

THE QUESTION.

When on his bed he quiet lies, With pulseless heart and sightless eyes, His kindred ask, with anxious mind, "What treasures has he left behind?"

PRAYING FOR WEALTH.

BY EDMUND S. ROCHE.



It was before sunset before Calkins succeeded in recapturing the two experienced old burros, who, desiring a break in their laborious journey toward the desert, had withdrawn during the night, and found restful seclusion in the dense pin-oak brush on a neighboring hill-side.

Thus it came about that the ruddy light of Calkins's campfire again attracted us. The conversation took a wide range at first, but approached a focus when one of our party, the old lady with black mitts, referred to the generally prevailing drought.

"I regard it as a most striking illustration of the efficacy of all sincere and earnest prayer," reprovingly remarked the old lady with the mitts.

"What do you say, Mr. Calkins?" inquired Manton, unabashed. "I'm sure you'll agree with me!"

Our host stirred up the fire before expressing himself. "You're dead right, ma'am!" he at length replied, ignoring Manton. "There's nothin' prayin' won't do, if you're in earnest and pray hard enough, and don't pray for too much nor too little, and stop right there. But you can handicap a good, strong, willin' prayer, same as you can anything else, and then it's bound to balk and make trouble."

"I fear I do not quite grasp your meaning, Mr. Calkins," said the old lady with the mitts, laying down her knitting and regarding Calkins with a look of puzzled inquiry.

"I had in mind a very clear, ma'am, but I had in mind a queer experience of my own in the earnest prayer line, some years ago, 'way up north in Trinity, which'll illustrate my meanin' better'n any explanation I can give."

Calkins settled himself again out of the line of the sparks and smoke, which his late attention to the fire had provoked, and began:

"It was in the winter of '75, and I was carryin' mail from Gorman's—over to the Brown Bear and Roundout camps—and made the round trip once a week on snow-shoes. When I was at Gorman's, which was four days in the week, I stopped with a Frenchman named Pirot, who worked a drift claim on the river. We bunked in a shake cabin, back of the hotel corral, and got along middlin' well for the first month we was together. Evn'ing's we'd generally turn up at the hotel, and after sittin' by the fire with the rest in the saloon for a while, we'd finally drop into old man Gorman's private parlor and listen to Kitty Gorman playin' on the parlor organ. I always liked music, but I hadn't no faculty at playin' it, so I'd just sit and listen while Kitty'd play and Pirot, who had a big, throaty voice, would now and then sing to Kitty's accompaniment."

"This was all well enough at first, but, after two or three weeks, I found it dull and uninteresting, just sittin' there by myself on the sofa, slippery, black hair-cloth sofa, with never a word nor a chance for one with Kitty, who seemed all took up with Pirot and the music, and only speak to me when she wanted another stick on the fire. Then, after a while, I stopped pointin' to the parlor, and would sit in the saloon till bed-time, feelin' mad all through to hear Pirot singin' and Kitty playin' away for dear life to keep up with him on the gaspin' old organ in the next room. Then I grew bitter, because I knew that while, naturally, Kitty liked me best of the two, at the same time she was worldly-minded like her father, old man Gorman, and felt Pirot was a better match on account of his river claim, while I wasn't much account, from a ready-money point of view. Then, of course, I had a fallin' out with Pirot about nothin' in partic'lar on the surface, as I can recollect of. I did pretty much all the quarrelin', I'm free to allow, for Pirot said nothin', but just laughed in a way that made me madder, and I moved out of the shake cabin to an old adobe higher up the hill."

"Next day I started off before sun-up on my regular trip with the mail for Brown Bear and Roundout. I always got the best start I could, so's to get well up the range while the crust was hard and before the sun had been up long enough to mellow things up and make it awkward for me, for I wasn't very handy even yet with them long Norwegian snowshoes. I never stopped on the trip for nothin', being always more anxious to get through than to rest; but this partic'lar morn-

in I'm tellin' of, I'd started out, feelin' languid and dispirited, and by the summit I felt sort of dead beat out. My feet was cold and cramped from too tight bucklin' of the shoes, and, altogether, I made up my mind to sit down for a minute or two and get pulled together again before I started. "There wasn't much wind and the sun was out warm and comfortable, and the idea of stretchin' out there on the snow for ten minutes' rest just suited me. I sat down with my back restin' against an old dead stump that came up through the snow, unbuckled the shoes, unslung the mail pouch from my shoulder, and took out the little sack of bread and meat I'd brought along and which I generally eat on the way without making any special stop for it."

