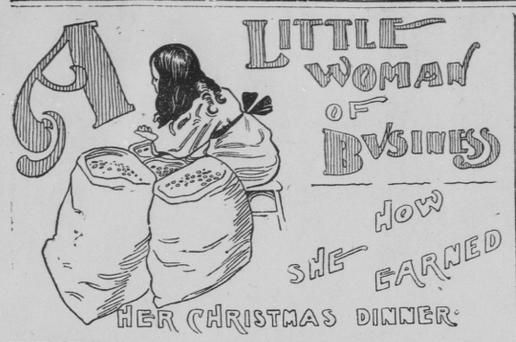


WANTED at once, hands to pick over beans. Will take beans to your residence and will pay twelve and a half cents a bushel. Drop a card stating number of bushels wanted. Address box 437, Lewistown."

This is what twelve-year-old Nora Nagle read in the local paper. Then she consulted her mother.

"I want a dollar very much, mother. Please don't make me tell what for. May I have the beans?"

Mrs. Nagle remembered that Christmas was coming and gave consent.

"Eight bushels!" said the man, laughing when he saw how young the applicant was, "you'll never stick to

"YOU'LL NEVER FINISH THEM."

'em till they're done. I've got to have 'em in ten days exactly."

"Yes, I will," replied Nora firmly. "My father says that to 'look before you leap,' is a sound business principle, so I've considered a good deal. I'll have them all picked over in ten days sure."

Consequently nearly every spare minute before and after school Nora picked over beans. The first bushel was "just fun," the second not quite so funny, the third not comical at all, the fourth needed this mental reminder from Nora to encourage herself: "This is business; I've undertaken it and I must finish."

Various were her expedients to rest her wrists during the movements of sorting; in her dreams she was constantly engaged in picking out the damaged and discolored beans that somehow would get back into the culled quantity, and when the seventh bushel was begun Nora's sister, hearing some one fall in the kitchen, went out and discovered Nora, her head within the basket of beans in a dead faint.

Then Mrs. Nagle thought it time to interfere. She sent the girl outdoors for her customary exercise and fresh air, saying firmly:

"No more beans, my dear."

But big Brother Tom, impressed by the quivering lips of the little sister, whispered, "Never mind, sis, we'll have a family party to-night and rope 'em all in to help."

So invitations were given out and in the evening father, mother, two sisters and big brother Tom and little brother Ben and Nora gathered in the kitchen and made short work of the remaining beans. Then they had some of the company peanut wafers and guessed conundrums and in conclusion Nora gave them a grateful kiss all around. And that, her father said, was very good pay.

"You're a clipper to pick beans, ain't ye?" said the man when he came for them. "Now, you watch the postoffice to-night, little woman, and I shouldn't wonder if you got a nice dollar bill."

Nora did watch the postoffice, but no dollar came. Not that evening nor the next day nor ever. The bean man proved to be a swindler who had disposed of his sorted product immediately and left for parts unknown without paying any of the bean pickers.

Did Nora cry? Not a bit, although she felt very much like it.

"Would it have been better, father, to say I must have my pay when he took the beans away? Would that be the way to do business with a stranger?"

Mr. Nagle nodded, very proud to have his little daughter draw this helpful conclusion instead of merely bemoaning the fact of being victimized. He also felt indignant enough to pay her from his own pocket, but waited, wishing to see what she would do.

Somehow after that Nora had many chances to earn pennies. When she did errands for different members of the family, to her surprise they insisted upon dropping payment into the little bank she had made ready for her bean money. And the neighboring women, too, all at once were so busy they could not take their babies out for airings. "If Nora would be so kind as to do this for them she should have ten cents an hour."

Nora caught at the opportunity eagerly and every fine day promenaded

NORA'S YULETIDE.

the village streets with somebody's baby.

