

THE SONG OF THE WIND

Who hath an eye to find me?
Who hath a claim to bind me?
My haunts are earth's fair forests, fields and
sea.
I break the sunlight into dancing flakes,
And blur the pictured dreams of sleeping
lakes,
Hither and thither going where I please.
Men see not, but they hear me;
They love me, yet they fear me.
All nature breathes and moves at my com-
mand.
Sometimes I dally with a mother's tresses,
Or bear faint odors from far wildernesses,
Then strew with wrecks the desolated land.
Well may the woman tremble
When I with suddenness
For ever a spirit had such changing moods,
From waiting heavenward the white-
winged ships
Under prodigious skies, I seize my whips
And lash the tempests from their solitude,
Who hath an eye to find me?
Who hath a claim to bind me.
The vagrant roamer of the homeless sky?
Before the heavy mountains were, I lived;
For ages murmuring through their pines
have groined.
That labors of all things never shall die.
—J. P. Ritter, Jr., in *Delford's Magazine*.

THE SOUDANESE SPY.

BY WILLIAM M. GRAYSON.

"Listen, Bruce, what's that?" and Chris-
tison raised his hand with a gesture of
silence and looked at me intently. Then
we both dropped our eyes and rushed
out in the door of the Embassy.

A gun-shot, plain and unmistakable,
had echoed through the night air, and
we certainly had heard a faint cry.

But in the dreary street all was quiet,
and the solitary electric lamp reflected no
shadows save our own on the pavement
of the British Embassy, while the palace
across the way, with its coral fountains and
massive carved gates, showed no signs of
life.

Then a gun went off, a drum began to
rattle loudly, arms clashed, hurrying foot-
steps echoed on the stones, and shouts
were given and answered. I listened in
speechless astonishment, and then rushed
back for my cap and sword. It was best
to be prepared, though what possible
ground for alarm existed I could not see.
Sunkin was protected by a line of sentries
that extended a mile beyond the town.
No signal had come from the out-
skirts, yet here was this turmoil in the
very midst of the European quarter.

As I hurried back to the door the great
palace gates swung open and a squad of
Egyptian soldiers trooped out, their
swarthy faces shining under their crimson
caps. Close behind them, escorted by
several officers, came a tall, dark-skinned,
looking man. He was bareheaded and
held an unsheathed sword in his hand.

I recognized him at first sight as Ach-
med Ras, the Egyptian Governor of Sunkin.
He glanced up and down the
street and then hurried across to the Em-
bassy.

"You are a British officer?" he said,
breathless with excitement.

Captain Dugdale, of the Ninth Dra-
goons, at your command, Your Excellency,"
I said, briefly.

"Thank you. I am in need of your
services. An Arab prisoner, a captured
spy of the Mahdi, has made his escape.
My stupid soldiers are to blame. The
fellow has been gone some time now, and
it is important he be retaken, for he has
stolen valuable plans of the town and
fortifications. I fear my soldiers can do
little, but if your dragoons will scour the
plain—"

"Your Excellency," I interrupted,
"what you desire shall be done at once."
I mounted my horse, waved a hasty
salute, and galloped off down the narrow
street, leaving Achmed Ras and Carrison
hobnobbing together on the steps of the
Embassy, for Carrison was the British
Ambassador at Sunkin. The hot blood
was coursing madly through my veins, for
I had only been at Sunkin a week, and
the faintest touch of excitement was in-
tensely welcome.

I remembered, too, having seen this
escaped Arab only a few days previous,
when he was being led captive through
the streets of the town—a great black
giant, with muscular, brawny limbs and
his black locks hanging in curls down his
shoulders.

I spurred rapidly through the town,
crossed the peninsula to the mainland,
where the troops were quartered side by
side with the native population, and soon
the bugle call to arms was floating out on
the night air, and the jingling of spurs
and the tramping of hoofs were heard on
all sides. A few brief, concise orders
and we galloped out onto the desert and
scattered over the sandy plain. Chances
were in my favor, for the moon was com-
ing up slowly, and the enemy's outposts,
where alone the Arab could find safety,
were at that time three miles beyond the
town.

Not a stone or bush or a mound of
sand escaped scrutiny. The men were
widely scattered, clinging far to the north
and to the south and drawing steadily
nearer to the enemy's lines.