"While I was eatin', lookin' off down the slope, I'd just climbed up and thinkin' what bad luck I'd struck all along the last few months, my eye caught on to some lines in the newspaper I'd wrapped round the lunch, and which was lyin' spread out on my leg under the second piece of bread just within good readin' distance. I don't recollect just now how the words read, but the drift of it was that lots of men failed in gettin' what they wanted in this world just because they didn't want it hard enough and didn't keep up askin' and prayin' for it until they got it. Those lines somehow hit my case, it seemed to me. I hadn't had much early religious trainin', and the idea of just prayin' hard for what you wanted and gettin' it, struck me as somethin' new and simple and very satisfactory. There was no end of things I wanted, and wanted bad, and if they was to be had by just wantin' them bad enough and askin' for 'em violent enough I was goin' to get 'em sure!"

"Then I says to myself, why not start in right now with a silent prayer? So I set at it. I closed my eyes and squeezed my lids together hard—I was so dead in earnest? It was a terrible sweepin', vigorous prayer I handed in. First, I wanted good luck in a general way, and asked for it hard. Then I got more down to partic'ars, and asked to be rich and prosperous, and wound up with a sort of side-handed suggestion that it would suit me down to the ground to have Pirot fall off his luck and get poor, while I grew rich. All this wasn't right, of course, as I see now, ma'am. But I wasn't so much prayin' for bad luck to Pirot for his own sake, as for the effect of it all on my gettin' on with Kitty Gorman."

"When I prayed for the blight on Pirot, I was so sorter wrought up by the whole business that—just, I suppose, to give things a partic'lar point—I fired out my right leg so vigorous like, and struck the snow-shoe to which I'd buckled the mail-pouch so hard that—zip!—whizz!—like a shot it was on its way down the hill. It made a clear shoot for about five hundred feet, every now and then a spinin' about, like an old man's hair, and snag, until it brought up short against a ledge that cropped out across its track, sending splinters of stones all about when it struck, for with the mail-pouch buckled on to it, it picked up considerable speed and hit hard. It bounded up and turned clean over, and then stopped altogether, held from slidin' any further by the croppin's."

"Well, ma'am, while that snow-shoe was pirouettin' down the slope, I was that surprised and mad all through that, although I'd just been writin' in prayer, as you might say, I let loose a line of language which was that strong and pointed that if there'd been any stop or feelin' to that snow-shoe, it would have brought up within fifty feet! I mention this with regret, ma'am, because I see now that if I hadn't been moved to make them remarks, just fresh on top of the prayer, things would have turned out different. But bein' young, and hot-headed, and thoughtless, of course I didn't look ahead for consequences."

"There was nothin' to do but go down to the ledge where the snow-shoe lay, pick up it and the mail-pouch, and get on my way again. The ledge was rotten with the weather and pretty well broke up already, and aside from the small pieces just knocked out of it, there'd been one big chunk loosened up, which had rolled just away from the ledge, and lay with the fresh break turned up to the sun, and dazzlin' me with its brightness."

"No, young man"—this to a knowing suggestion from Manton—"it wasn't 'mea, of course,' nor 'micca' at all. That piece of rock was just criss-crossed all over and through with coarse wire-gold. I stood starin' at it a full minute before I could get it through my head that I was lookin' at rock that would go over five thousand dollars to the ton; that I was the discoverer and owner of that ledge; and that findin' it just meant to me everythin' worth havin' includin', of course, first and foremost, riches and Kitty Gorman."

"While I stood there, I recollected, with a start, that riches, and prosperity, and Kitty Gorman was what I'd been prayin' for hard five minutes before, and here it all was within reach in answer to that prayer, just as if it had been on tap, so to speak, all the time, and I'd just turned the spigot. Naturally I was some excited, but I kept cool enough to put up monuments and a location notice all right, and christened the claim the 'Heavenly Snow-Shoe,' as bein' somehow appropriate to the situation."

