

THE SHEKELS AND THE CUP.

THANKSGIVING LINES.

Our grateful songs in rapture rise,
For blessings from propitious skies;
For golden harvests gathered here,
Where plenty's purple banner flies.
Unchallenged through the circling year,
For bread the toiler need not lack,
If at the plow he looks not back,
And winnows from the seed the tares
He'll find the shekels in his sack,
As Jacob's anxious sons found theirs.

Large is the loaf the harvest brings,
Fest for a continent of kings,
Are we not sovereigns lifted up?
Our nation's as the youngest born!
Like Benjamin's filled sack of corn,
Contains the shekels and the cup!

Summer on rapid wings has fled,
Leaves that were green are turning red;
The cheerful swallows southward soar;
But He who gives us daily bread
Has filled our basket and our store,
From teeming fields bronzed labor tilld
Our vaults and bins and barns are filled,
And we have learned to toil and trust,
The rain, in plentiful showers distilled,
Follows the just and the unjust.

—George W. Bungay.

A THANKSGIVING PIG.

BY ISABEL HOLMES MASON.



LIVE stood at the kitchen table getting Thanksgiving dinner under way, while Lolly handed her things from the closet, humming meanwhile in an undertone: "Four and twenty blackbirds bakin' in a pie."

The racing pell-mell overhead might have sounded like coits let loose but for girlish shouts and laughter.

"Goodness, what a noise!" Olive said, as Lolly handed her the box of summer savory. "Dan will be torn to pieces unless he turns upon them."

"He said the letter I brought him was from his best girl and they're tryin' to get it away from him," explained Lolly.

Olive was preparing her stuffing with keen housewife instinct as to relative quantities of "seasons" required. The creature to be stuffed stood on all fours on a table. Not a commonplace turkey but a pink-nosed little pig was to grace the occasion of her nephew Dan's unexpected return home after "sailing the seas over" seven years without a word to his relatives.

"Won't piggy roast a lovely brown!" Lolly said, as she watched the stuffing disappear.

"Yes, Dan will have a Thanksgiving feast this year," assented Olive.

The racket overhead increased. "If they could always keep heart-whole," Olive thought with a little sigh. "But we get our growth through suffering, I suppose."

A concealed regret, which had a fashion of working to the surface on festive occasions, was uppermost just now. But she was a blithe, cheery little woman with a talent for battling off dull thoughts, and so she laughed and said lightly: "Those girls make me think I am young again, Lolly."

As she spoke her eye wandered across the brown meadow to the Ellenwood homestead and then beyond it to the white house on the hill among the larches, where Squire Ashton lived, whom her friends wondered she did not marry. What was she waiting for? She was thirty-six now, fair and comely in comparison with some of the faded married women around her who had been her schoolmates, but it would not always be so fine to live alone on the old homestead as she had done since her father's death. Offers of marriage would not come to her door always. Her own view of the matter had begun to coincide with that of her friends. Squire Ashton was a widower of fifty, of kindly, noble nature, whom she liked cordially. He had wooed her two years, until now she was losing patience with her own indecision. Why was she hesitating? To be sure his presence never quickened her even pulses, but why should she expect the tumultuous expression of an earlier love?

"She had been on the border of saying 'yes' to his pleading at the very moment Dan's vigorous summons with the old-fashioned knocker on the front door had brought her out from the parlor in a hurry, to be caught in the arms of her roving nephew in a regular sailor's hug."

"Wait until Thanksgiving," she had said to Squire Ashton, removing her decision a week ahead.

Meanwhile, the six girls were chasing Dan round under the brown cobweb-bug rafters, he holding the letters aloft.

"Catch him! Head him off there!" they shouted.

Presently Dan, big, brown and full of true sailor jollity, changed from defensive to aggressive tactics. He set Bess on top of the spider-legged bureau in a bed of dust, tied Clara by the waist to a tall, four-posted bedstead with his handkerchief and seized a pair of old quilting frames to defend himself against Sue and Kate. His free motions with the "blaying pins" brought a swinging shelf of books to the floor, and "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Paradise Lost" and other classic sprawled amid a heap of dog-eared school-books in the dust.

"I see a letter slipping out from Robinson Crusoe!" Bess cried from her perch. Sue picked it up and turned it over.

"Why, it's addressed to Miss Olive Blossom and it's never been opened!" she exclaimed. "It looks awful old and yellow."

Dan examined it, then compared the handwriting with that on his own letter.

