

THE UNCROWNED KING.

Or God or Mammon, as he serves
Bright to us from his way,
Perhaps on some vast continent
His hand was closed but yesterday.

Nor shall his power be the less,
If in his childhood's bygone peace
The gutter cradled him, nor may
A stately birth his strength increase.

"Aye, yesterday," you say. "But death—
Because one died is all life done?"
The uncrowned monarch never dies,
And back not of the Uncrowned King?
—The sun hath set—there springs the sun!

He is. For good or ill, he is;
And was to those who blindly cling
Unseeing to the ancient throne,
And reck not of the Uncrowned King?
—Clinton Danvers, in the Century.

A BRAVE YOUNG GIRL.

By MAURICE SILINSKY.

H. Jobson exclaimed, "You are a magnificent young man, shaking hands through the carriage window in front of the little inn in Cheshire, with a stout, rough-looking man in farmer's garb, 'if I had expected to see you here, I would have brought along the money I owe you; but I have it safely locked up for you in my bureau drawer at home," he added, with a bland smile.

"Oh, never mind, squire. I'm in no special hurry 'bout it," replied the man addressed as Jobson. "I shall be up to Wilkinsonville in a week or so, and will give you a call. I've a couple of more of these choice cattle I'd like to drive up to you when I come. Same price as 'others, you know, and full as good, if not better."

"I don't know that I care to purchase any more stock just at present," replied the gentleman, blandly. "If you had a good young filly well broken for a saddle horse for a young lady, I might talk with you."

"I think I have my eye on just the animal you want, squire. For your daughter, eh?"

"Yes; mother and I are just going to fetch her home from the seminary, where she will graduate to-morrow—and, as I anticipate, with the highest honors." This, with an exuberant degree of fatherly pride.

"She ought, squire, that's a fact," returned Jobson, with seeming interest, "for I know you have put out stacks of money on her education."

"Yes, well, call for your money when you come to Wilkinsonville. Good-morning!"

And the carriage rolled away.

Two or three idlers of the type usually to be found lounging around country taverns, had been interested listeners to the foregoing conversation, and among them was Tom Dolan, the landlord's son, a reckless, dissolute fellow, who had already cost his father many a hard-earned dollar to keep him out of the clutches of the law.

"There is the man that can show the rocks to you," said Jobson, turning to his companions, as the stylish equipage moved off. "He's rich as mud, and they've named the town after him—Wilkinsonville. He's like all the rest of these city chaps, you know—full of new-fangled notions about fancy stock, and all that. Why, a shrewd fellow can pull the wool over his eyes as easy as a baby. Do you see, I know just such a filly he wants—a good saddle horse for his daughter, well broken—let her! Did you understand? The mare is going on ten, but I shall sell her for five, of course. He'll never know the difference unless some one tells him. I can buy her for a hundred and a quarter, and shall sell to him for two hundred at least. Why, I sold him a three-year-old Durham bull and heifer this spring—short-horn, fancy breed, you know, ha! ha!—for three hundred and fifty dollars, and the two only cost me seventy-five a year ago. Pretty good pay for a year's keeping, eh? That's the money he was speaking about paying me just now; but I don't think I'd care to leave it in the house with a servant girl, and no men folks about. I'd expect to be robbed 'fore I got back."

"Ain't there no farm hands about the place?" questioned Tom, a look of hungry eagerness lighting up his stolid features.

"Yes; he keeps a half dozen or more; but they are boarded by the manager outside."

"And don't he keep dogs, eh?" queried Tim.

"I never saw any there excepting a small rat terrier and a poodle, but he keeps some excellent ciders. I can tell you," returned Jobson, smacking his lips at the recollection of the pitcher-ful he had drunk there after the perpetration of the fraud he had just alluded to.

"Speaking of the cider, makes me think you can afford to treat on that trade," interposed one of the loungers, with a thirsty twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, Faggety, I don't mind if I do," assented Jobson, turning toward the barroom. "Come, Tim, let's go in and cider all hands round."

While Jobson and his companions are drinking at the little tavern in Cheshire we will accompany the reader to Wilkinsonville, where the gentleman's estate was attractively situated. The house had been left in charge of a stout servant girl, and the best where the farm hands were at work was a good distance away. But Polly Miner was in no way disturbed. She had often been left alone to guard and protect the house, and she felt in no way concerned for her safety.

It was a warm day, and doors and windows were open, while Polly herself was as busy as a bee flitting from room to room, as she performed her customary labors. Late in the afternoon a shadow falling across the kitchen door attracted her attention, and she glanced up hastily from her work, directing her eyes toward the still open door. Standing on the sill, and gazing at her with a mingled look of admiration and mockery, stood a beetle-browed, ruffian-looking fellow, whom she at first took for one of the field hands.