I galloped straight across the plain,
closely attended by a solitary trooper, a
brave fellow named Tom Fraser. I kept
as far as possible in the direction I judged
the fugitive had taken and I hoped to
have the pleasure of capturing him my-
self, for the trampling of my horse was
muffled by the drifted sand and would
not betray my approach until I should be
close upon him.

A mile and a half from the town lay a
belt of deserted intrusions from which
the enemy had been driven a month
or so previous. As we approached these
we slackened our speed and began to look
for a suitable crossing place. The British
soldiers had leveled them in places, and
one of these points we soon found, a
break in the trench with a gentle slope
on either side. We rode slowly down
into the hollow, and as our horses were
commencing to ascend again Fraser sud-
denly tugged fiercely at my arm.

"Look, Captain, look!" he whispered
excitedly, and as I followed the range of
his outstretched hand I saw a sight that

made my heart leap. Off to the south ex-
tended the trenches in one unbroken con-
tinuation, their mounds of sand rigid and
exact, and outlined sharply in the moon-
light against the right hand wall of earth
was a swiftly moving shadow. Even as
we looked the specter vanished around a
curve and we saw it no more.

We pulled our horses' heads round and
dashed down the trench side by side, for
it was fully wide enough for three horse-
men to ride abreast.

We thundered on in silence. I clutched
the reins tightly with one hand and with
the other I held my saber. The Arab
was unarmed and I would take him alive,
I thought, and lead him back in triumph
to Sunkin. This all passed through my
mind in an instant and then we galloped
round the curve and saw our prey in
full view before us. He was struggling
along painfully and limping as though
one leg was hurt. The moon shone full
upon him, and to my surprise I saw
that he carried a great shield and one of
those enormous double-edged swords
which these Arabs use with such terrible
effect. He had doubtless found them in
the trench.

We called on him to surrender, but he
never even turned until as we were close
upon him he suddenly whirled around
in desperation and confronted us mem-
berly. We drew our sabers and dashed
upon him.

Just here, extending full across the
trench, was a rugged depression, caused
probably by an exploding shell.

This we failed to see, and, while
Fraser's horse leaped it gallantly, my
animal stumbled and fell, and down I
went, partly beneath him.

I tried to rise, but my ankle was badly
sprained, and, with a cry of pain, I
dropped down behind the horse. Then I
forgot every thing in what I saw going on
before me. The Arab had retreated
against the wall and was fiercely keeping
Fraser at bay. Their swords clashed
until the sparks flew, and Fraser's heavy
strokes were intercepted by the Arab's
leathern shield.

They fought on in silence and in the
moonlight I saw the Arab's face, the eyes
sparkling with hatred and the white teeth
clashed in deadly determination. Clash
after clash rang on the night air. Sud-
denly Fraser spurred on his horse and
dealt a fearful blow at the Arab's ex-
posed head, but quick as a flash the great
sword flew up, and the short saber strik-
ing full and forcibly against the awful
edge, broke off close beside the hilt and
lay shining on the sand at their feet.
What followed I can never forget. It
will haunt me to my dying day.

Fraser threw up his right hand, with
the broken hilt, and with the left reached
for his revolver, and then, as I looked
on, stupid with horror, the Arab raised
his great sword aloft with both hands,
and with all the force of his desperate
strength he hurled it forward like a
cannonball.

The gleaming blade flashed the moon-
light from its edge and crashed with an
awful sound through poor Fraser's head,
cleaving its way through the skull and
between the shoulders and on down
through the back until its point fairly
touched the rear of the saddle.

Split in twain from head to waist the
poor fellow dropped to the ground with-
out a cry, and his plunging steel trum-
pled over the body and then galloped in
mad fright down the trench.

Wholly engrossed in this awful scene,
I forgot my own peril, and only realized
it fully when the Arab, bracing himself
against the wall of the trench, began to
drag his sword out of Fraser's body.
With a shudder I reached for my pistol,
and grew faint for an instant when I re-
membered that it lay under the horse in
the holster. I was wholly at the Arab's
mercy. The wretch was still tugging at
the sword, and seemed unable to loosen
it. If only I had my pistol how nicely I
could bring him down.

All at once I saw something glimmer in
one of Fraser's outstretched hands, and
the sight of it gave me a thrill of hope.
It was his revolver, which he had suc-
ceeded in grasping just before the blow
fell.

