how could she swear that the jewelry was in it at Buffalo and beyond? Mrs. Wickham could only say that no one else but Mrs. Taylor could have taken the bag, and in all but one thing the prosecution made out a very poor case.

The accused had persistently refused to reveal her identity. It was argued that if she were an innocent woman she would not do this. She would give no part of her history—say nothing whatever except that she was the wife of a respectable and wealthy man.

I had been made foreman of the jury, and when we retired I found myself halting between two opinions. No legal proof had been advanced that Mrs. Taylor stole the bag, but if there was nothing wrong about her why should she conceal her identity? I was almost of the belief that she was an adventuress, but yet I had sworn to be guided by the evidence. On our first ballot we stood seven for conviction and five for acquittal. On that ballot I voted for conviction, but five minutes later I was using arguments against such a verdict. Deep down in my heart I believed Mrs. Taylor to be the thief, but if we were to be guided by law and evidence she must be acquitted. The second ballot showed eight for acquittal and four for conviction. The four men were pig-headed and obstinate, and we had been out seven hours before one of them decided to come over to the majority. The other three vowed they would hang out till doomsday, and we put in a long night in the jury room. After breakfast the next morning I went to work at them in earnest. I am neither an orator nor a magnetic man, but I went over all the evidence and presented it, pro and con, in such a manner that after we had been out about thirty hours a ballot showed that we were all for acquittal. This was the verdict announced in court, and Mrs. Taylor was at once discharged from custody. Within two hours Mr. Wickham had compromised with her for \$3000 in cash.

As the days went by that verdict bothered me. Mrs. Taylor had gone to a hotel as soon as discharged, and Mr. Wickham had hired a detective to watch her. It was determined to discover her identity, if nothing more. The woman probably suspected that she would be watched. After a few days she went to Chicago, visited a lawyer's office, a bank and two or three other places, and then bought her ticket for Buffalo. The detective had dogged her every movement, and she had made no sign that she was aware of his espionage. He saw her leave the hotel in a carriage for the depot, and as there was plenty of time he took a street car instead. When he went through the train she was not to be found. The man worked on the case for a week without striking her trail and was then hauled off.

When this instance came to my ears I was conscience-stricken over our verdict. The woman must surely be a sharper, and we ought to have strained a point and given her over to justice.

Two months had gone by, and one evening I was waiting in the union depot at Cleveland for a train. I sat reading a newspaper when a woman dropped into the seat beside me and smilingly asked if she was mistaken in thinking I was Mr. So and So, of Toledo. I replied that there was no mistake, and then recognized her as Mrs. Taylor.

"I am so much indebted to you!" she said, as she held out her hand and let her smile broaden.

"About your case at Toledo?"

"Of course. The prosecution had a poor case against me, but my lawyer was fearful of a verdict of guilty, because I refused to reveal my identity. It of course looked as if I had something to conceal."

"But you didn't have?"

"Didn't I!" she exclaimed, as she laughed heartily.

"Did you live in Buffalo, as you claimed?" I asked.

"Of course not."

"And isn't your name Taylor?"

"Not at all."

"Then may I ask who you are?"

"You may because you proved yourself a good friend in my hour of need. I heard how you brought those four obstinate fellows over to your way of thinking, and I am glad of this opportunity to show my appreciation in a substantial manner. As to my name, I have half a dozen. As to who I am, I make my living by my wits. If I were a man I'd be called a sharper."

"Then you—you are an adventuress!" I gasped.

"That is presumably a correct term," she laughed.

"And you—?"

"I took the bag of jewelry, of course. You had no doubt of it in your own mind, and yet you stood my friend. Yes, I stole the bag while her berth was being made up at night and passed it on to a good friend of mine in the next car. The haul

divided \$3000 between us, and for what you did for me I am going to present you with \$500."

I sat and stared at her with mouth wide open, wondering if I was awake or dreaming, and she took a pencil and card from her reticule and said:

"Give me your home address and I will send the money by express tomorrow."

"My heavens, woman, but did you really steal that jewelry?" I whispered.

"Why of course I did!" she replied.

"And you are an adventuress?"

"Without doubt I live by my wits."