At last the dollar was earned and that'll give me a good chance to run off. I declare, when Myra came into school the morning we had snow, she was 'most froze. Just thin cotton stockings and no mittens! And I don't believe she gets enough to eat. 'Course her mother washes, but her father just hangs around and tells the rest what they ought to do. But I'll never tell her who gave her the bundle. If I did she'd either thank me to death, and that would make me feel so 'shamed, or else her father would think I might give her something all the time, and my father wouldn't like that, and I guess my father knows what's best. Now, let's see—two pairs

NORA'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

of stockings, a red fascinator, a pair of mittens—red, with long wrists—a hair-ribbon and a one-cent pencil. That just makes the dollar. And I shan't wait for Christmas, either. I'll slip off to-morrow morning before I go to school and buy 'em ,and hide 'em till night, then open Myra's door just enough to slip the bundle in; then run."

"Well," continued Nora, more and more drowsily, "as old lady Banks alwaye says, 'I hope a blessing will go with them.'" With the utterance of this wish Nora dropped into dreamland.

Scarcely a week had passed before the Nagles had conjectured the whole truth. Little brother Ben came home from school and told his mother that "Myra Pell, that skinny girl that lived in the alley, had a lot of new toggery and Nora acted just as if she owned her."

So the older members of the family could guess where the dollar went to, but they respected the little business woman's wishes. It is rumored, however, that Santa Claus is going to find the bean man and that Nora will find a dollar bill in her Christmas stocking.—Denio Stuart, in the Chicago Record.

The Children's Christmas.

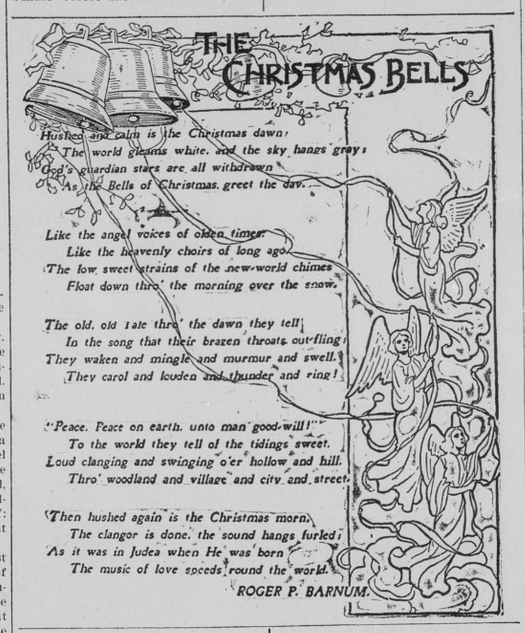
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
And gleaming Christmas holly,
Our happy thoughts a wreath entwine.
Our silvern notes are jolly.
For in the home are charm and mirth,
And here were sadness, folly—
Here, in the dearest spot on earth,
Beneath the Christmas holly.

BREAKFAST.
Sugared oranges.
Codfish croquettes.
Griddle cakes. Coffee.

DINNER.
Puree of chestnuts with croutons.
Canapes of oysters. Olives.
Salmi of partridge. Mushroom saute.
Fruit punch.
Roast beef, brown sauce.
Sweet pickles. Celery.
Mashed potatoes. Stuffed onions.
Chiffonade salad.
Grated cheese. Wafers.
Christmas pudding. Foam sauce.
Bisque ice cream.
Nuts. Fruits. Coffee.

LATE LUNCHEON.
Tongue in aspic. Bread and butter.
Coffee.
Chocolate with lady fingers.

Oyster Canapes—Cut ten thin slices of bread, cut in rounds, toast and butter and place in oven to keep hot. Wash and drain one quart of oysters. Throw the oysters into a hot pan, shakes quickly, and add one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. When they reach the boiling point dish on the rounds of toast, garnish with a thin slice of lemon for each one, and serve at once.



Fruit Punch—Put one pint of water and one pound of sugar and the chopped yellow rind of a lemon on to boil. Boil five minutes; strain, and while hot slice into it two bananas; add one pint of grated pineapple (canned) and a quarter of a pound of candied cherries. When ready to serve add the juice of six lemons. Put in the centre of your punch bowl a square block of ice; pour over it two quarts of mineral water; add the fruit mixture and at the last minute two shredded oranges; mix all together. Serve in thin tumblers.

Roast Beef—The roast beef of old England still enters conspicuously into our Christmas fare. It may be new to many to learn that the object of serving it at this season was really to remind our forefathers of the bulls sacrificed by the Druids when the sacred mistletoe was cut.