"The same, or I'm a landlubber," he muttered.

"Likely it's an old love letter," Clara suggested from her bedpost.

"And she never got it, just as happens in story-books," added Kate. "Let us get it under her dinner plate."



"HERE'S YOUR LOVE LETTER, AUNT OLIVE."

"No! no!" was Sue's veto. "Give it to me. I have an idea. Quick. She's coming up."

"Oh, it was the bookcase. I thought some one was hurt," said Olive, entering as Sue dashed out past her. "Poor father! how he used to pore over those books," she continued as she stopped to pick them up. "He had 'Paradise Lost' and 'Robinson Crusoe' by heart, I believe."

"Did he ever use them for letter boxes?" Bess called from the top of the bureau.

"Hush!" said Kate warningly.

"What do you mean?" asked Olive.

"Nothing," said Bess as Sue came back with an unconscious face. She had been down in the kitchen prospecting around the pink-nosed pig still on the table with stuffing incomplete, while Lolly, out of sight in the back porch, kept humming—

Four and twenty blackbirds
Bakin' in a pie.

"I must hurry down," said Olive. "Pick up the books, wont you, girls, and don't loosen the rafters!" she called back from the stairs with a wholesome recollection of her own romping days.

"What did you do with the letter?" they queried of Sue.

"That's my business,"

"You might tell me," coaxed Dan.

"You after leading us such a chase after your letter."

"There's nothing in it," said Dan, tossing it toward her.

She pulled the letter out of the envelope and read:

Yours at hand. Thanks for information. Shall see you later.

"No 'best girl' wrote that," said Bess.

"Not a duck nor a darling in it," added Sue in disgust: "but I'll tell you now what I did with the other letter just the same," and she whispered in his ear.

After freeing the captives Dan went down stairs, three at a time, to the kitchen, the girls trooping after him as their lawful prey.

There was a steam concert on the kitchen stove. Pudding, chicken, squash and cranberries, steaming, stewing, bubbling, "gurgling" with a harmony of sound truly inspiring. Lolly was heaping a glass dish with red and russet apples, Olive beating eggs and butter to a froth.

"How is the pig?" inquired Bess.

"Ready for a basting," returned Olive.

"Let me do it," Sue, spoon in hand, had opened the oven door.

"Oh, oh! how nice he is browning!" they all exclaimed.

"He looks fit for a marriage feast," Dan commented, with a sidelong glance at Olive.

"Do you want to furnish a bride?" inquired Olive.

"No a bridegroom," rejoined Dan, concisely.

"Squire Ashton is only waiting," Sue spoke up pertly.

"Hush," said Olive. "Sue, shut the oven door and let the pig sizzle to its heart's content."

"I could furnish a better bridegroom than Squire Ashton," Dan said, meaningly, with his weather eye on Olive's face.

"I wish you could head him off in some way," said Bess, inelegantly. "He wants to carry Aunt Olive to the house on the hill, and then good-bye to our fun."

"I'm not in the white house on the hill yet," said Olive shortly.

"I'll bet you never will be," declared Dan, boldly.

"Here's the summer savory all turned out on the table," said Olive, unheeding his remark, as she sat down her bowl of froth. "Lolly, what have you done with the box?"

"Never touched it," said Lolly.

Dan was regarding Olive with a mixture of admiration and affection.

"I tell you what, girls, Aunt Olive is prettier than any you," he said.

"Squire Ashton thinks she is the pink of perfection," spoke up Sue.

"Bother Squire Ashton!" Dan took a step toward Olive and kissed her cheek.

"You were always my boy, weren't you, Dan?" Olive said fondly.

"Always! You stood by me in many a scrape," returned Dan. "Aunt Olive," he continued, "if a chum, a particular friend of mine, should happen along about dinner time would you give him a welcome and a seat at the table?"

"Certainly I should," she returned. "Your friend would be my friend, of course."

Dan gave her a queer, searching look.

"Oh, that's it. The letter said, 'I'll see you later,'" commented Clara.

"I thought your letter was from your best girl," queried Olive.

"From my best friend," Dan corrected.

"I want you to like him. He's a big-hearted fellow. Pulled me through a hard place when he was an utter stranger to me. We got to be chums afterwards."

"Then he is welcome on his own account," said Olive.

"I hope so," returned Dan.

"Baste! It's time to baste!" cried Sue as the oven door swung open again.