If I could reach it before the Arab
could extricate his sword, I was saved, I
felt—Fraser's fate would be mine. I
gritted my teeth, seized my saber firmly
and rose erect. The Arab saw me, and,
with a savage imprecation to Allah he
threw himself on the sword with a terrible
effort. Still I clung to Fraser's body,
and then, as I leaped toward him, forget-
ful of my sprained ankle, and flourished
my sabre fiercely, he grabbed his shield
and fell back a few yards, keeping on the
defensive. I uttered a loud shout to in-
timidate him, and then bent over poor
Fraser. He still held the pistol, but his
grip was like iron. I gave a strong pull
and then another, and just as his stiffened
fingers loosened their clasp my injured
ankle asserted itself and I fell heavily to
one side. The wary Arab was watching
his chance and before I could even turn
he leaped on me like a tiger and we rolled
over in the sand splashing through a pool
of Fraser's crimson life-blood.

The Arab had clutched at my throat,
but missed it and claspng each other's
shoulders we floundered about the trench,
now one uppermost and now the other.
With clenched teeth, and struggling for
breath we fought on desperately, knowing
that one or the other must die. I could
feel the Arab's hot breath upon my neck
and his huge brass carings clapping
against my cheeks. I still held the pistol
tightly in my left hand. If I could only
get a chance to use it! Very foolishly I
relaxed my grasp a brief second and in
that lightning-like interval the Arab
seized the advantage and fastened both
his brawny hands firmly on my throat.

In vain I struggled and strove to turn,
the bony fingers were pressing my wind-
pipe and the hideous face was glaring
into mine with a mocking snarl.

I was choking, suffocating—all sense
was leaving me.

Must I die thus? It was horrible.
With a fearful effort, the strength that
madness alone can give, I twisted the
Arab sideways. My left arm was free.

My hand still clutched the pistol. I
raised it with a jerk. I put the muzzle
to his ear, with the last atom of strength
I pulled the trigger, and as the stunning
report echoed through the trench with

thundering reverberations everything grew
black and dim.

Attracted by the pistol-shot, they
found us there half an hour later, still
locked in a close embrace. My uniform
was spattered with the Arab's blood.
Messengers were sent to Sunkin for
stretchers, and while waiting the body
of my desperate foe was buried
beside him in the trench, and
beside him was laid my horse, whose
neck had been broken in the fall.
We marched mournfully back to Sunkin,
and the next day poor Fraser was laid to
rest in the English cemetery on the shores
of the Red Sea. I've been in many a skir-
mish with the Arabs since, but that night
in the trenches outside Sunkin was the
closest call I ever had, and as a living re-
membrance I have kept that great two-
edged sword which split Tom Fraser
nearly in half before my very eyes.—
Chicago Times.

A Spanish Bull Fight.

We arrived at Madrid on time for a
bull-fight, writes Mrs. Sherwood in the
New York World. The first sight of the
crowded circus, the grand Coliseum,
the thousands of spectators, the music,
the flags, is all very inspiring. The
entrance of two cavaliers on horseback
with their hats and collars a la Velasquez
is extremely pretty. They ride round
the ring, and crying to the Governor,
they demand of him the key to the cell
where the bull is kept. This is sent
down by a page in a gaudy attire.

Then the trumpets are sounded, and
the picadores, matadores and torreadors
enter, two and two, in their beautiful
dresses—one of the most picturesque
groups possible. Then come the mules,
gayly caparisoned, who are to drag out
the bulls and dead horses. The picad-
ores, on their sorry steeds, not unlike
Rosalinde, are then placed at intervals
along the sides, while the men ad-
vance with a moreturi to substat air
and bow to the Governor. It is all very
gladitorial, very pretty, quite touching.
The trumpets sound and the gentle-
man with the key advances to the cell
from which have been issuing ominous
groans and howlings. The door is
opened; the men jump over the wall.

The bull enters.