"You can imagine, ma'am, I wasn't in no state of mind after this to keep on with the mail to Brown Bear and Roundout. I just wanted to get back to Gorman's, and let 'em know about the strike. So I climbed up the hill again for the other shoe, pounded off some good specimens to show what I'd found, and was back again at Gorman's a little after sunset."

"When I went down to the hotel after I'd cooked supper and cleaned up at the adobe, I could hear Pirot singin' and Kitty playin' accompaniments as usual; but instead of fillin' me, as it had all along, I just laughed to myself when I thought of the 'Heavenly Snow-Shoe,' and of how quick this would all be knocked in the head when Kitty and old man Gorman learned of my good luck. I went into the saloon first, where I could generally count on findin' the old man of an evenin'; but they said he was in the parlor with Pirot and Kitty takin' in the music."

"When I went in after knockin', they all looked surprised, and didn't seem very hearty; but I knew what had come to me, and what was comin' to Pirot, and didn't mind, but started in right away and told 'em what I'd found, and opened up the flour-sack I'd brought my specimens down in, and laid 'em all out on the table under the light of the hangin' lamp, where they showed up rich'er'n any specimens ever I see. They all got 'round the table and admired 'em, and Kitty was very friendly and old man Gorman got very much interested and excited over it all, although he was generally pretty cold-blooded about most things."

"There wasn't any more singin' or playin' that evenin', and pretty quick Pirot said good-night and left us, not lookin' cheerful. Old man Gorman asked me all kinds of questions about the size and dip of the ledge and the nature of the croppin's, and Kitty sat by the table, and was brighter and chattier than I'd seen her in a month. When I told the old man I'd located him in with me on the claim, he was pleased all through, and we arranged to meet next mornin' and talk up the best way of handlin' the property. Then at last we said good-night all 'round, and I went up to the adobe feelin' all toned up with satisfaction at the style in which my prayer was workin'."

"Next day old man Gorman and me had our talk out, and it was settled between us that we was to locate extensions of the 'Snow-Shoe,' start in developin', and incorporate the whole business right away, settin' aside part of the stock for what old man Gorman called a 'workin' capital,' and meantime the old man was to put up for expenses. Things went on almost too smooth for the next month. The ledge opened up very promisin', Kitty was more friendly every day, and as for Pirot, he never turned up nowadays—anyhow when I was 'round."

"Now my folks back in Missouri'd been writin' on an average once every six months for the last five years, urg'in' me to come home and see 'em before they all died off; but I'd never had no means to go or any way to get any up to now. But when another letter came about this time, still naggin' me to come on, I showed it to old man Gorman, for he and I'd got to be very thick, and he said I'd oughter go, and he'd lend me the money to go with and look after things while I was gone. The old man kept his word; he did look after things, as you'll see, ma'am."

"Well, this was in April. I got back and saw the folks, took a little general pass'er all 'round, and it was way into August before I fetched up one evening on the stage at Gorman's again. At the first glance, before I got down, I see there'd been some considerable changes in the hotel since I'd been gone. The main buildin' had been repainted, and there was a complete new outfit of red settees on the front porch. A strange man, with the air of ownin' the whole plant, came out from the office, and there was no sign of old man Gorman or Kitty standin' in the front door, as was usual with 'em when the stage came in."

"I felt a sort of sinkin' at the heart at all this, as though somethin' bad was goin' to happen to me. I wasn't kept long in doubt, though, about the state of things. I hadn't been off the stage five minutes when I learned it all. Quick as I'd left, old man Gorman sold Pirot all the 'workin' capital' as a starter. Then between 'em they worked up a scheme to sell me out on a delinquent assessment. Then they struck an English syndicate and sold out the property at a big figure. Next thing Kitty became Mrs. Pirot, old man Gorman closed out the hotel, and the three of 'em lit out for no one knew where."

"Well, ma'am, I won't dwell on my feelin's, or how I expressed 'em when I heard all this and found it true, for that's neither here nor there. I could see, after I'd cooled down and reflected, just how it all came about. I'd 'hoodoo'd' everything up there on the summit by askin' for bad luck to strike Pirot by usin' the pointed language I've referred to so close on top of my prayer when the snow shoe went waltzin' down the hill."

"This, I think, ma'am," concluded Calkins, as he rose and stirred up the camp fire, "will illustrate my remark that while there's nothin' prayin' won't do, if you're dead in earnest and pray hard enough, at the same time it's just as true that if you overload your prayer, or pack a lot of truck on it that don't belong to the load, or show temper while it's travelin', it's just bound to go balky, and make trouble for you."—Argonaut.

