

MAGAZINE FARMER.
I used to like the old place
But now it ain't no use;
It's laid out in artistic
And it's tacky as the deuce;
You see I've been a-reading,
Till envy makes me green,
Of artistic agriculture
In a farming magazine.
It tells you how your pig pen
Should be on aesthetic lines;
And your Looey Fourteen henhouse
Should be draped in ivy vines;
I'm goin' to sell the old place—
The architect's bum!
And I'll buy one of them dream joints
In that magazine, by gum!
I'll raise me crops plebeian,
But I'll put in plants and shrubs;
I'll do no harvest sweatin'—
Leave that for old time dubs!
I may not last a season,
'Fore I meet the sheriff man,
But I'm goin' to be a farmer
On the magazinist plan!

Her First Fishing Trip.

A CASE OF TRUE SPORT BEING UNAPPRECIATED.

When my husband proposed a fishing trip for vacation, it suited me well. Not that I had ever gone fishing, but just that morning I had seen in a magazine a picture of a woman angler—with long rubber boots, hair beautifully arranged, shirtwaist spotlessly white—as she was jerking a wriggling trout from a rippling brook, whose banks were lined with great rocks that looked as though they were put there for picnic parties.
"Exactly what we want," said I.
In the first place, we decided to omit the long boots. He said they would be too heavy. The proper way, he explained, was to get wet, just wade in, and let the sun dry one out afterwards. Besides, one was liable to slip and break one's neck in rubber boots. In short, boots were only seen in pictures; nobody really used them.
He also said: "Don't wear a white shirtwaist. Nobody ever does that, because the trout can see you."
The halo which surrounded that picture was fast disappearing.
What we did in the way of preparation, in addition to learning the name of a small Ulster County hotel, close to a trout stream, was to invade a sporting goods shop. I watched my husband admiringly as he bought rods and lines and flies.
"Oh, give me a few of the bright ones. 'The Professor' is a good one," said my preceptor to the clerk. "They don't take the quiet ones now."
"Who's they?" I asked timidly.
"The trout, of course," and he added in a patronizing tone: "You see, you must know the habits of the fish in order to get proper flies; you must know what kind to use in each month. This early in the summer we would waste our time if we used any but those of brilliant hues."
I afterwards learned that somebody had told him this. But I was all unsuspecting at the time.
"Charlie's a great fisherman," I said to myself with pride as he proceeded to spend all the \$25 we had allotted for tackle.
We took a train for Weehawken early in the morning, and arrived at our destination late in the afternoon. An hour or so later Charlie unpacked his outfit. To the hotel proprietor, a sociable fellow, he exhibited the rods and flies.
"But," remarked our host, "but—"
He hesitated, shaking his head. "But," he continued, "you've got the wrong kind of flies. The trout in these parts take only the little black crickets or the brown hackles at this season."
After a weary wait for a fresh supply from the city, we were ready, but rain made us idle for a day, which Charlie spent talking with our host, who told a story of a trout he caught in the Neipigon River that had taken him one hour to land. My husband promptly responded with an account of a fishing trip he had taken up Pigeon River, and narrated how he had landed fifty trout within an hour. Each eyes the other pityingly, and for the life of me I could not tell which deserved the medal.
At last the weather cleared and we arose at daybreak. We couldn't wait, but adjusted the rods to the rods as we sat on the hotel porch. The morning was beautiful. The grass was gray with the heavy dew and the little clover leaves were just awakening from their night's sleep. I taxed my husband's patience rather severely, for every time I came to a clover patch I would make a careful search for a four leaf to bring me good luck.
"Do let that clover alone and come on and fish," said Charlie, and I went.
I was never so sleepy in my life. As I stumbled along with my rod I fell over a dead snake. I did not know it was dead and screamed.
"If you make a noise like that, you will frighten all the fish away," I was told. But in stumbling I had let go the leader I had been holding in my hand with the rod. In looking for it I found all three flies had caught in my skirt. After struggling in vain to extricate them, I gave up.
"Cut 'em out," came the order.
"And ruin the skirt? Not much," I insisted. "This is the skirt to my winter suit."
"The idea of wearing a thing like that fishing. You should have worn—"
And then I got a lecture on the inadequateness of my costume. I finally wriggled the hooks out, and we went on until we reached a cool shady pool. Charlie decided to cast his fly. He waded into the stream and the click of his reel could be heard where I was sitting. I had decided to watch