"And you made Mr. Wickham pay you \$3000 damages?" I went on.

"Of course. You didn't suppose I'd let him off after all that trouble, do you? What is the address, please? I am one who fights her enemies and rewards her friends. If you do not think \$500 is sufficient, please say so and I will increase the amount."

I arose and walked out of the depot without saying a word in reply—without a look back at her—so overcome that I could hardly have given my name if asked for it. After wandering around for an hour I went back. To my great relief she had gone, nor have I ever heard from her since. —Atlanta Constitution.

TROTTING RACES IN MOSCOW.

Vivid Description of a Characteristic Russian Winter Sport.

It is racing day in Moscow, says a writer in the Badminton Magazine. The course is swept clear of snow, and follows the wooded shores with red painted railings on each side. On one side is a stand, with seating room for several thousand people and a special box, with tent hangings, for the governor general, surmounted by the imperial eagle in gold. In front of this box, lower down, you see the prizes, consisting of gold and silver cups, vases and ornamental pieces, all in Russian style and taste.

The bell rings; the course is cleared by mounted gendarmes, and now the competitors in due order take their places in front of the stand, but not side by side, as they always start from opposite sides of the course, with heads also turned in opposite directions. The usual race course hum and noise of the betting men are heard, and increase in volume as the bell rings the second time. They are off, and the fascination of rapid motion, open air and strenuous exertion throws its spell over the assembly, high and low, for trotting is certainly the most fashionable and beloved sport in Russia.

You cannot recognize people just yet; the green fur collars are raised and reach over the fur caps, leaving only red tipped noses, beneath which appear never missing cigarettes. The ladies' heads are almost entirely covered with woollen wraps, so here again you can only guess who is who. To a stranger, not investing his money in backing his opinion as to winners, the game might seem monotonous enough, as the horses do not finish side by side, but in the way they started. Yet the Russians think differently—and, besides, is there not plenty of vodka and caviar to be had between the races?

Single horses are pitted against each other, drawing little light sleighs, in which the driver is seated very low down and far away from the horse, owing to the long shafts, intended to give the horse perfect freedom of action. A whip is not used, but on the reins are metal buckles over the quarters, which are employed instead, and almost all horses run without blinkers.

Sometimes a horse is attached to the sleigh on one side of the trotter, who is between the shafts. He is the pacemaker and gallops the whole course, whereas, it need not be said, the trotter must not break. Then follow pair horses, harnessed, and, last, troikas, with three horses, sometimes four abreast. Troikas are very barbarously gaudy and clumsy things to look at, but exceedingly comfortable all the same.

A Convict's Moral Code.

The leading article in a recent issue of the Monthly Record, published at the state prison, is entitled "The Borderland" and is written by No. 18 H and has a decidedly religious tone. Five rules for conduct are laid down, and the author says they are principles by which his life is governed:

(1.) If possible, be well and have a good appetite. If these conditions are yours, the battle of life is already half won. Many heart and soul troubles arise really in the stomach, though it may seem strange to you.

(2.) Be busy. Fill the hours so full of useful and interesting work that there shall be no time for dwelling on your troubles, that the day shall dawn full of expectation, the night fall full of repose.

(3.) Forget yourself. You never will be happy if your thoughts constantly dwell upon yourself, your own imperfections, your own shortcomings, what people think of you, and so on.

(4.) Expect little. Expect little of life, not too much of your friends.

(5.) Trust in God. Believe that God is, that He really knows what is best for you; believe this truly, and the bitterness is gone from life. —Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

Earl and Laborer Side by Side.

A curious spectacle is to be witnessed on Sundays in the pretty little church of Hampden—always associated with the memory of John Hampden. For there are to be seen a peer of the realm, his wife and the stone-breaker to the parish council, all assisting in divine worship. The Earl of Buckingham reads the lessons, the countess plays the organ, while the stone-breaker plays the useful part of verger. —British Sunday Companion.

THE FARM GARDEN



Care of the Garden.

If the garden is thoroughly undrained, as it always ought to be, it should be fall plowed in ridges and the surface left rough, so as to expose the soil as much as possible to freezing. This is the more necessary because the garden is always a sheltered spot, where snow lies much of the winter, so that there are few times when the soil freezes very deeply. The garden is always the richest spot on the farm. It often is what the Scotch farmers call "much midden" or heavy with manure. It needs the winter's freezing to lighten the soil and make its fertility available.