Christmas Pudding—Mix together one pint of stale bread crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of stoned raisins, one-quarter of a pound of sifted flour, one-half a pound of cleaned currants, one-half a pound of shredded suet, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, one-half a pound of shredded citron, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful each of nutmeg and allspice. Beat together four eggs, add one-half of a cupful of molasses (light) and one-half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one-half wineglass of hot water; stir this into the other ingredients add the grated rind and strained juice of a lemon; turn into a greased mold and steam, or boil, five hours. (The Christmas pudding is supposed to be emblematical of the rich offerings made by the three kings to the Infant in the stable at Bethlehem).

Interviewing Santa Claus.

Grain Weevils.

Those who are troubled by weevils in the grain bins or their barns should not forget that bisulphide of carbon is a sure preventive of their ravages. About one ounce of it is sure death to all that would be in a hundred pounds of grain and other seed, and vials of that size just thrust down into the surface and uncorked will go to the bottom of the bin, as its fumes are heavier than the air. As it is explosive take care not to carry any light near it. It is also sure death to other insects and to squirrels and rats. Do not use more than the above amount, as it may prevent germination of the seed.

Feed for Cows at Calving.

A writer in the Practical Farmer claims cows that are expected to be fresh should not have any grain for several weeks previous to the event. It is often the case where a farmer has an extra butter cow that he overfeeds her at this critical period, or gives her such quantities of grain, in the hope of making her do a little better the next time, that she is liable to have milk fever or other disease that may cause death. It is better to be on the safe side and not feed any grain for at least three days after calving. A cow will, undoubtedly, make as much butter in the long run when this is done, as if she were fed grain right along. Even if this were not the case, I for one would prefer to avoid the risk which heavy grain feeding always entails.

Don't Confine the Poultry.

The poultry keeper who is limited to small yards for his fowl seldom succeeds well in buying farm-raised chickens to fill his pens. The unusual confinement seems to be irksome to them. We mean such as are raised where they have free range, which not all have on farms in this section. Each year the number of farmers who keep their hens in yards is increasing, and when we read, as we often do in some Western or Southern papers, of the trouble from the hens scratching vegetable and flower gardens, picking fruit, soiling the feed in the barn and the tools in the shed, and stealing their nests to bring out late chickens when they do not want to care for them, we wonder that any one will keep them who cannot fence them into a yard where they will do no harm. We have known people to let their hogs run about the dooryards and roads, and we would about as soon have them there as the hens.—American Cultivator.

Weedy Milk.

There are weedy pastures in the land, and there are pastures free from weeds. It is plain that the more milk from clean pastures and the less from weedy pastures we have in the creamery the better the chance to get a good flavor. The creamery manager, in order to manage, must know the farm conditions of each and every patron, and the weedy milk must be separated so as to run as little milk as possible into the cream. As it is not practicable to keep all the milk from clean pastures separate from that coming from weedy pastures at the weigh can—at least it may not be practicable—the proper caper is to separate all the cream, thick and rich, running the minimum of milk into the cream; then take the same cans of milk from patrons with pastures free from weeds—patrons who are neat and tidy, who keep the milk pure and uncontaminated—and dump this milk straight into the cream vat in sufficient quantities to insure the right percentage of fat in the cream and cause it to ripen in time. This is a winning method—a winner because it is founded upon nature and common sense.—Creamery Journal.

Winter Work.

Winter is upon us, and the farmer should rejoice, not because it will be a season of rest, but because it will give him an opportunity to do so many things that he has neglected in the hurry of planting, cultivating and harvesting. We fear that we should not make a success of farming if we were in a region of perpetual summer. We should hinder our work by trying to do too much, and leaving undone the work that should be done. There are many little things for which there seems to be no great haste. They can be done at any time, and that means that they are never done, or done in great haste when they reach the point where they must be done. When we were farming we used the days when it was not suitable weather to work out of doors in putting all tools and machinery in good condition, including farm wagons and carts, and they were painted, if they needed it, which most of them did even after one year's use. The work might not have been done very artistically, but the paint served to protect the wood from the weather. Then harnesses were cleaned, mended and oiled, and repairs made on gates, fences, etc., while during the pleasant days manure was drawn out, and the summer wood brought home. All this so helped when the spring work began that if we desired to go on a farm again we should much prefer to take it in November than March, observes the American Cultivator, unless we were sure that our predecessor had been one who spent the winter days in getting ready for the coming season.