him awhile before starting out to fish for myself.
I was the first to get a bite and it was a vicious one, but it was not a trout bite. Insects of every description were crawling over me. The punkies were simply devouring me. They are very tiny black flies, that bite and bite until they draw blood. A lizard ran up the tree back of me and on the water nearby I could see a long black snake swimming lazily. As I rose, in my haste to get away, I forgot my responsibilities and held my rod upward, and it caught in a branch overhead. I pulled at it, fast quietly, then viciously. My arms ached and my head ached. Finally the line came down, but the hooks again caught in my skirt. After much twisting and turning I got them out, leaving broken threads and small holes to be darned when I got home.
Meanwhile, Mr. Fisherman, who had waded a hundred paces or so up-stream shouted to me to "come on." To start in his direction I had to follow an unbeaten trail through the undergrowth. In going this I lost all my hairpins. My hair was pulled out on the twigs almost by the handfuls. Inwardly I was raging. But eventually I reached my husband. My hair was almost gone. My temper was entirely gone.
"Did you see that?" he cried as I came in sight.
What he alluded to was a diminutive fish that he had dangled for a second on his hook. At least he said it had been there. I didn't see it.
"Never had such luck," he explained. "I got plenty of strikes, but somehow I can't land them. Must have the wrong sort of flies. This stream is pretty well fished out, anyway. Now, in Pigeon River—"
I pretended not to hear, for the Pigeon River stories had lost their attraction.
"I want to go home," I announced rather viciously.
"Aren't you having a good time?" asked my husband in a most surprised tone. I tried to force a cheerfulness I did not feel.
"Oh, yes, I am having the time of my life," I truthfully replied. "Any fish?"
"Three beauties, all speckled trout," he replied.
"Let me see," I said, as I waded out to where he was.
In his fishing basket Charlie really had three fish, but none of them was over six inches long.
"I caught a lot more," he explained, "but I threw 'em back. You know it is against the law to keep fish under six inches."
"How can you tell when they are six inches?" I asked.
He pulled up his sleeve and displayed with pride a pin scratch on his wrist.
"I measured six inches on my arm this morning with your tape line, so I would be sure to keep no fish under size."
"Those aren't all speckles," I said, as I again peered into the basket.
I saw his face fall, but I was bent on displaying my knowledge.
"One is a German brown, and another is a California rainbow, and that little fellow is a brook," I announced proudly.
"We can't go home to the hotel after staying away all this time and let the people find that we caught only three fish, so let's cook 'em, for I am hungry anyway." Charlie said, having a neat way of turning a subject. We piled together a few rocks as a foundation; then we collected some leaves and twigs and made a fire. We endeavored to cook the trout by holding them over the flame with a wooden stick, but the stick seemed determined to get on fire, and, of course, down would go the trout into the flames. Finally the fish much besmirched with smoke and cinders were pronounced done. We proceeded to eat them, and, strange to say, they were really good, and certainly took the edge off our hunger.
"Let's go home," said I, rising, and we trudged along wearily, those miserable hooks catching in my skirts almost at every step.
"Let's go home—back to New York," Charlie looked at me reproachfully.
"Very well," he said, "if you are determined upon it. But we have two more days of vacation, and I am sure I could get a lot of fish."
I packed my trunk that night ere I slept, and the next morning we drove to town (five miles) in the sort of storm that is unknown anywhere except among the mountains. I was going home—getting farther and farther away from the land of snakes and insects. I was busily happy. At last we arrived at Weehawken and there a ferryboat awaited us. To me it seemed like a steam yacht. I exclaimed: "Isn't that ferryboat the most beautiful sight you ever saw? It looks as if it is straight from fairyland—and what a nice salty smell!"
"This is just the sort of weather: trout bite best," said my husband, dreamingly.—F. M. G. in the New York Evening Post.
A Substitute.
Little Helen, aged four, was in a frightful predicament. The nurse, carrying the cherished two-week-old baby up and down before the house, had paused to show the new infant to the bishop, who had asked to look at it. And then the tall, grave bishop, of whom Helen stood greatly in awe, had unexpectedly asked the little girl to give him the baby.
How in the world to refuse a request made by such an awe-inspiring person as the bishop, the child did not know. But presently she wrinkled her small countenance awfully, moved closer to the petitioner, and said, ingratiatingly, "I'll let you have the next!"—Harper's Weekly