The second glance, however, satisfied her that the fellow was not one of Mr. Wilkinson's men, and she began to feel a little uneasy under his persistent glance. The house was embowered in shrubbery, so that she could not even see the field in which the men were at work.

"But Polly Miner was not to be easily intimidated by any strange tramp, and so she demanded of the rough-looking visitor what he wanted.

"Well, my girl," responded the villain, coolly. "I want all I can get; but, first and foremost, I want the three hundred and fifty dollars laid away

you out," responded Polly, mockingly. "Fire and furies, you jade, I'll burst the door open if you don't unfasten it!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Polly, tauntingly. "I'm going now to summon the field hands."

"If you go, I'll burn the house down!" shouted the robber, hoarse with rage and alarm.

"That will hurt you worse than it will me!" retorted Polly, in a tantalizing tone.

"I say, my beauty," persisted the alarmed robber, changing his angry tone to one of coaxing persuasiveness. "Let us come to a fair understanding. If you'll let me out of this, I'll promise you, on my sacred word of honor, I'll not hurt you, and I'll give up the squire's money!"

"Look here, you wicked scamp!" exclaimed Polly, indignantly. "do you think Polly Miner is so big a fool as to allow herself to be taken in in that way by a ruffian of your stamp? Honor! What honor can be found in a sneak thief like you? No, sir, I won't get out of this so easy. I've got you and the money both secure, and intend to keep you so till I can call in assistance and have you arrested. I'd look well, wouldn't I, to let such a villain as you loose on the strength of your own word?"

"But I swear to you, my sweet beauty, I won't injure a hair of your lovely head, if you'll only let me out!" whined the prisoner, pleadingly.

"Oh, try me, miss, and I swear to you I'll be as civil as a deacon."

"I think you will, because I'm not such a born idiot as to trust you. How do I know but you would put a bullet through my head if I were simple enough to comply with your request?"

"Look here, miss, I'll give you the pistol, all loaded as it is, to satisfy you that I won't hurt you."

"How are you going to give me the pistol without my running the risk of getting a bullet first, I should like to know?" was our heroine's cunning response.

"I'll show you," said the fellow, humbly. "I'll shove it out to you between the bars of the cellar window."

"I'd like to see you do it first," said Polly, seeming to yield.

"Well, then, look out and you'll see that I do it," and, putting the action to the word, he ran down the cellar stairs and tossed it through the narrow and strongly barred window into the yard.

Polly had thrust her head out of the kitchen window and saw him toss it out.

"Now I have him where I want him!" ejaculated the brave girl.

With the pistol in his possession, it might have been dangerous to approach him. Now he could do no harm, except it was by brute force, and she could soon summon help enough to easily overpower the villain. She accordingly left the house, and hurrying through the surrounding shrubbery, was soon in the midst of the field hands, where she elucidated them with the story of the robber's imprisonment in the cellar. One ran to the village for an officer, while the rest hurried back with Polly to see that her prisoner did not escape. They found him pounding impatiently at the door and asking to be released. One of the men picked up the revolver and the rest stood ready to overpower the thief the moment that Polly opened the door.

"Keep quiet now," said Polly, "and I'll let you out. I've just brought a few friends to look at you, that's all!" And she opened the door.

"Tim Dolan!" was the general exclamation the moment their eyes fell on the caged ruffian.

Tim offered no resistance, and made no attempt to escape. He was completely chafffallen, and didn't know what to say. In a few minutes the officer arrived, and he was taken into custody. They, of course, found the squire's money upon his person, and he was hurried off to the village lock up, to await an examination. Here he was fully committed, and had to await trial. His trial soon followed; he was convicted, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

As for Polly, our brave little heroine, one of the squire's men, a likely and good-looking young fellow, fell desperately in love with her, partly for her pretty face, and partly out of admiration for her bravery, and married her from the squire's residence the ensuing Christmas. The squire gave her a marriage dower of a hundred dollars, and many other presents that were acceptable for housekeeping.—New York Weekly.

Arranged Alphabetically.

So great an authority on circus matters as Tody Hamilton vouches for the truthfulness of the following story. It was with an English provincial circus, and business had been bad. Finally the performers, with a tumbler named Zeno at their head, went to the management and insisted on receiving their back pay. They were put off repeatedly. A definite date was at last promised, but the time arrived and still there was no money. Zeno expostulated. Whereupon the management explained that it had commenced to pay salaries, commencing with the names beginning with A, and so on, but that the money had run out somewhere in the N's. The company walked home.