Storing the Squash Crop.

After the crop has been cut and piled, not over three deep, for a couple of days, with the object of having the end of the stem seared by the sun, the sooner the squashes are stored in some southern exposure where they can be readily protected from the frost of night and uncovered to the sun by day, is a good temporary substitute. It is not wise to leave them piled in the field, for exposure to the long, cold rains which are common late in the fall is apt to injure heir keeping qualities. I have known a crop of Marrows that had been so exposed to spot all over with rot within a few weeks after they had been housed. Shall we store our squashes in a cellar or in some frost-proof, airy building, such as a squash house, double plastered, with double windows and with a stove for colder weather? I have stored hundreds of tons both ways and therefore can speak from a large experience. To cellars in general there is this objection: They are damp and tend not only to rot the squashes, but to keep from ripening those not fully ripe when gathered.

The one argument for using them is that the squashes come out of them as bright colored as they went in and hence are very attractive in appearance, but this is more than offset by the objection that when kept late in cellars they are more liable to rot on purchasers' hands than when kept in a squash house. When storing in the squash house if those not fully ripe are placed in the warmest part of the building on the upper platform, and especially just over where the stove is located, they will generally ripen up and keep later than those that are fully ripe when housed.—J. J. H. Gregory, in New England Homestead.

Keeping Up Soil Fertility.

The first thing in keeping up fertility is the saving and proper application of manure. Thousands of farmers are letting the manure waste in their barnyards, and are using commercial fertilizers. Fertility can be kept up in this way, but a lack of humus will soon follow. Soil deficient in humus will dry out in dry weather and a seeding of clover will be next to impossible. Do not flatter yourselves with the idea that you can keep up your fertility on commercial manures alone. You must save and use all your farm manure. Spread the manure on the higher portions of the field. Save everything. Do not let a thing go to waste, but put it on the land. It makes little difference when you put it on, only see that it goes on.

Plow under all the clover you can. Rye will do to plow under very well. Any green crop will answer. Do not let the ground lie bare during fall and winter. Sow your corn stubble to rye. This can be done at the last cultivation. It will not only save fertility by the roots taking up fertility and storing it in the plant, so as to be available for the next crop to follow, but it will make excellent pasture for your sheep and hogs during the fall and far into the winter.

Do not hesitate to draw the manure as fast as made during the winter, and spread as fast as drawn. If your land is too hilly this may not be the best plan provided you have a good way to save the manure at the barn. But as the manure is usually kept around barns, the loss from washing down the hills will be no greater than the loss around the barns. Manure drawn out in winter saves that much from the spring's work. Often in the spring the ground is soft, and I have seen ground injured as much by the trampling and cutting up by the wheels as the manure did good.

A wise rotation of crops is also necessary in keeping up fertility. No rotation should be longer than four years. Three years will be better. But a four-year rotation will do very well provided clover is given an important place.—I. N. Cowdry, in American Agriculturist.

The Boy Left on the Farm.

In many of the homes of prosperous and progressive farmers at this season the oldest boy or the precociously bright one is being sent to college. The neighboring high school had graduated him with high honors, and now the family name is to be made glorious by the brilliant achievements of this favored son. In the father's plans for the boy are dreams of state and national fame that are not won behind a plow or out in a hayfield, while the mother may fondly hope that the dear boy will be called to the ministry, and in packing the trunk places his Bible in a conspicuous place. All unconsciously these parents are preparing a farm boy of stalwart brawn, clear brain and pure heart to enter the activities of life in some distant city. Every effort bends in this direction, and that, too, many times at the price of much toil and sacrifice. God knows the city has need of such. If it were not for the strong, vigorous, clean young manhood of the rural districts that comes to the centres of population to vitalize them urban social and business problems would assume a more enigmatical character than they now do.