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.
The roving eye seldom lights on the gold of life.
The best time to repent is before you commit.
The sins we wink at today we drink of tomorrow.
There is nothing more eloquent than silent industry.
A calculating piety is not calculated to be profitable.
Our disappointments come from our misapprehensions.
It takes more than acquittal to make a clean heart.
Wealth is a matter of appreciation rather than of acquisition.
There's a world of difference between wishing and willing.
The preacher who is anxious for popularity loses his power.
Education is always deficient so long as it can see a terminus.
He to whom success is the soul of all will not find success in his soul.
The blessings that nourish a living tree work the decay of a dead one.
Sensation may be good as seasoning, but poor as the main substance.
They who buy what they do not need, soon need what they cannot buy.
The highest duties are entrusted to those who have elevated the lower ones.
The common way is to hate a man first, and find a reason for it afterwards.
The politic make many new friends; they need to, for they have no old ones.—Ran's Horn.

THE TACON THEATRE.
Curious History of Havana's Famous Playhouse.
The history of the Tacon Theatre of Havana, which was recently purchased by the Spanish Dramatic Co. for \$550,000, is very interesting. In the year 1835 Francisco Marty, who was then the leader of a band of pirates which infested the island of Cuba and who had a price of \$10,000 on his head, was captured and ordered to be put to death. Seeing there was no hope for him, he asked leave to see General Tacon, and told him if his life was spared he would denounce his entire band and assist him in ridding the island of the number of pirates which infested it at that period. Accordingly, General Tacon gave him a two weeks' parole, and inside of a week Marty had denounced his fellow pirates and turned them over to the Government. For this service he was pardoned.
In 1836 Marty asked for the concession to build a national theatre on the site of Parque Central. It was granted to him. General Tacon went further and allowed him the privilege of the use of forty convicts who were then confined in Morro Castle, to assist him in the work, each convict receiving the sum of 20 cents a day. In 1838 the theatre was finished, and Marty, as a proof of the gratitude he felt toward General Tacon for sparing his life, named it El Teatro Tacon. During the insurrection in Cuba many exciting incidents took place here. In one instance a regiment of Cuban insurgents barricaded themselves in the theatre and held it against the Spaniards for three days. Finally they were starved out, and as they were making their escape all were shot.
The theatre is built of white stone with decorations of marble and facing Central Park, being in the centre of the fashionable district of Havana. It is one of the largest theatres in the world, seating over 3,000 persons.—Cuban Review.

Somewhat Confused.
The chairman of the committee was addressing a meeting at a teachers' institute.
"My friends, the school work is the bulwark of civilization. I mean—ah—"
The chairman had stage fright.
"The bull house is the school work of civ—"
A smile began to make itself felt.
"The workhouse is the bulwark of—"
He was evidently twisted.
"The bulwark is the workhouse—"
An audible snicker spread over the audience.
"The bulwark—"
He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped perspiration, gritted his teeth, and made a fresh effort.
"The schoolhouse, my friends—"
A sigh of relief went up. Ah, now he has got his feet under him again. He gazed suavely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow.
"Is the wool bark—"
He gasped, and that was all.—Judge's Magazine of Fun.

A Conscientious Patient.
"Medicine won't help you any," the doctor told his patient. "What you need is a complete change of living. Get away to some quiet country place for a month. Go to bed early, eat more roast beef, drink plenty of good, rich milk, and smoke just one cigar a day."
A month later the patient walked into the doctor's office. He looked like a new man, and the doctor told him so.
"Yes, doctor, your advice certainly did the business. I went to bed early and did all the other things you told me. But, say doctor, that one cigar a day almost killed me at first. It's no joke starting in to smoke at my time of life."—Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree.—Everybody's Magazine.

Farming As the Ideal Life

By Senator Robert M. Follette.