A Big Bore.

The Ivanhoe tunnel, now nearly completed, from Rusk, near Leadville, to Ivanhoe, Col., will be the third in length in the United States, being surpassed only by the Hoosac tunnel and by the Boulder tunnel, in Montana. It is 9400 feet long, and owing to the great altitude—10,800 feet—doors will be placed at each end to exclude snow, and the tunnel for several hundred feet from either end is to be heated by steam. Work was begun in 1890.—New York Dispatch.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

FEEDING PUMPKINS TO COWS.

Pumpkins are more nutritious than is commonly thought, and the high color of the flesh adds to the color of the butter of cows fed reasonably on them. A single pumpkin of twenty pounds, chopped into slices with a sharp-edged spade in a shallow box, will not be too much for a cow in milk. It is not worth while borrowing trouble about the seeds; they are doubtless a good remedy for tapeworm, and if the cow is so troubled, a pumpkin with the seeds once a day may be useful, but the seeds will not hurt a cow if she has no tapeworms to trouble her. The seeds and stringy stuff about them are very rich in fat.—New York Times.

NOTHING BEATS PLAIN GRAFTING WAX.

A tree healer (so called) is a good thing for the man who sells it at a large profit, writes J. W. Kerr. I have used various preparations for covering wounds and bruises on trees, and have settled down to plain grafting wax, believing, from comparative tests, that it is the equal of the best. Why cover a wound or bruise? Simply to exclude air and water. This done, a little extra feed and careful culture for a year or two, seldom fail to overcome such injuries. The preparations that are "always ready for use," such as shellac, paint, etc., have to be repeatedly applied to effect the same purpose that a good coating of grafting wax does. In order thoroughly to rid peach, plum, quince and other trees of borers, the earth must be removed from the collar of the tree to a depth of three to four inches; before this is returned (and it should not be left too late in spring), I sometimes apply a wash of lime, with eight to ten pounds of muriate of potash to each half barrel of wash, and enough carbolic acid to give it the odor. This applied with cheap fiber brushes, liberally from the bottom of the basin made by the removal of the earth from about the tree, to a height of a foot above the surface level, helps to heal the borer wounds, only by excluding air therefrom. That the carbolic acid odor has any merit as a repellent to the insect when seeking places to deposit its eggs, is a badly strained belief. Hereafter, I shall use lime alone for this purpose. With borers, as with other vermin, prevention is better and easier than cure, all things considered. It is scarcely practical to prevent the deposit of eggs at the collars of trees in large orchards, but it is practical to remove the "grubs" hatched therefrom, before they do much injury; this is all that is implied by prevention as used above.—Rural New Yorker.

WILD LETTUCE.

This weed has a wide distribution, and in many sections of the country threatens to become a serious pest. It has already spread so greatly in Ohio, Iowa and Illinois, that the agricultural sections of those States have



WILD LETTUCE.

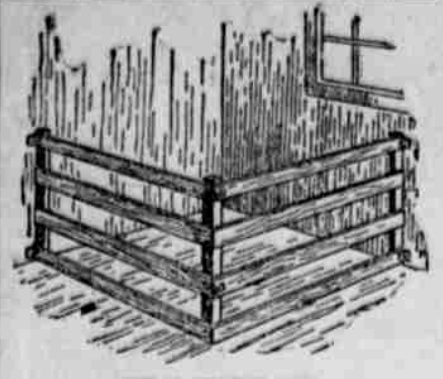
issued bulletins, warning farmers of its presence and advising them to destroy, mow or otherwise cut out the plants before they ripen the seeds, which are produced in large numbers and are readily carried by the wind. As many as 25,000 seed may be produced on a square foot of ground.

The wild or prickly lettuce (Lactuca Scariola) is one of the most conspicuous weeds, having a single stem of from one to four feet or more high. The leaves of the plant are six to eight inches long and an inch and a half wide, with irregular prickly edges, resembling some varieties of cultivated lettuce. Cutting before the seeds form, or better, cutting its blossoms, will prevent spread. Twice cutting will be sufficient. As the plant is either annual or biennial, its destruction would be easy were not its seeds carried long distances by the wind. In localities where the plant is still rare its spread can be prevented with little effort.—New York World.