But what of the boy left on the farm? Has agriculture no demand to be served? In our conception of farming have many of us got far beyond the Indian, just digging, dropping and covering the seed and gathering the harvest? Farming is a business to be learned, and needs the trained mind as much as does any profession that places alphabetical endings to the boy's name. If John is sent to college to take a medical course and Tom must farm, then it is only just to Tom that he may be given a course in agriculture. Then the boys will be social equals. It's not mere work that separates men socially; it is their mentality. Cultured minds will demand better environment. Many farmers having good farms well stocked, and even having bank accounts that suggest that the day of absolute need is not at hand, will suffer themselves and their families to go without many conveniencies that would lessen the farm labor. At the agricultural colleges such farm economic problems are given due consideration, and the bright boy easily adapts them to his own conditions and environment.—Rural World.

Memory and Tact Failed.

There is a well-known Detroit woman whose friends and family say is short on memory but long on tact. This is her latest experience as told by herself:

"One afternoon recently I was sitting on the veranda when a man, carrying a small satchel, came up the walk. He bowed pleasantly and I returned his greeting as cordially as I could while racking my brain for his name. It was gone forever. Here was an old friend from out of town, probably, perhaps a relative of my husband, and I could not recall his name. It was agonizing. However, he must not feel a lack of welcome, so I greeted him warmly, shook hands and invited him to be seated. I said I was delighted to see him and knew my family would be equally glad. I regretted that so long a time had elapsed since we had last met. I hoped he and his family were quite well. Of course he had come to dinner.

"Thus I rattled on, fearing to let him speak lest he discover what a hypocrite I was.

"Finally he managed to say:

"'I am afraid you don't know who I am.'

"'Oh, yes, I do,' I responded. 'Of course I know perfectly.'

"'No, I am sure you don't even know my name.'

"'Well,' I admitted reluctantly. 'Your name has escaped me for the moment. But don't tell me. It will come back. I am so wretched on names. No, you must not tell me. I want to think of it myself.'

"'Do not try. I am only the sewing machine fiend. I came to do some repair work.'"—Detroit Free Press.

In a Primal Role.

The Russians have a veteran actress of whom they are very proud. Madame Orlay, in spite of being 95 years of age, recently appeared on the stage in a performance specially given in aid of a charitable insitution. Madame Orlay has the distinction of having been the first actress to play Lady Macbeth and Ophelia in the Russian tongue.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

FIFTH DAY.

No business of importance was transacted by the Senate in open session, practically the entire legislative day was consumed by an executive session, after which the Senate adjourned until Monday. The developments of the session were: An agreement on the part of the Senate to vote on the amendment offered by the committee on foreign relations providing for the policing of the canal, an amendment offered by Senator Teller striking out the treaty prohibition against the fortification of the Nicaragua canal when constructed.

SEVENTH DAY.

The Senate spent almost five hours in executive session, considering the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

A bill to provide for the appointment of an additional district judge in the Northern Judicial district of Ohio was passed, after which the Senate went into secret session.

EIGHTH DAY.

The shipping subsidy bill was taken up in the Senate. Mr. Clay, Democrat, Georgia, opposed the bill on the ground that it would cost the government $9,000,000 a year for 20 years and donate that vast sum to the ship owners carrying the foreign trade of the country.

The Grout oleomargarine bill, passed by the House, was referred to the Committee on agriculture. The credentials of William A. Clark and Martin Maginnis appointed senators from Montana, were referred to the committee on privileges and elections.

NINTH DAY.

Business suspended in both branches of Congress on account of the centennial celebration of the National capitol.

TENTH DAY.

By a vote of 65 to 17 the Davis amendment to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was adopted.

Senator Hanna defended the shipping subsidy bill in a three-hour speech.

Senator Money introduced a resolution providing authority for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by diplomatic negotiation.

HOUSE.

FIFTH DAY.

The Grant oleomargarine bill was passed by a vote of 196 to 92. The bill, as passed, makes all articles known as oleomargarine, butterine, imitation butter or imitation cheese transported into any State or Territory for consumption or sale, subject to the police power of such State or Territory.