It is plain that agriculture in this country has a future heretofore unknown in the world. Farming is now the most distinctive American occupation. It is the source of our safest, most conservative citizenship and highest average of intelligence.
Put the farm in direct communication with the world by rural delivery, the telephone, the electric railway, the traveling library, the township school, the improved highway, and you have given it the essential advantages of the city without depriving it of the essential advantages of the country.
There will be left the sweet and vitalizing country air, the isolation of broad acres, the beauty of hill and valley woodland and meadow and living, running water. The charm of the ripening grain coming to its transmitted to us and we preserved it because of its ancient and hallowed as the honest pride in the grazing flocks and the affectionate interest in their growing young, will always be an inherent and uplifting element of life upon the farm. The rich blessing of unconscious health, the joy of wholesome work, that brings wholesome rest and wholesome appetite, are the natural rewards of this outdoor occupation. Nearness to nature, nearness to God, a truer philosophy, a keener human sympathy, higher ideals, greater individuality, will ever be stamped upon the life and character of the country home.
The new agriculture, the new education, new inventions, will give added interest, larger profits, greater certainty of success. They will lighten its burdens, widen its sphere, and ultimately make agriculture the most desirable of all vocations.

This Spelling Problem

By Mark Twain.

HERE are \$2,000,000 of us people that have to spell, and orthography ought to be simplified in our behalf, but it is kept in its present condition to satisfy 1,000,000 people who like to have their literature in the old form. That looks to me to be rather selfish, and we keep the forms as they are while we have got 1,000,000 people coming in here from foreign countries every year, and they have got to struggle with this orthography of ours, and it keeps them back and damages their citizenship for years until they learn to spell the language, if they ever do learn. This is merely sentimental argument.
People say it is the spelling of Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare and a lot of other people who did not know how to spell anyway, and it has been transmitted to us and we preserved it because of its ancient and hallowed associations.
If that argument is good, then it would be a good argument not to banish the flies and the cockroaches from hospitals because they have been there so long that the patients have got used to them and they feel a tenderness for them on account of the associations. Why, it is like preserving a cancer in a family because it is a family cancer and we are bound to it by the test of affection and reverence and old mouldy antiquity.
I think that this declaration to improve this orthography of ours is our family cancer, and I wish we could reconcile ourselves to have it cut out and let the family cancer go.

"True Americanism"

By Henry Van Dyke.

OR what is true Americanism, and where does it reside? Not on the tongue, nor in the clothes, nor among the transient social forms, refined or rude, which mottle the surface of human life. True Americanism is this:
To believe that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are given by God.
To believe that any form of power that tramples on these rights is unjust.
To believe that taxation without representation is tyranny, that government must rest upon the consent of the governed, and that the people should choose their own rulers.
To believe that freedom must be safeguarded by law and order, and that the end of freedom is fair play for all.
To believe not in a forced equality of conditions and estates, but in a true equalization of burdens, privileges, and opportunities.
To believe that the selfish interests of persons, classes, and sections must be subordinated to the welfare of the commonwealth.
To believe that union is as much a human necessity as liberty is a divine gift.
To believe, not that all people are good, but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people.
To believe that a free state should offer an asylum to the oppressed, and an example of virtue, sobriety and fair dealing to all nations.
To believe that for the existence and perpetuity of such a state a man should be willing to give his whole service, in property, in labor, and in life.—Harper's Magazine.

The Gospel of Getting On

By Lillian James Crockett.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and give not flattery, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy, and perceive all things as chicaneries and wire-pullings; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove deadheads and give not flattery, I am nothing.
And though I bestow all my work to pamper the idle, and though I give my brain to be turned and given not flattery, it profiteth me nothing.
Flattery schemeth long, and is complainant; flattery envieth not—because she is sure to keep ahead. Flattery vaunteth not itself—but its superiors in office; is not puffed up—but knows whom to puff.
Does not behave with unseemly self-respect, but stooped with becoming humility; seeketh not her own dignity; is not easily provoked at being patronized, thinketh no evil—of the rich and powerful.
Bearth all things, fawneth in all things, cringeth in all things, endureth all things—essential for aggrandizement.
Flattery never falleth; whether there be enthusiasm it shall fail; whether there be advisers they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away—clear out of sight.
Flattery never falleth; whether there be enthusiasm it shall fail; whether there be advisers they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away—clear out of sight.
When I was a child I spake as a child and said I was going to work faithfully and pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon, and tell the truth and hitch my wagon to the stars and finally drive it through Elysian fields of middle-aged affluence. I understood as a child, I thought as a child that success is the reward of diligence. When I became a woman I put away childish things and learned that if you indulge the luxury of honor you've got to pay for it by living on a back street.
And now abideth vanity, ignorance, and flattery, but the greatest of these is flattery.—Life.

KHIVA THE FORGOTTEN.