A QUICKLY MADE STABLE PEN.

It frequently happens that one desires to make use, for an emergency, of a stall or pen in the stable which is not at hand, and for which there may not be convenient room as a permanent structure. Our illustration shows how such a pen may be made in a moment's time, in a corner that ordinarily may be used for other purposes. Two gates are made and hinged against the walls in the manner shown. Ordinarily they are folded back snugly against either wall, but when a pen or "box stall" is suddenly needed the two ends are swung together and

locked with hooks, and the needed accommodation is secured. Such gates should have sills quite near together,



CHEAP STABLE PEN.

and should be of good height to accommodate both large and small animals.—American Agriculturist.

CRUELTY OF BARB WIRE.

We are aware that there are a few stockmen who by some fortuitous concurrence of circumstance have escaped having their animals mutilated by the barbs. One correspondent even wrote us taking the position that a Colt that hadn't sense enough to keep out of the wire hadn't sense enough to live and ought to be killed in the fence. But we could never appreciate the force of such logic. The best of colts—and young folks—are sometimes a bit foolish under stress of excitement. It comes not far from being characteristic of the adolescent age. But they outgrow it. The point is merely to keep as far from them as can be the temptations and possibilities for bad when they are at that age. When an animal once learns what barb wire is there is comparatively little danger of injury from it except in the dark, but the trouble is that it comes away from its first lesson on the subject a wiser but not handsomer animal. It may be "still in the ring," but it is ordinarily more than "somewhat disfigured."

Of course a barb wire fence that is kept perfectly tight at all times is far less harmful than one in which the wires are loose or broken away from the posts. A loose barb wire fence on a farm with live stock is simply an offense against humanity. It is a wicked trap. We have never wasted a bit of sympathy on the men we have seen caught in the wires of a fence which their indolence or ignorance or neglect had permitted to get loose. Carelessness in fence building and repairing is doubtless the cause of much of the damage done to live stock by the cruel barbs, but a barb per se is dangerous. Some farmers carefully round off with jack-plane the edges and corners of stalls and boxes in the barn lest an animal should accidentally come to grief by a bump against them, and then fence their paddocks with barb wire! This is very like raining at a gnat and swallowing mel. The record the barbs have written for themselves in blood over the country is too patent to be laughed or argued out of court. An ounce of such experience is worth several tons of theory.—Breeder's Gazette.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Clover is a food for hens which one must not overlook.

High bred animals give better returns for feed consumed than ordinary or scrub stock.

Even an extra amount fed to poor cattle will fail to bring that superior quality which is desirable.

Only cultivated crops should be allowed in orchards early in the season. Grain and hay should never be grown.

The tillage should be repeated as often as once in ten days throughout the growing season, which extends from spring until July or August.

Clover is abundant, bulky, and rich in lime and nitrogen. Cut, scald and mix with a little ground grass for the poultry in the morning, and save more expensive material, as clover is very wholesome.

Fall plowing may be advisable for farm crops, but it should generally be discouraged in orchards. The land in orchards should be left compact in the fall, and it is advisable to cover it with some close herbage.

The very day you hear of a garbage crematory near you, go and see what you can get the ashes for. Send a sample to the State experiment station for analysis. You never will have a better chance to obtain a cheap fertilizer.

Unless you live too far North plant onion sets in the garden now for early use next spring, sow lettuce and radish seed for early vegetables and parsley for early blooming. Protect these beds by heavy mulching with manure as soon as the ground begins to freeze.

Late cultivation may be injurious by inducing a late growth. At all events, it can be of small utility when the begins to mature and rains become frequent. This season of respite gives the grower the opportunity of raising a green manure, and of adding fertility to his land at trifling expense and with no harm to his trees.

Garden soils that are inclined to be heavy will be greatly improved by riding so as to expose them to frost in winter. Turning two furrows together as in making sweet potato ridges, leaving narrow and deep dead furrows. This system gives thorough surface drainage and admits of early cultivation in the spring.

If the currant bushes are not productive try a little heroic treatment. Cut out all the old wood and prune the roots down thoroughly, then spade up the soil all about and work in a liberal allowance of rich manure. Put sand about the stools to keep the weeds down and encourage the growth of from four to six of the new canes.