The girls were detailed to look after the parlor and dining-room fires and to set the table. They set up a lively chatter, getting in each other's way continually, but what would Thanksgiving be

worth without a pleasant hubbub all round!

You should have seen the table about 3 o'clock, broad and inviting, dinner dishes with green turbaned groups under blue palm trees spread over the damask cloth, and blood-red beets, cranberry sauce and apples, making dishes of color all over it. Potatoes, changed from pink to brown, stood on the platter, garnished crisp and toothsome.

Dan's coming friend did not appear, though a place was set for him. But everything was done to a turn and it was voted they should sit down.

Dan attacked the four-footed dainty with carving tools, plates were passed round and filled and dinner went on swimmingly.

Olive felt uneasy. The moment of decision was drawing near. Her word once passed to Squire Ashton, there could be no backing out. She wished she might remove the day still further. And yet if she was going to marry him, why delay?

"A young porker is better than a turkey any day," said Dan unctuously.

"Aunt Olive is in love," said Sue, as she passed her plate down to Dan to be refilled. "She isn't eating a mouthful, Dan; scoot out some stuffing that's nice and hot, please."

"What in thunder is wedged in here?" exclaimed Dan, as he proceeded to "scoop," and a small tin box fell from the porker upon the platter with a jingle.

"The summer savory box," said Olive.

"Whose trick was that? I might have known—"

"Please send the box up on my plate," interrupted Sue.

Four and twenty boxes
Bakin' in a pie.

Bess chanted merrily.

She wrenched the cover from the box and took out the letter she had hidden there. "Here's your love letter, Aunt Olive," she said, passing it up to the head of the table.

Four and twenty love letters
Browning in a porker,

cried Clara.

"We found it in Robinson Crusoe's clutches," explained Sue.

With a puzzled frown Bess slipped her knife through the browned envelope and took out the letter. They saw her face change as she glanced over it.

"This was the message that came to her from the past:

DEAR OLIVE—Must the unkind war is of last evening be our last one? I am hot tempered and you are proud, but if I could see you once again before I sail you might reverse your decision. If I may come this evening hang your red shawl from your chamber window as a signal. If I cannot part from you as a lover I shall never come back again.

The look in Olive's face as she read the message hushed the voluble tongues of the girls effectually.

"A letter," she said to Dan with the ghost of a smile, "that I should have received ten years ago."

"Perhaps it reached you in the nick of time after all," he suggested cheerily. Olive shook her head negatively. This was the worst she had longed for after her quarrel with Philip Ellenwood long ago. She had been anxious to reverse her decision, but she was too proud to make the first venture. She had thought bitterly he did not care, and now here was his letter giving the lie to her doubt. She recalled the long, lonely tramp she had taken to battle down her feelings the day before he sailed. A messenger must have brought the note in her absence, and her father had slipped it between the pages of "Robinson Crusoe" and forgotten it. What a mockery it was now.

In proportion as Olive became grave Dan grew hilarious, and with his eye on her face told sea yarns in such happy style that the girls giggled until their sides ached.

The November evening closed in with a snow storm, and a lamp was brought before they got through with the nuts and raisins.

"I wonder what keeps—" Dan was beginning when the knocker sounded.

"There he is now," he finished.

"No, it is Squire Ashton's knock," said Bess with conviction, as she rose to open the door and show the Squire into the parlor.

His arrival was a shock to Olive. The past had claimed her. The reading of the letter had made her heart sick. Dan watched her unquiet face with much satisfaction as she arose from the table. He followed her to the parlor door.

"Don't you promise to marry Squire Ashton?" he whispered instinctively.

"Mind, now, or you will be sorry," she looked puzzled.

"Go on," said Dan, opening the parlor door for her. "I can trust you."

The Squire stood before the open fire, holding out his hands to the blaze. He came toward her.

"You will give me 'Yes' at last," he said persuasively.

She could not meet his eloquent, expectant eyes. A great pity for him and for herself came over her. The old love was yet alive. And yet why should she not hide in the shelter of this noble heart? Philip was far away—dead perhaps. The old, overpowering loneliness was sweeping over her.

"If you will accept respect and esteem for love—" she began in a trembling voice.

The knocker sounded a double rap, quick and imperative. Dan had opened the door. His voice and another sounded in the hallway. Through the half open door she could see Dan helping remove a snowy overcoat. His friend had come. Had Lolly kept the dinner hot?