Late Grown Turnips.

There is no crop grown so easily and with so little cost as late-grown turnips in a field of well-cultivated corn. The shade of the corn will keep the turnips from growing much until the corn is cut. Possibly also their growth will be checked by the demand of the corn roots for plant food. But in the Indian summer that follows the first frost the turnips will make rapid growth, as they will then have all the land for their own use. The turnip will endure a pretty heavy frost, and grow again if warm weather follows it. But in our climate turnips cannot be left in the ground all winter as they are in England. —American Cultivator.

Cherry Trees Standing in Grass.

Our experience with cherry trees is that they do not require cultivation. Those we had in the garden were always more liable to rot and to be affected by insects than the trees that stood in dry places and surrounded by grass. It may be that it is the extra moisture in the cultivated soil that predisposes cherries to rot, or it may be the manure annually applied to the garden and to which the cherry tree roots helped themselves freely. The cherry tree does not do well with wet feet. On high, dry land its roots will run deeply enough to find all the moisture it needs, and on such land in grass is the best to plant cherries for profitable fruiting.

Value of Hog Manure.

Hog manure is popularly supposed to be very rich, partly because hogs are always fed on grain or other very concentrated food, and also because they are so neat that they always deposit their excrement by itself unmixed with bedding, as will animals that are generally supposed to be much more cleanly than the hog. Yet hog manure is generally slow to heat, though after fermentation has once begun it progresses very rapidly. One reason why manure from the hog is richer than from other animals is because the hog uses more of the carbon in his food to turn into fat, and less of the phosphate and nitrogen to change into bone and lean meat. No domestic animal when fattened has so large a proportion of bone as compared with its total weight as has the hog.

Apple Pomace as Feed.

There is considerable nutriment in pomace as it comes from the mill. Stock will eat it quite readily if fed before it begins to ferment. This, however, it does very soon if exposed to the air. Consequently it is best to place the pomace in air-tight barrels or hogsheads, so as to keep air from it, and cover the pomace with something that will hold down the carbonic acid gas and prevent its escape as it forms. This is really enclosing it. The pomace itself has not nutritive value to make this worth while. Its chief value is its succulence, and it should be fed with grain, hay or meal, so as to give the proper proportion of nutrition. When put up in air-tight barrels and kept slightly below freezing temperature there will be no more fermentation in the pomace than there is in the silo, and it can be used till late in the winter.

Rye After Turnips.

Turnips are the latest crop to be harvested, and as they continue to grow after light frosts, there is not much chance to put in a later crop after them. Of course nothing can be grown and mature the same season after turnips are off. But winter rye will bear to be sown very late if the land is only rich enough. We have known rye to be sown late in November and barely peep above the surface the same year. But it grew a little more during the January thaw, and the next year made as good a crop, and as early also, as rye sown two months earlier, which made a growth that covered the ground in the fall. In each case all the spring growth had to be made from the root. Where that is established the richness of the soil has more to do in making fall-sown grain ripen early than does its growth the preceding fall.

Linned vs. Cotton-Seed Meal.

While fully grown animals with strong digestive organs can eat cotton-seed meal properly diluted with straw or hay without serious injury,

it is doubtful whether it is advisable to make this part of their ration. Linned meal can be purchased at about the same price as cotton-seed meal, and has equal nutritive value. The new process meal is the kind generally used. It is not so fattening as the old process meal, because more of its oil has been expressed. Flaxseed whole is a very rich feed, and if boiled so as to swell it out all that hot water can do it may be given to cattle, sheep or horses with safety. Only a very little should be given at a time, as the oil in it makes it very laxative, and a small amount daily is better than more. There is nothing better for an animal's hair than a little flaxseed daily. It will insure the shiny coat which in either cow or horse is always a sign of thrift. —American Cultivator.

Banking Earth Around Trees.