Representative Tayler, of Ohio, has introduced a measure for Federal prohibition of polygamy.

Representative Graham introduced a bill to give ex-prisoners of war $2 for each and every day imprisoned and a pension of $12 a month in lieu of any pension now received.

SIXTH DAY.

Representative Graham, of Allegheny, at the request of the Union Veteran legion, introduced a bill granting per diem pensions to all honorably discharged officers and enlisted men of the United States army during the civil war.

Most of the day was devoted to eulogies on the late Representative Alfred C. Harmer, of Philadelphia.

SEVENTH DAY.

The House passed the executive, legislative and judicial appropriation bill, carrying $24,496,378, and then adjourned. It was the first of the great supply bills of the session.

EIGHTH DAY.

The debate on the war revenue reduction bill opened in the House. Mr. Payne, of New York, chairman of the ways and means committee, spoke on behalf of the majority, and Mr. Swanson, of Virginia, on behalf of the minority.

A congressional inquiry into the Booz hazing case is also decided upon by appointing a special committee of five members to investigate.

TENTH DAY.

The House adopted a resolution for a holiday recess from Friday, December 21, to Thursday, January 3. It was agreed that general debate on the bill for the reduction of the war taxes should close at 2 o'clock Friday. Consideration of the bill was resumed.

ELEVENTH DAY.

HOUSE.

The pension appropriation bill, carrying $145,250,000, was reported to the House, which then went into committee of the whole on the bill reducing the war taxes. The House adheres to the $1.60 rate on beer and refuses to abolish the one-sixth and one-eighth barrels. An amendment was adopted retaining the tax on railroad, steamboat and express, freight receipts and compelling the company to pay the tax.

ELEVENTH DAY.

SENATE.

The Senate committee on foreign relations proposes to abolish the Clayton-Bulwer agreement and not ask the consent of other powers to the new convention. Further amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty have been agreed upon.

MINES AND MINERS.

Great Coal Deposit in Hungary—Coal Deposits in Every Province in Ireland, But None Are Developed.

United States Consul Hughes at Coburg has reported to the State department the news of the recent discovery of a large deposit of house coal, estimated to contain at least 1,600,000,000 tons, at Barmocz, Hungary. The quality of the coal, he says, remains to be proved, but the deposit is to be developed on scientific lines at once.

"The Industrial Resources of Ireland" has formed a text for many an address and articles innumerable, but unfortunately, so far,, without much result, says the Ballymena Telegraph. There is known to be coal in Ireland, but having once got a bad name like the dog in the story it has stuck to it; tradition says there are lead, iron and other metals, and there are bogs which the Germans have discovered and are making paper from, but beyond these hazy ideas the average intelligent Irishman has no conception of the rich resources nature has laid at his door. Attempts, it is true, have been made to get at these deposits, but in the vast majority of cases they have had to be abandoned in consequence of the limited capital available.

It will come as a surprise to many to learn that no shaft of any importance has been sunk during the century now within touch of its close. The Irish board of agriculture may regard the minerals of the country as underneath its province as well as beyond it, but if funds can be obtained by the board for a survey of the country with a view of its mineral wealth, the money would be as well laid out as any ever expended, or likely to be expended, by the department.

There are coal fields in every province of Ireland. Very few of them have been tapped. As far back as the year 1824 the report of a partial survey was published. This stated that the coal of Ireland was good for culinary and manufacturing purposes, and also that some of the strata was very extensive. In one case a stratum was estimated to consist of 30,000,000 tons of good coal. The Lough Allen district is believed to be good for 20,000,000 tons. These are only two out of many, and with English and Scotch coal at famine prices it is surprising that no movement has been directed toward the tapping of this source of wealth.

In Bavaria the Crown owns 3,430,000 acres, one-fifth of the whole kingdom.

Thirty Years of the Rhine.