A year later Zeno appeared at the offices of the circus and asked for an engagement.

"Certainly," said the manager. "We will take you on at an increased salary. Now let me enter your name. Mr. Zeno, is it not?"

"One moment," said the performer. "This year my name is Ajax."

An Interesting Document.

Probably the first treaty of peace to be typewritten is the South African document. The signatures of the Boer leaders form an interesting part of it. They are all in different styles. Louis Botha's is described as being in a fine hand, and though the others are somewhat rougher, Delarey's is the roughest of all. He has spelled his name split into three syllables, de la Rey. Christian de Witt is also spelled with a small d.

Nature Beats Culture.

It has been discovered that the wild silk worm produces a silk with more luster than does the pampered worm of captivity. The silkworms, says an article in the New York Herald, are up on silk culture claim that the tame worm has lost much of its power because it is taken care of so well.

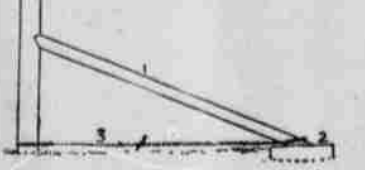
The Farm

Effects of Transportation.

It will not injure the eggs for hatching if they are properly packed. In fact, an egg can stand more jarring than is supposed. Eggs have been shaken with the hand until they were apparently "churned," and yet they hatched. There is no vacuum in a fresh egg, and it is a difficult matter to shake one so as to injure it. Many have tested the jarring of eggs under a hen by passing railroad trains, also the effects of thunder storms, but have never known injury to result from such causes. Poultry can be sent by express with safety to almost any point, especially if killed and dressed, and particularly in winter. Poultry and eggs reach the market nearly as soon as will a letter by mail.—Mirror and Farmer.

A Fence End Finish.

The accompanying sketch simplifies the end and covers fence post question, and for effectiveness and stay-there ability none can excel, also for cheapness of labor and material. First essential is a proper sized post. No. 1, brace twelve feet long, four by four, of good, durable material, mitted at



both ends to fit bearings snugly. No. 2, stone of good size and flat, firmly embedded in ground. No. 3, four strands No. 3 wire, proper length, or two single wires double length from post to end of brace, securely fastened to end of brace and to post, as shown; draw tight and use stick to twist until all slack is taken up.—Edwin E. Townsend, in The Epitomist.

Begin Feeding Roots.

Roots, such as carrots, turnips, mangels and potatoes, may be fed profitably to cows, swine, sheep and poultry. In feeding to sheep it is best to start in with a small quantity until they are used to them, else they are apt to have scour. There are many ways of feeding the roots, but, as a rule, they should be fed by themselves and in rather small quantities, more as an appetizer than anything else. In feeding them to poultry, it is a good plan to feed one lot chopped up in very small pieces and mixed with grain, like corn meal.

It is a good plan to cook small potatoes and mix them in the bran mash which is fed in the morning. Another day a lot of carrots chopped small, about the size of a kernel of corn, this to be fed at noon in the trough, followed by a smaller feed than usual of grain scattered through the chaff on the scratching shed floor. In feeding to hogs put the roots in the trough without any slop and in pieces of quite good size, for the hogs prefer to have them this way. An occasional feed of roots from now on until spring will do the stock a great deal of good.

Victoria Swine.

The Victoria is a composite breed of comparatively modern origin. There are two distinct branches of breeds that are called Victorias and have originated from two different sources and molded into a breed by two different individuals. The older branch was originated in Saratoga County, New York, by Colonel Frank D. Curtis, and was named after a breed as early as 1850. It was made up of a combination of the blood of the Greater, Byfield, Yorkshire and Suffolk. These bear a close resemblance to the Suffolk, except the lack of a deep dish-in-face.

The other was originated by George Davis, Dyer, Lake County, Indiana. They are the outcome of the amalgamation of the Poland China, Chester Whites, Berkshires and Suffolks. They were called a breed as early as 1870. They appeared at the fairs in Indiana and Illinois, and at the Fat Stock Show in Chicago, in 1878. They were acknowledged as a distinct breed by the Illinois State Board of Agriculture in 1882. Since that time they have been quite successful winners at the Fat Stock Show, Chicago, and have received recognition from several other State organizations.

The Victoria Swine Breeders' Association was organized in 1888. In 1887 the first volume of the register was published and two subsequent volumes have followed. From the small beginnings the number of animals recorded has reached beyond 1900, which shows that the breed is growing in popularity. When we consider that only stock that is or likely to be kept for breeding will be placed on record, it is a good showing.