But the hospitable thought took sudden flight as she saw who it was that Dan was ushering in. Philip was before her, brown, matured, with the same imperious manner as of old, the same clear, flashing eyes.

"Miss Blossom, my chum, Mr. Ellenwood," said Dan in high good humor. Their hands met; their eyes read each other's hearts, as they stood in the fire-light glow.

Squire Ashton extended his hand. "So you have come back to us, Philip," he said, with a brave smile covering the pain in his heart. He had seen in Olive's face the reason why he had failed to win her.

"Yes, homesickness got the upper hand of me at last," returned Philip, cheerily.

Olive followed the Squire into the hallway.

"I am very sorry," she began.

"And I am glad for you," he said hastily. "I hope you will be very happy," and he gave her a brave, warm hand grasp.

You may guess how they all gathered round the table again while Philip ate his dinner. The finding of the letter was recounted, and Dan confessed that he and Philip had talked the matter all over before, and that he had been "prospecting" and reporting accordingly.

DEATH BY ELECTRICITY.

The Case of the Condemned Japanese Argued Before the U. S. Supreme Court.

Washington, November 22.—The case of the Japanese, Shibusaya Jigro, who is confined in Sing Sing prison, New York, under sentence of death by means of electricity, was argued before the United States supreme court yesterday. The case comes here on appeal from a decision of the United States circuit court for the southern district of New York, declining to grant the writ of habeas corpus, which counsel for Jigro had sought to obtain, to compel Warden Brush to release the prisoner. The question at issue is the validity of the New York electrocution law, and the case is a sequel to the Kemmler execution.

Roger M. Sherman, who was counsel for Kemmler and who now represents Jigro, bases his application for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the execution of Kemmler demonstrated that electricity was not an instantaneous and painless method of death. It is asserted that New York law violates the provision of the federal constitution forbidding cruel and unusual punishment, and is for that reason unconstitutional and void. Attorney General Tabor represented the state and Mr. Sherman the prisoner.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

Twenty-nine widows, made so by the Dunbar mine disaster, are suing the Dunbar Furnace Company for damages, and one suit will be tried as a test case in order to settle the whole matter.

Edward Meyers, who was on trial all last week at Pittsburgh, for the killing of his aunt, Miss Margaret Douglas, near McKeesport, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree.

Typhoid fever is raging in Edinboro. The facts have been kept secret as long as possible, on account of the normal school, which is located there, but it has been discovered that six of the cases are students, and as a result the school is badly broken up. There is great alarm also in the surrounding little towns.

Dr. H. A. Thompson, chairman of the State Prohibition campaign committee has arranged for a grand rally of the forces next summer preparatory to the opening of the State campaign. He has secured for this purpose the grounds of Lakeside, a well known resort in Erie county, from July 1 to 13 inclusive. The grounds include 200 acres, a fine hotel and 400 cottages. He proposes to have as speakers such men as Baine, St. John, Dickie, Leonard, Miss Wilard, Helen Youagar, Henrietta Moore and others.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

MARKS OF A GOOD HEEN.

A good heen should have a small head, bright eyes, a tapering neck, full breast, straight back, full, oval-shaped body, medium length of gray-colored legs, broad rump and red comb. Color of feathers is of but little matter, but yellow legs and skin look richer and sell better than clay-colored. A fat hen has plump breast and rump, and fat under the wings.—*American Agriculturist.*

FEED FOR PATTENING AN OLD COW.

It is not wise to keep a cow too long unless she is of extra value for milking or butter, and then consequently for her calves, when it will hardly pay to feed her for beef. When an ordinary cow is desired to be fattened this should be done at the age of eight years. The feeding for fattening should be of the best; the best hay, with as much cornmeal as the animal will eat, given four times a day; two or three quarts being given at each feed as it may be digested. Hay is given twice daily. A small ration of roots or cabbages or apples, or even cold boiled potatoes, will help considerably in the fattening. The feeding should not be delayed, as more flesh and fat will be made this side of the new year than after it.—*New York Times.*

MAKING LEAN PORK.

According to Professor O. W. Atwater there are two things for the pork maker to do—first, to make leaner pork, and then to get better access to foreign markets. Leaner pork can be obtained, he says, by the use of nitrogenous foods, skim milk, bran, shorts, cotton seed meal—if it can be advantageously utilized—beans, peas, clover, alfalfa and other leguminous plants. It is, however, impracticable for many pork producers to change their system of feeding at once. The bulk of the pork in the country is, and for some time must be, manufactured from corn, but where nitrogenous foods are available they should be used, and where they are not available the attempt should be made to introduce them. Here is a strong reason for experiments with leguminous forage plants; besides helping to make leaner pork, they have the advantage that with them poor hay, straw and cornstalks can be utilized, and that they make rich manure.—*New York Times.*

GRASSES AND WEEDS FOR FOWLS.