As it is often done, the banking of soil around trees in fall to prevent mice from barking them does more harm than good. If any sod, weeds or other rubbish are included in banking up the tree, the object is not only defeated, but the liability to injury is increased. The purpose should be to oblige the mice to climb up above the snow line and expose themselves to their enemies while gnawing the tree. This they will rarely do, for much of this work is done at night when their natural enemy, the owl is most watchful. But if the mice find vacant spaces around the tree, as they surely can if sod or rubbish are used, they can work under this protection with greater safety than if the tree were not banked at all. Still it is better to bank young apple trees, at least as high as the snow line usually comes. The warmth from the tree makes a vacant space in the snow all around it, and it is under this protection that most of the destructive work is done.

Warning to Dairymen.

The Country Gentleman, under the heading, "Beware of Aniline Butter Color," publishes a column of affidavits to prove that a little child about two years old got hold of a bottle of one of the fashionables makes of butter color, got some of it in its mouth, and in a few hours died from plain symptoms of poisoning. Later a healthy grown cat was made to swallow a spoonful of the coloring matter, and was a dead cat in twenty-four hours, with all the signs of poisoning. The Country Gentleman says this brand of coloring matter was condemned by the Pennsylvania experiment station, but does not name it. I suppose the best one can do under the circumstances, says a writer in Home and Farm, is to require a written statement from the maker that there is no aniline in the article offered for sale. There are some brands free from this objectionable article, and the makers should make haste to let the buttermakers know who they are. Would it really make much difference to the makers of fine butter if coloring matter was forbidden by law? I think it would be a good thing. It is a horrid stuff at best.

Dehorned Cattle Sell Better.

A circular issued by a cattle commission company that is in no way supposed to be prejudiced on the subject beyond making more money for both buyer and seller says: "Dehorned cattle sell better than horned cattle for all purposes. They are preferred by shippers, feeders and packers. They look better, feed better, sell better, kill out better. The man who feeds horned cattle is handicapped from 10 to 25 cents per hundred weight in most cases."

This is all in relation to beef cattle, and when we come to consider the dairy the man who cultivates horns is still further on the wrong side of the fence. Why a herd of cows should be ever and eternally on the move, each cow trying to get behind the other cow to get away from those ever present spikes on a cow's head, surpasses human comprehension, when an hour's work would take them off and give each cow in the herd a lifetime of rest. That is one objection to handling thoroughbred Jerseys; the fashion requires horns on their heads, but I have seen quite a number of dehorned Jersey cows of late, to say nothing of lots of bulls. —Home and Farm.

The Church Bell.

The church bell is another one of the relics of barbarism with which civilization could readily dispense. Since the general introduction of clocks and watches, the bell has really lost its significance. Certainly it can be classed among the "needless noises." In the days of Paulus of Nola, in the A. D. 400, when the custom first had its origin, the ringing of bells may have been necessary to call people to places of worship—and this was the sole purpose of the first church bell—but in this present year, so near the beginning of the twentieth century, there is surely no need of such an alarm as is sometimes sounded from the iron throat of the average church bell to summon people well supplied with timepieces to their chosen place of worship. —American Medical Monthly.

A Dublin lawyer, writing of an estate he has just bought, said: "There is a chapel upon it, in which my wife and I wish to be buried if God spare our lives."

Latest Engine of Death.

Military experts are at present interested in a new self-moving car, which is to be a veritable carriage of death. It is to be driven by a sixteen-horse power engine at the rate of over forty miles an hour over a country reasonably level. The climax and purpose of this remarkable machine is to carry two rapid-firing cannon. One man only is needed to run this terrible wheeled weapon of war, and this same man also attends to the firing and loading.

Fijian Fire-Walkers.

Fijian feet can endure more terrible contact than the blow of a hard-hit cricket ball. There is a Fijian tribe which might make the fortune of any entrepreneur enterprising enough to bring them over to the Crystal Palace or the Westminster Aquarium. They are called the fire walkers. About once a year they give on the island of M'Buya, about twenty-two miles from Sava, the Fijian capital, what must be one of the most extraordinary exhibitions in the world. In a forest glade about a quarter of a mile from the shore a hole is dug in the ground, about twenty-five feet wide and six feet deep. Flat stones are spread over its bottom and wool piled on them and set alight. When the stones are red hot the burning logs are dragged away, the stones carefully made to lie as evenly as possible, and all flames extinguished. A party of tribesmen, garlanded with green leaves, then descend into the pit and deliberately walk over the glowing stones in procession. Their bare feet are not burnt or even made hot. The display takes place under the eyes of spectators, native and European. This year a steamer was actually advertised in Australia to take visitors to witness the spectacle. —London News.