Augustine Birrell begins in the December Century a series of papers on the Rhine. In the opening pages he moralizes on the changes since he first knew the river, before the Franco-Prussian war:

"In 1868 the Rhine was at least an open question, a theme for the publicist no less than for the poet. But now the difference! At Kloblenz itself does there not now stand on the quay, a sight for all the world, a copper monument, 45 feet high, of the Emperor William I.? Truthfully does the useful Baedeker observe, in one of those new issues of his which record so impassively the mightiest changes, that it (the monument) dominates the landscape in all directions! In another part of the town is a monument to the Empress Augusta, that faithful spouse and sympathetic correspondent. Needless to add, Koblenz has its Bismarck Strasse. 'La noble et sainte patrie de tous les penseurs forsook in 1870 the lecture room for the tented field; and on the 16th and 18th of August, on the plateaus of Gravelotte, bought with a huge price of German blood the right to call both banks of the Rhine her own.

What are two-and-thirty years in the history of the Rhine? Celts and Romans, archbishops and princes, kings and emperors, she has known them all. What is it to her to whom the spire of Strasburg belongs? Nay, to whom in any real sense does it belong now? But to the east and west of Metz lie the bleached bones of a hundred thousand men, Frenchmen and Germans, who were ready to forswear the pleasant sun and to go down into Hades before their day for the cause symbolized by the Rhine. How horrible it would be could a river be ironical, could its waters sneer! The charm of nature is her irresponsiveness. She answers you back never a word."

Marconi's Great Task.

In his Dorsetshire laboratory, week in and week out, works Marconi, the magician of wireless telegraphy. He only visits London to attend meetings of the board of directors, and, thrice happy, he is spared the reading of all save the most pressing business letters. His discovery has been patented in every civilized county, yet Marconi is aware that competitors are running him hard in the race for improvements and consequently he is never content with what has already been done.

"We have proved the efficiency of Marconi's invention for a distance of 98 miles," said Major Flood Page, the secretary of the Marconi Company, "and I wish you could tell us how to cross the Atlantic."

It is the solution of this distance difficulty which is now taxing the ingenious brain of the tireless Marconi. The curvature of the earth over so many miles of sea causes the trouble. To speak to Ostend, over forty miles, of water, necessitates the erection of a mast of communication 40 feet high, which is at the rate of a foot of mast per mile of distance. By this calculation, wireless telegraphy between Southampton and New York would require on either side a mast measuring about three thousand feet in height—nearly as high as Snowdon and 19 times the height of the Nelson Column. But Marconi is sanguine of his ability to solve the mast problem, though it will, of course, take some high thinking and deep reflection.—London Express.

Good Farm Hands Scarce in England.

The decay of agricultural skill has gone too far. Men who can trench and drain, quick-fence and sink a well are becoming few; farriers and thatchers are rarities, indeed, and the minor, but still important, arts of husbandry linger only among the dying generation. Moreover, an impression is growing wide and deep that for the better type of laborer, now that he is equipped with some education, has a wider outlook and has learnt to adapt himself to new conditions, the provision of small holdings, whether under the act or independently between landlord and tenant, may prove his industrial salvation. For while it is recognized that many must be unequal to the special demands of the life, two or three of the best men in every village in the country could do well with holdings of from 20 to 30 acres. They could still give their skilled labor in those times of pressure when the farmers only demand them, and they would rear healthy families with a growing desire to remain on the land.—London Daily Mail.

Tuberculosis has been placed among the diseases which are subject to quarantine. The commissioner of immigration has so decided in the case of a Japanese who arrived at San Francisco from Japan ill with this lung trouble. It was decided that the patient could not land, but must return to the port from which he sailed.

The November fires burned three college buildings, one a gymnasium; a chamber of commerce building at St. Paul, a theater at Paterson, reformatory building at Pontiac, Ill., a Methodist church at Oswego and a $75,000 brewery at Lowell, Mass.

A large python which had been fasting for two months in the Perth (West Australia) Zoological Gardens, made its way into a cage of orurang-outangs and swallowed two of the occupants.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Cincinnati is now claiming to be the greatest whisky market in the world. The wholesale trade there announces that the year will be the heaviest the city has ever had.

Headaches and Nervous Depression are quickly relieved by using Garfield Headache Powders, which are composed entirely of herbs and are harmless.

Paris has a population of 3,000,000 persons and only 40,000 are Protestants.