Some Old-Fashioned Remedies.

Venomous serpents played a great part in the medicines of olden times. Their poison was not used for this purpose, but a strong broth was made of their heads cooked with salt and spices, mixed with a hundred other remedies, and forming an electuary, which, under the name of Theriac, was used as a cure for every conceivable disease. As such tithbits were looked upon with suspicion by the public, the old physicians adopted a sly method: hungry geese and hens were fed with snakes chopped fine, and these were made into broth for the patient. The blood of a goat was also used, if this animal had been fed for fourteen days on fresh greens.

It went hard with black cats when they were wanted to help an epileptic. The black "Thomas" was then tormented to the point of deep despair, and when at his maddest, was stabbed under the third rib, counting from the head. Three drops of the blood flowing from this wound was then given to the sufferer in linden-blossom tea. The cat might then escape, and nightly on the roof complain to the heavens of man's cruelty. This revenge still remains to him.

In the oldest medical book now known, composed in Heliopolis, where once Joseph served in the house of Potiphar, we find "A mean for increasing the growth of hair, prepared for Schesch, the mother of Teta, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt." Dug teeth, over-ripe dates, and asses' heads were carefully cooked in oil and then grated. Now, as Teta lived before Cheops, builder of the great pyramid at Gizeh, this recipe for hair-oil is older than this wonder of the world and if, as is supposed, Teta lived 6000 B. C., this prescription is over 6000 years old.

Nearly everything in the animal kingdom was used in the healing art. Even now animal preparations are officially used, as sperm, wax, tallow, swine-fat, popsin, musk, cochineal, leeches, etc. From nasty mixtures, however, we are freed. Even leeches are used much more sparingly than formerly. When bleeding and cupping were still considered important (to-day there are young doctors who have never seen a vein opened), leeches held the third place for this purpose. In the Paris hospitals, at that time the greatest in the world, between 1810 and 1836, from five to six million leeches were used annually, which drew out 1700 hundred-weight of blood.

Impressed by the Czar's Looks.

To demonstrate the Russian Czar's appreciation of kindness, the following incident was related by a man who heard it from Hallam Tennyson, London some time ago.

While on one of his visits to Copenhagen, the Czar and the King of Denmark went hunting and became separated from the rest of the hunting party. They turned their backs homeward and on the way stopped at a peasant's hut, where the King saw the peasant woman for a drink of himself and his companion. The woman looked at the big man and, smiling pleasantly, said to the King, "Whom, of course, she did not know." "He looks so good and kind, he should have a glass of the best we have."

The Czar did not understand a word and when on their return the King laughingly told him of the good impression he had made on the woman the Czar said seriously, almost solemnly: "What would I not give to see such kindness among my people."—New York Tribune.

Indian Land Pretty Well Paid For.

Some idea of how much it costs to keep a family of able-bodied Indians may be gained from a perusal of the deprecation claims paid and to be paid by the United States Government, in addition to the vast sums supplied this purpose since the act of 1799, ratified by various acts of Congress since that time it is somewhat surprising to hear that 11,000 claims have been filed since 1891, aggregating value about \$40,000,000. All this considered the lands taken from Indians in one way and another since Columbus landed and about which many tears have been shed have been pretty well paid for.—Chicago Tribune.

Electricity for May Fever.

It is now claimed that no victim of the perennial "hay fever" or "cold" need suffer no longer. Electricity does the business every year by killing certain nerves located by the nose. To think that a cold in the head is a matter of nerves, were little nerves that submerge the brain being in the most ignominious manner known in physiology! Special crossbars over on the watch for susceptible organs, and their removal is certainly a triumph of modern science, though perhaps the matter will not view it in that light.—Boston Herald.

Gingerbread for the Kaiser's.

During the German Emperor's visit to Thora he received a deputation of the confectioners of the town dressed in picturesque costumes, who presented him with a house made of gingerbread, which was so heavy that it had to be carried by four men. The house is four feet high and seven feet long, and weighed three hundred pounds. The walls, roof and windows are entirely of gingerbread and suggest the Emperor was so delighted with his present that he at once ordered to be sent to his sons at Potsdam. London Sunday Times.

The Rev. J. P. Brooks, of Glasgow, Ky., claims to have invented a printing press that costs \$1000 to build and will print 20,000 sheets an