Domestic fowls of all kinds will eat a large quantity of young grass and tender weeds if they have access to such food. But they do not like old and tough herbage any more than humans like old and tough vegetables. Whenever it is necessary to shut up fowls in the yard, they should always be supplied with a generous amount of green and tender herbage. Sometimes pull a few suckers from the growing corn in the garden, and cut the leaves and tender stems into small bits about one fourth of an inch long, or gather a few stems of the irrepressible garden purslane (which is very succulent), and tender clover, or pig weeds, and cut them up fine. Fowls will devour such food ravenously when the pieces are of suitable size to be swallowed.

A pair of sheep shewers may be kept near the door, so that no time is lost searching for some instrument to cut up coarse food. Leaves of cabbage and other vegetables are all cut into bits not larger than kernels of Indian corn. As fowls have no teeth, they cannot bite off pieces of tough food. But if they can get hard and tough pieces into the gizzard, that miniature mill, with the gravel stones in it, will soon reduce food to a fine pulp. When crop-plants in the garden have attained a size so large that fowls will not injure them by stepping on them or by nipping off the tender tops, the entire flock may be allowed to run ad libitum in the garden, for one or two hours only, each day. They will pick up many insects, collect a new supply of gravel stones, and fill their crops with tender herbage.—*American Agriculturist.*

WINTERING ONIONS.

The novice never, and the expert seldom, makes much money by holding perishable products for spring sale. Shrinkage and loss by frost and decay is usually much greater than covered by the advance in prices. If prices in the fall are at all acceptable, sell without delay; but market the prizetaker onions, anyway. Still, there are exceptions to all rules, and in certain localities or under certain circumstances it may pay well to store and hold for spring sales such varieties as Danvers Yellow and perhaps Wethersfield Red and White Globe, etc. There is a party over in Canada, not very far from here, who grows quite a number of acres of onions every year, and he invariably holds them until spring, and makes money by so doing. Of course I was anxious to learn how he winters such big crops, and made inquiry. He writes me as follows: "For the purpose of keeping onions during winter, we have erected two large rooms in the end of our barn, above ground. These rooms are almost frost-proof in the coldest weather; are provided with double windows at each end, and double doors at entrance from driveway on barn floor. All the walls have a dead air space. Building paper is tacked on the inside of each boarding that forms the hollow space. Onions are not put into these rooms in bulk, but in thousands of slatted bushel boxes. The windows are kept constantly open, except in very cold weather. The idea is to put in dry, well-cured stock, and place it in such a way that it may always be airing at suitable times, and yet be secure against low degrees of temperature."—*New York Observer.*

FALL AND WINTER FEEDING.

"An animal well summered is half wintered," is an old but true adage. It is far easier to run down any animal by neglect than to bring it up with care,

and it is far less expensive to keep it constantly in good condition. "What is once lost can never be regained," is true in the feeding of cattle. The animal may be restored, it is true, but at a large loss of food, which otherwise might have been made into flesh, fat, milk or wool. Sheep are especially subject to the adverse influences of neglect in this respect. Once a flock is permitted to run down in the fall or early winter, the chances are all against recovery, and the sheep are apt to perish, or to lose their lambs, or bring weak and unprofitable progeny in the spring, after much pain and expense in coddling and nursing them through the latter part of the winter. This is also true of all the young stock which are more hurt in this way than the older ones. It is a common practice to put away the best of the fodder for the spring in the belief that the stock will need it the most then. No doubt in many cases they do need it then—in the worst way. But this is working at the wrong end. To permit any animal to run down while there is a store of good food kept back for the purpose of bringing it up again is very bad policy and a losing business. It is a waste and frequently insures a poor condition all through the summer. If the meadows are eaten down too close at this season, and the stock must be stinted of good food, the farm is certainly overstocked, and overstocking results in loss. The true principle is to apportion the stock to the food and not to reduce the rations in the desire to carry more stock than can be well fed. It may pay in many cases to purchase some nutritious foods to help out the coarse fodder now while these are cheap, but a liberal provision should be secured for full feeding of all the animals from this time until the spring. A great many animals are fed in the fall on the wastes of the farm, the stubbles, the pickings of the corn fields, the rough weeds of the swamps and marshy ground. This is unwise. It would be better to leave all this stuff on the ground to serve as manure than to feed it. It is full of unwholesome germs and apt to encourage the prevalent diseases of the season by which many animals perish. No farmer can afford to keep a swamp on his farm. When drained, it will be the most valuable part of the land, but, when used as fall pasture to carry the stock on to the winter, it is a source of disease and will only result, at the best, in lowering the condition of the animals to a most unprofitable point. A drained swamp will make the very best grass land and will return interest easily on \$100 per acre. Besides this, a pestiferous nuisance will have been abated.—*American Agriculturist.*