Uncle Sam's Soldiers

Will eat Libby's Plum Pudding for Christmas dinner. The U. S. Government has just purchased a large consignment of Libby, McNeill & Libby's famous plum pudding, which will be supplied to American Soldiers in the Philippine Islands and Cuba.

The loss through drought in Western Queensland during the last seven years has been about £7,600,000.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

The land where the city of Hannibal, Mo., is now located sold in 1828 for $640.

A dyspeptic is never on good terms with himself. Something is always wrong. Get it right by chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

France has twenty-two organ manufactories.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Nearly £300,000 worth of articles are pawned in London weekly.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

More than half the population of the earth has direct access to the Pacific.

For fatigue of mind and body take Garfield Headache Powders; they bring immediate relief and no reaction follows their use; they are made from herbs.

In a mile of railway there are more than 2,900 sleepers.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The number of suicides in the German empire last year was 10,700.

Wonders of the Forbidden Palace.

After the march of the troops through the Forbidden Palace at Peking a party of civilians, including the ladies of the legations and several well-known missionaries, was admitted. Tea was served, and then the imperial palaces were inspected. The most remarkable features of the imperial buildings are said to be the exterior gilding and the staircases carved out of single stones, with figures of dragons, lions and other ornaments. The bed of the empress is trimmed with solid gold. After the inspection the gates were closed again, and no one was permitted to enter the grounds.—London Daily Mail.

Rice Culture Revived in Rumelia.

The British vice consul at Philippopolis mentions the revival of rice planting as one of the most striking features in the recent history of Eastern Rumelia. The cultivation was introduced from Egypt by the Turks 200 years ago, and continued to flourish until the creation of the Province of Eastern Rumelia, when, on sanitary grounds, it was discouraged, and for some time practically ceased to exist. During the past few years, however, the industry has revived and is now full of promise for the future, as experts say the grain is inferior only to the finest Carolina rice.

Losses Are Carefully Guarded.

You never see Monte Carlo referred to in any of the newspapers of the south of France except when somebody has won a large sum of money at the tables. These papers are bribed to insert reports of big gains by the players, and to keep out news of big losses. The suicides are also not reported for the same reason. When an English paper contains a disparaging reference to the place it is forbidden, for the time, to be sold in Monaco, and is removed from the public reading rooms.—New York Telegram.

Poland is the only conquered nation in this century prior to the present events in South Africa, whose conquerors have offered no terms but annihilation to the vanquished.

$100 Reward. $100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The latest quotation for a chicken in Manila is $1.25, and for beef $1.50 a pound.

Best For the Bowels.
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Thus far in 1900 England has imported 12 per cent. less foreign grain than in 1899.

Feeds the Hair

Have you ever thought why your hair is falling out? It is because you are starving your hair. If this starvation continues, your hair will continue to fall.

There is one good hair food. It is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It goes right to the roots of the hair and gives them just the food they need. The hair stops falling, becomes healthy, and grows thick and long.

Ayer's Hair Vigor does another thing, also: it always restores color to faded or gray hair.

One dollar a bottle.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us $1.00 and we will express a bottle to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure and give us your nearest express office.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
Send for our handsome book on The Hair.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Safest, surest cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

We make a specialty of mince meat—employ the best skill—use the best materials.
We stake our fame on it. We use it to advertise the many other good things that we make.
LIBBY'S MINCE MEAT
A package makes two large pies. Your grocer will furnish it if you ask him. You will find it better than home-made—better than any mince meat you ever tasted. You'll eat Libby's foods thereafter.
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago
Our book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free.

FREY'S VERMIFUGE
The children's tonic, cures of WORMS. Removes them effectually and without pain. 60 years' record of success. It is the remedy for all worm troubles. Entirely vegetable. 25 cts. at druggists, country stores or by mail.
E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

DR. SHAFER
The Urine Specialist (Water Doctor) can detect and explain the most complicated chronic disease by the urine; if curable, treat it successfully by mail. Send 4 cents for mailing case for urine. Consultation, analysis of urine; report and book on this new science, free.
J. P. SHAFER, M. D., 423 Penn Ave, First Floor, Pittsburg, Pa.

P. N. U. 51, 1900.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water