A magnificent creature, fresh from
Andalusian pastures, and his surprise as
he stopped and looked around was most
innocent and touching, and babylike.
My heart was for him from the first.
Then the matadores began to frighten
and enrage him by throwing their red
shawls at him and putting arrows in his
back. Then the cruel sport of sending
the picadores at him. He disemboweled
the poor horses; we saw three left dead
on the sand. Finally the Grand Tor-
reador arrived, and we saw him really
perform some acts of desperate courage
with the crazy, crazed animal, whom
he kills with his sword. By this time
we were too sick and faint to move, but
the populace was in raptures, ladies
threw their handkerchiefs to the hand-
some torreador, who wrapped himself in
his cloak and smoked a cigarette. Then
the mules came in and dragged out the
dead horses and the poor dead bull.

Then the doors opened again, and a
bull so beautiful that he might be he
who carried off Europa—a mouse-colored
bull, perfectly full of anger and fight—
was led into the arena. He was destined
to be killed by Frasuelo, the darling of
Madrid, the prize bull-fighter, the man
who makes \$60,000 a year. We did not
stay to see this; we were dragged out,
almost as ignominiously as the poor dead
horses and bull, and some of us have
been ill ever since. But if you come to
Spain to see the people, the institutions,
the local color, you must see a bull-
fight—a horrible, brutal, cowardly busi-
ness; a wretched degradation of human-
ity; but throwing a light on the
poverty, the cruelty and the lack of
civilization of a people who should
stand at the head of Europe's civiliza-
tion, but who stand at the very root of it,
so far as the lower classes are concerned.
I am very glad I shall never see an-
other.

The Humble German Soldier.

We saw recently a little squad dawd-
ling along in their uniforms through the
heat, the most ambitious, hot, weary or
lazy souls, dragging one foot after the
other as if a cannon ball were attached to
each, writes a Berlin correspondent.
"Poor fellows," we thought, "how plainly
every line about them tells the oppression
and misery of the whole brutal system!"
When all at once, to our amazement, they
stiffened up like ramrods, flung one leg
out in front at an angle of forty-five de-
grees with force enough to kick down a
rampart, and then brought the heel of
the ironclad member down upon the
pavement like a blacksmith's hammer,
the sparks flying in all directions.
We looked on in amazement, wondering
what had happened to them, when in the
distance appeared a diminutive corporal,
the occasion of the whole excitement.

The same awe of their superiors runs
through the entire German army. A com-
mon soldier having his boots blacked
will instantly stand aside, before the
operation is completed, as a corporal
steps up. He in turn gives place to an
officer, and in a few minutes three of
these accommodating individuals are
standing in a row, bolt upright, with
their trousers turned up, and each one
with a boot blacked. When the fourth
has been served he passes along with
dignity, and each of the other three takes
his turn in regular order until the com-
mon soldier is finally reached.

Cure for Corns.

One of the deadliest enemies of the
chiropractor is a short and simple recipe
which soon brings relief and immunity
from the exasperating agony which is too
sadly familiar. Take equal parts of car-
bolic acid and glycerine and paint the
corn every night with a camel's hair
brush, first bathing and carefully drying
the foot. This treatment, if patiently con-
tinued, is a certain remedy. It also gives
great relief from soreness caused by ex-
cessive walking if the mixture is applied
to the soles of the feet.—*Commercial Ad-
vertiser*.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

STIFF NECK IN A COLT.

Any injury to the muscles of the neck
may cause stiffness; an injury to the
spinal cord, which passes through the
vertebrae of the neck, will have the same
effect. By throwing a colt for an opera-
tion by means of a rope around the neck,
such injury as would produce this stiff-
ness can scarcely be avoided. To throw
a colt safely proceed as follows: Put
strong straps or noosed ropes around the
pasterns, gradually draw these together,
and push the colt over on a thick bed of
straw; then tie the feet fast and proceed
with the operation.—*New York Times*.

ABOUT CUTTING ASPARAGUS.

A cultivator of this delicious vegetable
says that it is bad practice in cutting
asparagus to leave the small shoots that are
not large enough for use. The better way
is to cut all off clean, until the middle of
June. Then all cutting should cease,
and the plants be allowed to make their
summer growth. The old practice of
planting the roots deeply below the sur-
face, and cutting the shoots as soon as
they pushed through the ground, with
barely a green tip, is exploded. Green
and not bleached is the asparagus for
flavor. All weeds should be kept down
and the soil stirred enough to be at all
times loose and friable on the surface.

CULTIVATE FRUIT TREES.