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Put a roof on the corn crib.

Slight frosts do not injure turnips.

Keep seed corn from getting damp.

Did you help make your fair a success? Go slowly and feel your way in fruit planting.

If you have squash, they should be taken care of to help out.

Ripe weeds will make better manure if burned. Do you see the point?

Shade in the pasture for stock is a modern idea, but it is a good one.

Don't put off till spring any work in the garden that can be done this fall.

It is better to grow into a special branch of farming than to go into it.

Washing sheep is a practice more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Have you opened and thoroughly cleaned, aired and whitewashed your stables?

It will not pay you to stop your pump in winter when you have the most to do to road.

Thousands of farmers are yet unappreciative of the value of drainage to a good and heavy soil.

Turner raspberry must be kept from suckering, or it is a total failure, also likes cool soil.

Do you keep a book in which to note the things to be done, and when to do them? It saves time.

Prevention is better than cure—this especially true of the diseases that are liable to attack fowls.

The cost of fences is one of the heaviest taxes on the farm. When will the relic of semi-civilization be dispensed with!

New varieties of fruit grown under high state of cultivation are likely to prove disappointing to those who grow them.

During the moulting season, poultry should be warmly housed and abundantly supplied with strengthening food and drink.

Keep down all growth around the trunks of trees. Suckers grow rapidly and take the nourishment that should be given to the tree. All undesirable suckers on trees should be pinched off as soon as they appear.

Beets for sugar should be tried in experiment on every farm. As it depends on the soil, manure and fertilizers the results of numerous experiments would be valuable by enabling you to produce more sugar.

It is better to pick off all the fruit from a young tree than to allow it to bear too early in life. The tree like the animal, should first make its bones before beginning to produce. The future production results in premature decay.

Let fowls now have full sway over the grass, shrubs and orchards. They will enjoy the exercise and make manure among the grubs, slugs, worms and insects that are injurious to the life. Moreover the diet is clean and healthy.

It is essential that a certain amount of sharp, gritty material be applied poultry in winter, and it is possible for the hens to procure food in the crops without the aid of grit and it is equally impossible for them to procure grit in winter unless they procure it in winter unless they

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

BOLOGNA message is on the free list.

ICELAND'S great geyser is playing out.

A FIREWORN'S trust has been organized.

VERMONT has refused to help the World's Fair.

PORTUGAL will impose a high duty on flour.

THERE are some fears of an Indian outbreak.

A FUEL famine is threatened at South Dakota.

TRAIN robbers are doing big work in Georgia.

TOURIST travel to Florida has set in unusually early.

DESTITUTION is reported among the farmers in Nebraska.

THERE are forty-seven indoor baseball teams in Chicago.

THERE is a deficiency of \$73,000,000 in this year's pension appropriation.

THE United Society of Christian Endeavor has a membership of 485,000.

A BIG herd of camels has been seen on the plains near Harrisburg, Cal.

RUSSIA has prohibited the sale of English oleomargarine within her territory.

THE Indian cotton crop of 1889-90 is the largest ever known in that country.

SIXTY-THREE American and 168 English cities now own their own lighting plants.

TWO more insurance companies in New York have decided to retire from business owing to fierce competition and the small profits.

A LARGE number of convicts have been ordered from the Russian prisons to assist in labor on the line of the proposed Siberian railway.

INVESTMENT throughout Europe in Professor Professor Koch's new curative lymph is daily growing greater; consumptives are flocking to Berlin.

A CURIOUS scene occurred at the execution of the murderer, Schuster, at Barmenstein, East Prussia. He begged as a special act of grace to be allowed to sing a couplet before the sword fell. Permission was readily accorded to him and he commenced to sing and continued singing until the sword severed his head from his body.