The Victorias seem to occupy a position distinctively their own and are not close imitations of the other breed. In size they are not equal to the Poland China, but somewhat larger than some of the so-called breeds, depending greatly on the individual in whose hands they are reared. It is claimed that they are easily adapted to surrounding conditions, and thrive either in field or pen. We conclude from a close examination and study of them that they are fattened at any age. The superior feeding qualities, as well as the quality of their meat, have been proven by their winnings, in both live and dead classes, at the Fat Stock Shows at Chicago.

In general appearance the Victorias are strong and growthy, and in the typical specimens are quite symmetrical in outline. They are not quite so large as the Berkshires, nor do they seem to, as yet, equal them in uniformity. They are white, while the Berkshires is black, with white points. The originator once declared that he had "produced the model hog, guaranteed to reproduce itself white."—Detroit Free Press and Livestock Journal.

Vest Hides in Corn.

The greatest hoard of the yellow metal ever gathered in any country could not buy one year's harvest of the American corn and wheat. To buy one season's corn crop would take all the gold mined in this country in six years. In the last seven years all the gold mines have produced only enough to buy one year's yield of our six leading cereals.

Sheep on the Farm.

Many stock farms have no sheep on them at all and there seems to be no good reason for this, especially on farms that are adapted to sheep growing. After long experience in breeding and raising stock the writer believes that sheep are one of the most profitable animals that can be raised on the

Timely Fashion Hints

New York City.—Fancy waists made with a suspender suggestion are among the novelties of the season and are singularly attractive in the soft



and pliable materials of fashion. This one includes also a waistcoat effect and sleeves of the latest style. As it is constructed the material is champagne-colored chiffon veiling combined with shiffon velvet and erca lace, but there are many others that can be substituted. The little frill that falls below the suspenders is peculiarly graceful and is made of lace of a finer, softer sort than is used for the chemisette and waistcoat.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, chemisette, waistcoat, full por-

ways of velvet and are worn with skirts of different material of silk, chiffon, lace, net, frequently embroidered or painted. A beautiful Louis coat recently exhibited is of amethyst velvet, a very deep rich shade, and made up with a vest of twilight blue gauze embroidered in silver thread and blue jewelry. The coat was cut to reach the belt only in front, but with coat tails at the back that set out jauntily from the hips. The wide coat sleeves had a deep turn up Louis cuff, turning back from the vest, instead of the usual Louis lapsels, were cascades of velvet.—Rockester Post-Express.

A Charming Costume.

A charming black chiffon velvet costume shows a narrow emplacement of sapphire blue velvet around the shoulders just below the yoke of point lace, which is not over two inches in depth. The stock is of this same exquisite lace.

Kid Walking Boots.

Dull kid walking boots this season are very low cut. Large buttons and medium Cuban heels are seen on those of the best make. Beaded slippers are pretty for house wear.

Child's Party Dress.

Little girls are always charming wearing frocks that fall from the shoulders, giving unbroken lines. This one is especially attractive, and is adapted to dancing school or party wear, but can be rendered simple enough for every day occasions by choosing plainer material. As illustrated it is made of pale pink chiffon veiling, and is trimmed with erca lace and bandings of velvet ribbon. It can, however, be reproduced in muslins as well as in simple wools and silks, and the frills can be of the ma-

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



tion and suspenders, the closing being made at the centre front and left shoulder seam. The sleeves are shirred at their upper portions and again at the seams' edges, and are arranged over fitted foundations which hold the fullness in place. The belt is wide, in girle style, and to fit the suspenders are attached.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and one-quarter yards twenty-one, four and three-quarter yards twenty-seven, or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eight yards of all-over lace for chemisette, one and one-eighth yards of velvet for waistcoat and belt, one and three-quarter yards of lace edging and three-quarter yards for frill as illustrated.

Black Lace and Red Roses.

A black lace gown recently seen had a skirt veiled with deep flounces and a belted coat of the lace, which was cut out at the front so as to show an unlined square in the centre at the top; the sides were turned back in reverse, and at the top of each revers, on a line running a little below the top of the shoulders, was a section of black satin having a large red rose in it; these were appliqued on. At the bottom where the revers turned back, also, and well to the sides, each corner showed a rose of the same hue, but larger than those at the top. There was a narrow girde of black velvet ribbon with a cut steel buckle at the back, belting the coat in. The sleeves were close at the top, and ended a trifle below the elbows in two overlapping and wide ruffles. Long, black gloves were worn. The small round white felt hat had its crown wreathed by large red roses, with but little foliage.

Coat Variations.

Some charming little variations of Louis XVI. coats are being shown for dressy afternoon affairs. They are al-