All fruit trees succeed best with culti-
vation, but there is more than one way
of cultivation. I have planted a row of
quinces along an open ditch one-fourth
mile long, where the plow and cultivator
cannot go. I first laid down around each
tree a mulch of potato vines, then having
many loads of stones that were picked
from the meadows and lerry fields, and
no other use for them, I made a stone
pile over the mulch, close about the trees
and three feet distant. These stones are
equal to cultivation as far as they go.
The soil under a stone pile, if always
loose and moist and free from grass or
weeds, what better cultivation is needed?
As the trees grow larger the limits of the
stone pile should be extended. I con-
sider this even better than ordinary culti-
vation, for the roots of the quince feel
near the surface, and are injured by
cultivation and severe winters if unprotected
by such mulch.—*Green's Fruit Grower*.

ORCHARD STARVATION.

From the orchards of a single small
neighborhood the waste fruit ground for
cider yields from 200 to 500 bushels of
apple seed to the nursery trade yearly.
In a good year for fruit the crop of seed
in apples and stony fruits equals or ex-
ceeds the average crop of wheat in the
same locality. And then the leafage,
year by year carried away by the winds
of autumn, removes a large amount of
choice and necessary minerals extracted
from the soil by the roots. Added to
this is much of the same matter with-
drawn from the soil and deposited per-
manently in the wood growth.

Most of the complaint of the un-
profitableness of orcharding comes from
ignoring the demands of the crop upon
the soil, and of the soil, thus weakened,
upon the orchardist. An underfed or-
chard is apt to prove as unprofitable as
an underfed animal. The fruit is scanty
in quantity, size and quality, and such
fruit is getting less and less profitable
every year. According to my experience
orchards must receive as good culture
and as much manure as a grain field;
and when they get it will pay as well
as, or rather better than, most other
crops.—*Orchard and Garden*.

REMOVING STUMPS.

It is no easy matter to remove green
stumps from a newly cleared field, and to
do so at once for any considerable num-
ber will be found to cost more than the
use of the land they occupy will be
worth, until they have decayed so that
their removal by fire or otherwise will be
comparatively easy. Stumps that have
partly decayed roots can often be twisted
out by placing the largest end of a
long and stout piece of timber against
the side of the stump and chaining it
fast, then with a team at the other end of
the lever pulling in the direction of a
circle around it. A method that has
been recommended is to bore a hole as
deep as you can down to the centre of the
stump in the fall, and put in two ounces
of saltpetre and plug it up. In the
spring remove the plug and fill with kero-
sene oil, and afterward ignite it. This,
it is said, will cause the stump to smoul-
der away entirely. The experiment is
one that can be easily tried. There is no
doubt that saturating a seasoned stump
with oil by boring into it or otherwise
will greatly facilitate its burning. As a
general thing it will be found best to
leave green stumps to season and then
destroy them as fast as you can with fire.
Stumps are expeditiously blown out with
dynamite, but few farmers care to handle
this explosive. When expense is no ob-
ject patent stump pullers may be resorted
to.—*New York Sun*.

TREATMENT OF YOUNG CHICKENS.

The young chickens should not be
stinted in their diet until after the downy
coverings have gone, and a good coat of
feathers has appeared. The moulting sea-
son is another critical time in their lives,
and if they are not generously supplied
with good wholesome food they are liable
to sicken and die from little exposure or
change in the weather. The strong tis-
sues of the body are now being formed,
and they should be liberally supplied
with egg-shells, oyster-shells, or bones.
Their craving for such food will manifest
itself at once. The egg-shells should be
dried before the fire, and then ground as
finely as corn-meal. The oyster and clam-
shells should be pounded and crushed in
the same way. The bones should be burnt
and crushed as far as possible, and the
whole mixed up together, if distributed
around the yard where the chickens have
been accustomed to find food they will

eat freely of this mixture every day. To
be very particular about the food it would
be an improvement upon this plan to mix
the ground shells and bones with corn-
meal, and cook the meal before the fire.
Add a little linsed meal, and feed the
chicks with it every morning. Such a
diet as this supplies the chickens not sim-
ply with fat, but with the elements neces-
sary for the growth of feathers, bone and
muscle. If they are not allowed to roam
about in woods and fields they should
have chopped-up fresh vegetables.
Usually the tops of vegetables that are
thrown away before using on the table
will do for this. Such a diet, I think,
will answer all purposes, and give the
young chickens a good start in life, which
is necessary for their future growth.—
Washington Star.