Big Prices For Old Books.

The days of bargains in old books are fast vanishing, as was proved the other day at the sale of the Ashburnham library in London. "The Reminiscences of the Hostories of Troye," printed by Caxton about 1472-74, and minus forty-nine leaves, brought \$4750. The mutilated book was bought by Lord Ashburnham at the Utterson sale for \$275. Another of Caxton's publications, "A Boke of the Hoole Lyf of Jon," brought \$10,500, the highest price ever paid for a specimen of the great English printer's handiwork. The volume in question brought only \$435 at the Heber sale.

Millard F. Field, of Newport, R. I., has invented a machine for drawing in warps for looms, and has sold a third interest in his patent to B. P. Cheney, of Boston, for \$100,000, says the New York Sun. It gages its work automatically, and it draws in 2000 ends properly in seven minutes, something that would require the most expert workman about three hours to perform.

No Difference.

Physical troubles of a like nature coming from different causes are often a puzzle to those who suffer pain as to their treatment and cure, as in the case of lumbago from cold or a strain in some way to the same muscles. The treatment of such need not differ one with the other. Both are bad enough, and should have prompt attention, as nothing disables so much as lame back. The use of St. Jacobs Oil will settle the question. Its efficacy is so sure in either case there is no difference in the treatment and no doubt of the cure.

Thirteen crimes were punishable by death when the Queen ascended the throne. To-day there are, practically, but two—treason and murder.

The Florida Limited for St. Augustine.

The first train of the season left the Pennsylvania Station, Monday, January 17, at 11.50 a. m., via the Southern Railway, F. C. & P., and Florida East Coast. All available space was occupied. The Florida Limited is one of the most superbly furnished trains that ever left New York, and will be operated daily, except Sunday, between New York and St. Augustine. You lunch to-day in New York and to-morrow in St. Augustine. The train is most exquisitely furnished, and every device which may add to the welfare, comfort and enjoyment of the passenger has been provided. The drawing-room sleeping cars are of the latest plan of Pullman, and the compartment cars are models of perfection, as the design for the cars is such that parties occupying a compartment are free from the outside world. These rooms are so arranged that they can be used separate or thrown into a suite of private apartments and are unsurpassable in completeness, etc. The dining cars are of the latest, and the markets of the North and South are both drawn upon liberally for the best and most seasonable supplies, while the cuisine and service are of the highest order. The library car is furnished with abundance of easy chairs, sofas, and writing desks, where stationery is found for the passengers' use. The observation car is the most comfortable parlor or reception room of the moving palace. It has large plate-glass windows on the sides and ends, from which the fast-flying panorama is viewed with comfort. For particulars call on or address Alex. S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

The tree called William the Conqueror's oak, in Windsor Park, London, is supposed to be 1200 years old.

Pres. McKinley Vs. Free Silver.

A battle of giants is going to take place this summer on 30,000 farms in America, not in talk or votes, but in yields. Salzer's new potato marvels are named as above, and he offers a price for the biggest potato yield, about \$400 in gold for suitable name for his corn (17 inches long) and out prodigies. Only seedsmen in America growing grasses, clovers and farm seeds and selling potatoes at \$1.50 a barrel. The editor urges you to try Salzer's seeds, and to SEND THIS NOTICE WITH 10 CTS. IN STAMPS TO JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis., for 11 new farm seed samples, worth \$10.00, to get a start, and their big catalogue, e. c. 1

Do not disgrace the hands with ointment to remove warts, but touch them with strong soda water several times a day. They will disappear.

FREE! Inventor's Patent Guide. Any Drug Store or O'Mara Cong. Est. Office, Wash., D. C.

One result of the engineer's strike in England has been a rise in freight, as ships cannot be repaired.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

When the skin of a Japanese orange is removed the sections fall apart without any forcing.