A Great City Waiting Away Among the Sands Which Surround It.

Bokhara is fallen. Samarkand is the seat of a Russian provincial Governor, and Merv is a manufacturing town with a castron drinking fountain. Khiva, too, was swallowed in its turn, but disgorged again, though the kingdom fell, it was handed back to its owners, and no Russian may now enter except by invitation.
The Khivan nobles still ride a-hawking, and caravans in the Kara Kum sands still fear the armed horsemen who dash down from the north.
Though compassed about on every side by Russian territory, and in sight of the breaches made by the Russian guns in 1873, the Khivan still screws his revenue from a trembling people, joyously cuts throats in the open market, and dispenses the high, the middle and the low justice from a raised dais in his courtyard.
Burnaby rode to the city from the north, and underwent dreadful privations to spend three days there. Arminius Vambery, nearly the most courageous traveler of modern times, reached there disguised as a holy man. The American McGahn entered with Gen. Kauffmann in 1873, Dr. Landsell and Capt. Abbott made the journey, and, lastly, Mr. Robert L. Jefferson, as recorded in his book called "A Second Ride to Khiva," made a long bicycle ride across the Russian steppes, and a camel ride down to Khiva from Orenburg. In the north. But other than these, I know only of Russian officers who have been within the gates.
Since the Russians themselves have agreed to keep out, they have done all in their power to prevent others from going into the city or even crossing the boundaries of the little kingdom. What they fear from visitors it is not easy to imagine. Four antiquated, muzzle-loading, smooth-bore cannon, and a corrupt and unintelligent court circle revolving about a stupid ruler would not repay a second thought even from the spies of the Viceroy of India. But the fact is that foreigners are not allowed access to the state, and the eighteenth regiment of chasseurs is quartered at Petro Alexandrovsk in such a way as to control the canal from the Oxus.
In the old days, caravans from Merv and Bokhara were frequent. Carpets and stuffs were sent both west and east from the city in exchange for drugs and tea. Today some cotton is sent up the river to the railroad, and occasionally a small party of merchants comes from the south; but more and more Khiva is becoming forgotten and isolated. Modern improvements, instead of carrying her into the current with the world, have left her in slack water; the deserts are a more effective barrier today than they were two centuries ago, and a great city is left to feed upon itself, till it shall waste away and become part of the sands that compass it.—From Langdon Warner's "Getting into Khiva" in the Century.
The Vanished Wild Pigeons.
Less than fifty years ago the wild pigeons passed in springtime over the western reserve of Ohio in ranks many deep and varying from a few rods to a mile or more in length. The forests were fairly alive with them in May and June. The din of their cries and calls and the thundering roar when they were started from the ground in the morning when feeding in the beech and oak woods once heard could never be forgotten.
These wonderful manifestations of bird life dwindled rapidly from 1859 until the last remnants disappeared from Ohio in 1871. The fate of these beautiful and interesting birds, though they were ruthlessly and wantonly slaughtered, was determined overwhelmingly by the clearing of forests and destruction of the pigeons' feeding and breeding places. This being true, and as the forests are now gone and, under the present American forestry policy, never to return, we cannot reasonably hope in the future to see very many returning wanderers.
However, every state and the general government should do everything possible to encourage their return and to cherish their presence. Two years ago, in the woods near Halifax, N. S., I heard the familiar cry of long ago, investigated, and found to my astonishment a little flock of ten of the old genuine wild pigeons. It has been a mystery to me ever since whence they came.—New York Sun.
Invitation from Mexico.
Mexico needs men of wealth, the great capitalists, but it does not want to see them come here to absorb everything in sight, to twist the tentacles of the Octopus around all productive activities. There is no more of the usual amount of the "envy of wealth" here than is to be found in other lands. Human nature, this side the Rio Grande, is the common sort. But there is in this country a strong feeling against grasping monopolies. This is a healthy indication. Capitalists who invest here, and do not endeavor to close all the gates of opportunity, will always be welcome. Fair play for all men of brains and money is Mexico's motto. But they must play fair.—Mexican Herald.
All in the Family.
Suitors—I cannot boast of wealth but I have brains. The members of my literary club will tell you that you'd have the smartest debater in town for a son-in-law.
Father—And I can assure you, my dear fellow, that you'd have the greatest lecturer in the town for a mother-in-law.—Tit-Bits.