CELERY IN BEDS.

The ordinary distances at which celery
is planted is in rows from three to three
and a half feet apart, with at least three
plants to the foot in the rows. At these
distances celery large enough for all prac-
tical purposes can be raised, provided the
soil is sufficiently rich, and proper atten-
tion is given in the cultivation and earth-
ing-up. As will readily be seen, a row
of twenty-five feet will give as many
stalks as will be required for an ordinary
family. But there are cases where the
land for even this quantity cannot be
spared, or where the celery is not so
much wanted for the table as for soups,
stews, and the like, where size of stalks
is no object. In this case we have suc-
ceeded well in growing a part of the crop
in beds. For example, a piece of land
selected, say, 3x20, can easily be made to
grow 150 celery plants of quite sufficient
size for the purposes mentioned, and, in-
deed, that will also do for the table, at a
pinch.

First, the soil may as well be taken out
three or four inches deep and laid to the
side two feet six inches wide. This will
afterward be useful in furnishing soil, for
partial earthing up. Except in very rich
soil, a good coating of manure should be
spaded into this trench, and then the bed
is ready for the plants. The planting will
be time enough in July. Three rows may
be planted in this bed one foot apart, and
the plants set four inches from each other.
All that is necessary during the summer
is to keep the weeds down, and the soil
occasionally stirred.

As it is supposed that this crop is
mainly for fall and winter use, it is no
necessary to do anything until the end of
September or October, and then only suf-
ficient to keep the stalks well together, it
being well known that for late keeping
celery is better not to be thoroughly
bleached when put away. As a part of
the crop may be wanted for first use,
there is nothing to prevent one end of the
bed from being earthed up and got ready
for use first, selecting as many as are likely
to be wanted. Of course, where a great
quantity is grown, where land is no ob-
ject, this method is not likely to be much
followed. But among such as have only
little land, and yet want to make the most
of it, we commend the foregoing to their
consideration. It will be seen that land
for this purpose is not wanted until some
of the early crops are ready to clear off.—
Prairie Farmer.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

For scaly legs nothing is so certain a
cure as kerosene, but it should be used
very carefully and sparingly, as it
bleaches the skin and destroys the
natural color.

One of the largest horse breeders in
the country is now using ensilage, and
some farmers report that they have
wintered their pigs on it with very little
grain in addition.

Joseph Huston advises that at the birth
of pigs the mother should be given mea-
sure of some kind, such as cracklings or
bacon—this as a preventive against her
devouring her pigs.

If the hen lays one egg a week she will
pay all expenses of keep. Every egg
over is profit. The greater the number
of eggs secured the lower the cost of
each egg proportionately.

Farmers who have never trained them-
selves to be methodical, exact and intel-
ligent in their ways of doing farm work,
might as well give up the dairy business
first as last, or adopt method.

Last year when the price of potatoes
was very low a Dundee farmer put a lot
of them among chaff at the bottom of a
silo. When it was opened the other day
they were as fresh as when they were
dug.

Prices for choice mutton, especially for
well fattened spring lambs, have been
quite good during the past year, and
the prospect of an increased consumptive
demand augurs well for the future of the
skillfully managed flock.

What is the best breed, is a question
that cannot be settled. It is a question
of soil, habits, tastes, markets and other
circumstances, the question to be settled
by each individual for himself, and not
for his neighbor or the public.

Corn is still king. Tests of a number
of new foreign plants last season at the
Michigan Agricultural College, led Pro-
fessor Johnson to the belief that, com-
pared with Indian corn they are of little
value, and he advises farmers to stick to
that cheap and inexpensive though luxu-
riant native of our country.

"Let any dairyman who finds it neces-
sary to keep several skimmings of cream,
to collect enough for a churning, ob-
smerge it until a sufficient quantity is ob-
tained, then ripen it all at once, and my
word for it he will find a safe, practical
and profitable solution of the oxidation,
straw, stirring bug-bear," says John
Boyd, in *Country Gentleman*.

Among insects that are the farmer's
friends and do great good in killing in-
sect pests, Professor A. J. Cook mentions
the yellow jackets, the large white-faced
wasps and the solitary mud-wasps (usu-
ally black, or black and brown, or blue-
black or blue); the ground-beetles,
which are usually black, with long legs,
and destroy hosts of cut-worms, white
grubs, etc., and the little yellow, round-
body-bird beetles, which feed upon plan-
lice and other insects.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A Charlestown (Mass.) man claims to
prove that the earth is flat and that the
water.

The illumination of the dome and
cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, usually re-
quires over 200 men.

The master and engineer of a trading
steamer on the Columbia River, Oregon,
are husband and wife.

A fifteen-year-old boy of Fitchburg,
Conn., has trained six sheep to harness
and drives them daily about the village.

The machinery palace of the
Exposition is 1400 feet long and the
largest building ever constructed with
a single roof.

The fortune of the richest man in New
South Wales, Sydney Burdick, lies
in pawnbroking. He is worth several
millions of dollars.

A "sandwich man," in New York
parlance, is a man who walks along
streets between two advertising signs,
strapped over his shoulders.

Windmills are said to have been origi-
nally introduced into Europe by the
Knights of St. John, who took them
from what they had seen in the
islands.

Sea lions are so plentiful on the coast
of California this year as to be a bur-
den, especially to fishermen, while the
barking annoys the farmers for two
islands.

In China grief is associated with
white dress, in Ethiopia with brown,
Turkey with violet, and in Egypt
yellow. Thoroughly civilized nations
affect the black.

A rustic chair, bought by a
York, Penn., was made of
crus wood, and a few years ago
framed it to put forth many
some an inch long.

Mathematics has its oddities.
Multiplication of 987,654,321 by
gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing
order and multiplying 44,444,444,445
by 987,654,321 gives 44,444,444,445.
A result equally odd is obtained
5,555,555,505.

Judge J. H. Gaston, of Meriwether
Ga., has jumped across a thirteenth
gully every birthday of his life for
years. The other day he was
five years old, and he made the
jump with perfect ease.

A man on Long Island, N. Y., has
a dog fish in a pond for twenty
years, and there is no sign of
worn out yet. He figures that the
dog fish who takes proper care of
itself is not less than forty years.

J. E. Vardeman, who died in
Ga., a few days ago, possessed a
differently retentive memory. He
the greater part of the Bible
and had a vast array of political
historical facts at his tongue's end.

Beekeepers at Independence,
County, Cal., complain that farmers
that they can see their bees ar-
riving not gathering honey. One man
live on a platform scale and
not increase in weight over a
week.

A curious feature in outside
reported from Eckington, York,
England, where a hen has hatched
chickens from one egg, both
being in a perfect state except that
are joined together on one side of
membranes of the wing.

A Montgomery (N. Y.) farmer
colt that has learned to ring the
bell by catching the rope in his
prancing back and forth. He knows
when to ring it—at daylight, when
the farm hands, and at noon, when
to dinner, and is never five minutes
or early.

Improved Reelins.

Major Baldwin, the Indian
the Piagan Agency, was said to
dition, prospects and general
the noble red men under his
the Major: "The Piagan Indians
good condition; they have
prospects and are making steady
gress. They have quit
Not a deprecation of their
property has been filed against
an act committed within the
years, although numerous
pending for robbery prior to
The Piagans have wholly
medicine lodge, or annual
of the worst institutions of India
of the cause of much crime. The
built sixty miles of fence
houses and farms, none of which
two years ago. They landed all
freight from Port Benton and
were paid in cash for doing so.
more honest, industrious and
than they ever were. We
meat from twenty to twenty-
beef steers among them and
I took charge of the agency
steers were killed weekly. We
cently are all better off. We
ten fine Norman stallions
good American mares, so as to
their stock. They have
machinery, mowers and
qualified to take care of them.
men in this country bear witness
improved condition. Many of
taken up lands in several
none has been allotted them
wish for such allotment
their tribal relations."
(Montana) Tribune.

A Humorous Plan.

A good-natured plant has
covered, one which has the
as *Punch* is supposed to feel
make people laugh. The
resembling a French bean
shape, and have a sweet
somewhat like opium and
odor. Small doses of the
seeds give rise to peculiar
The person laughs boisterously
dances and cuts up all kinds
an hour, when the subject
deep sleep of an hour or
awakens utterly unconscious
ridiculous behavior.—*London*